Solidarity Pamphlet

STAY ASSERTIVE!



THREE INDONESIAN ANARCHIST PRISONER LETTERS

Sondamn
Terapi Minor
Jungkir Maruta



More about SERIKAT TAHANAN

Along with the wave of radicalization of the political climate since 2016, anarchism has become the spearhead of the grassroots movement in Indonesia, which is gaining strength especially among students, the urban poor and farmers. Confrontation with the state and capital resulted in many anarchists and anti-authoritarians being imprisoned or criminalized.

The Prisoners Union (Serikat Tahanan) is a political organisation of anti-authoritarian prisoners in Indonesia. Officially assembled on July 17 2023, Serikat Tahanan was founded by the initiatives of six inmates from six correctional institutions in Indonesia. Now, Serikat Tahanan represents eleven detainees ranging from arsoning cases labelled as terrorism, vandalism for incitement to riots, and marijuana and other types of drug use. Membership will continue to grow as the organization in prison continues and tries to reach workers, farmers and human rights activists who are criminalized.

Serikat Tahanan is aimed at strengthening solidarity and empowering prisoners, fighting for prisoners' rights and a long term agenda of prison abolition. Serikat Tahanan operates with a dual structure, namely members of the union (prisoners) where decision-making is taken, and a solidarity group outside that supports needs and carries out work that can't be done from inside the prison.

In accordance with the organisational status agreed upon by the detainees, Serikat Tahanan was formed with the aim of:

a. Advocating cases of violence, extortion, and other threats that union members have experienced while serving prison sentences;
b. Campaigning for the movement and struggle for prisoners' rights in accordance with the Minister of Law and Human Rights and other international regulations;
c. Campaigning for decriminalisation and abolition of prisons;
d. Organising prisoner education through discussions and providing books on a regular basis to the prisons;
e. Forming a media that publishes the aspirations of prisoners and determines the direction of prisoners movement;
f. Solidarity with all class war prisoners and social activists who are criminalized;
g. Organising masses in a detention centre/prison, if necessary.

Instagram: @serikattahanan
Twitter: @serikattahanan
Medium: @serikattahanan
Email: serikattahanan@riseup.net



A Wall is Just A Wall, It Can Be Destroyed

JUNGKIR MARUTA

28 years old. Anarchist writer and independent historian. Focus on anthropological studies of stateless society and the historiography of the anti-colonial movement in Indonesia. Remain committed to writing despite being sentenced to 15 years in prison due to marijuana.

We know that throughout history, various prisons around the world have experienced riots and uprisings. But this is an almost rare occurrence. Prisoners had to live for years in the same gloomy room and were thus considered passive subjects. How do we define a resistance where we can almost only rely on ourselves, in a space that is almost isolated and full of pressure, which offers almost no opportunity to organize, such as a prison?

Walls are just walls, and humans are only humans. Even prisons and their guards have weaknesses, and prisoners do their best to exploit those weaknesses whenever the opportunity arises. In Indonesia, smuggling and bribery of corrupt wardens is common. The existence of prohibited objects in prisons in Indonesia has been well documented in many mass media reports. These range from drugs, cell phones, sharp weapons, and even firearms! I've also heard of prisoners paying to take women in or even out of jail for a while.

But all the examples above are privileges (usually corruption prisoners consist of politicians and government officials) that most other convicts do not have. To overcome various limitations and powerlessness, rule violations and sabotage also often occur. Failing to control the spread of cellphones, jammers were occasionally installed, but prisoners continued to destroy them secretly. This also includes destroying CCTV, stealing cooking utensils and office equipment, shoplifting food from the kitchen and then reselling it, to manipulating daily inspection.

Clichés like, “rules are made only to be broken,” hold true here. Article 4 of Permenkumham 6/2013 describes 22 prohibitions for each

convict or detainee. Such as: having financial relationships with other prisoners or wardens; commit immoral and homosexual acts; make an escape attempt; keeping money illegally; equip residential rooms with electronic equipment; installing electrical installations; have means of communication; storing weapons and tools that can cause fire; etc. Throughout my experience, none (except the spread of heretical teachings) of the 22 points of the prohibition that has never been violated. Defiance persists all the time and compromises are often maintained by wardens based on their own interests.

