

Total Dj trip report Indonesia

As some of you might know already, djing around the world is not always easy, especially I make lots of experiences with this...So here you will get my next story with all I could see and had to figure out in just a few days...

I went with the train to Amsterdam, Schiphol airport, not really happy to go away again from my love, who does now not want to be my lover anymore. But I knew it would just good for me being back in the sun again.

Waiting at Schiphol the first drama already happened. We could not take off in time, there were some computer problems in the plain's cooling system. We were finally able to take off 50 min. later than the estimated time. Being in Frankfurt airport I just got crazy and started crying again cuz after landing it took amazingly much time as well to park the plane and drive to the terminal by bus. Actually i was quite aware that I missed my connecting flight already, but I did confuse my boarding ticket boarding time with departure time...ups. Finally i realized that i could still make it and so not would loose it all..., I had to play the same night of arrival and I had just 1 important gig, the people paid all my trip, so getting there 1 day later would have been awful...!

People started boarding already again but I stayed at the gate, to hear the result from the ground staff that my bag also made it, and finally 10 min. before boarding was finished, it was in the system, yes!!!

So I could finally enter the plane and start relaxing from my stress and crying again as relief and hating to make it all alone while no one cares for you or misses you while you live all this, or you are far away. Happy to sit in the plane, my seat was just horrible, I never expected that German's nr.1 airline would have such a bad comfort. My ass started hurting already half an hour after sitting.

The meals were awful too and so I decided not to eat most of those. Cold chewing gum like rolls, no spices with the meals, the front seats really close to the next row, no television in your front seat but 1 hanging far away above the pathway, not pleasant in any way to look at, so I skipped the filming....

26 hours later I finally arrived in Jakarta, after having another stop in Singapore, this was the whole traveling time starting from my house and the 2 stops in Frankfurt and Singapore.

So I was there and I knew my luggage was in my plane as well...but where it was? Ah finally, I got it, it was a larger trolley bag and now it was a broken trolley bag, not to handle as a trolley anymore, damn! Can't they ever watch my bag, and where for I let them handle it as a priority bag??!!

I went to the lost and found office to do a report about that and we had to call Lufthansa on Monday to ask about the further procedure!

So half an hour later I made my way out with my bags without any further checking at all, looking for Lady and finally found Denny and Lady.

We went to the hotel in which also the club K 7 was, where I played, I stepped out of the car and had to feel like a movie star or so, hehe. All staff from the hotel knew me, which was not surprisingly cuz they made a TV spot for my event which was running on their screens all day rotationally. This situations can really get me a bit nervous to be honest, even if I like this more, than playing anywhere and no one even comes for my music, rather comes for just going out that night...

We went to my room, which was assumed to be even better than the one from Armin, and again it was more any kind of suite than room. I took 2 records and went to the

club to do some sound checking and everything worked perfectly, great, that's how it should be all the times...Then we had a real excellent dinner with the most delicious shrimps I ever ate, very crispy baked in a dough wrapping..

After dinner I went to my room, had a shower and a massage. That woman was good but quite cruel, I tried to explain her she should be finished in half an hour, cuz I have to get ready but she did not understand a word in English. When I had to go get dressed myself I told her thanks and to leave, but that was another drama.

She thought she was not good that's why I sent her away, she also wanted a tip and stayed for a while around to be annoying. The massage was a compliment for me, so I really did not get the whole stressy situation but tried to get dressed and get make up'd with half closed doors, running around half naked.

We went to the club and I played from 1-3 am and the party was great! I had a good supporter, Mc that night called Baim, who joined me with all my further gigs here and I just called him dirty rocker cuz that was one of the songs he really liked, he was also singing at my gigs.

After the gig I was asked to come around to the club managers who really appreciated my work, always good to hear that :-)

We did not have too much time after my gig cuz Lady, Baim and me had to fly to Manado single hours later. So I went to my room to shower and pack my bags again and lay down for half an hour, than we drove to the airport again.

Finally i realized that Manado was on another island, Sulawesi, ah I heard about that, they also have the endemic Sulawesi hornbill, and that we had to fly more than 4 hours! The flight was at 8 am, so we still had some time to have breakfast, but I wasn't hungry, Lady had a mie soup again, crazy to have all this warm meals any time of the day.

