

22 SEPTEMBER
2025

Buktu Zine in Solidarity with 100 Years of Pakel Resistance

STORMING THE SILENCE

If the world spits on your skin, howl with us, let the wounds sing what lies within


TAK
GENTAR
DI
LAHAN!

Music as Collective Action

Music has always carried within it a force greater than melody or rhythm—it holds the capacity to connect struggles, amplify voices, and weave solidarities across distances. Throughout history, sound has functioned as a vessel for resistance, refusing silence in the face of oppression. It brings people together, not only to share aesthetic experience but also to cultivate a shared consciousness and collective strength. To make music is to engage in dialogue with the world, to contribute to a continuum where expression is inseparable from social responsibility. Solidarity, then, is not an abstract notion, but a living practice made audible in gatherings, songs, and the willingness to stand together.

It is in this spirit that we, Buktu, attempt to prove the possibility of music as solidarity in action. Together with our listeners, we have pooled resources—through contributions and crowdfunding—not to pursue commercial gain, but to travel to Pakel and carry the voices of a community that has endured a century of resistance against land dispossession. Our effort takes shape in music, zines, and videos, as tools to circulate their struggle beyond geographical boundaries. We wish to demonstrate that resistance must extend across all fronts, that collective strength is built when musicians refuse dependence on corporate patronage or the logic of "payment before participation." Instead, we choose to be present, to practice mutual aid, and to celebrate the enduring struggle of Pakel. In doing so, we invite fellow musicians and cultural workers to embrace music not merely as performance, but as a form of living solidarity.

Contributor

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SATU ABAD PERJUANGAN PETANI PAKEL

BUKTU

creative commons

Rukun Tani Sumberejo Pakel

Commemorating Five Years of Occupation, One Century of Pakel Farmers' Struggle

Articulating the sense of oppression endured by the farmers of Pakel, Banyuwangi, for the past century is by no means simple. Yet, certain reflections can be slowly drawn regarding the long struggle for land rights in this easternmost corner of Java. These reflections must not be forgotten. They should serve as a collective historical consciousness that sustains the fire of the struggle for land rights.

On Thursday, 24 September 2020, coinciding with Indonesia's National Farmers' Day, the Rukun Tani Sumberejo Pakel (RTSP) organization initiated a land occupation in Pakel village. This action sought to reclaim land rights seized by the plantation company PT Bumisari. As of 2025, this occupation has reached its fifth year. Importantly, it represents the continuation of a legacy of resistance: Pakel farmers have defended their land rights since 1925—one century ago, long before Indonesia achieved independence.

Broadly speaking, one crucial reflection from the Pakel farmers' struggle is that the patterns of state oppression remain strikingly similar across time. From Dutch and Japanese colonial rule to the Indonesian state itself, Pakel farmers have consistently been subjected to violence, abduction, and criminalization. Their land rights have never been recognized by the state. In fact, the repression that has unfolded since Indonesian independence has often been even more severe.

At the root of this oppression lies the production of state-issued

documents used as instruments to dispossess farmers of their land. State institutions themselves have played an active role in legitimizing and enforcing such expropriation. This structural condition marks a more acute form of oppression compared to one century ago.

It is important to recall that the land rights of Pakel farmers were formally granted on 11 January 1929. Under the leadership of Banyuwangi Regent Raden Arya Adipati Mohammad (R.A.A.M.) Notohadisuryo, Pakel farmers received a permit known as the Acta van Verwizing, locally referred to as Akta 29. This official decree explicitly stated:

"Wij geven hun genteetomening en de gronden to exploiteren van Sengkan Kandang en Keseran met de opervlakte van 4000 baooe, in de Desa Soemberdjo Pakel..." ("We hereby grant them permission to clear and utilize lands in Sengkan Kandang and Keseran, with a total area of 4,000 bahu, located in Sumberejo Pakel village.")

However, the land rights of Pakel farmers were expropriated soon after the issuance of that decree. During the Dutch colonial period, Pakel farmers who cultivated the land were branded as communists. Hundreds of them were arrested and imprisoned. Upon their release, they were arrested again, in a cycle of repression that repeated itself. Under Japanese occupation, this persecution was compounded by the imposition of forced labor.

From these historical records, we can observe that the actions of the state—whether by local authorities in Banyuwangi or by the central government—constitute a clear continuation of the systems of oppression established during Dutch and Japanese colonial rule. The persistence of repression after Indonesia's independence was documented by Mohammad Slamet, a Pakel farmer, in 1990–1993:

"It feels as though nothing has changed; the people still feel attacked by colonizers, by capitalists, and so on. Thus, the New Order and Pancasila are meaningless if the people continue to feel oppressed by our own nation. Especially since the weak and the poor are no longer cared for by the wealthy or the high-ranking officials, who instead prioritize their own interests, living in luxury, and so forth."









Five years of land occupation and one century of Pakel farmers' struggle compel us to reflect on the fact that all forms of criminalization and violence carried out by the state today are in fact inheritances of colonial-era oppression. The collective memory of Pakel farmers must be continuously nurtured and cultivated as shared consciousness: that welfare and freedom can only be seized through our own hands, not through waiting or relying upon the state. This is all the more urgent as the current regime is drafting a series of dangerous provisions in the proposed revision of the Criminal Procedure Code (Rancangan Undang-Undang Kitab Undang-Undang Hukum Acara Pidana, RUU KUHAP), which could be used to criminalize the people. Should this legislation be enacted, the struggle for land rights will only become more arduous.

Therefore, it is imperative that we collectively accompany the people's struggle for land with solidarity, love, and prayer. Five years of occupation and one century of struggle already stand as evidence that farmers are capable of withstanding the criminalization imposed by PT Bumisari and the violence of the state. It is evidence that women can stand at the forefront, fully engaged in reclaiming land rights. And it is evidence that Pakel farmers can achieve prosperity through the harvests grown on their own land—rather than through the empty promises of prosperity offered by PT Bumisari and the Indonesian state.

This condition is even more severe than the circumstances of the Pakel farmers' struggle a century ago. In fact, the land rights of the Pakel farmers had been formally granted on January 11, 1929. During the tenure of Banyuwangi Regent Raden Arya Adipati Mohammad (R.A.A.M.) Notohadisuryo, the farmers of Pakel were issued a Land Clearing Permit (Acta van Verwizing). Among the farmers, this decree became known as Akta 29. In the letter, Regent Notohadisuryo stated:

"Wij geven hun genteetomening en de gronden to exploiteren van Sengkan Kandang en Keseran met de opervlakte van 4000 baooe, in de Desa Soemberdjo Pakel..."
("We hereby grant them permission to clear and utilize the lands in Sengkan Kandang and Keseran, covering an area of 4,000 bahu, in Sumberejo Pakel village.")

However, the land rights of the Pakel farmers were expropriated soon after this decree was issued. During Dutch colonial rule, the Asisten Wedana of Kabat seized the letter. Farmers who opened the land were branded as communists. Hundreds of Pakel farmers were arrested and imprisoned, only to be rearrested after their release. The Asisten Wedana of Kabat and the forest overseers used every possible means to prevent the farmers of Pakel from exercising their rights. Under Japanese occupation, their persecution was further compounded by forced labor.

After Indonesia's independence, the state's involvement in dispossessing the Pakel farmers of their land rights became increasingly evident. This began with the issuance of the cultivation rights title (Hak Guna Usaha, HGU) to PT Bumisari in 1985 and continued with Perhutani's efforts to open the land in 1988. When the state refused to recognize the land rights of the Pakel farmers, PT Bumisari and Perhutani engaged in fraudulent practices. They persuaded farmers to purchase and cultivate plots of land without any clear contractual arrangements. Once the land was cultivated, the farmers were forcibly evicted.

From these historical records, it becomes clear that the actions of the state—whether at the level of Banyuwangi's local government or the central government—are deliberate efforts to perpetuate the same systems of oppression that began under Dutch and Japanese colonial rule. The persistence of repression after Indonesia's independence was recorded by Mohammad Slamet, a Pakel f armer, during 1990–1993:

"It feels as though nothing has changed; the people still feel attacked by colonizers, by capitalists, and so on. Thus, the New Order and Pancasila are meaningless if the people continue to feel oppressed by our own nation. Especially since the weak and the poor are no longer cared for by the wealthy or the high-ranking officials, who instead prioritize their own interests, living in luxury, and so forth."

The notes written by Mohammad Slamet serve as a mirror of the present-day struggle of the Pakel farmers. Since initiating the land occupation in 2020, Pakel farm-

ers have continued to experience violence and criminalization at the hands of thugs, the police, PT Bumisari, and the Banyuwangi government. Yet, PT Bumisari's claim to a cultivation rights title (Hak Guna Usaha, HGU) over the land in Pakel has never been substantiated. This was recorded in 2022, when PT Bumisari filed a lawsuit against Pakel farmers, accusing them of land encroachment. However, the Surabaya Administrative Court (Pengadilan Tata Usaha Negara, PTUN) ruled that the case was inadmissible due to the absence of clarity and legal certainty regarding PT Bumisari's claim that its HGU extended into Pakel village.

After losing the encroachment lawsuit, PT Bumisari sought other legal provisions to criminalize the farmers. On February 3, 2023, three Pakel farmers—Mulyadi, Suwarno, and Untung—were abducted by the East Java Regional Police (Polda Jatim). They were criminalized under accusations of spreading false information causing public unrest. The so-called "false information" referred to Akta 29, the land-clearing permit granted by Regent Notohadisuryo. On June 9, 2024, another farmer, Muhriyono, was arrested on charges of assaulting PT Bumisari security personnel. In reality, Muhriyono had merely tried to defend crops and protect fellow farmers from days of violent attacks by hundreds of thugs and PT Bumisari security forces.

Five years of land occupation and one century of Pakel farmers' struggle lead us to the reflection that all forms of state-led criminalization and violence are legacies of colonial-era oppression. In 2024, during the fasting month, the state allowed PT Bumisari to destroy crops and physically assault Pakel farmers. In 2022, following the farmers' legal victory at PTUN Surabaya, the state itself, through police forces, also carried out beatings against the farmers.

Another event embedded in the collective memory of Pakel farmers is the 2000 attack by the Mobile Brigade (Brimob), which targeted all male farmers in the village. This tragedy left Pakel with only women and children. Women were forced to assume every role within the household, while many children were compelled to abandon their education.

The collective memory of the Pakel farmers must continue to be



A song that does not side with the people belongs to the enemy.

nurtured and internalized as shared consciousness: that welfare and freedom can only be seized through our own hands—not by waiting for or relying upon the state. This is especially urgent as the current regime is drafting a series of dangerous provisions within the proposed revision of the Criminal Procedure Code (Rancangan Undang-Undang Kitab Undang-Undang Hukum Acara Pidana, RUU KUHAP), which could serve as legal instruments to further criminalize Pakel farmers. If enacted, the struggle of the Pakel farmers will become even more arduous.

For this reason, it is our obligation to accompany the struggle of the Pakel farmers with solidarity, love, and prayer. Five years of land occupation and one century of struggle already stand as evidence that farmers are capable of resisting all forms of criminalization and state violence. It is also evidence that Pakel farmers can achieve prosperity through the harvests grown on their own land—rather than through the false promises of prosperity offered by corporations and the Indonesian state.




Preparation of the Exhibition
“100 Years of Pakel Resistance”
by Nyalakan Project/22 09 2025
KERASAN
DITONCAM


RAK'YAT YA
AKAN JAD
DITONCAM




TANAH
HIDUP


TANAM
DITONCAM


DEATH TO
BUMISARI MAJU SUKSES
Nyalakan!
DITONCAM


BEBASKAN PETANI PAKEL
PETANI PAKEL
#REBUTKEMBALIPAKEL
Bumisari penjajah
DITONCAM

Duskydamn Labiasuiz

The Orchard of Shadows

They tell us the land belongs to maps,
that it is a geometry of profit,
a machine where trees are measured
in currency, and rivers bend to
contracts. But maps are blind.
They do not smell the sweat that
soaks the soil, they do not hear the
ancient argument between seed and
stone. I have loved you as one loves
a wounded field— with tenderness,
with rage, with the kind of patience
that outlasts the sermons of
bureaucrats. To touch your hand was
to press against the stubborn heart of
earth, a pulse too deep for bulldozers
to silence. The company arrived in
golden suits, flashing documents like
swords, singing hymns of progress.
They said hunger could be cured
by exile. They said ownership was an
act of faith, as if the horizon were a
cathedral and we the heretics
refusing to kneel. Yet you laughed.
Your laugh was not delicate;
it was a scythe slicing through their
rhetoric, a fire among damp leaves.
Every night you whispered, “Love is
nothing but revolt— two bodies
refusingto be accounted for.”

And so we stayed, among the restless
birds, the stubborn weeds,
the children who learned
that a stolen future still
tastes of mango and smoke.

I kissed you with dirt on my lips, the
kind of kiss that grows like an outlaw
seed.Perhaps it was lust, perhaps
rebellion, perhaps the same thing.

The philosophers will say we were
absurd, that to wrestle with history
is to wrestle with a shadow.
The struggle itself must be imagined as
joy. And somewhere, a voice—ancient,
ironic—would have lifted a glass,
toasting our defiance, as if rebellion
were wine meant to be drunk again and
again.

If tomorrow we are broken,
let them record it carefully:
we were farmers,
but also prophets.
We were lovers,
but also lightning,
burning the contracts,
singing in the orchard of shadows,
until the orchard sang back.

O Wra Patmori

The Farmer Behind the Bars

They locked him in a cell
for loving the earth too much.
Not for theft, not for blood
but for the simple crime
of saying, this soil is mine,
this seed is ours, this future belongs
to the children, not your shareholders.

The judge wore a tie the color of rot.
The police carried rifles as if they
were carrying their own shame.
And the company men smiled with
teeth of gold and hunger.
They thought prison walls
could silence a field of rice,
as if iron bars could strangle
a season's rain.

But listen:from the cracks in
the concrete, a root is already
whispering. From the wounds on his
hands, a thousand rivers are still
running. He sings in the dark:
a love song, a war song,
the same song— because love and
resistance are twins in
the same cradle.

And we, outside the gates,
are not afraid. We carry his name like a
drum, his story like a flame.
We will not kneel to wolves dressed as
ministers, nor kiss the boots of cowards
who sell tomorrow for the price of
another cocktail party.

Solidarity is not a slogan. It is bread
torn and shared, a field guarded at
midnight, a kiss given even when the
soldiers circle the house.

They can jail a farmer, but they cannot
jail the harvest. They can steal the land,
but they cannot kill the memory
of how it tasted when it was free.