Resistance also occurs in a form that is not at all confrontational, or in a very passive way. This is for example by pretending not to hear calls or orders, or pretending not to see officers present. Prison life is, in places, like a cat and mouse hide and seek. There are those who gamble, get tattoos, take drugs, use cellphones, all of these need protection so there are always inmates assigned as spies to raise an alarm if a guard approaches. In the police cell where we were locked up the whole time, we used a mirror to see through the bars. We took turns monitoring using mirrors, and the prisoners on duty we called "spies".

At regular inspections, we several times presented rhymes (in Indonesia we call it “pantun”) as a more creative and fun way to criticize, convey aspirations and complaints, or simply as a statement so that detainees must be in solidarity with one another. One of the rhymes that I wrote criticized extortion. One time, the food provided by the family was not delivered to the detainee in question. The food (something of value!), was only handed over if we paid the police. Therefore, in front of the police at the assembly, I read a short rhyme:

Tulang iga tulang rusuk / Kiriman kita dilarang masuk [Rib ribs / Our shipment is prohibited from entering]

Or, there has also been a rhyme to honor prisoners assistant (tamping):

Makan emping di empang / Tanpa tamping kami timpang [Eating emping in a pond / Without tamping we are lame]

Sometimes, the rhyme that I convey is just an outpouring of the heart:

Batuk-batuk, makan gorengan / Aku berdoa untuk, dia yang kurindukan [Coughing, eating fried food / I pray for her, the one I miss]

The prisoners (including the police) loved to listen to me. They often ask if I have prepared rhymes beforehand. And sometimes the police also reply to our rhymes, because I'm not the only one who composes rhymes.

From police custody, I was transferred to a detention center. There, we had to spend 12 days in quarantine in very dirty cells, full of garbage, clogged toilets, full of worms, centipedes, cockroaches and other insects, without lights and water. One night, it rained. I woke up and realized that our cell had become a pool, my body soaked in the flood. To be able to move to a bigger and cleaner room, we have to pay around IDR 500 thousand. If on the last day we don't pay, then we will be moved to the solitary confinement which is meant for punishment. This is blackmail!

Therefore, I invited dozens of inmates in five other quarantine cells to join the pay strike. I wrote a letter for a senior inmate to read:

Please read this letter in each cell and take turns until quarantine cell number 6. Make sure all detainees know the contents of this letter.

We propose that we all go on strike to pay the relocation fee. It's not our obligation, but illegal fees from employees. We received news that the relocation money was IDR 500,000. If we don't pay, we will be moved to the solitary confinement next door. We have a friend next door, who has been in a solitary confinement for a month because he can't afford to pay the bills. If we all went on strike, the wardens would be confused, whether we were immediately kicked out without paying or whether we were moved to a solitary confinement. It's possible we're all being held in quarantine cells. We have to endure three more days here, until new prisoners are transferred here. Because the transfer of prisoners takes place every two weeks. This will make the warden confused to decide whether we are all put in the cell straps or stacked with new prisoners. If we are united, we will all be expelled without having to pay. Remember, our families outside are working hard to make money. Later in the room, we also have to pay the head of the room, the down payment, not to mention his living expenses. If we still don't get kicked out without paying, at least, we demand that the relocation fee be reduced. Remember, ants don't bite ants. Ant just bite anyone who steps on them. Ants bite rollicking. Arrive at cell 6, please burn this letter. Don't let any prisoner be accused of being a provocateur. For those who agree, let's discuss it tonight.

