

## JAKARTA UNDERCOVER

Moammar Emka was born in the village of Jetak-Montong in East Java, Indonesia. While completing his education at the Government Institute for Islamic Studies in Jakarta, he wrote for several regional and national newspapers on social, political and religious issues.

From the mid-nineties, Moammar Emka worked for a variety of newspapers and magazines, never straying far from the world of entertainment journalism. At *Berita Yudha*, *Prospek* and *Popular*, his columns were widely read for their insights into Jakarta's popular culture and high-society life.

In addition to being a consultant and contributor at *X Men's Magazine*, a host on SCTV's 'MALEM2', a freelance writer and a photographer, Moammar Emka also runs his own business in the entertainment and public relations sector. He may be contacted at: [mk\\_emka@yahoo.com](mailto:mk_emka@yahoo.com).

*Also by Moammar Emka,  
published by GagasMedia, Jakarta*

Red Diary  
Jakarta Undercover: Night Carnival  
*Ade Ape dengan Mak Erot*  
*Tentang Dia*  
Siti Madonna  
265 Days 3 Lovers 2 Affairs  
*Beib, Aku Sakau*

# JAKARTA UNDERCOVER

MOAMMAR EMKA



**monsoon**books

Published in 2006

by Monsoon Books Pte Ltd

Blk 106 Jalan Hang Jebat #02-14, Singapore 139527

[www.monsoonbooks.com.sg](http://www.monsoonbooks.com.sg)

First published in Indonesia in 2002

in Bahasa Indonesia by Galang Press

ISBN-13: 978-981-05-3917-7

ISBN-10: 981-05-3917-7

Copyright©Moammar Emka, 2002

The moral right of the author has been asserted.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

The names of all the characters and companies in this publication have been changed and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, and real companies, active or dormant, is purely coincidental.

Cover photography by Black Studio / Collin Patrick

[www.black.com.sg](http://www.black.com.sg)

Printed in Singapore

10 09 08 07 06 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

# Contents

Foreword	9	Disco Fever	118
Naked Clubbing	13	Burespang, Burescin, Bureskor	128
Triple-service VIP Sauna Special	22	Gay Pride	136
Squeals on Wheels	29	Scissorless Barbershops	145
Arabian Nights Bachelor Party	38	Super Mammies	156
Chicken Nights	44	Truth or Dare	164
No Hands Service	51	Shopping Queens	170
Sashimi Sex	58	Divorced from Reality	180
Club 99	67	Nude Casions	189
Drive Thru' Sex	74	Foreign Imports	198
Desperate Housewives	82	Acknowledgements	207
'Melrose Place' Jakarta-style	88		
Orgies to Order	98		
Gambling on Sex	104		
Ladies Night	112		

## Foreword

The passing on of a tyrannical regime brings out the best and the worst of a people and their discursive consciousness. Such has been the case with the stepping aside of Indonesia's Soeharto in May 1998 and its aftermath. Moralistic groups—some genuinely puritanical and prudish, others operating more as an alternative form of thuggery—have been attacking cafés, bars, discotheques, night clubs, brothels and anything they deem immoral, including AIDS educational events. On the other hand, refreshingly celebratory events, organizations and, possibly most prominently, publications, have also cropped up in the field of sexuality.

The sexualities of ancestors, princes and princesses, prostitutes, young people, transgenders, lesbians and gay men have increasingly become the subject of writings. Unashamedly open and honest, these are a far cry from the superficial (and let it be noted, hypocritical) prudery of the Soeharto era.

The tome you have in your hand belongs to this new, post-1998 sexual spring. You will be taken by the author, Moammar Emka, on a pleasure tour of Jakarta's barely covered sexual entertainment venues and events. This is the other side of Jakarta most people either truly did not know existed or pretended they did not know about. A tad voyeuristic and more than a little titillating, it nevertheless shows the myriad possibilities in the pursuit of sexual pleasure.

This is a world where sexual orientation does not always matter, where gender can be traded in private parties, where nudity is celebrated, where bodies are appreciated with money, food or just admiring, fascinated looks.

A word of caution: reading this volume it is easy to slip into thinking that only Indonesia's capital city has such sexual facilities. Nothing is further from the truth. Other cities, even rural towns and possibly villages, have always had their sexual venues and events. It is a myth that Indonesia is a prudish society. It may be so in public articulated discourse, but in private practice, ricefields, schoolyards, religious buildings small and large, shopping malls, jogging tracks, beaches, parks, bushes and trees (yes!) are all (undercover) sexual sites, in addition to the more obvious short-time (love) hotels, beach cubicles, massage parlors, scissorless barbershops, hair salons and of course the ubiquitous brothel complexes.