After breakfast our flight was delayed and I checked out the souvenir shops, to by a wooden dragon which almost already fall apart, but I loved it's colors. This gift was the most asked for bag checked through the x-rays, they always wanted to know what's inside, pfff.

Arriving in Manado and 1h time difference again, we had excellent weather, yeah I love this sun and warm wind so much! We've been driven to the Haha club to do sound checking, the monitor speakers were horrible! They changed them and tried to make all working and I agreed after all, but had a quite different feeling already about tonight. It was a real huge club, more a concert hall for big parties and big stars, and than they bring me, while people are not even crazy about trance and I did not bring too much electro.

Lady and Baim ordered something to eat again and I went to the beach. But there was no real beach what I was looking for so much, to swim...it was rocky large lava stones and high waves, so no way to swim at all. I've been sitting there a while to get brown. but always moving cuz of the almost boiling hot stones, which hurt my feet and butt and all, hehe. The club owner worried about me cuz i went there alone and followed me. Seems I will never reach the age where I am allowed to manage things on my own and be treated as a grown up.

I went back with him to the club and I checked the sound system again, than we went to the best local radio station to have an interview. After that we went to the hotel and ordered something to eat. First time the room service woman came she threw the avocado juice over her whole plate, so everything on there was wet and mixed with the

juice and I am not picky in that, but I told her to dry and clean the dishes first before putting them all on the table and making it all wet!

She went back and another woman came with 2 meals now, my old and a new one. A bit too much for me, so I gave it to Lady, who seemed really hungry always ;-).

We had around 3 or 4h to relax than, before we've been taken to the club again. It still was not crowded, and I did not feel comfortable in my oriental short costume from Oman, but the issue was to play sexy. It was more a dancer outfit, but so be it.

We've been having some baileys and around 1 am I started playing.

People did not like my music at all, whatever I tried to play in commercial style. I guess I played around 1h and then my part was taken over by one of the residents which music they did like. He and the others played some kind of electro house, what not sound bad, but I never hear any of their tracks.

I've been waiting for a while to play on and did so for another half an hour before giving up. Even the monitor speaker fell down when Baim started jumping on the podium. You literally could not move here. Then the turntables shook too. Lady came to me, to tell me that the head of the police wants to see me, so there were people who liked it...

He and his family or relatives were really interested in booking me as well and that woman hugged me and smiled and gave me a kiss on my cheek and put a neckless around my neck...she told me it's real diamond. Could that be true? Still have to let that check. It really doesn't fit at all, so if I could solve some money problems with that... would be great. Her brother was the owner of a jewelry in Manado and said she was honest about the diamonds. She had a big club in Bali and wanted to book me there, but after all she did not say the truth about that Bali story...

We went back to the hotel and I was not too happy with the whole evening, but I got my money and they said it was not my mistake. Ah and I almost forgot to mention the beautiful cute girl that was the club's marketing manager assistant who let my shoe repair. Thanks a lot for your support, would be nice to see you another time when people would ever love to come to a trance party.....

Next morning I was the first to get up again, actually we were about to go diving but the disco boss did not want to pay the driver and the boat (anymore)...so we had to pay that ourselves, but Lady and Baim had no money to join and I didn't want to pay it on my own from my pocket money, so we stayed in Manado, had like 2h sleep and then I woke them all up to have breakfast (grrr what a undelicious choice..!) and head out for chicken (that was the agreement ;-).

I had a photo and names of some "Ajam's" and the guys in front of the hotel could already help us with some advices. One of them even had fighting chicken breeder friends around and drove us there. I took many photos but I did not see a real race till the end.

Most beautiful one was John, he was amazingly tame and the sweetheart of the whole street. Waiting a while and talking to some people I finally went to a place where they had Ajam Bangkok's. The cocks had beautiful colors, but again the people had no eggs from them, their hens were already breeding on those again.

Then it was time again to drive to the airport and our last stop was at a street shop where a woman sold typical Manado mangos, that were really delicious. Lady and Baim bought 2 boxes full with mangos, you are presumably allowed to take anything you want on Indonesian inland flights. While tasting the mangoes I saw a mango fallen from the tree on the street, so now I finally knew how a mango tree looks like, her shop was placed under the shop supplier.