The senior prisoner agreed, though he said he'd rather be here than be moved to the big room. I don't know why. But the letter was not read and he told me to keep the letter. He himself loudly incited prisoners from other cells to strike. Many agreed, but on the twelfth day, it turned out that many prisoners had already paid because they could not stand

the suffering in the quarantine cells. Unbeknownst to me, my lawyer had paid the warden money to get us out of the quarantine cell. I am so ashamed. Imagine, I was the one calling the strike but instead I was get out. My name was called, and I could only watch as the other hapless prisoners, including the senior inmate who couldn't afford to pay, had to stay in that damned cell a little longer. Later, I can understand why he prefers to stay in quarantine: residential rooms are no less terrible and corrupt. Although the quarantine cells are terrible, at least there is no need to pay!

When I was transferred to prison, I opened a food stall. I sell coffee, cigarettes, bread, instant noodles, and many other staples in the room. One day, all the inmates who were selling were gathered by the warden. They asked that all stalls be closed, except for those who were willing to pay a deposit of IDR 5 million to the “prison cooperative”. Even so, the inmates are asked to pay an upfront fee of IDR 500 thausand, not to mention a monthly fee of IDR 250 thausand.

In the past, before there were cooperatives, inmates could receive large quantities of staple goods (eg instant noodles). As a result, the prison in my place is said to be like a bustling market, because many prisoners resell their family's goods. Currently, the number of family goods is limited, so prisoner must buy from the cooperative at a higher price. One day, the warden intercepted a prisoner who was caught selling repackaged side dishes sent by the family, because the wardens are involved in the business of selling food and trying to maintain a monopoly by the cooperative.

I resisted such extortion and kept selling secretly. I camouflaged the

stall by scattering items into different lockers. If during a raid these items are found, then the locker owners just have to admit the items as their own. This is a black market strategy to oppose monopoly by cooperatives and wardens. A few weeks after the we were called, the wardens also diligently raided the rooms and confiscated several of the shop's items, such as bread. At that time I swore an oath in front of the other inmates, that I would fight back if my shop's goods were confiscated (Luckily, that didn't happen).

If this sounds trivial, I need to remind you that instant noodles can be a luxury item in prison. Especially if the side dishes we receive are half-cooked rice, sandy and rocky, fish with a pungent fishy smell, and vegetables accompanied by caterpillars. Trust me, I've eaten all of that before and I'm not exaggerating. But from that experience, there is a lesson that I can learn, or rather, contemplation about our condition today. If instant noodles traded by a confiscated convict provoked outrage, I can't imagine what would happen if I became a farmer and my land was confiscated. In fact, that is what is happening today in all corners of Indonesia. I was even in the same cell with a farmer who was criminalized in a conflict against a plantation company. He was deeply moved when I handed him the memoirs prison of *Nirbaya* by Indonesian journalist Mochtar Lubis, because when he read it, he felt the same sentiments as the author who was being imprisoned by Indonesia's authoritarian New Order regime.

Our imagination of resistance invariably leads to spectacular and dramatic forms of popular confrontation, often on a massive scale, whether spontaneous or organized. I suggest that we also see resistance