The author, Moammar Emka, can boast a dyed-in-the-wool Muslim education from his childhood to his university years. As a non-religious person growing up in East Java, I have always been fascinated by the refreshingly tolerant, open and pragmatic sexual mores of the orthodox or posttraditionalist Muslims, followers of the Nahdlatul Ulama, the majority community in my province, in which Emka grew up. Generally speaking, East Javanese society is quite open towards out-of-wedlock pregnancies, cohabitation, prostitutes, transgenders, and later gay men and lesbians, especially outside family circles. This is the province that can boast an official hangout for transgenders in the capital city of Surabaya, designated by a mayoral decree in the 1980s, and if I may say so myself, the longest lasting homosexual organization in the country (1987 to the present).

Enjoy reading the Jakarta pleasure world uncovered by Emka for you. You will, I think, have a different opinion of Indonesia afterwards.

Dédé Oetomo, PhD

Founder and Trustee

GAYa NUSANTARA Foundation, Surabaya, Indonesia

Surabaya, 1 August 2005

## Naked Clubbing

*An underground sex party was in full swing, attended by more than 150 naked guests. Beautiful girls mingled freely with men in the basement venue, which had been designed to resemble a high-class nightclub.*

**W**as I really to believe that such parties existed in Jakarta? Or was this just another crazy urban myth? I wondered if the impact of globalisation had finally brought our culture and social norms into such deep chaos? Had Jakarta become the Las Vegas of Asia?

My first knowledge of such underground parties—clandestine as well as subterranean—came from a famous local actor, SLA. A handsome twenty-seven year old, he was rumoured to be dating one of the sexiest actresses in Jakarta. According to SLA, while such parties may have been out of the ordinary, they were undoubtedly very real.

‘The atmosphere is wild,’ explained SLA. ‘Really crazy and also a little scary too! We do whatever we want. We behave like kings in their harems; we’re playboys for the whole night.’

As sincere as he sounded, I still needed some convincing.

These naked parties were shrouded in secrecy and were strictly members-only events. Naturally, the members were from the wealthy upper class. What surprised me more was that the parties were held uninterrupted over several days.

I had to see this for myself. I began my search by spending about a

month patrolling the Pluit district of Jakarta. Based on the information I had, I guessed I would have to sniff around the luxury houses and condominiums.

I wandered around North Jakarta, where I also visited gambling dens, discotheques, karaoke bars and massage parlours. With nothing to show for my endeavours, the map I held in my mind of possible party venues was still mysteriously dark.

The breakthrough finally came when I attended a sumptuous fashion show at an international five-star hotel. It was there that I met Alex, a thirty-something man who owned a cable factory in Tangerang, twenty kilometres to the west of Jakarta. Alex was a popular guy with a wide social circle made up of friends from various ethnic backgrounds. He made a habit of attending events graced by celebrities (his wife was the owner of a luxury boutique whose customers included the rich and famous).

Alex was an articulate, easy-going guy and, after some encouragement, he opened up about his experiences of the sex entertainment scene in Jakarta. He told me he'd recently been involved in one of the underground naked parties.

Now I was getting somewhere.

'If you're on your own, the parties can be very difficult to find,' explained Alex. 'They're only for members and their guests.'

It became apparent that Alex had attended as a guest. He'd been invited by a friend, who was the owner of an upmarket discotheque in North Jakarta. And it just so happened that, based on his friend's information, another underground naked party was due to be held in several week's time. I made a date to meet up with Alex again soon.

The dusk sky above Jakarta had faded away into night's embrace. I had promised to meet Alex at a Japanese restaurant in the Kebayoran Baru district. Alex arrived with a tidily dressed, plump man.

'Let me introduce my friend,' began Alex, motioning to his friend. 'This is Hendra. It's he who invited me to go to the naked club last month.'

I shook hands with Hendra, who looked to be in his early thirties. We sat down and ordered from the menu. Over sushi and teppanyaki, we discussed matters relating to the naked club.

'The parties are usually held once a month, sometimes only once every three months,' explained Hendra. 'It depends on how many people are interested at the time. You know, everything is done secretly so only members and their guests get to know about it.'

An hour later I was whisked away in Alex's black Mercedes in the direction of Pluit. We passed Surdiman Street and entered the toll road. The conversation remained firmly fixed on the evening's entertainment.