Our flight had a delay again....arrived in Jakarta, we went to the shopping mall with Denny to have dinner, what took amazingly much time in this traffic jams. We met Resit, a dutch biologist and bird breeder, here, after dinner and went to the biggest bookstore inside the mall to check out the bird books which there were almost none. Than I took my bags from Denny's to Resit's car and showed him 2 eggs. He was really surprised and happy to see and receive those. And me too, getting them at the other side of the world again. I went with him to his park "Cikananga" outside of Sukabumi. On the way there we bought some Rambutan and it was the first time I could eat a fresh durian, interesting taste really. We arrived his park in the middle of the night and had some longer talking. I slept in a very poor accommodation, but all o.k. for me, if there are many birds waiting for me outside....:-).

I made a separate report about this 1.5 days stay, see trip report "Cikananga" on www.araucana-silkies.de in the next days. After Sukabumi I joined Resit on his business trip to Bali zoo in Bali, I also have some stories about Bali: first Bali zoo, than Bali bird park, Bali bird market.

After the bird market I was brought to Kuta to do shopping and relaxing on the beach. After all, it could have been smart not to enter any shop. Cuz the Bali style is the most beautiful fashion style I ever saw all around the world! I believe I did not even enter 6 shops, but in all of them I bought at least 1 piece...The most fatal step was the 3 floors high boutique at the kuta square...much too expensive but such unique clothes!

I was really caught by a 3 pieces costume and even though I did not bring enough money I decided to get it somehow form my bag in Bali zoo, to buy it.

I started street discussions with taxi drivers, but before I asked Resit for the price and help me with a driver, which he could not arrange cuz they were all involved in too much work. So I arranged no taxi but motorbike which seemed to be even cheaper and faster and made an agreement and appointment around 4.30pm.

I still had to buy a single ticket back to Jakarta next day, so went asking around for travel agencies which not seemed to be around anywhere! Finally I found one in a certain hotel.

That woman found a good flight, but had to get the ticket from Lila travel agency, and asked 10 € extra for that, no I rather walk that way! She said, it would be too far to walk, but the distance on the map seemed really nearby, so I went to the beach to walk the beach route to the shop...

But I could not recognize any street name, so asked some man on the motorbike and he described it...so far...jaja ok, I walk! But just a few minutes later, he followed me and brought me to their office. That was his girlfriend's idea, excellent! They were all right: it was very far away and would have cost me more than 1h to find it. The ticket was so cheap again and he brought me back to the boutique where I placed my bag and than I could finally head out to the beach!

Wanted to relax and get tanned without any sunscreen (thought I was tanned enough, so protected), which was very smart! I still stopped at 2 shops and found 2 more dresses, which I had! to by as well, crazy!

The beach was beautiful, long wide white sandy beaches, lots of sun, blue water but high waves. So swimming impossible, having a board to do wave diving would have been the pleasure! I totally forgot my towel so sat with my bikini on the hot white sand to get brown and than went in the water again.

I thought about sleeping on the beach, but the sun was burning me! Not even 2h and I could stop my beach excursion. Cuz I felt I must have been so burned already...

I went looking for that guy to bring me to Bali zoo, he was not there, but his friend was informed and so I went with him and his motorbike to the Zoo.

Nice weather to drive by motorbike! I went getting my money, we went back to change it and then I finally was able to buy my mega expensive costume but I was so in love with it..:-) and then they took me back to Bali zoo. So we've been driving for 3h to buy this costume...

The driver was burned out (but I got him a kratinga ;-)) and I was actually fine and went having dinner and by this the first meal to eat the whole day, finally, in their wonderful restaurant. This was my last night here, what a pity.

I finally had my fist long talk with Resit in the night and understood what was making me insecure regarding him, he was Scorpio as well, so he could even feel like my ex and explain me their Scorpio way of thinking. He did not see the whole situation me and my ex had too hopeless and indeed my ex even called me yesterday, so I felt a bit more positive about our situation.

3,5h later Resit brought me to the airport and I flew Back to Jakarta. Denny and Adri been waiting for me and we went to the Lufthansa office by shuttle and it was closed. We stopped at a Chinese restaurant to have breakfast and then went by taxi to the Lufthansa office near the shopping mall to change my ticket and get money to buy a new trolley bag (remember they broke mine...). It really took a while and waiting for the right people but finally they paid and I could go with the guys to a market to buy a new one. The one I got now is more functional and bigger than my old one, which was also necessary, cuz now I bought so much stuff here to take home!