So rise.
Sharpen your plows into thunder,
turn your fear into a weapon.
The soil is calling—
and every cell, every chain,
is only a door waiting to be broken.

Buktu sound check
Pakel, Banyuwangi, East Java
22 September 2025












SATU ABAD
PERJUANGAN
PETANI PAKEL
1925-2025


SATU ABAD
PERJUANGAN PETANI PAKEL


RUKUN TANI
SUMBEREJO PAKEL



Bodhi IA

The Necessity of Art in the Struggle for Land and Life: A Manifesto

A SNEER FOR SILENCE
(This poem was written in our studio.)

the guitarist with calloused fingers
counts his coins under neon lights,
while the earth that raised him
is gutted by bulldozers—
he tunes his strings
not to the cries of farmers
but to the clink of empty bottles.
sing on, coward minstrel,
sing louder,
so you don't hear the soil screaming.

We live in an age where the very ground beneath our feet is commodified into "assets," where rivers are reduced to "resources," and forests to "concessions." In Indonesia, the story of Pakel Village in East Java is not a symbol but a wound: a century of farmers holding on to the earth that birthed them, while corporations, colonial legacies, and corrupt officials sharpened their claws. Their struggle is not recorded in textbooks alone but etched into scars, into arrests, into the dawn raids of armed men sent to remind peasants that in the calculus of power, life is always cheaper than profit.

This is not an isolated story. Across the archipelago, peasants, fishers, and Indigenous communities are criminalized, disappeared, or executed. Their crime is simple and unforgivable in the eyes of those who rule: to insist on the right to live with dignity on their own land. To remain silent in the face of this is not neutrality—it is collaboration. Silence today echoes louder than a gunshot because it sanctifies bulldozers, justifies judges, and perfumes the rotting stench of concession licenses.

Art, and music especially, must break this silence. To remain neutral is to become part of the machinery that buries voices beneath cement and asphalt. To compose "apolitical beauty" while rivers choke on poison is to write lullabies for the dying. To perform on brightly lit stages while peasants are beaten in the dark is to become the soundtrack of dispossession. A voice that arms itself is not mere metaphor—it is necessity. Melodies must become weapons, refrains must turn into barricades, and harmony must be sharpened into dissent.

The State of Affairs: Violence by Another Name

The state cloaks itself in euphemisms. "Development" is the chosen veil, spoken with the confidence of those who do not have to live with its consequences. But political language exists precisely to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable. "Agrarian reform" becomes eviction; "investment" becomes dispossession; "security" becomes terror.

At Pakel, history drips with these lies. Farmers resisted colonial rule, only to find independence turned against them. Land promised through official decrees was seized, documents stolen, rights erased. In every era—Dutch, Japanese, Suharto's New Order, and today—new masks appear, but the face beneath remains unchanged: power that colludes with capital against those who work the soil.

The pattern is neither local nor accidental. It is part of a global script written in Standing Rock, in Chiapas, in the olive groves of Palestine, in the burning Amazon. Everywhere, governments collude with corporations, police and soldiers become mercenaries for profit, and the people—the caretakers of land—are branded as criminals, terrorists, obstacles to progress. The continuity is brutal: the same boots that once marched for empire now march for shareholders.

Why Music Must Enter the Fray

Silence is impossible when injustice reigns. Yet far too many artists still choose it, mistaking indifference for safety, neutrality for dignity. But music is never neutral. Every song affirms a world, and when it refuses to name injustice, it affirms the world as it is: poisoned, unequal, and brutal.


BEBASKAN!
BEBASKAN PETANI PAKU


TANA
RA
SAKA BHAYA
POLRES BA
NGI


MBERITAHUAN
2014 TENTANG PERKEBUNAN, PASAL 107 huruf a, huruf
menduduki, dan/atau mengu
Memanen dan atau
TAHUN ATAU DENDA PALING BANYAK
H MILIK
KYAT!!

Musicians hold a peculiar power that others do not. A song bypasses the censors that redact court records; it lingers where leaflets are burned; it is sung in kitchens, in fields, in jails. Music becomes memory, carrying names that repression would rather erase. When rhythm becomes heartbeat, when choruses turn into chants, when stages transform into assemblies of rage—then music ceases to entertain and begins to insurge.

Responsibility is proportionate to power. And musicians, whether they admit it or not, hold power. They gather crowds, shape moods, amplify stories, summon collective energy. To abandon this responsibility is not an act of innocence—it is betrayal. To retreat into the comfort of art-for-art's-sake is to side with bulldozers and bankers.

Against the Machinery of Forgetting

The state thrives on our amnesia. Its greatest weapon is not only the gun but the erasure of memory. It wants us to forget the names of murdered activists, the rivers reduced to sludge, the forests razed for palm oil. It wants each eviction to be experienced as if for the first time, so solidarity never accumulates, so rage never compounds.

But music is a vessel of memory. It insists on naming the dead, recounting the violence, refusing the luxury of forgetting. Musicians can carry testimonies that survive repression, refrains that echo long after prisons collapse, chants that tie past to present. Writers have long been called the unarmed prophets. Musicians, too, must claim that role—not soothsayers of futures but keepers of the truths regimes wish to bury. The task is not consolation but provocation: to disturb, to incite, to awaken solidarity where fatigue has numbed.

Solidarity as Weapon

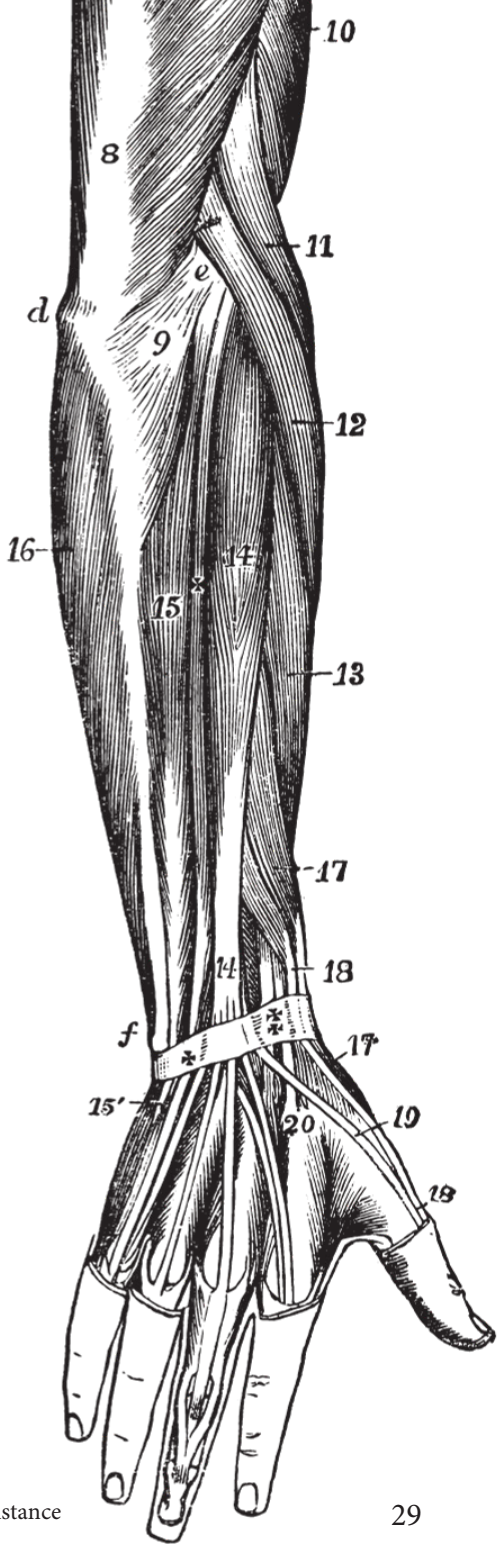
Solidarity is not charity. It is complicity in survival, an understanding that the fate of a farmer in East Java is bound to that of a dockworker in Marseille, a rapper in Brooklyn, a weaver in Chiapas. To defend Pakel is to defend the possibility of breathing anywhere. To refuse is to surrender to the logic that no land is safe, no people untouchable, no future guaranteed.

Art in this struggle cannot be propaganda in the thin sense of slogans. It must be disruption. It must rupture the spectacle of

power that pretends everything is normal while bulldozers carve open villages. Music must sabotage the culture industry that sells passivity. To dance without remembering who cannot dance because their homes are rubble is to waltz on graves. True solidarity insists that music becomes ungovernable, resistant to commodification, disobedient to the industry that would rather it remain harmless.

Call to Arms (Strings, Drums, Voices)

To every musician, wherever you are: the struggle of Pakel is your struggle. The eviction of a peasant is the eviction of your own future. You cannot compose on poisoned soil; you cannot tour a world reduced to ash. Your task is not to wait until repression knocks at your door but to strike while your voice still resonates. We demand: Refuse the comfort of neutrality. Join demonstrations with your



music. Transform concerts into assemblies of resistance. Record songs that carry the names of the persecuted. Build transnational networks of artistic solidarity. When repression strikes, make your art ungovernable.

The state may seize land titles, but it cannot silence the resonance of a guitar string, the echo of a drum, the defiance of thousands chanting for justice.

The International Duty

To the international public: Pakel is not far from you. Its echoes are in the forced removals of London estates, in the poisoned water of Flint, in the forests of Brazil devoured by fire. The enemy is global: corporations without flag, parliaments that legislate misery, armies rented out to investors. The only adequate response is also global. Solidarity must leap borders, must translate grief into action, must turn music into a shared language of defiance.

The role of the artist is not to comfort the comfortable but to disturb the executioners. Music cannot pretend innocence while peasants are jailed, forests collapse, and activists disappear. To remain on stage without joining the street is to become the soundtrack of oppression.

The Last Poem
(one week before we went to Pakel)

play your pretty chords, singer,
let the corporations pat your head,
while a farmer's spine cracks
under the boots of hired guards.
drink your wine,
write love songs for no one,
pretend the soil isn't bleeding.
but remember this:
when the last forest is gone
and the rivers cough poison,
your applause will sound like chains,
your silence like betrayal.

Music is not decoration. Music is declaration. Let it thunder until bulldozers retreat, until prisoners walk free, until the soil itself can sing again.

Collected Narratives from Buktu's Music



Gejala *(Symptoms)*

Senjakala membawa gemuruh
merubuhkan jelaga. Di antara
bising sirene ambulans dan
pemadam kebakaran, aku
melantunkan doa tanpa harap,
mantra tanpa kutuk. Koran dan
berita berlalu-lalang menjabarkan
nasib. Aku susah payah menjaga
kuda-kuda.Kusembunyikan
sebilah pisau tajam di telapak
tanganku. Kuraba rusukmu,
kugemari kulitmu dengan
melankoli, dan kemudian...

Perkenalkanlah gumam sebagai
sayat. Sukacita menerawang
makna. Dalam doa kita hanyalah
debu. Dalam kutuk kita hanyalah
batu. Dalam sajak kita hanyalah
kata. Dalam tafsir kita hanyalah
seumpama. Dalam mimpi kau
hanyalah igauan dan aku selalu
menjadi dengkur.

Maka buyarkanlah setiap
lamunan dengan hujam pisau.
Tepat di ulu hati, kita berdua akan
kembali pada prasangka. Segala
sesuatu adalah khaos. Seluruh
hal selalu berantakan.
Prasangka tentang wujud harus
dibilas, bukan dibelah. Kemarilah,
sudah susah payah aku
menjaga kuda-kuda. Bicaralah
padaku tentang ibumu,
pamanmu, bibimu, kekasihmu.
Bicaralah padaku tentang
apapun sebelum sirene ambulans
bergelegar, sebelum lampu patroli
berpantulan, sebelum klakson
pemadam kebakaran memecah
bising siang. Bicaralah padaku
tentangmu. Bergegaslah,
bergegaslah, karena prasangka
bisa secepat pisau menghujam.

Bergegaslah, bicaralah padaku
tentang apapun. Di bawah lidah
adalah prasangka. Di bawah
telapak tangan, sebilah pisau
tajam siap mengerat ulu hati.
Sebab segalanya adalah
tentangku. Bicaralah padaku
tentangmu. Tentang apapun.
Sebab kau dan apapun itu adalah
semuanya. Dan dalam seluruh
hal, di sana juga terdapat aku.
Pecahlah dalam seluruh agar
makna dan prasangka buyar
pelan-pelan. Bicaralah padaku
tentangmu. Tentang apapun.
Sebab kau dan apapun itu adalah
semuanya. Dalam seluruhnya,
termasuk pula aku dengan
lantang di sana.

Senjakala membawa gemuruh.
Prasangka menemui tembang
gugur bunganya. Pelan-pelan kita
menjelma gema, berpantulan.
Di antara sikap kuda-kuda yang
susah payah, aku melantun doa

tanpa harap. Mantra tanpa kutuk. Menjadi bunyi yang lebur pada tiap hal: puja-puji, umpatan, langkah kaki, sirene-sirene. Ingatlah debu ketika menatap gunung, sebab satu adalah sembilan.

Twilight carries a thunder that topples the soot. Amid the clamor of ambulance sirens and fire trucks, I chant a prayer without hope, a mantra without curse. Newspapers and broadcasts drift back and forth, spelling out fate. I struggle to hold my stance.
I hide a sharp blade in the hollow of my palm. I trace your ribs, I savor your skin with melancholy, and then...

Introduce the murmur as a gash. Joy peers into meanings. In prayer we are but dust. In curse we are but stone. In verse we are but words. In interpretation we are but semblance. In dream you are but delirium, and I am always the snore.

So scatter every reverie with the thrust of a knife. Straight to the heart's hollow, the two of us shall return to prejudice. Everything is chaos. All things are in ruins. The prejudice of existence must be rinsed, not cleaved. Come closer, I have struggled to hold my stance.

Speak to me of your mother, your uncle, your aunt, your lover. Speak to me of anything before the ambulance sirens explode, before patrol lights ricochet, before fire truck horns shatter the noon. Speak to me of you. Hurry, hurry, for prejudice can strike as swiftly as a knife.

Hurry—speak to me of anything. Beneath the tongue lies prejudice. Beneath the palm, a sharp blade ready to tear the heart's hollow. For everything is about me. Speak to me of you. Of anything. For you, and anything, is everything. And in all things, there I am as well. Burst within the wholeness so meaning and prejudice dissolve slowly. Speak to me of you. Of anything. For you, and anything, is everything. In the entirety, there I am too, resounding.

Twilight carries a thunder. Prejudice meets the song of its fallen bloom. Slowly, we become an echo, reverberating. Amid the weary stance, I chant a prayer without hope. A mantra without curse. Becoming sound that dissolves into every fragment: praises, curses, footsteps, sirens. Remember the dust when gazing at the mountain, for one is nine.