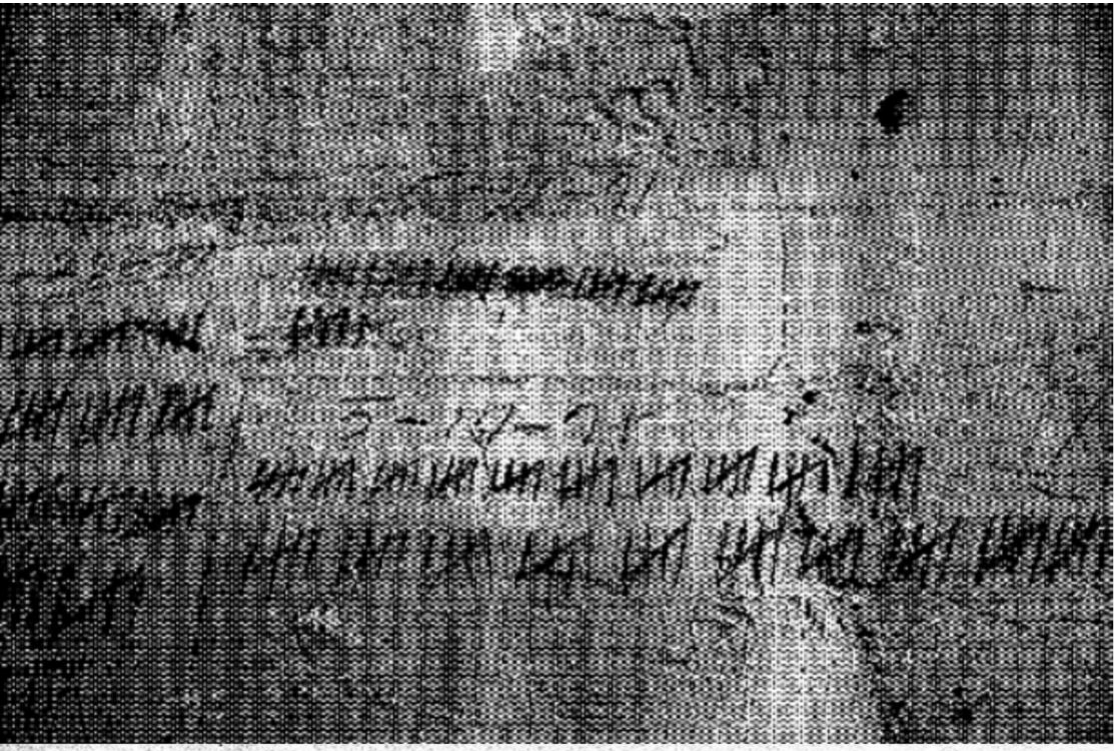
from the very bottom of our being. In a place where isolation and communication restrictions are enforced, staying connected to the outside world is a struggle. Facing institutions of discipline, obedience and supposedly the creators of this deterrent effect, just being yourself is resistance. In a gloomy situation that drags you into a slump, maintaining vitality and being an example is resistance. In the end, I realized that if the prison was basically trying to negate my existence, asserting that I "existed" was simply resistance. If everything is forbidden, then everything becomes resistance.

I know what I'm telling you sounds heroic. Of course. But I also don't care and don't try to act big. I want to share my story and hope this will inspire more people to realize his capacity for resistance in the context of their own struggles. Don't mistake me for a staunch and fiery rebel either. Actually I'm not brave. It would be more accurate to call me reckless. Reckless means knowing he is weak, afraid and will not win, but decides to keep going. I mustered up the courage with difficulty. Apart from that, I also tend to be introverted, quiet, and limit my relationships with other inmates. Most of the time, I was obedient and smiled broadly at the wardens. I never put on a defiant face.

If at any time I have to act, it must be an important and urgent situation. In something worth fighting for, I'm ready to rebel against the warden. Don't worry, I've set limits. I'm also not going to go too far, taking unnecessary risks. I've repeatedly made fatal mistakes, so I'm more careful. I always keep Alexander Brener's message in mind:

I promise to be sober and cunning, agile and dangerous. I promise to act in such a way that you can neither drown me nor surround me

with silence. I promise to fight you intelligently and vigilantly, carefully and calmly, so as to strike you gently and forcefully, wherever I can, as long as I have enough strength, even if there is no future in it.



Loud

SONDAMN

32 years old, Indonesian anarchist prisoner. Initially he was charged with terrorism as a result of the arsoning case. But the drug case is being processed. Currently sentenced to 5 years and 3 months in prison for possession of marijuana.

On one occasion, my friends Terorski expressed his view that maybe there are people who want to experience life in prison. I agreed to it in my heart, because that's what I often think when I hear the stories of my friends who have been in prison. However, that doesn't mean I'm purposely here now. No, of course not. I'm not Michael Scofield in Prison Break. I agree only because all places can teach us life lessons, including even prisons.

I'm here purely because of my own carelessness: I wasn't well prepared and I didn't clean my room of anything that could incriminate my case. My arrest after destroying property led to a house search and the police found cannabis in my room.