'Jakarta is so crazy!' said an excited Alex. 'When I heard about it for the first time, I didn't believe such a thing existed here. I thought this could only happen in America or Europe. Nobody knows what we have right here on our doorstep.'

If Alex hadn't been invited by Hendra, he would never have known about it. Much less had the chance to join in.

'Instead of wasting your money travelling abroad, you're better off spending it here in Jakarta. You know, the clubs here aren't much different from the naked parties abroad,' said Hendra, with the air of a seasoned swinger.

I didn't say much as I took in the scene. I was apprehensive, but this was all leading me to what I wanted to see with my own eyes.

We entered Pluit. Alex, who was driving, was having to ask Hendra for directions. It had been a while and he clearly hadn't been paying too much attention the first time they'd made this trip.

'I've forgotten the way,' smiled Alex.

We arrived at what looked like an entertainment complex. I kept looking in all directions, a little unsettled due to my unfamiliar surroundings. As soon as we passed an old shopping mall, I realised

where I was, especially when I saw a large cinema with huge film posters on display. Taking my bearings from the old mall and the cinema, I breathed a sigh of relief, happy that I recognised the landscape once more.

According to Alex, this neighbourhood belonged to the high rollers of Jakarta. The houses seemed to be part of an elite housing complex, comprising dozens of luxury detached houses and apartments. I noticed most of them had large, imposing gates.

We entered the driveway of one such house. It sure was big. There was no family nameplate or company signage on view to indicate the function of such an impressive building. Through the car windows we could see five well-built men standing in front of the main entrance. As we slowed down, two of the men quickly approached the car. The one who spoke to us was wearing jeans and a black jacket.

‘Can I help you, boss?’ he asked politely.

Meanwhile, the other man was leaning over, attempting to peer through the tinted windows at us. When the front passenger seat window was lowered and the man saw Hendra sitting inside, he quickly smiled and stood up, nodding to his colleague.

It seemed that they already knew Hendra very well.

‘Please go to the rear parking lot,’ said the first man.

From the front yard we entered the parking lot. It was huge and could probably have held more than a hundred vehicles. I noted loads of luxury cars, all neatly parked. There were BMWs, Range Rovers and Volvos—all prestige models.

Inside the parking lot we were approached by another five burly men. After double-checking who we were, one of them waved us helpfully into our parking space.

We followed Hendra up a short flight of stairs to a door that was opened by a neatly dressed man.

‘Good evening, boss. Come on in,’ the man greeted us.

It seemed Hendra was well known by all the staff. This made me feel

safe, although I was sure I would soon be questioned and I was probably being closely watched. I reminded myself that it was impossible to get past the door unless somebody important had invited you.

Having been ushered through the entrance, we came to an inner room. Part of the room was set up like a restaurant. There was even a small bar. Waiters were busy serving guests.

‘This is the starting place. It’s a bit like the lobby of a hotel,’ whispered Hendra before turning to face one of the waiters. Respectfully, he asked, ‘Would you tell your boss that Hendra has arrived?’

The waiter nodded and briskly walked off to find his superior.

We chose a table near the bar. I noticed the room seemed to be like the inside of a Japanese or Chinese restaurant. None of the furnishings were begging for attention. The most decadent items on display were some typical Chinese paper decorations resembling curtains and some pictures hanging on the wall.

A short while later we were approached by a well-groomed man dressed in suit and tie.

‘Mr Hendra, how are you doing?’ asked the man warmly. ‘This is your guest from before, is it not?’ he continued, turning now to Alex.

The man’s name, I had gathered, was Robby, and he was the owner of the club. He was thirty-four years old. Hendra introduced me as his close friend (while not actually elaborating as to how exactly he knew me). As Hendra’s guest I was accepted warmly, despite the fact that I wasn’t as well dressed as they were and I was clearly an outsider.

I listened intently to them talking about business. Mutual trust appeared to play a very important role both in their personal relationship and in their work dealings. I could sense that these were the sort of people who frequently shook hands on a deal without worrying about the need for a written contract.

It was now eight thirty. Robby had already ordered several rounds

of drinks.

‘How is your place doing? Are you getting more guests?’ asked Hendra.

‘Well, the parties last for the same time as before and the membership is increasing. As you can see now, it’s crowded,’ answered Robby, while gulping down his drink. ‘By the way, do you want to join in or are you just dropping by?’

‘I’ve been here before so I think it would be impossible for me to just drop by now!’ laughed Hendra. ‘The ‘collection’ is getting more varied, isn’t it?’

‘Of course. If I don’t add to the collection, the members will get bored, you know,’ answered Robby, also laughing.