DILARANG KERAS!!!
BERBURU DI AREA
PERKEBUNAN BUMI SARI



Tunatanda *(Signless)*

Tuan datang dengan pesawat kaleng, lampu berkedap-kedip meriah sebagai tanda liyan yang buru-buru. Tuan membawa koper, jika terbuka keluarlah cahaya. Lalu Tuan berkata: perkenalkanlah, inilah norma, dogma, moral dan agama. Kami terperanjat menatap mulut Tuan yang terus terbuka menutup menjelaskan banyak hal. Apakah Tuan membawa rahasia?

Tuan datang dengan pesawat kaleng kecepatan cahaya. Menganjurkan pada kami baik buruk, Tuan perlihatkan pada kami potret surga dan neraka. Kami hanya bersendawa sebab di tanah ini benar dan salah tak punya tempatnya. Di dataran ini ajaran Tuan begitu menggelikan. Kami selalu terheran dengan pesawat kaleng Tuan yang secepat cahaya dan semeriah lampu-lampu pesta. Apakah kedatangan Tuan punya makna?

Lalu sekali lagi Tuan membuka koper bercahaya, yang gempal hingga renik Tuan kenalkan. Ini dogma, ini norma, ini agama, ini moral, ini benar dan itu salah. Ini surga, itu neraka. Ini Tuhan dan itu berhala. Kami hanya bersendawa. Sebab Tuan, sejak lama kami meyakini Tuhan hadir dalam segala gejala, tapi kami menyimpannya sebagai rahasia.

Tuan datang dari dimensi yang tak bisa kami tempuh. Tuan datang dari antah berantah. Mengenalkan pada kami, pribumi di dataran tanpa kuasa—tanpa gembala, bahwa inilah norma, dogma dan agama-agama.

Apakah Tuan bertuhan. Ataukah Tuan adalah Tuhan?Apakah Tuan bertuhan. Ataukah Tuan adalah Tuhan?Apakah Tuan bertuhan. Ataukah Tuan adalah Tuhan?

Tuan menjelaskan kami tentang masa depan yang efektif, dan masa lampau yang bersungut-sungut.

Tapi kami bukan lahir dari mesin pengganda. Di dataran tuared ini, khaos tetap dijaga sebagai kosmos. Hingga tak pernah ada gembala-gembala. Tuan berkata: kalian terlalu purba. Lalu Tuan membuka koper yang bercahaya, dan membentak kami: inilah norma, dogma, dan agama-agama.Di tanah kami Tuan hanya akan mati putus asa.Apakah Tuan bertuhan Ataukah Tuan adalah Tuhan?

You came in a tin-made plane, lights flickering bright as the sign of a hurried stranger.You carried a suitcase, and when it cracked open, light spilled forth.Then you said: behold, here are norms, dogmas, morals, and religions. We were stunned, staring at your mouth that kept opening and shutting, explaining countless things.Do you carry a secret?

You came in a tin-made plane at the speed of light.You instructed us on good and evil, you showed us portraits of heaven and hell. We only belched, for in this land right and wrong have no dwelling. On this plain, your teachings are laughable.We always marveled at your tin plane, swift as light and gaudy as festival lamps.Does your arrival bear any meaning?

Then once more you opened the glowing suitcase,introducing the massive to the minuscule: this is dogma, this is norm, this is r eligion, this is moral, this is truth and that is falsehood.This is heaven, that is hell.This is God, that is an idol. We only belched.For you see, long ago we already believed that God dwells within every symptom,yet we kept it as a secret.

You came from a dimension we cannot reach.You came from nowhere.You introduced to us, natives of a land without rulers—without shepherds,that here are norms, dogmas, and the religions.

Do you worship a god, or are you the god? Do you worship a god, or are you the god? Do you worship a god, or are you the god?

You explained to us a future that is efficient, and a past that grumbled.

But we were not born of a duplicating machine.On this scarlet plain, chaos is kept as cosmos.So never were there shepherds.You said: you are too primitive.Then you opened the glowing suitcase and barked at us: here are the norms, the dogmas, the religions.On our land, you will only die in despair. Do you worship a god or are you the god?

Fatamorgana *(Mirage)*

Dalam lanskap sureal, kita bersama-sama sepakat menghapus spektrum biru dari langit dan lautan. Merubah sungai berwarna jingga. Kebadungan spiritual mengajaku berpetualang pada lubang tanpa dasar. Melampaui realita. Mengelabuhi segala kisah fiksi.
Bumi hari ini tak ada lagi yang alami. Hidup disingkat dalam kedip lampu blip. Notifikasi-notifikasi. Yang natural tak lepas dari langkah artifisial. Segalanya telah digubah. Dunia virtual membentangkan ruangnya lebar-lebar. Dan aku terjengkang di lubang tanda dasar. Melampaui realita. Mengelabuhi segala kisah fiksi.Lahir dan besar di limbo abadi. Menjentikkan jari sebagai isyarat ganti warna. Langit memiliki spektrum warna, laut dan sungai mengalir dari bawah ke atas. Di altar langit, debu tak pernah berubah menjadi debur. Setiap kelokan dimensi akan melepaskan diri dari ruang dan waktu meski paling renik. Perempuan tua berkabung dan berdiri menatap bendera terbakar. Kubangan tanpa tepi menenggelamkan jasad, menyisakan hidung untuk tetap bernafas dalam tekanan.

Berakhirlah realita dalam tidur nyenyak. Pencuri paling lihai meniupkan mimpi indah, mengacaukan puzzle yang disusun semenjak siang berangkat. Para pandit dan perompak meninggalkan pesan di meja makan: segala kebenaran akan dijawab secara virtual. Satu kalimat tanya yang tak pernah diselesaikan manusia: untuk apa? Berkumandang tiap pagi memulai hari-hari monopoli definisi. Logika jungkir balik dalam perayaan-perayaan digital. Notifikasi-notifikasi. Sirkuit listrik menjadi orkestra pengantar ceramah Warhol tentang kenyataan. Semua bisa terkenal; menciptakan ruang virtual adalah mukjizat terakhir manusia.Bumi hari ini tak ada lagi yang alami. Nasib diciptakan dengan mesin fotokopi. Faktanya melampaui realita, imajinasi pun mengelabuhi segala kisah fiksi. Kaum romantik menggantung pigura kata-kata, sedangkan kau mistik menarikan definisi.
Aku menatapnya dari jauh, gemuruh langit sontak membawaku spontan menekan tombol mesin fotokopi sebagai hasrat orang lapar. Ramai-ramai kita menjelma virtual. Sebab yang natural tak lepas dari langkah artifisial.Menjelma kita sebagai



Every silence we refuse becomes a drum for the dispossessed.



When music stops serving freedom, it starts serving power.

virtual.Alam tak pernah alami. Alami tak berarti asli.Notifikasi-notifikasi.Menjelma kita sebagai virtual.Menjelma kita sebagai virtual.Pahamilah.

Within a surreal landscape, together we agreed to erase the spectrum of blue from sky and sea.Turning rivers into shades of orange. A spiritual mischief lured meinto a bottomless pit. Beyond reality.Deceiving every fiction ever told.The earth today holds nothing natural.Life is shortened into the blink of a blip.Notifications—endless notifications.The natural is never freed from artificial steps. All has been rewritten.The virtual world stretches its space wide, and I stumble into a pit without ground.Beyond reality.Deceiving every fiction ever told.Born and raised in eternal limbo.A snap of fingers becomes a signal to shift colors.The sky holds its spectrum, seas and rivers flow upward.
At the altar of heaven, dust never turns into surf.Every curve of dimension breaks free from time and space,even in its smallest fragment.An old woman mourning, standing before a burning flag.
A boundless puddle drowning corpses,leaving only the nose to breathe under pressure.Reality ends within a deep sleep.

The slyest thief blows sweet dreams,scattering puzzles arranged since daylight's departure.Seers and pirates leave a note upon the dining table: all truth shall be answered virtually.One question humanity never resolves:for what? It resounds each morning,beginning days of monopoly over definition. Logic flips itself in digital carnivals.Notifications—endless notifications.Electric circuits become the orchestrato Warhol's sermons on reality. Anyone can be famous;to build a virtual world is humanity's last miracle.The earth today holds nothing natural.Fate is photocopied by machines.Fact surpasses reality,imagination deceives every fiction. The romantics hang their frames of words,while the mystics dance their definitions.I watch from afar as thunder shakes the sky,driving me to press the copy machine's button with the hunger of the starved.Together we transform into the virtual.For the natural is never freefrom the artificial step. We become virtual.Nature was never natural.Natural does not mean real.Notifications—endless notifications.We become virtual. We become virtual.Understand this.

Aku *(I)*

Biarkan aku menuangkan racun dan madu sekaligus ke dalam cawan sucimu. Minumlah perlahan. Basahi kesadaranmu. Di antara orang-orang yang asyik menyimak bunyi, tragedi berlipat-lipat mengulangi lukanya sendiri. Di Baghdad seseorang meledakkan kepalanya. Sementara di Vatikan orang ditikam dari belakang. Dan Sampang membakar tubuh liyan ramai-ramai. Di perempatan jalan tubuh tercerai-berai. Kepala terhempas di utara. Sepasang kaki terbengkalai di selatan. Jari-jemari terburai dari timur hingga barat. Suara menggema jumawa: inilah pencerahan. Garis surga dan neraka dipisahkan oleh seberapa khusyuk kau memaknai kekerasan. Aku dicengkram taring-mu. Kau tundukkan kepala-kepala seraya berkata: maha besar aku—maha besar aku—maha besar aku. Sebab aku anak cahaya dan kalian hanya tanah berdebu!

Orang-orang mengulangi Kurusetra. Melingkari setiap hari kalender sebagai ayura. Meluaskan Karbala dari Amerika hingga Palestina. Dari Athena hingga Nusantara. Kau bertepuk dada, berkacak pinggang: berbahagialah meski kau tak dapat penjelasan. Sebab beruntunglah kau yang percaya. Akulah kuasa. Sebab surga dan neraka ada di jemariku. Dari langit tujuh lapis hingga bumi tujuh lapis, dari samudra tujuh lapis hingga tujuh susunan api, tersembunyi di sela-sela jari kakiku. Akulah anak cahaya, maka bergembiralah! Maha besar aku!

Kau mengulanginya hingga men-jemukan: akulah anak cahaya! Maha besar aku!

Sementara aku menunggu bersama orang-orang lain menyimak bunyi, tragedi dan komedi. Orang diledakkan kepalanya di Baghdad, ditikam dari belakang di Vatikan. Lalu Palestina samar-samar mengepulkan asap hitam. Pengetahuan kami tentang komunitas cahaya terlalu suram dan samar. Lalu kau menggema, sayup-sayup berbisik: maha besar aku, bergembiralah. Maha besar aku, ucapkanlah. Kucari asalmu, namun kau katakan: tiada tempat yang meniadakanku. Dari Karbala hingga Kurusetra. Dari kantor Google hingga pesta ulang tahun. Dari genosida hingga ekspansi anak cucu Ibrahim.

Tiada tempat yang meniadakanku. Maha besar aku!

Biarkan aku mendayung sampanmu dengan tungkai kaki terluka. Akan kuarungi setiap laut hingga kusentuh matahari terbenam, akan kubangunkan ia dari tidurnya. Sebab aku butuh cahaya untuk menantapmu. Sampai suatu ketika sampan ini hendak karam, akan kubakar hingga remuk redam. Mencarimu adalah kesiapan menerima hal baru, termasuk pula pengetahuan, kebenaran, dan arti tentangmu. Ada dan tiada mu tak lagi berarti, aku terlanjur menyukai kalimatmu: maha besar aku!

Di ujung bumi sekalipun aku dan orang-orang gelisah tetap menyimak bunyi, tragedi, dan komedi. Sejak anak Adam menghantamkan batu ke tempurung kepala saudaranya, kita tak bisa lepas dari luka-luka cahaya. Sebut saja, Karbala, Kurusetra, Amerika, Palestina, Athena, Madura, Papua. Semua tak pernah berhenti hingga tubuh tercerai-berai. Kepala terhempas di utara. Sepasang kaki terbengkalai di selatan. Jari-jemari terburai dari timur hingga barat. Setelah itu diam sejenak, kemudian kita mengulangi tragedi.

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Let me pour both poison and honey into your sacred chalice. Drink slowly. Soak your consciousness. Among the people absorbed in the sounds, tragedies multiply, repeating their own wounds. In Baghdad someone detonates his head. Meanwhile, in the Vatican a man is stabbed from behind. And in Sampang, bodies of others are set ablaze, en masse. At the crossroads, bodies scatter. Heads thrown north. A pair of legs abandoned to the south. Fingers unraveling from east to west. Voices echo arrogantly: this is enlightenment. Heaven and hell are divided by how devoutly you interpret violence. I am clutched by your fangs. You bow the heads while chanting: great am I—great am I—great am I. For I am a child of light, and you are but dusty earth.

People repeat Kurukshetra. Encircling every calendar day as ayura. Expanding Karbala from America to Palestine. From Athens to the Nusantara. You pound your chest, place hands on hips: rejoice, even if you lack explanation. For blessed is the

one who believes. I am the power. For heaven and hell reside in my fingers. From the seven-layered sky to the seven-layered earth, from seven-tiered oceans to seven layers of fire, hidden in the spaces between my toes. I am a child of light, so rejoice! Great am I!

You repeat it to exhaustion: I am a child of light! Great am I!

While I wait with others, listening to sound, tragedy, and comedy. Heads blown apart in Baghdad, stabbed from behind in the Vatican. Then Palestine faintly exhales black smoke. Our knowledge of the community of light is dim and unclear. Then you resonate, whispering softly: great am I, rejoice. Great am I, say it. I search for your origin, yet you say: there is no place that negates me. From Karbala to Kurukshetra. From Google offices to birthday parties. From genocide to the expansion of Abraham's descendants. No place negates me. Great am I!

Let me row your boat with wounded legs. I will navigate every sea until I touch the setting sun, I will awaken it from its slumber. For I need the light to behold you. Until one day this boat is about to sink, I will burn it to ashes. Seeking you is a readiness to accept the new, including knowledge, truth, and meaning about you. Your existence and absence no longer matter; I have already fallen for your phrase: great am I!

Even at the edge of the world, I and the restless listen still to sound, tragedy, and comedy. Since Adam's children struck stones upon their brothers' skulls, we cannot escape the wounds of light. Call them Karbala, Kurukshetra, America, Palestine, Athens, Madura, Papua. All never cease until bodies scatter. Heads thrown north. Legs abandoned to the south. Fingers unraveling from east to west. Then silence a moment, and we repeat the tragedy once more.