“Don't get caught, OK? You are needed more to fight than to rot in prison,” said my another friends DC, years ago via Twitter. Unlucky, here I am now, being an inmate in a penitentiary. It's now early March 2023 when I started typing this. It's been more than a year since I was arrested, but I've only been here for about five months. I'll tell you where this story begins.

***

It was midnight. I just woke up after sleeping most of the day when I found a post on social media that made me realize (and indirectly reminded me) that I had postponed my plans for almost two days. The plan that was born from years of disgust and anger witnessed — directly or indirectly — the crimes and cunning of the state through one of its many extensions: the police.

After finishing eating, I thought back on my plan while relieving myself while enjoying a cigarette. It occurred to me to spend the cannabis butts in the ashtray in my room. No. If I sucked up the butt later, my plans might get delayed again due to laziness. Even if I kept going after using the cannabis, maybe its effects would slow me down, I thought.

Upon returning to my room, I prepared everything: two glass bottles filled with a mixture of used gasoline and oil, complete with a cloth wick and two kinds of leaflets, each of which was photocopied as many as 50 sheets. The first read: "STOP DESTRUCTION OF NATURE IN THE NAME OF DEVELOPMENT!"

The second is written:

“This fire was not an empty terror carried out by supporters of another candidate for power — as supporters of the current ruling palace might believe — to destabilize the situation. No! This fire was born from Wadas Village in Central Java, from the Talangsari Massacre to the Paniai Tragedy in Papua! From Salim Kancil in Lumajang and Erfaldi in Palu! This fire was born from every urban village that was evicted and from every customary forest that was confiscated! This fire was born of those who were imprisoned and died fighting greed armed with ignorance and cruelty! This fire is a reminder, die against or submit to being oppressed! #WadasMerang #WadasMelawan

Si Vis Pacem, Para Bellum!”

The word 'terror' in the first sentence is one of the reasons they

charged me with the terrorism article.

Everything had been ready, since almost two days before, when I heard news of the encirclement and police arrest of Wadas residents and the death of a Parigi resident who had oppose the mining project. Before leaving, I also disguised my motorbike's license plate with a double-tip.

Around four in the morning I left. Without bringing the equipment I had prepared, I sped towards the location of my attack target: traffic police ppost Making sure it's quiet enough and looking for the best point for execution and escape. After making sure, I returned home to pick up the equipment. About 10 minutes later, I was back at the location.

I parked my motorbike on the side of the road that went straight home — in a dark section — so I could run away as soon as I was done with the action. I took out a pile of leaflets from a shopping bag which also contained molotov cocktails, I put them on the deck of the motorbike, then I left the motorbike with the keys and rushed across the road, jumping over the thigh-high concrete roadblocks and entering through the empty guardrail in one part, sneaking among the wild plants on the right side of the target.

When I felt safe enough, I placed the shopping bag on the grass. I took out a molotov cocktail and soaked the wick with the remaining gasoline in a plastic bottle, ready to set fire to a traffic police post belonging to the corrupt institution that often becomes a tool for the authorities to beat and even kill people.

I lit the first bottle, then threw it at the wall of the post. Damn, it turns out the walls are made of plywood! The bottle bounced and landed on the grass around it, with the fire still burning.

With a bit of shock and disappointment, I lit the second bottle and threw it more forcefully towards the wall of the post, hoping that the bottle would still break even if it only hit the plywood. Sure enough, the second bottle also bounced. But this time it bounced off into a torrent of water made of aluminum. The bottle broke and exploded.

However, it seems fate has its own plans against me. Only a few seconds after the sound of the explosion, I heard someone shout, “Oi! What is that?!"

After a few seconds of hiding to find the source of the screams, I found two men riding a motorcycle driving slowly from the direction of the sound while observing the flames, crossing my motorbike which was barely visible, and stopped about 15 meters in front of it. They stopped in front of a box stall.

In a panic I took my shopping bag, plastic bottle and lighter, then came out of my hiding place and rushed to where my motorbike was parked, where my movements were clearly seen by the two people and several other residents who had gathered at the box stall earlier.