We left our seats and were led down a flight of stairs which was lit by neon strip lights. We now appeared to be in the basement but the interior was completely different to what we’d seen upstairs. Four receptionists welcomed us with friendly smiles. There was a big door to the side of the reception desk, which seemed to be securely locked. I sat on a sofa while waiting patiently for Alex and Hendra, who were still talking to Robby. I looked around me. The walls were painted an earthy colour. Dimly lit lamps in each corner of the room cast a soft glow of light. To the other side of the reception desk was a second door.

Robby excused himself and began to take his leave.

‘Have a good time,’ he said.

Two receptionists approached us and invited us to go through the second door.

‘Sorry, but could you take off all of your clothes, please? You don’t need to bring your watch, mobile phone or wallet with you. Please leave all of your things in the boxes provided. We’ll lock the boxes safely,’ explained one of the receptionists.

After being ushered through the door, we saw a row of boxes as

promised. We removed our clothes until we were standing completely naked. A black curtain now confronted us. It seemed that behind the black curtain I would find all my answers.

I pulled back the curtain and even though I knew what was coming, the sight that greeted me still managed to startle me. My God! What I saw took my breath away. It was just like any other nightclub scene—thunderous music, hundreds of people dancing and chatting—only this time all of the guests were stark naked. Nobody was wearing anything!

We entered the party and I split from the others. Hendra and Alex were soon mingling with other guests, clearly having a good time. I looked around the room. The interior was decorated in a brown, clay-flavoured hue. I felt like I was in a late Mediterranean sunset. The lamps were dim, the room bordering on dark, although the vision I was getting of the naked club could not have been clearer and more transparent!

I took stock of the people that were inside. The male guests were representative of many ethnic backgrounds. I noticed among them some Indonesian television celebrities. The women were plentiful; there were Arabs, Chinese, Indians and Caucasians, but the majority were *pribumi* or indigenous Indonesian. I couldn’t believe that there were so many beautiful, sexy, voluptuous women before my very eyes. Their behaviour was wild and they were certainly enticing.

Inside a large island bar in the centre of the room, four naked women poured all manner of alcoholic drinks for the guests. Naked bartenders! In each corner of the room were tables overflowing with fine food, beautifully presented and there for the taking.

I noticed some side rooms but could not see inside, their entrances were covered by curtains.

On a small stage close to the bar, several women were undulating and gyrating to the music as they performed a striptease. I felt I was now in dreamland.

In every direction all I could see were beautiful naked women; it was enough to make a man both nervous and very excitable! I saw

couples and groups coming and going from the curtained-off rooms. Two women with one man or vice versa. Everything and anything seemed to be happening and it was mind-bending to take it all in.

Was this for real? My world had just been turned upside down. Until now, I could only see such exciting scenes in blue movies, and here I was seeing it all live, in the flesh and in 3D! I murmured to myself, marvelling at the bizarreness of it all.

I was so absorbed that I didn't know how long I'd been in this underground room full of volcanic lust. I had lost all concept of time. Staying in this room was like never experiencing daylight. It was beginning to feel like a dream, which no morning light could awake me from.

It was now almost five o'clock in the morning. I rejoined Hendra and Alex, and we left the naked party, exhausted and weary. My friends appeared to have been busy, judging by their smiles and relaxed manner.

'Wow, Rani's massage was great. Not to mention her extra service,' said Alex, smiling.

After getting dressed and tipping the two receptionists, we climbed the neon-lit stairs back up to the lobby. Without any further delay, we headed to the car in the parking lot and drove off.

On the way back we talked about what we'd experienced in the club. As we passed through the quiet, early morning streets of Jakarta, Hendra and Alex reflected once again on the difficulty of gaining access to the club.

In order to become a member, you had to pay an upfront fee of Rp50 million (US\$5000) for a six-month period, after which you had to pay a further Rp3 million (US\$300) to attend each party.

'If you're strong, you can enjoy the party for two days and two nights,' commented Hendra.

I tried to imagine lasting that long. From what I'd just experienced, that was some going!

Hendra also explained that the beautiful 'ladies in waiting' at the party were specially selected; 'obtained' from a number of high-class procurers in Jakarta. On average, each girl was paid between Rp5 to 10 million (US\$500 to 1000) for each two-day-long party.

We finally came to a stop at a four-star hotel in the Block M district. We wanted to take a room each for a much-needed rest. Once inside my hotel room, I could still picture what I had seen in the naked club: dozens of naked, sexy girls with their tempting, erotic dancing.