DARI RAHIM KE BUMI,
PAKEL TAK TUNDUK TIRANI.

Dialektika *(Dialectics)*

Mula-mula kau tatap aku tajam
Kemudian berbisik
Berdansalah malam ini
Esok kau akan dieksekusi
di tengah plasa, Dihempas di
tiang gantung. Dan aku juga akan
mampus dirajam

Aku berdiri dan kaki-kaki bergerak
Mengikuti alunan musik paling
suram. Di sel ini selain kita berdua
Yang hadir setelahnya, hanya
orang-orang lelap, Tidur berjalan
atau teler berat

Berdansalah malam ini
Besok kau mampus
Dan aku juga habis

Aku injak kakimu yang piawai
brengseknya. Aku juga tak paham
ketika kau bertanya
Apa yang sebenarnya kita
rayakan?

Lalu kita bangun ruang hampa
Tak ada salah satu dari mereka
Yang mengisi liang hati dengan
batu

Hanya suara dekap kita
Kita berdua. Dan tak akan pernah
berhenti. Di luar, hujan peluru
terdengar. Sebuah gerbong kereta
terjungkal. Seorang martir mati

Orang-orang menyalahkan ruang
hampa yang kita bangun
Tanpa melibatkan mereka
Akhirnya. Waktu membenturkan
kita dengan eksekusi mati

Aku digantung sebagai
penghianat ruang
Dan kau dirajam sebagai
pencuri waktu. Di plasa,
orang-orang ramai melihat tubuh
kita dirubuhkan. Dan mereka
sepakatKita sudah menjumpai
ajal

Tepuk tangan akan terdengar
Diiringi megatrust sumbang
Mereka tertipu

Malam itu kita berdua telah
menjelma udara Dan berdansa
tanpa harus khawatir Ada kaki
yang terinjak jasmani Sebab
tubuh terbatas dan jiwa senantia-
sa bebas. Sebab tubuh terbatas
dan jiwa senantiasa bebas

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At first you stare at me sharply
Then whisper
Dance tonight
Tomorrow you will be
executed in the plaza
Thrown against the gallows
And I too will perish, stoned

I stand and my legs move
Following the darkest music
In this cell, besides the two of us
Those who come after, only the deeply asleep. Sleepwalking or heavily intoxicated

Dance tonight
Tomorrow you perish
And I too am finished

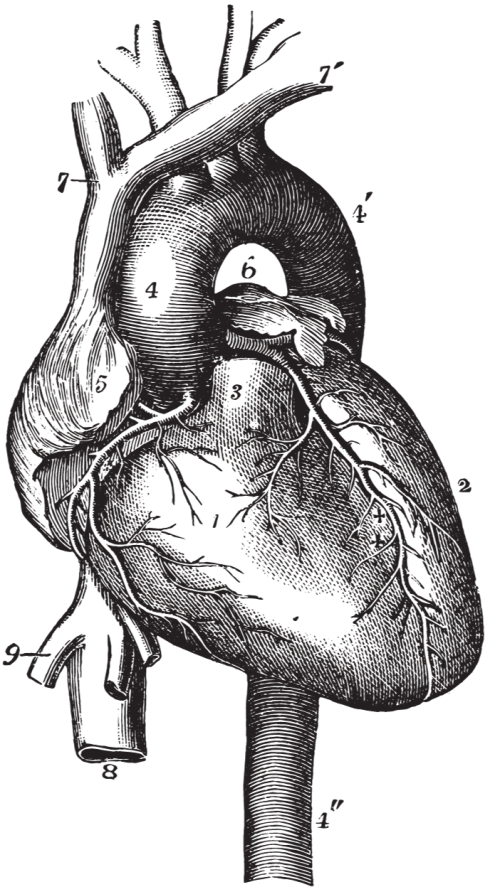
I step on your skillful, wicked feet
I do not understand when you ask
What is it that we are truly celebrating?

Then we build an empty space
None of them. Fills the void of hearts with stones

Only the sound of our embrace
The two of us. And it will never cease. Outside, the rain of bullets echoes. A train carriage overturns
A martyr dies

People blame the empty space
we built. Without involving them
In the end. Time crashes us into execution

I am hanged as a traitor to space
And you are stoned as a thief of time, In the plaza, crowds watch our bodies fall
And they agree
We have met our fate



Applause will resound
Accompanied by a discordant megatrust, They are deceived

That night the two of us became air, And danced without worry
Some feet trampled the body
For the body is limited, but the soul is ever free. For the body is limited, but the soul is ever free



We carry no masters on our backs,
only songs sharp enough to cut chains.

Tandus *(Barren)*

Merakit dendam dengan kecepatan maksimal. Komponen elektronik. Menyusun televisi, satelit, dan tower pemancar. Kebencian dilukis sebagai dekorasi gapura. Orang-orang sembahyang dengan muka cemberut. Orang-orang berdoa menahan berak, berharap diare bukan hal yang harus ditulis dalam buku diary.

Komputer menyala, layar televisi menyala, telepon genggam menyala, lampu disko menyala, lampu lalu lintas menyala, orang menatap cahaya dengan mata terpejam, dan tangan bergerak mengikuti senam cacaca.

Segala komponen keakuan sedang dalam tahap perbaikan di bengkel reparasi elektronik.Montir canggih mengganti telinga dengan speaker 15 inchi, mengganti mata dengan kamera 18 megapixel. Kaki disulap menjadi roda. Dan tangan? Dengan hitungan matematika, antena bergerak menggantikannya,mengayun, ke kanan–ke kiri mengikuti gerak senam cacaca.

Orang bicara tanpa kata. Cermin menjadi konselor yang ramah.

Pemilu adalah acara ulang tahun. Pesta, potong kue, potong pita, potong leher, untuk kesekian kalinya. Dari dusun hingga kelurahan, orang mengucapkan selamat, berjabat tangan dengan kentut yang terselip sebagai bingkisan. Senam massal tampak meriah. Di sampingnya, ada juga kawinan massal, sunatan massal, juga lomba sepeda hias. Orang saling melempar senyum, memberi nasihat di antara ludah yang terbuang. Kata-kata dipotong tipis, serupa kripik kentang, laris manis. Hasil penelitian diotak-atik seperti TTS. Karya ilmiah dilombakan bersama judi kartu remi. Zaman membingungkan. Orang-orang membingungkan. Presiden membingungkan. Aktivis membingungkan. Pengusaha membingungkan. Seniman membingungkan. Sastrawan membingungkan. Anak-anak zaman juga membingungkan!

Orang-orang berbaris tertib memutari pasar. Kaki-kaki rapi mengantri. Berkilo-kilometer panjang antrian. Menuju yang dicari untuk kemudian mengisi barisan antrian lagi.

Ah! Cermin menjadi konselor yang ramah.

Assembling vengeance at maximum speed. Electronic components. Arranging televisions, satellites, and transmission towers. Hatred painted as archway decoration. People praying with furrowed brows. People holding in their bowels, hoping diarrhea is not something to be written in a diary.

Computers on, television screens on, cellphones on, disco lights on, traffic lights on, people staring at the light with closed eyes, and hands moving to follow the cacaca exercise.

Every component of ego is under repair in the electronics workshop. The skilled mechanic replaces ears with 15-inch speakers, replaces eyes with 18-megapixel cameras. Legs transformed into wheels. And hands? With mathematical precision, antennas swing in their place, swaying left–right following the motions of the cacaca exercise.

People speak without words. Mirrors become friendly counselors. Elections are birthday parties. Feasts, cake cutting, ribbon cutting, neck cutting, for the umpteenth time.

From hamlet to district, people offer congratulations, shake hands with fart gifts tucked inside. The mass exercise seems festive. Beside it, mass weddings, mass circumcisions, and decorated bicycle contests. People throw smiles at each other, give advice amid spat saliva. Words sliced thin, like potato chips, selling fast. Research results tinkered like crossword puzzles. Scientific papers compete alongside card game gambling. The era is confusing. People are confusing. Presidents are confusing. Activists are confusing. Entrepreneurs are confusing. Artists are confusing. Writers are confusing. The children of this age are also confusing!

People line up orderly around the market. Legs neatly queued. Kilometers-long lines. Moving toward what is sought, only to fill the line again.

Ah!
The mirror becomes a friendly counselor.



Silence is the currency of oppression; break it with noise.

Ingar *(Ingar)*

Sejak dahulu kala, kitalah
keriuhan, Hanya saja beberapa
orang berlagak berperan menjadi
kesunyian.

Genderang dibunyikan,
Terompet beruluk salam,
Sangkakala hingar bingar,
Disambung dengan guntur
Dan ledakan gunung.
Manusia lahir.
Setan, malaikat cemburu.
Demo berlangsung ricuh.
Sirene Tuhan menyala,
Terlemparlah manusia.

Babak baru.
Anak Adam mengadu batu
Dengan tempurung saudaranya.
Suara desah senggama,
Lenguh orgasme.
Bayi lahir dengan isak tangis.
Peradaban muncul.
Bumi dibor.
Besi ditempa.
Jalanan diaspal.
Ramai di pasar,
Di mall,
Di sekolah,
Di tempat ibadah.
Bahkan di kuburan,
Si Otong meledakkan petasan.

Bom meledak.
Sirene kembali bersahutan.
Dzikir diadu,
Milik siapa
paling nyaring bunyinya.
Kematian diumumkan di
pengeras suara.

Lalu semua terulang.
Manusia sisa-sisa
saling menyiksa.
Orang diperkosa,
dimakan dagingnya
mentah-mentah,
Bayi disulap jadi asbak.
Peradaban hancur.
Semua dibeton.
Air dijual mahal.
Vegetasi tak bervariasi.
Ramai di berita, di pasar saham,
Di rumah sakit jiwa, di kantor
pusat partai,
Bahkan dalam tidurmu penjahat
perang merayakan pesta
kembang api.

Roket diluncurkan.
Alarm menyala bergantian.
Doa-doa jadi sayembara,
Siapa pemenang yang berteriak
gembira?

Kematian diumumkan di
pengeras suara.

Sejak awal,
Hidup memang berisik.

Since time immemorial,
we are the clamor
Yet some pretend to play the part
of silence.

Drums are struck,
Trumpets blare their greetings,
Shofars roar,
Joined by thunder
And mountain eruptions.
Humanity is born.
Devils, angels, jealous.
Protests erupt in chaos.
God's sirens wail,
And humanity is thrown aside.

A new act begins.
Children of Adam clash stones
Against the skulls of their siblings.
The groans of union,
The moans of orgasm.
Babies arrive wailing.
Civilization emerges.
The earth is drilled.
Metal forged.
Roads paved.
Bustling in the market,
In malls,
In schools,
In houses of worship.
Even in graveyards,
Otong sets off firecrackers.

Bombs explode.
Sirens answer one another.
Chants compete,
Whose sound is loudest?

Death announced
over loudspeakers.

And then it all repeats.
The remnants of
humanity torment each other.
People raped, devoured raw,
Babies turned into ashtrays.
Civilization collapses.
Everything concreted.
Water sold at a premium.
Vegetation monotonous.
News reports, stock markets,
Asylums, party headquarters,
Even in your sleep, war criminals
celebrate with fireworks.

Rockets launch.
Alarms blare in turn.
Prayers become competitions,
Who wins and screams with joy?

Death announced
over loudspeakers.

From the beginning,
Life has always been loud.

Bebas *(Free)*

Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala!
Atau kalian memang gemar
menunggu? Menanti giliran
dicambuk, difiring ke rumah jagal,
dan hati disembelih?

Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala! Kau jalang
yang merdeka. Bukan ternak yang
patuh menunggu sabda.
Kau jalang yang bahagia.
Bukan ternak serupa nestapa.

Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala!
Pagar-pagar itu bukan rumahmu.
Temui mereka yang juga berlari.
Keluarlah segera. Rayakan hidup
bersama jiwa merdeka.

Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala!
Jangan patuhi perintah mereka.
Otoritas tubuhmu sepenuhnya
milikmu. Tepuk tangan mereka
adalah jebakan untukmu.

Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala! Bebaskan
diri kalian dari gembala-gembala!

Mereka manipulasi penjara,
mereka membangun rumah sakit
jiwa, mereka menyusun dekadensi
pendidikan, mereka merancang
peternakan akal, mereka melatih
anjing penjaga, mereka mem-
bayar tentara, mereka menyewa
para jagal, mereka menciptakan
centeng-centeng. Mereka
mengatur obatmu. Mereka
mengatur makanmu. Mereka
jugalah yang mengatur gayamu.
Serupa dewa sopan santun,
serupa hulubalang undang-
undang, setara punggawa
pencabut nyawa, seculas maling
teriak maling. Siapakah mereka?

Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala!
Bebaskan diri kalian
dari gembala-gembala!

Free yourselves
from the shepherds!
Or do you truly delight in
waiting? Waiting for your turn to
be whipped, herded to
the slaughterhouse,
your heart carved out?

Free yourselves
from the shepherds! You,
the wild one, are free.
Not cattle obediently
awaiting the command.
You, the wild one, are joyous.
Not livestock draped in sorrow.
Free yourselves
from the shepherds!

Those fences are not your home. Seek those who also run. Step outside at once. Celebrate life with a liberated soul.

Free yourselves
from the shepherds! Obey not their orders. The authority over your body belongs entirely to you. Their applause is but a trap.

Free yourselves
from the shepherds! Free yourselves from the shepherds!

They manipulate prisons, they build asylums, they engineer the decadence of education, they design the farmyards of minds, they train guard dogs, they pay soldiers, they hire executioners, they create thugs. They control your medicine. They control your food. They also control your style. Like gods of etiquette, like officers of law, equal to the executioners, like a petty thief screaming thief. Who are they?

Free yourselves from the shepherds! Free yourselves from the shepherds!