Then Denny took me to a guesthouse, which was big, but the same shit in the bathroom. It is so normal here not to have any toilet paper, not even a flush, most toilets have to be watered by a plastic bin, the water you bag out a bigger plastic bin...you shower the same way. Take out the cold water from there and let it flow over you...grrr. All water cranes in this guesthouse were dripping and it was quite dirty, but I did not care. What I did care about was the "musholla" (Moshe), I got totally crazy of that next morning!

Lady came saying hi 2h later and we went to the "pizza hut", first shopping in the super market, then taking a "banjaai". A Funny 3 wheels car made from a scooter. Denny later joined us here. After dinner we took a taxi to her good friend who wanted to meet me. He was working in the oil industry and we talked about nature and animals...

Next morning I got extremely aggressive about the musholla singing, starting at 4am and they did not stop till 10am!! Continuously singing and screaming, very brutally discussing, like getting the people ready for war! I ask Lady to pick me up cuz I was about to get really aggressive in here myself too! It was so loud, abnormal!!

Lady came around 11am and we went again to the super market, she also had breakfast there.

My old bag that was no trolley anymore I handed out to a poor old street guy and maybe made him a bit happy.

Then we went back to my guestroom and Denny came to pick us up and drove us to the new hotel "Jajakarta" paid by the next club. Wow this was an old hotel and no service at all! You even had to pay the sauna and there was nothing in your mini bar, even your breakfast was not included! So we dropped our bags in our room and went sound checking in the "Club 36"(Attention please, never play there!!!! mafia owners, who don't

pay you!!!), which was next door, sound seemed to be all right, so we ordered something to eat in the disco.

We went back to our room, we all had 1 room and 2 beds together, I talked with Lady for a while and then we watched the first episode of "Moses", then we fell asleep for about 1h.

Time to get up again, poeh, but ok! The club was packed, but a local band was playing, so how they would like my style? They enjoyed, but preferred electro again, I had amazingly much sound problems, cuz the monitor did not work anymore like it did with sound checking. I could not even hear myself talking through the microphone, so to play here was really not easy. But after all the gig seemed to be ok.

Not so for the owners, that took too much drugs already, they were pissed and did not want to pay, cuz in their opinion I did not play topless! Alstubleift what???? If I play topless I always do so with a special chain top, and they found this not being topless. They mentioned people did not like it at all and I even saw 2 guys going to them very angry asking their money back cuz I did not show my tits.

This was really one of the most disgusting things with djing, I ever lived! I went there to defend myself as well, but they did not have a single respect at all. They were Chinese mafia and most of them on drugs, and looking at me like a whore.

Me and Lady had to leave the room, they wanted to discuss further on with Denny. Lady was crying, cuz she was afraid to leave her husband alone in their with that criminals.

We've been waiting for more than 2h to get the money. But what happened instead, was that they grabbed Denny's bag and took the money out. He already had received half of the money for the gig, and it was his mistake to mention that he took it with him. We all went back to the hotel when Denny started crying as well. Was the first time when this happened to him.

We took some 3h sleep and went to the hotel from the G2 club. The club and the hotel were 1 complex, but worse like this I never saw or heard before. Speakers and an old tuner in every room, lots of noise, well not even noise, more totally bumming and shaking of the rooms. The after hour club G2 in what I played from 12am till 2 pm was open from Saturday night till Monday morning 10 am!! Almost no one was there, but I got my 300 USD, which was more like a joke but better than earning nothing at all on a Sunday noon. My promoters earned nothing with this and the past gig and just arranged them for me to make extra promotion for me to come back and to get me more Dj work, really enthusiastic people, thanks a lot!!

After the gig I washed off my make up and we went out for copying my photos from the SD cards on CD, but we did not succeed to find a shop that could do that...

We went to the apothecia to buy some little pots to store my eggs and went to a friend of them: DJ Innerlight, to ask again for copying the SD cards, but also here we did not succeed. He did some nice productions, Armin style and was one of the top trance Dj's of Indonesia.

The only thing I still missed was the bird market, that seemed to be so huge...So finally we went there. First we've been at a little bird market at the street outside the market and asked for eggs e.g., they had some and told me that the eggs can even be fertilized by air, so you must not even put a hen with the cock...ok, enough.