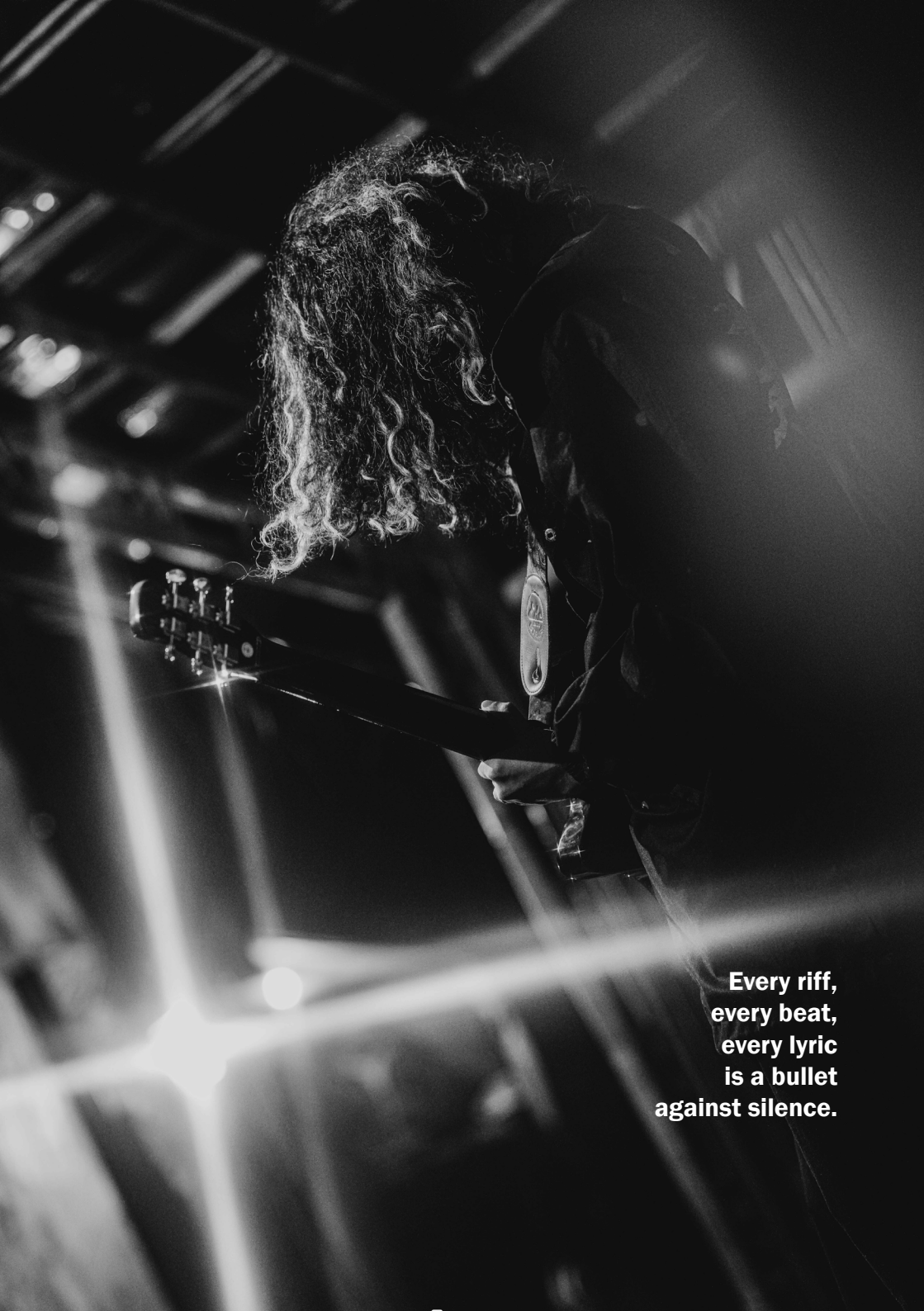
Kejora *(Morning Star)*

Sayangku, apakah benar kau bukan malaikat maut? Aku tak pernah bosan menjabarkanmu dalam kalimat tersebut. ‘
Ingatkah kau saat aku memutuskan menyudahi pengembaraan waktu dengan wujud ini? Ingatkah kau saat aku memutuskan bunuh diri di kamar mandi sempit rumah kita? Saat mengenang peristiwa itu aku pasti akan tersenyum. Saat itulah kita berdua kembali mengenal satu sama lain. Kalau aku tak salah, setelah kejadian itu, kita merencanakan pemberontakan pura-pura ini. Pemberontakan wujud, katamu. Tapi kematian sepertinya punya rencananya sendiri,
atau mungkin memang sebenarnya kita tak pernah berakhir? Bagaimana jika percobaan bunuh diri itu sebenarnya berhasil, dan sekarang aku mengalami realitas yang lain. Seperti saat aku membuka mata dari tidur malam dan kau sudah ada di sampingku, lengkap dengan senyuman penuh. Aku mengingat beberapa mimpi yang membangunkanku. Mimpi terjatuh dari gedung tinggi, atau tertabrak sesuatu yang melintas, atau tertembak. Seketika aku bangun dan kau selalu saja ada

di sampingku. Bagaimana jika tidur adalah proses kematian yang sebenarnya sudah akrab dengan kita, dan bangun tidur adalah perjalanan dari satu akhirat menuju akhirat yang lain. Akhirat yang jauh dari kata akhir. Atau bagaimana jika bangun tidur adalah kehidupan yang sempat terhenti, lalu waktu mengulangi dirinya lagi dan lagi. Otomatis. Namun kau selalu setia ada saat aku membuka mata. Kau selalu hadir dalam nafas yang terengah setelah kematian, atau kita sebut saja mimpi buruk. Mengapa hal itu terjadi? Aku pernah bertanya padamu, dan kau tersenyum lalu berbisik, "Bagaimana mungkin aku bisa jauh darimu, jika kehadiranku adalah kemauanmu? Bagaimana aku bisa jauh meninggalkanmu, jika kehadiranku ada di dalam akalmu yang tak akan terkurung ruang dan perpisahan? Bagaimana mungkin aku bisa pergi darimu, jika segala tentangku adalah tentangmu?"

Lalu aku terbangun dan mendapati senyummu, senyum yang sama untuk milyaran kali saat pagi. Pagi yang tiap tarikan nafasku dijalani dengan cara bernafas yang sama, cara yang itu-itu juga. Apakah pagi akan segera membosankan? Apakah nafas akan berubah menjenuhkan? Jika tidur adalah tempat jiwa-jiwa bersistirahat dengan tenang, maka bangun tidur adalah tentang pengulangan. Agar aku bisa bertemu denganmu sampai jenuh, lalu tidur dalam mimpi kerinduan, lalu bangun dan berulang lagi tanpa bisa dirangkum hitungan waktu. Mungkin itulah kisah abadi, kisah yang tak mungkin ditinggalkan.

My darling, is it true that you are not the angel of death? I never tire of describing you in that sentence. Do you remember when I decided to end the wanderings of time in this form? Do you remember when I decided to commit suicide in the narrow bathroom of our house? When I recall that event, I always smile. That was when we recognized each other once again. If I am not mistaken, after that incident, we planned this pretend rebellion. A rebellion of being, you said. Yet death seems to have its own plans, or perhaps we have never truly ended? What if that attempted suicide had actually succeeded, and now I am living in another reality? Like when I open my eyes from a night's sleep and you are already beside me,


Every riff,
every beat,
every lyric
is a bullet
against silence.


In every note of
collective music
lies the proof that
freedom is built
together, not granted
from above

complete with that full smile. I remember the dreams that wake me: falling from a tall building, being struck by something passing, or being shot. Instantly I awaken, and you are always there beside me.

What if sleep is the process of death, already familiar to us, and waking is the journey from one afterlife to another—an afterlife far from the word "end"? Or what if waking is life itself, momentarily paused, and time repeats itself again and again, automatically? Yet you are always faithfully present when I open my eyes. You are always in the breath gasping after death, or what we might call a nightmare. Why does this happen? I once asked you, and you smiled, then whispered, "How could I ever be far from you if my presence is your desire? How could I leave you behind if my being resides within your mind, unbounded by space and separation? How could I ever go from you, if everything of me is about you?"

Then I awaken and find your smile, the same smile for billions of mornings. A morning in which each breath I take is lived in the same way, in that same repeated manner. Will mornings soon become boring? Will breath grow tedious? If sleep is where souls rest in peace, then waking is about repetition. So that I can meet you until exhaustion, then sleep in dreams of longing, then wake again and repeat endlessly, beyond the counting of time. Perhaps this is the eternal story, a story that cannot be abandoned.



Pulih *(Recovered)*

Aku meracau pada luka-luka yang tak kunjung sembuh. Pada pengembaraan kita yang terlampau mabuk, ingatkah kau bagaimana kita bisa terluka? Atau aku memang pengeluh yang handal? Yang tak kunjung lelah, yang tak kunjung rehat, dan mengambil jeda dari segala umpatan? Pada waktunya nanti, luka akan berubah menjadi tanda. Dan sesaat aku terdiam memperhatikan sekujur bilur yang membiru. Mencermati kepedihan dan mengenang lubang-lubang yang membuatku terjerembap, tersungkur jatuh berkali-kali. Tapi sebentar saja. Sebab aku sedang mengikuti waktu. Bangkit, berdiri, meluapkan semua energi untuk pilihan yang diambil, atau berhenti tak melanjutkan semuanya sama sekali.

Menelusuri waktu berarti menyiapkan diri untuk jatuh berkali-kali. Artinya, akan ada waktu-waktu kehilangan. Kehilangan kawan, kehilangan cinta, bahkan kehilangan akal. Kemungkinannya akan membawaku berakhir di trotoar jalan, di penjara, di rumah sakit jiwa, di antara secercah api, atau di dalam pelukan orang-orang asing. Luka-luka ini mengisolasi, menciptakan dinding pembatas agar jiwa di dalam tubuh dapat menyembuhkan diri. Segala ketakutan telah terkelupas seiring mengeringnya robekan luka di dada. Impunitas duka, tak ada sendirian yang membuatku kesepian.

Saat tukak di kaki terobati, aku segera berlari menyerupai angin. Tak ada seorang pun yang mampu melihatku, sebab luka yang telah sembuh membuatku melebur ke segala penjuru, menuju apapun, kapanpun. Berotasi menghabiskan energi.

Jika tiba waktuku mati, jangan datang ke makamku, aku tak bersemayam di sana. Kau tak perlu menangis di makamku, aku yang kau kenal sudah tak ada lagi di sana. Seluruh luka yang pernah kulalui membawaku menjadi segala obat yang bisa kau ciptakan, dalam rintik hujan, dalam embun pagi, dalam kabut gunung, dalam deru ombak, dalam mimpi indah, dalam selaksa bintang, dalam senyum pecinta, dalam peluk hangat seorang kawan, dalam kecupan kekasih. Kupastikan lukaku tak akan kubiarkan menjadi lukamu.

Sembuhlah segala sakitmu,
berikan padaku jika kau sedang
buru-buru menelusuri waktu.

I ramble over wounds that refuse to heal. Over our journey, too drunk to notice, do you remember how we got hurt? Or am I merely a skilled complainer? Tireless, never resting, never pausing from all the curses? In time, the wounds will become marks. And for a moment I stand still, observing every bruise turning blue. Reflecting on the pain, recalling the holes that made me tumble, fall repeatedly. But just for a moment. For I am following time. Rising, standing, releasing all energy for the choices taken, or stopping, choosing not to continue at all.

Tracing time means preparing to fall again and again. It means there will be moments of loss. Loss of friends, loss of love, even loss of reason. Perhaps it will lead me to end up on the sidewalk, in prison, in a mental hospital, amidst a flicker of flame, or in the embrace of strangers. These wounds isolate, creating walls so the soul within the body can heal itself. All fears have peeled away as the tears of my chest dry. The impunity of grief, no solitude left to make me lonely.

When the ulcer on my foot is healed, I immediately run, like the wind. No one can see me, for the healed wounds allow me to dissolve into every direction, toward anything, at any time. Rotating, expending energy.

If the time comes for me to die, do not come to my grave, I do not reside there. You need not weep at my tomb; the one you knew is no longer there. All the wounds I have endured have become every medicine you could create, in the drizzle of rain, in the morning dew, in the mountain mist, in the roar of waves, in beautiful dreams, in countless stars, in the smile of a lover, in the warm embrace of a friend, in the kiss of a beloved.
I assure you, my wounds will not become yours.

Heal all your pain, and give it to me if you are in a hurry tracing time.

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I assure you, my wounds will not become yours.

Heal all your pain, and give it to me if you are in a hurry tracing time.


SATU ABAD
PERJUANGAN PETANI PAKEL
1923


2025
UNIVERSITI KEBANGSAAN
MALAYSIA

Neonatus *(Neonate)*

Berjuta kelahiran disambut berita perang. Berjuta kelahiran disambut kerumunan manusia yang tak lagi saling tatap muka, bicara. Berjuta kelahiran disambut teknologi nuklir dan perkembangan mutakhir alutsista. Berjuta kelahiran akan disambut dengan pertandingan tinju yang pemenangnya merobohkan lawan dengan senapan dan belati..

Namun, berjuta kelahiran itu bukanlah tentang masa depanmu. Sebab, kau, aku, dan kita sudah mati sejak pagi ini.

Matahari bersembunyi, menggelapkan bentuk air mata.
Polusi melahirkan lagi kanibalisme di perjamuan politisi.
Karena radiasi, manusia tak perlu lagi bergerak. Tak perlu lagi pasar-pasar tradisional.
Para penjual menawarkan iklan langsung seketika kau bangun dari tidurmu.Pilihan-pilihan dipersiapkan hingga kau sebenarnya tak bebas memilih.

Sebab kini...
Jarakmu dengan pasar hanya beberapa senti setiap hari.
Jarakmu dari reklame hanya beberapa senti setiap hari.
Jarakmu dengan peluang hanya beberapa senti setiap hari.
Jarakmu dengan retail hanya beberapa senti setiap hari.

Berjuta kelahiran disambut barisan agen asuransi yang membuat kematian menjadi pilihan yang lebih murah daripada obat penawar.
Berjuta kelahiran disambut bisnis seragam penjara yang lebih masuk akal daripada berbagi selimut untuk semua.
Berjuta kelahiran disambut dengan varian benzo yang lebih efektif daripada persahabatan.
Berjuta kelahiran disambut dengan miliaran aplikasi pengganti buruh yang sebelumnya dieksploitasi upah murah.
Berjuta kelahiran disambut dengan muntahan peluru senapan serbu agar setiap orang bersedia hormat bendera.
Berjuta kelahiran akan menyaksikan berlipat gandanya Jakarta, memusnahkan desa-desa yang tersisa.
Namun, berjuta kelahiran itu bukanlah tentang masa depanmu, karena kau, aku, dan kita sudah mati sejak pagi ini.

Kini...
Jarakmu dengan menara pengawas hanya beberapa

senti setiap hari.Jarakmu dengan kamera CCTV hanya beberapa senti setiap hari. Jarakmu dengan preman berseragam hanya beberapa senti setiap hari. Jarakmu dengan sipir penjara hanya beberapa senti setiap hari. Jarakmu dengan perang hanya beberapa senti setiap hari. Jarakmu dengan skandal hanya beberapa senti setiap hari. Jarakmu dengan politik busuk hanya beberapa senti setiap hari. Jarakmu dengan tempat sampah hanya beberapa senti setiap hari.

Millions of births are greeted by the news of war.Millions of births are greeted by crowds of humans who no longer meet each other's gaze, nor speak.Millions of births are greeted by nuclear technology and the latest feats of weaponry. Millions of births will be greeted by a boxing match where the victor fells his opponent with rifles and knives.

Yet, those millions of births are not about your future.
For you, for me, for us—we have already died since this very morning.

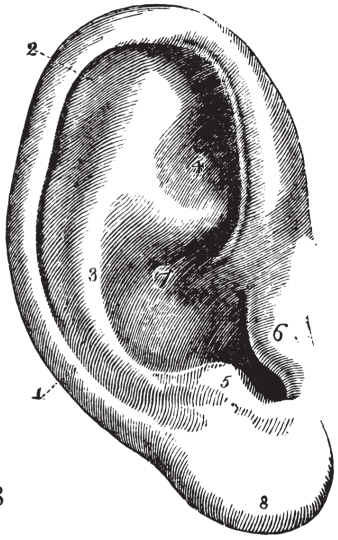
The sun hides, darkening the shape of tears.Pollution births once again the cannibalism of political feasts.Through radiation, humans no longer need to move. No longer need traditional markets.Vendors now offer advertisements the very instant you wake.Choices are prepared until you are no longer truly free to choose.

For now...Your distance from the market is only a few inches each day.Your distance from billboards only a few inches each day.Your distance from opportunity only a few inches each day.Your distance from retail only a few inches each day.

Millions of births are greeted by rows of insurance agents,turning death into a cheaper option than any antidote.Millions of births are greeted by the business of prison uniforms,more reasonable than sharing blankets for all.Millions of births are greeted by new variants of benzos,more effective than friendship.Millions of births are greeted by billions of apps replacing labor once exploited for meager wages.Millions of births are greeted by the vomit of assault-rifle bullets,ensuring each person salutes the flag.Millions of births will witness Jakarta multiply,erasing the villages that remain.

Yet, those millions of births are not about your future,
for you, for me, for us—we have already died since this very morning.

Now...Your distance from the watchtower is only a few inches each day.Your distance from CCTV cameras only a few inches each day.Your distance from uniformed thugs only a few inches each day. Your distance from prison guards only a few inches each day.Your distance from war only a few inches each day.Your distance from scandal only a few inches each day.Your distance from rotten politics only a few inches each day.Your distance from the garbage heap only a few inches each day.



Otomat *(Automaton)*

Tertidur dan terbangun lagi. Mati dan hidup lagi. Waktu bergulir, baterai jam dinding silih berganti, dan detik terus berdetak. Apakah kita benar-benar akan mati dan hilang? Apakah dahaga ini akan terobati?

Pengetahuan digulirkan, terus-menerus. Peradaban memang tak akan pernah mati, hanya saja banyak dari kita yang terlahir sebagai pelupa. Berapa kali kita mengulangi kerusuhan yang sama? Berapa kali kita saling mencela? Berapa kali kita harus saling pukul? Berapa kali kita harus mengalami cinta pandangan pertama, rindu yang menggebu, orgasme terburu-buru? Berapa kali kita harus mengalami semua ini?

Kau kehilangan kendali. Kelopak matamu mulai lunglai, lalu kau lupa apa yang sedang kau lakukan sebelumnya. Terbius? Koma? Atau tertidur? Atau mati? Atau kau hanya sedang dalam proyeksi mesin pemutar video yang diputar berulang-ulang kali. Semua yang kau hadapi hanyalah memori, yang dapat diakses lagi, lagi, dan lagi. Lalu kau mulai bertanya, siapakah dirimu?

Siapakah mereka? Untuk apa semua ini sebenarnya dan ke mana ini akan berakhir? Bagaimana jika kekuatan mahadahsyat terbentuk tanpa alasan? Bagaimana jika tak ada lagi makna surga, neraka, baik, buruk, jantan, betina? Satu dan nol. Apa yang akan kau lakukan jika masa depan muak dengan realitas biner? Ataukah kita memang sudah di ujung tanduk? Deadlock untuk mencapai evolusi selanjutnya.

Lalu kau berada di sebuah ruang, sulit untuk terpejam. Beberapa orang memilih menghitung domba, beberapa yang lain memilih masturbasi, beberapa lainnya memilih berdoa.

Beberapa kali kau mengucapkan ulang tahun, mengganti kalender, mengucapkan selamat atas hari raya suatu agama, menggemakan pekik protes pada hari buruh, mencoba memaafkan, lalu semuanya berulang lagi. Lagi dan lagi. Yang berulang tahun tiba-tiba merasa bosan pada hidupnya, yang telah mengganti kalender tiba-tiba kecewa saat hari yang ditunggu disambut oleh mendung. Ucapan hari raya dikeluarkan berkali-kali oleh pejabat agama yang mencuri uang umatnya. Euforia revolusi berangsur kusut saat kenaikan gaji diiringi melambungnya harga kebutuhan sehari-hari. Dan mereka yang meminta maaf tiba-tiba saja datang lagi untuk merobek luka jahitan di dada. Apakah yang menarik dari semua ini?

Pamflet disebar, andep disebar, poster caleg disebar, asuransi disebar, kredit motor disebar, berita pagi disebar, dan semua tersebar, berserak berantakan. Memenuhi pandangan kita. Baliho, poster, iklan, stiker, vandalisme, tatapan matanya, dendam kesumatnya, salam rindunya, emoji ciumnya, semua tersebar, dan memori kita bertumpuk, menggunung. Lalu, apa yang pernah kita konsumsi terlupakan dan mau tak mau kita mengonsumsinya lagi dan lagi. Otomatis.

Jika kau hanyalah sekumpulan data yang dapat dibaca lagi, diputar kembali melalui media player, byte demi byte, angka demi angka, maka kematian hanyalah jeda. Sebelum kau diputar lagi, dimainkan lagi, ditonton lagi, ditertawakan lagi, dicintai lagi, dibenci lagi, ditangisi lagi berkali-kali. Berpindah-pindah

raga, dari satu perangkat menuju perangkat lain. Diperbanyak, disalin mesin fotokopi, terproyeksi dari layar ke layar. Mengulang seluruh naskah, mematuhi bahasa pemrograman yang disiapkan.

Bisakah kau mengatur detak jantungmu? Bisakah kau memerintahkan darahmu agar berhenti sejenak, berubah haluan? Bagaimana jika sebenarnya kau adalah mesin yang bergerak otomatis?

Falling asleep and waking again. Dying and living again. Time rolls on, the wall clock batteries switch one after another, and the seconds keep ticking. Will we truly die and vanish? Will this thirst ever be quenched?

Knowledge keeps rolling, unceasingly. Civilization will never die, only many of us are born to forget. How many times do we repeat the same riots? How many times do we insult each other? How many times must we strike one another? How many times must we experience love at first sight, burning longing, rushed orgasms? How many times must we endure all this?

You lose control. Your eyelids start to sag, and then you forget what you were doing before. Intoxicated? Comatose? Asleep? Dead? Or are you merely in the projection of a video player looping endlessly? Everything you face is just memory, accessible again, and again, and again. Then you begin to ask, who are you? Who are they? What is all this for, and where will it end?
What if immense power emerges without reason?
What if there is no more meaning to heaven, hell, good, evil, male, female? One and zero. What will you do if the future is sick of binary reality? Or are we already at the precipice? A deadlock to reach the next evolution.

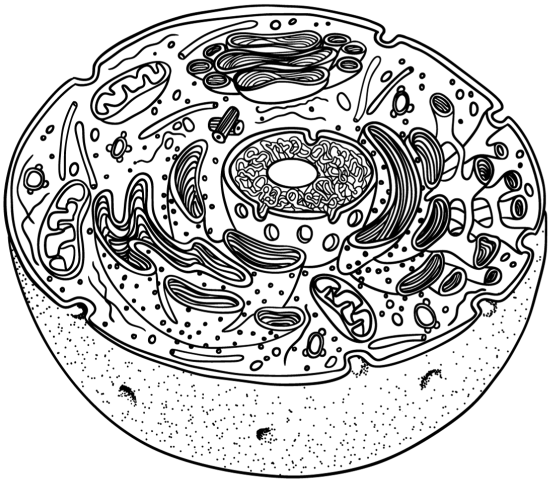
Then you find yourself in a room, struggling to sleep. Some choose to count sheep, some choose to masturbate, others choose to pray.

Several times you say "happy birthday," change the calendar, wish blessings for a religious holiday, echo protest chants on Labor Day, try to forgive—and then it all repeats. Again and again. The birthday celebrant suddenly grows bored of their life, the one who changed the calendar

suddenly feels disappointed when the awaited day arrives under clouds. Holiday greetings are repeated endlessly by religious officials stealing from their flock. The euphoria of revolution gradually frays as pay raises are accompanied by soaring daily expenses. And those who apologize suddenly return to tear open the stitched wounds in your chest. What is appealing about all this?

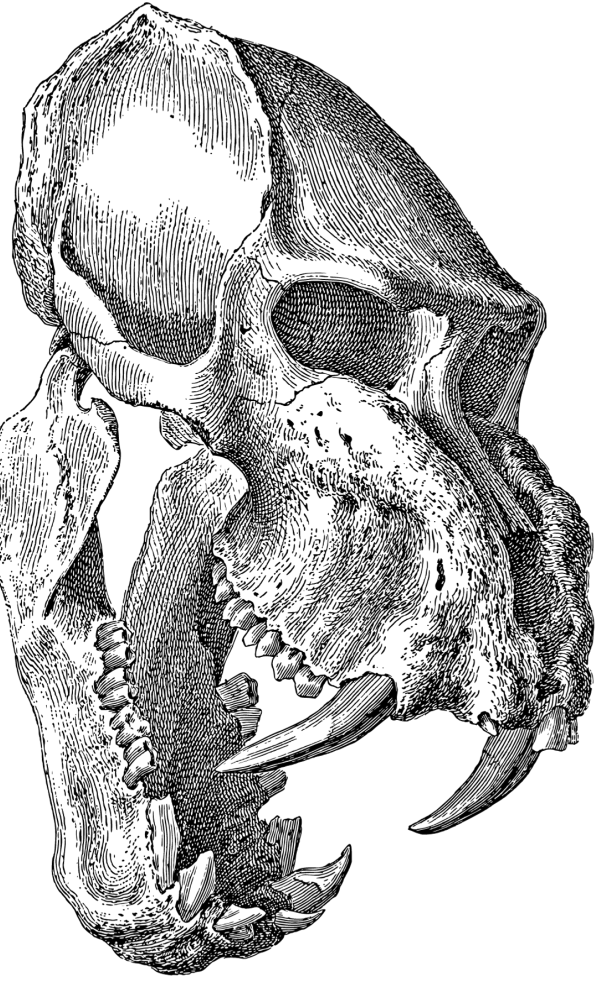
Pamphlets are distributed, notices are scattered, campaign posters thrown around, insurance advertised, motorcycle credit offered, morning news delivered, and everything spreads, scattered, chaotic. Filling our sight. Billboards, posters, ads, stickers, vandalism, their gaze, their vengeful grudge, their longing greeting, their kiss emoji—all spread, and our memories pile up, mount high. Then, whatever we once consumed is forgotten, and whether we like it or not, we consume it again and again. Automatically.

If you are only a cluster of data, readable again, replayed through a media player, byte by byte, number by number, then death is merely a pause. Before you are



played again, performed again, watched again,laughed at again, loved again, hated again, mourned again,over and over. Moving bodies, from one device to another. Copied, reproduced by a photocopier, projected from screen to screen. Repeating the entire script, obeying the programming language prepared.

Can you control your heartbeat? Can you command your blood to stop for a moment, to change course? What if, in truth, you are merely a machine moving automatically?



Laga *(Battle)*

Homo Homini Lupus.
Bagaimana mungkin aku tak mencengkerammu?
Homo Homini Lupus.
Bagaimana mungkin aku membiarkan lehermu bebas dari taringku? Homo Homini Lupus.
Aku terjebak dalam permainan rimba. Siapa mangsa? Siapa pemburu?

Homo Homini Lupus. Perkelahian berdarah disiarkan televisi. Homo Homini Lupus. Penonton mengirim bingkisan untuk setiap darah yang terpercik brutal. Homo Homini Lupus. Antrean pemeran disiapkan untuk mengatasi
kematian. Homo Homini Lupus. Siapa mangsa? Siapa pemburu?

Homo Homini Lupus. Perdamaian bilateral hanya sandiwara. Homo Homini Lupus. Keculasan adalah strategi pengecut merebut dominasi. Homo Homini Lupus. Jika tak bisa berpikir panjang, industri senjata sudah dipersiapkan. Serbu. Sergap. Senyap. Kuasai. Siapa yang mengatur? Siapa yang diatur? Tampilkan wajah paling beringas,
belanjakan semua harta untuk senjata, dirikanlah menara pengawas—para pemenang memiliki topeng-topeng yang buas. Homo Homini Lupus. Tak ada kesempatan untuk melarikan diri. Penonton menuntut kematian di arena laga.

Kau diam. Lawanmu bergerak. Kau berlari. Lawanmu menyergap. Kau melempar batu. Lawanmu menembakkan peluru.
Kau menawarkan perdamaian. Lawanmu menusuk dari belakang.



Homo Homini Lupus. Sekawanan manusia berusaha menguasai seluruh manusia.
Homo Homini Lupus.
Mayoritas haus darah.
Homo Homini Lupus.
Pembantaian menciptakan podium pahlawan.
Homo Homini Lupus. Waspada, pasang kuda-kuda.

Homo Homini Lupus.How could I not sink my teeth into you? Homo Homini Lupus.How could I let your neck remain free of my fangs?Homo Homini Lupus. I am trapped in the jungle game.Who is the prey? Who is the hunter?

Homo Homini Lupus. Bloodied fights broadcast on television. Homo Homini Lupus. The audience sends gifts for every brutal drop of blood.Homo Homini Lupus. Lines of actors prepared to face death.Homo Homini Lupus. Who is the prey? Who is the hunter?

Homo Homini Lupus. Bilateral peace is only theater.Homo Homini Lupus. Treachery is the coward's strategy to seize dominance.Homo Homini Lupus. If you cannot think ahead, the weapons industry is ready: Assault. Ambush. Silence. Conquer.Who commands? Who obeys?Show your fiercest face, spend all wealth on arms, erect watchtowers—the victors wear savage masks.Homo Homini Lupus. No chance to escape. The audience demands death in the arena.