We went further to the real market, which was almost closing and found all the races I've been searching for: Ajam bankok's, cenami and seramas and many eggs. The egg prices were rather any kind of joke again, for the ajam cenami eggs he asked about

50€, I guess he asked that for around 10 eggs, ja sure. I told him my extremist price would be 10 € for 4 eggs.

After they all gathered together with the eggs I got a total price of about 25€ for 20 eggs. Really quite cheap, don't you think so? I did not even know the status of the eggs. And after all, all of them were bad, not even one fertilized, or maybe fertilized and they took them from breeding hens. Cuz when I flowed them back home, there were also some dead chicks inside!

We went out for dinner than and Lady took me to a street "restaurant", where she really likes the mie goreng. To be honest, it did not taste too bad but the egg in between was strange brown and I forgot to say I want the mie without it.

We've been dining and several street kids came to sing and earn money, one after one and than even the older people, what must you do, to eat in rest and not feel so guilty? We paid 3 of them and than stopped it. Everyone had another entertaining idea for us. The dinner was so bad, even though delicious, that I got a 2 day stomach problem and stopped eating and drinking during that time...

Later on we went back to the G2 hotel to try to sleep, what was more a punishment than rest. It was so loud in the hotel, even several room parties went on, after they came from the club, most of the people were totally on drugs, so it is not amazing that no one cares about: no water in the restroom or showers and tables that were marked with cigarettes. The balcony was ever build to put airco's there, I guess, further on it looked more broken and filled with lots of trash and concrete blocks...

I put all 3 pillows over my head and ears and tried to relax but woke up several times in the night cuz of the big noise in there. Denny could not sleep at all and went out walking outside at night.

In the morning after no sleep for him we had breakfast, it was for free but they were assumed to pay the tea, ja right, pfff. Than we drove to their apartment and Denny lay down for 2h before we came back. Lady went with me to a small shopping center nearby their apartment, to find another peace for the girls (who work with my chicken at home).

I saw the largest shop of batik style and Indonesian gifts during my whole stay here and was quite confused where to start looking or searching for a small dress or shirt in children size. Finally I found a very nice batik skirt and we went to the fish market what was actually the bird market that I meant and remembered, to buy some cicaks.

One guy wanted to take over the job, so he went running around in every stand to capture them. After all he might have had captured 12 at least, but I told him, I just needed 7 and wanted to take the smaller ones. He asked 200000 Rupiah for them, which is almost 16 €, ya sure! I gave him 70000 for his work and not more. I am not such a real rich European person and for sure not really stupid!

I even found silkies here, first time in Indonesia I aw them, but they are more to recognize by their white fluffy feathers and their skin color, the rest standard descriptions were quite bad. And I saw an Ajam mahkota, which means crested chicken. She was a polish hen in the new color "tollbunt", at least you could compare it a bit to that color. She even sound like my polish hens and the rest of the standards were good, but she had a cruelly degraded back, so even had trouble to stand or walk.

So we went with the last things I needed to buy back to their 30 qm apartment, where the massage guy was already waiting for us. I got an excellent full body massage for 1h and felt great, they do really good work here! Than lady got her massage while I red my book.

We went a last time to the airport and I had to fly back with all my bags and stuff uiui...but after fitting on my European cold winter style clothe again, I had 2 bags less ☺ They loved about my shoes, but well I could not fly back to the freezing winter with my slippers. I've been surprised again at the airport, cuz the guy from "imigrasi" was a Dj and event manager as well, and the one that checked my bags at the gate as well. They all loved trance and helped me in any way to get my record bag and my permission through. This is a great feeling, surrounded by so many Dj's that stick together! It seems quite popular to be a Dj in Indonesia, right? And than they also give you a special status, I loved that! ;-)

The flight back was long and exhausting, but surprisingly even my bag arrived, late but yep, it did make it!! I went back home by train and no one could pick me up from Venlo station, so I took all my stuff to hitchhike, cuz the taxi was sooo expensive again, someone that ever bought some Kylie articles from me stopped and found it quite funny to pick me up and brought me back home.

Where I was so happy to see my chicken again, but one of my favorite silkies was not seen by the kids for several days and she started getting blind now, 2 days later I had to let her fall in sleep, I was not so happy and still I miss my money from my gig and could not pay anything, cuz of saving the money for my new car...

But however, life went on with other experiences and problems again and this was just another part of the whole story. Anyways, looking forward to come back to Jakarta soon....the weather here really sucks and you guys are really good promoters!!