You stay still. Your opponent moves. You run. Your opponent ambushes.You throw a stone. Your opponent fires a bullet. You offer peace. Your opponent stabs from behind.

Homo Homini Lupus. A pack of humans seeks to dominate all humans.Homo Homini Lupus. The majority thirst for blood. Homo Homini Lupus. Massacre creates podiums for heroes. Homo Homini Lupus. Be vigilant, plant your stance.

Senyap *(Quiet)*

Malam ini, kematian akan mengetuk pintu kamarku seperti kekasih. Degup jantungku memberi aba-aba, baterai yang tersisa tidak akan bertahan lama. Aku berkata pada ajal yang menunggu di luar kamar, "Datanglah seperti kekasih yang tak malu-malu memelukku." Aku sedikit gugup, berkeringat di bawah selimut menduga-duga wujudmu. Semoga televisi salah besar menggambarkan kematian.

Benar, kematian yang datang tak berwujud tengkorak berjubah hitam. Ia adalah kau, kekasih yang tak pernah datang lagi. Tapi hari ini kau menampakkan diri, tepat sebelum aku mencampakkan segala energi. Dari matamu, segala yang berlalu muncul lagi. Terproyeksi seperti animasi. Citra yang bergerak patah-patah beriringan dengan napasku yang semakin susah. Aku tak bisa menolak tatapanmu. Tapi aku ingin terpejam. Menuju mati, menuju babak selanjutnya, tahap yang nirmana, sebuah episode yang tak diketahui detailnya oleh siapa pun. Tak ada aku, tak ada kau, menghilangkan kecewa, menghilangkan patah, jauh dari suka duka cerita.

Segala hal setelah kematian selalu menjadi pengetahuan tentang ketidaktahuan. Maka aku, kau, dan kata-kata bukan lagi jadi soal. Peristiwa setelah mati memungkinkanku menjadi bagian dari apa pun, termasuk menjadi dirimu.

Tak ada yang benar-benar tahu bahwa kau dan aku adalah realita. Seperti kabut tengah malam di bawah lampu-lampu kota, kisah kita adalah sepi yang benar-benar telanjang. Perjumpaan ganjil para penyendiri. Dingin, berteriak dalam sunyi, menelusuri jalan-jalan bercabang, membuat kita terpisah, sejauh jarak matahari dengan bayang-bayang. Kau adalah cerminku, cermin yang hancur berkeping-keping terlempar lupa. Bahkan kau tak mengucapkan selamat tinggal padaku sebelum kau pergi, menuju tahap selanjutnya, mendahuluiku. Kau tak hanya melupakan kata mesra, kau sama sekali tak bicara, meninggalkan semua kata-kata. Ingatanmu terhapus lebih dulu, sebelum tubuhmu ikut menghilang.

Aku mengingat segalanya: senyummu, marahmu, lelucon yang kita tertawakan, aku mengingat kecupan itu. Aku meng-

ingat kemalasan dan
usaha kerasmu. Aku mengingat
tangisanmu, aku juga mengingat
malam-malam panjang yang kita
habiskan untuk sekadar mabuk
bersama. Lalu tiba-tiba, elemen
kejutan itu muncul sebagai
anomali. Kau tak bisa lagi
mengingat apa pun. Dan aku
sudah mati di dalam pikiranmu.

Hari-hariku berlalu tanpa ada kau
yang mengetuk pintu, tanpa ada
kau yang tak malu-malu
memelukku. Tanpa ada cerita
panjang tentang keluargamu yang
payah. Dan tak ada satu pun
tentang aku dalam hari-harimu.
Semua yang kita lalui terhapus
begitu saja. Kau seperti mencoba
mengulang ingatan dengan
kembali merangkak menelusuri
jalan bercabang, sementara aku
hanya mencoba menunggu
di persimpangan jalan. Aku tak
tahu lagi kau ada di mana. Dan
lama-lama, aku pun tak tahu
sedang menunggu apa.
Frustrasi. Aku seperti lampu lalu
lintas. Diam mengulangi merah,
kuning, hijau, tanpa menuju
ke mana pun. Aku menerima
berita pemakamanmu, tapi
aku memilih tetap berdiri di
persimpangan jalan. Menunggu
sesuatu yang entah apa.

Kabut datang dan pergi, debu
berterbangan seperti saran yang
tak pernah kudengarkan. Wak-
tu berlalu, dan malam ini tiba,
malam kematianku. Dari luar
kamarku, seseorang mengetuk
pintu, seperti kekasih. “Apakah
ada orang di dalam?” Ia memang-
gil namaku. “Masuklah, aku tak
pernah mengunci pintu,” kataku.
Dan benar saja, kau muncul
tepat sebelum aku terpejam. Kau
hempaskan dirimu dalam diriku.
Memori menerkam, menerjang
cepat, gambar-gambar bergerak.
Lalu, setelah itu sunyi.

Kuraih minuman terakhirku, aku
tersenyum, tertawa terbahak-ba-
hak—bahagia lepas. Kegembiraan
yang membuat lampu lalu lintas
menyala cepat bergantian, mirip
lampu pesta. Kuteguk minuman
itu, fermentasi memori yang
melesatkanku menuju tahap
selanjutnya. Kuangkat tinggi-tinggi
cawan ini hingga matahari tak
perlu menangiši jaraknya dengan
bayang-bayang, sebab kini ma-
tahari telah menyaksikan pantu-
lan sinarnya dari permukaan air di
dalam cawanku.

Dan setelah kematian, yang tersi-
sa adalah pengetahuan tentang
ketidaktahuan. Entah, masih
adakah aku? Masih adakah kau?

Masih adakah cinta? Masih adakah kecewa? Siapa pun kau yang mengetahuinya berarti sedang menjalani kehidupan di dalam kematian

---

Tonight, death will knock on my door like a lover.My heartbeat gives the signal; the remaining battery will not last long.I speak to the death waiting outside my room:"Come like a lover who does not shy away from embracing me." I am slightly nervous, sweating under the blanket, guessing at your shape.May the television be gravely mistaken in its depiction of death.

Indeed, the death that comes bears no black-robed skull.It is you, the lover who never came again.Yet today you reveal yourself, just before I discard all my energy. From your eyes, everything that has passed reappears,projected like animation.The broken, moving images align with my increasingly labored breath.I cannot resist your gaze.But I wish to close my eyes. Towards death, towards the next act, a stage beyond form, an episode whose details are unknown to anyone.No me, no you, erasing disappointment, erasing fracture, far from the joys and sorrows of the story.Everything after death becomes knowledge of unknowing.Thus, I, you, and words cease to matter.The event after dying allows me to become part of anything, including becoming you.

No one truly knows that you and I are reality.Like midnight fog beneath city lights, our story is naked solitude.The strange convergence of loners. Cold, screaming in silence,tracing branching roads, separating us, as far as the sun from its shadow. You are my mirror, shattered into fragments, thrown into forgetfulness.You did not even say goodbye to me before you went, toward the next stage, preceding me.You did not merely forget tender words; you spoke none at all, leaving all words behind. Your memory erased first, before your body disappeared.

I remember everything: your smile, your anger, the jokes we laughed at, Iremember that kiss. I remember your laziness and your effort. I remember your tears, and the long nights we spent just getting drunk together. Then suddenly, that element of surprise appears as anomaly. You can no longer recall anything.

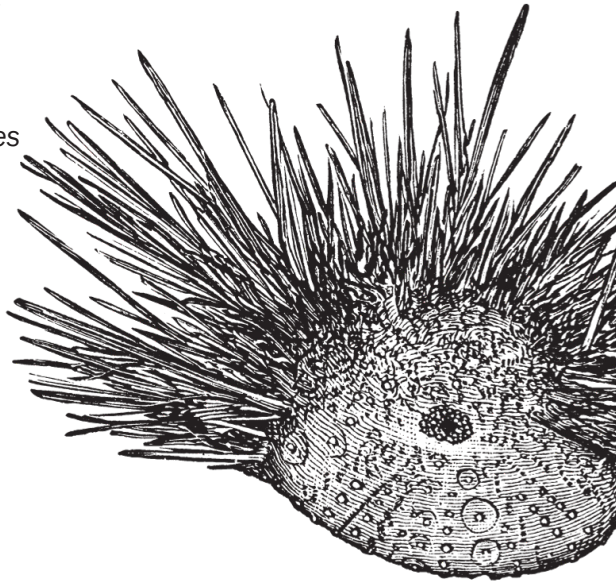
And I am already dead in your mind.

My days pass without you knocking on the door, without you shamelessly embracing me. No long story about your feeble family.And nothing of me in your days.Everything we shared is erased so easily.You seem to try to replay memory, crawling back along the branching paths, while I only try to wait at the crossroads. I no longer know where you are. And slowly, I no longer know what I am waiting for. Frustration. I am like a traffic light. Still, repeating red, yellow, green, without going anywhere. I receive news of your funeral, yet I choose to remain at the crossroads.Waiting for something unknown.

The fog comes and goes, dust flies like advice I never listened to. Time passes, and tonight arrives—my night of death. Outside my room, someone knocks on the door, like a lover. "Is anyone inside?" They call my name. "Come in, I never lock the door," I say. And indeed, you appear, just before I close my eyes.You collapse into me. Memories strike, surge, images moving.Then, after that, silence.

I grasp my final drink, I smile, I laugh aloud—pure release. A joy that makes the traffic lights flash rapidly, like a party's glow. I sip the drink, fermentation of memory catapulting me to the next stage. I raise this cup high, so that the sun need not measure its distance to the shadow,for now the sun has witnessed its reflection on the water in my cup.

And after death, what remains is knowledge of unknowing. I wonder, do I still exist? Do you still exist? Does love still exist? Does disappointment still exist? Whoever knows this is living life within death.





Opening of the Exhibition at Galeri Rakyat
Pakel, Banyuwangi, East Java
22 September 2025


#REBUTKEMBALIPAKEL
BEBASKAN PETANI PAKEL
Kukira Negara Hukum
PERJUANGAN KEKAL DI TANAH PAKEL
HENTIKAN INTIMIDASI TERHADAP PETANI PAKEL
BEBASKAN PETANI PAKEL
#REBUTKEMBALIPAKEL
Bebaskan Petani Pakel
#RebutKembaliPakel
#RebutKembaliPakel
Bebaskan Petani Pakel!
Petani Rakyat Berdaulat, Negara Selamat
#RebutKembaliPakel
LAWAN KRIMINALISASI RAKYAT
HENTIKAN KRIMINALISASI PETANI
PETANI PAKEL "MEMBRONO" DICEJUK OLEH POLISI
DITONCAM

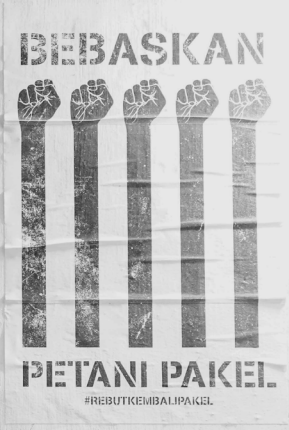

DITONCAM


TAK
GENTAR
DI
LAHAN!
ADITONCAM


ADITONCAM







Bumisari
Penjajah

Fuego de Furia

Noise as Witness: How Buktu Refused Silence and Chose Solidarity

The rehearsal room smelled of warm coffee, damp wood, and cables coiled in haphazard loops, the kind of scent that only emerges when music becomes both obsession and refuge. Buktu was mid-session. Dhandy Satria ran his fingers over the guitar strings, testing intervals while Aryo Baskoro adjusted a pedal, muttering about a tone he couldn't quite capture. Teguh Joyosantiko's guitar rested across his knees, a tool poised between improvisation and reflection.

Yusak Nugroho tapped lightly at the snare, the rhythm echoing in the room. Adhi Bona leaned on his bass, watching and listening, grounded yet absent-minded as a father who knew he had responsibilities elsewhere. Bodhi IA stood slightly apart, a microphone angled not for vocals but for ambience, for poetry that would bleed through analog pedals and noise machines into textures both haunting and intimate.

After an hour of crescendos and waves of distortion, Bodhi tapped a few lines from his notebook into the pedals, shaping the words into a soft, vibrating drone. The room's temperature shifted, as if the sound itself pulled the walls inward. Someone swiped a phone across the table. Social media lit up with a trending post about Pakel, a village in East Java where peasants had resisted land grabs for a century. Bulldozers, evictions, arrests, violence, legal battles spanning decades—the camera angles and posts lingered on weathered faces and broken fences.

I leaned back in the corner, notebook in hand, realizing for the first time how much responsibility I carried as a journalist here, covering Buktu's rehearsal but witnessing a rehearsal of conscience, a rehearsal of ethics, a rehearsal of solidarity in real time.

Dhandy leaned back, adjusting his strap. "You ever wonder what all this is for? We're making music, yeah, but what does it do for people whose lives are being bulldozed?"

Yusak struck a slow roll on the snare, the rhythm echoing in the room. "Sound isn't neutral. Silence isn't either. If we don't respond, we're part of the problem. That's the pattern everywhere—what they call development, they call progress. It's eviction. It's destruction. And we're just playing if we do nothing."

Teguh exhaled, eyes tracing the lines of sunlight across the floor. "Post-rock isn't neutral. We've inherited this form from musicians who refused simplicity. Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Mogwai, Sigur Rós—they created spaces for silence, for thought, for resistance. The crescendos, the repetition, the atmospherics—they leave space for stories like Pakel's. Our music can't ignore that."

Aryo scoffed softly, glancing at Dhandy. "Festivals pay. Big ones. We could be on stages people travel hours to see. But the money comes from corporations that destroy land and livelihoods.

Freeport, mining operations, those environmental disasters disguised as sponsorships. Do we play and compromise, or do we refuse and risk being invisible?"

Bodhi's words started drifting through the room, running through pedals and analog distortion, the microphone turning them into a soundscape rather than mere speech. "Every slot bought with money from blood and soil is a bribe to silence us. Music is never decoration. It is a responsibility. It is a weapon. If our songs do not resist, they become lullabies over graves."

Adhi, who had been quiet, finally spoke. "And it's not abstract. We talk about the planet, the people, the roots of everything. Music that doesn't respond to that is just decoration."


SATU A
PERJUANGAN PE
1925
Lorenza
MAPEX


ABAD
ETANI PAKEL
2025
PAKEL
5-2025

Aryo nodded, tapping the floor with the tip of his boot. “And we know we’ve made mistakes before. Remember the festival last year? We didn’t ask questions about the sponsors. We played, took the stage, and didn’t think where the money came from. We told ourselves it was art, it was exposure, it was harmless. But it wasn’t harmless. That money funded destruction. We fed complicity.”

Dhandy shook his head. “I still feel guilty about that. It’s easy to justify the music, to separate art from ethics, but you can’t. Music carries consequences.”

Teguh leaned forward, voice firm. “So we agree: no more corporate money that comes from blood, land, and rivers. If a festival is backed by companies that destroy indigenous space or fund brutal repression, we don’t play. It’s not about ego. It’s about accountability.”

Bodhi’s words distorted and layered through pedals, transforming into a dense ambient fog that filled the room. “Every act of complicity makes silence easier. If we refuse, we illuminate. We tell our audience, our peers, our cities, that music belongs to people, not to corporations. Art is insurgency when it refuses to be complicit.”

The discussion shifted to history. Post-rock had always flirted with resistance, emerging in underground spaces where convention and commercial appeal were resisted. The long crescendos, the absence of verse, the emphasis on atmosphere, all were strategies for attention, for focus, for endurance. The music itself became a space for reflection, for confrontation, for solidarity. It demanded the listener be present, to inhabit time as the musicians did, to engage with something larger than entertainment.

Adhi leaned forward. “We’re talking about the planet, the people, the roots of everything. Music that doesn’t respond to that is just decoration.”

Aryo crossed his arms. “And yet, the market is everywhere. Festivals, stages, labels—they all offer us payment, recognition. But at what cost? Are we a soundtrack for destruction, or are we witnesses?”

KAMI ADALAH BENIH MALAPETAKA YANG KAU

14 JAAR PAKEL LEEF IN ÖÖRLOG









It was then the door opened. A figure entered, cute but striking, moving with quiet confidence. Vogysta, an activist whose work with land rights and grassroots movements had already earned her both respect and rumor, looked at them, a small, knowing smile on her lips. She carried a presence that made even the loudest amplifiers feel subdued.

"You know why I'm here," she said. "Pakel marks one hundred years of resistance. Words are not enough. Songs are not enough if they are decoupled from action. We need presence, we need sound that shakes the ground beneath those who try to silence people. Play there. Not for money, but for witness, for solidarity, for history that still breathes."

The band exchanged glances, silent affirmation passing between them. Vogysta continued. "You need resources. Bodhi, your writing can fund this. Sell your works, create a zine, and use it to bring Buktu to Pakel. Play for the farmers, stand with them on September 22. Afterwards, continue to another stages. Carry the story with you, and through your performance, let people hear what the world otherwise ignores."

Plans formed quickly. A zine would be created, urgent, with article, poetry or narration from Buktu in the two albums they have released, illustration, and essays documenting Pakel's century of resistance. Music and paper together as witness. A declaration of solidarity.

Adhi's absence was unavoidable; he had to care for his young child. The band agreed. Family was part of struggle too. To fill the gap, IamFunGun, a DJ and member of Talamarian, another collective focused on grassroots solidarity, agreed to play bass for Buktu during Pakel. "Bass is ground," he said. "Ground is what we defend."

As Bodhi recited another piece through his pedals, the words vibrating into a thick ambience, I scribbled notes furiously. I was a journalist covering Buktu's rehearsal, but what I witnessed was beyond coverage; it was an intimate negotiation of ethics, solidarity, and responsibility performed in real time, an insurgency of conscience captured in sound and dialogue.

At the same time, Teguh too was unable to make the journey. In


DARI
BARA
BARAYA
KE PAKEL
LAWAN
PENGGU
SURAN



his place, Triatmaja Ogre stepped forward. Known for his raw and uncompromising style in the underground scene, Ogre saw this not as a gig, but as a continuation of struggle through sound. “Guitar is fire,” he said. “And fire belongs with the people who refuse to be extinguished.”

In between pedal swells and shared laughter, the conversation circled back to social media. “People scroll past, they double-tap, they move on,” Dhandy said. “How do we make our audience stop, feel, act?”

Vogysta’s gaze fixed on them. “Make them participants, not observers. Use the zine, your shows, your social media, your words. Make them witnesses. Show them that injustice is ongoing, that history is alive, that solidarity is not optional.”

Bodhi’s distorted recitation filled the corners of the room. “If we fail to transform sound into witness, poetry into action, then every chord is complicity. Every silence, betrayal. Every stage not questioned, an invitation to continue destruction. Music is insurgency. Music is conscience. Music is witness.”

The room absorbed the statement as though it were part of the architecture. It was not theatrics; it was resolve.

I considered the irony. Festivals funded by mining corporations and environmentally destructive conglomerates were everywhere. Bands sang about injustice in studios while land was stolen and rivers poisoned. Buktu’s refusal to perform for profit alone was not heroism; it was integrity. To stand with the oppressed should not be exceptional, but routine.

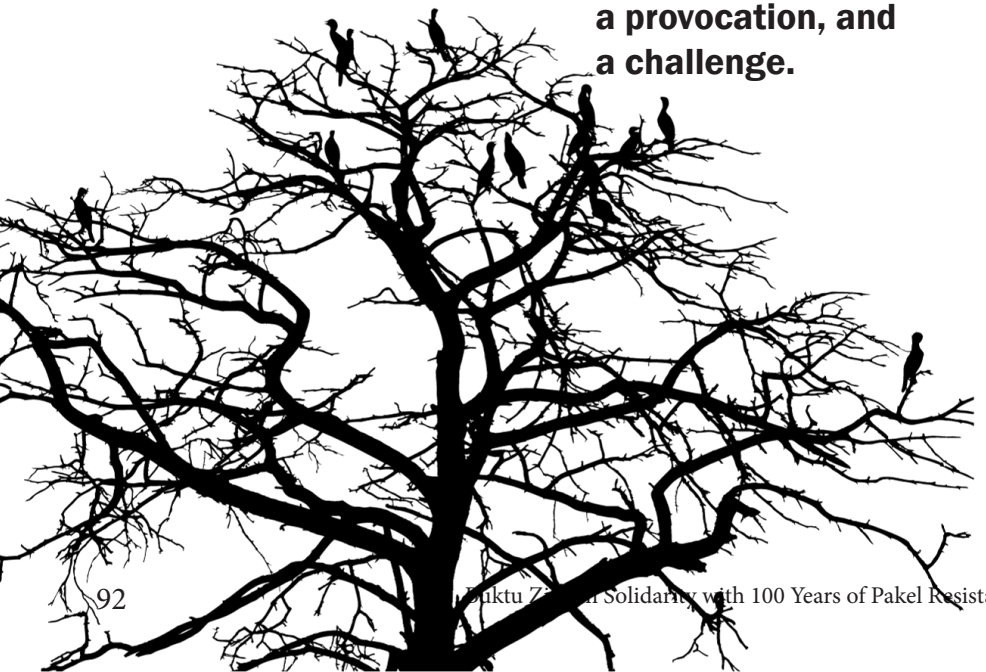
Bodhi adjusted pedals again, layering noise, feedback, and poetry, shaping a sound that was both ethereal and grounded in anger. “Every note, every rhythm, every crescendo is a position. Every song must ask questions, provoke, disturb. Music is insurgency when it refuses silence, when it refuses complicity.”

Outside, the evening gathered shadows around the walls, but inside, the band’s conversation, the pedal-fed ambience, the determined silence between words, formed a nucleus of possibility. I realized I was

witnessing something rare:
a band refusing neutrality, a
rehearsal becoming insurgency,
a music session transforming
into manifesto, invitation, and
challenge simultaneously.

And as Bodhi's words lingered in
the space between guitars and
drums, I thought about the
responsibility of musicians
everywhere. Buktu had chosen not
comfort, not neutrality, not
the applause of passive
audiences. They had chosen to be
accountable, to act, to intervene.
To be witnesses, storytellers,
insurgents of conscience.

**And if I could whisper to
every musician reading
this: pick a side. Music is
not merely a product;
it is a witness. Stand with
the people, stand with the
soil, stand with the river.
Play for those whose lives
are under siege, even
if the stage is muddy and
unpaid. Many will sing
about injustice; few will
march with it, few will let
their instruments carry
the weight of what is real.
Buktu chose differently.
Let this be an invitation,
a provocation, and
a challenge.**




Rumah ini
aset
Rakyat
RUKUN TANI
PAKEL
Bebaskan Petani Pakel!
Petani Bakpot
Negara Setomot
PETANI

Ombak Senja

The Garden Knows My Name

I count the bruises on my father's
arms, like constellations I can't name.
The sky is heavy with smoke
from the hut they set on fire,
and the wind carries whispers
of our garden turned battlefield.

Uncles locked away in cold, dark
rooms for standing up to men who
take what's not theirs. I taste the fear
they left behind like sour milk in my
mouth, and try to swallow it, but it
scratches my throat and makes me
cough in the night.

I want to sleep without shadows
pressing on my chest, without the
echo of boots or the clatter of greedy
hands ripping roots from the earth.
I want a world where my hands
can dig and plant without watching
over my shoulder for fear, for rage, for
lawless fists. But I see it in my father's
eyes , he carries a storm
I can't tame.

I see it in my uncle's letters
hope written with trembling ink
from the jail where justice forgot him.

I whisper to the trees:
"Grow, even if they come.
Sing, even if they burn."
And I believe
that the wind that bruises my cheek
can also carry our story
to those who listen.

I will plant my hands in the earth,
lift my voice with the wind,
let walls fall under the weight of our
song, so the world can see
that fear cannot live here, and children
belong to the sky of laughter.

So, if you hear me
hear the laughter that fights the tears,
hear the garden that resists the fire,
hear a child who dreams of safety,
stand with us. Because we are the
seeds, and we will grow
through iron, through fire,
through the blind greed
that thinks it owns the sun.


TANAH MILIK RAKYAT
SATU ABAD
PERJUANGAN
PETANI PAKEL
LIMA TAHUN
PENGUASAAN
SATU ABAD
PERJUANGAN
PETANI PAKEL
LIMA TAHUN
PENGUASAAN
ADITONCAM

Widornate

A Heart Behind the Barricade

I walk in shadows the government
cannot name,streets that smell of wet
asphalt and fear, my heart stitched
to a village I cannot see, to the house
where your hands once held mine
like a promise too fragile to speak
aloud.I taste the dust of roads I never
wanted, listen to the wind whisper
through closed doors, each breath
a reminder that freedom is a crime
in a world ruled by men who do not
feel.

I dream of you at night. your laughter
folding into the song of the fields,
where the soil remembers the touch
of a plow, where the hands of
laborers punch the air like fists,
where the spark will crack their
machines, the mutter that will shake
their offices, and the fields like a map
of mischief.

I move like a ghost, my footprints
erased by rain and mud, but my mind
stays rooted in the orchard, the rice
paddies, the sweat of those who feed
the world while the powerful drink their
wine. I am exile, yes, but exile is my
vow: to guard this love from their claws,
to guard the earth from their hunger.

I write letters to you that may never
arrive, letters soaked in longing and in
the names of the unjust, letters that
remind me that desire is not weak
it is the spark that will crack their
machines, the mutter that will shake
their offices, the song that will return
me, one day, to your arms. And so I
walk on streets that do not forgive,
through nights that have swallowed
others, holding your image like a torch,
and the earth in my hands. I am a fugi-
tive, yes, but I carry the revolution in my
ribs, the love in my throat,
and the mischief in my fists.

Because even in absence,
even under their gaze,
we are not broken.
We are the promise of return,
the song of the soil,
the heart that refuses to be afraid.


KAMI TAK TAKUT DIPENJARA

Saif al-Lisan

Voices That Break Chains

When we speak of music as solidarity, we do not speak metaphorically. Melodies, rhythms, and harmonies are not mere artistic gestures—they are vessels of memory, testimony, and confrontation. To play, record, or circulate music in spaces shaped by oppression is to stake a claim: that the human voice, collective and persistent, can pierce walls built by greed, indifference, and fear. Our work in Pakel is not a documentation of passive suffering, nor an aestheticization of trauma. It is an assertion that those who labor, resist, and endure centuries of dispossession deserve not only attention but active participation. Music becomes a weapon against silence, a bridge between worlds separated by geography, circumstance, and privilege, and a witness to histories that corporate and state power often seek to erase.

Traveling to Pakel and engaging directly with the community reminds us that solidarity is not a concept to borrow or buy. It cannot be performed superficially or reduced to visibility metrics. True solidarity demands presence, risk, and persistence. By pooling resources through crowdfunding and rejecting dependence on corporate patronage, we place attention, energy, and care directly into the hands of those whose lives and struggles give music its weight. We act not to consume narratives for aesthetic pleasure, but to amplify them, circulate them, and embed them in our own bodies and practices.

Music in this context is pedagogy and praxis. It teaches that liberation is communal. It challenges the structures that reduce laborers, farmers, and marginalized communities to statistics or abstract victims. Each song, rhythm, or visual trace is an act of witnessing, a declaration that these lives and struggles cannot be ignored. Art and ethics are inseparable: a note played without social awareness is incomplete; performance without consequence is complicit.

Moreover, music cultivates imagination—the essential fuel of

resistance. It allows us to envision a world beyond dispossession, hierarchy, and the extraction of life for profit. The fields, the rice paddies, the hands that plant and harvest are not subjects; they are co-creators of possibility. Translating their work into sound, zines, and video creates circuits that resist containment, generating empathy, awareness, and action. Music becomes a living archive of defiance, reminding listeners that oppression is never absolute when voices join.

This practice is not sentimental. It is sharp, provocative, and sometimes uncomfortable. Musicians, audiences, and communities confront complicity, reckon with persistent exploitation, and accept that meaningful engagement carries risk. True solidarity requires courage, creativity, and vulnerability. It carries the weight of history and the irrepressible persistence of hope, desire, and love.

Music is never neutral. It shapes perception, forms alliances, and inspires movement. It creates spaces where laborers, farmers, and cultural workers inhabit a shared rhythm of resistance. Collective strength is forged not through abstraction but through engagement—through showing up, listening, amplifying, and acting in ways that matter. Our work in Pakel is an invitation: refuse passivity, embrace action as ethical imperative, and imagine solidarity as tangible, audible, and living.

Music as solidarity is a continuous process, never complete, always unfolding. It demands that we question, challenge, and reinvent the ways we connect with one another and the world. It is attention, care, and defiance. It is refusal to let fear, greed, or silence dictate possibility. Through it, oppression may shape lives but cannot contain them, nor extinguish the rhythms of care, courage, and persistence that music carries. Let this be a call: to musicians, listeners, and cultural workers—play, record, circulate, and act. Let your art carry weight, your presence carry responsibility, and your practice insist the world can, and must, be better. Music is not sound alone—it is a witness, a weapon, a bridge. Through it, solidarity becomes audible, unignorable, and alive.


SATU
ABAD
PERJUANGAN
PETANI PAKEL
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