One of them — to be exact, the one who shouted, the motorbike driver — walked fast and half ran up to me as I walked towards the motorbike. That person reached me just as I started the motorbike.

He held my right hand while scolding and verbally judging me. Then, a second person came and held my left hand. Several other people started approaching from the front, from the box stall. I tried to release their grip from both hands. I pulled the gas motor to escape. I felt a pretty strong impact on my helmet from behind, so that my chest touched the motorcycle dashboard. It seemed that I was only able to hold out for a few meters, because suddenly someone grabbed my left hand so roughly that I lost my balance and fell.

Finally, they woke me up and escorted me to the courtyard of the shophouse where the box stall was located. They tied my hands behind my back with plastic rope. I was ordered to lay down, searched. They also tied my legs together, then they put a long wooden chair on top of my body, maybe so that it would be difficult for me to escape. I don't know if the chair was also occupied, I can't see it in that position. What is clear, later I realized that a total of 50 thousand rupiah that was in my pocket at that time had disappeared — the money I planned to use to eat at the food stall after the action. May the money be a blessing to whoever takes it!

After a while the patrol police arrived. I was awakened again, and herded into the car to be taken to the police station. There were four other people with me in the car: three policemen and one witness, who was the one who screamed when he saw the explosion. The first cop was the driver, the second sat next to him, and the third sat in the back seat, between me and the witness.

On the way to the local police station, the police gave me brief

questions about my motives. The witness joined the conversation, stating that he was also a student and often took part in demonstrations, but did not take any destructive actions like what I had done. I can no longer remember how I responded to the student's statement. I obviously said something, and my words made him speechless.

Upon arrival at the local police station, I was taken out of the car and photographed with the police who took me as they posed a thumbs up. With my hands and feet still bound, I was ushered into the building, tiptoed into a room, ordered to sit on the floor. It doesn't feel wrong if humanizing humans is not in the principles of the police.

After a while, they again escorted me to another room. As soon as we entered the next room, a young man with a wrinkled face fiercely approached us and asked, “Is this him?”. Without waiting for an answer, the young officer without uniform immediately slapped my left cheek twice with the leather sandal he had been holding since I entered the room, while my feet were still tied.

They asked for my full name and address. Several officers without uniforms took turns questioning me. And damn it, there was an old uniformed cop entering the room. His body is rather short with a head full of gray hair. The old policeman came in with his jaw moving strangely and asked, “What's going on? What's going on?” Seeing the old policeman's behavior, a fairly young officer without uniform who was near where I sat laughed. I wouldn't be wrong if I

assumed that the old cop was high on methamphetamine at the time.

After spending some time in that room, I was finally taken to another room to make a case report. Halfway down the hall, my leg straps were cut, and we started walking again. Case report process immediately started as soon as I got in the room. The process was filled with questions, reprimands, intimidation, and hitting a medium-sized bottled water filled with more or less half of the water to the top of my head.

I don't know what time it was exactly when case report finished. Maybe around five or six in the morning, because I stayed in the room long enough. We were there until the room that was quiet before started to become crowded. Other officers began to arrive and prepare at their desks. One by one the civilians came and continued their business with the officer. Police operational hours seem to be open.

Moments earlier a high-ranking police officer and his team came. I don't know who he was or what his rank was, but what I can remember from the badges on his uniform were quite a few. He ordered the plastic straps that held my hands removed and replaced with handcuffs, then someone did. He also informed me that the Special Anti-Terror Detachment (Densus 88) team would come to meet me.

Finally, the guest we were waiting for arrived. A group of young officers in casual clothes entered the room and approached the officer's desk where I was being interrogated. They ask light and

sometimes detailed questions for a while.

Next, my free legs were untied, while my hands were handcuffed in front, I was brought back to other rooms. This time a more closed room. We entered a room that wasn't too big, but with a long enough table typical of office meetings. They number around 7-10 people, consisting of different divisions, including cyber crime. They are still quite young. In fact, recently I found out that some is much younger than me.

I don't know how long we were there or until what time. One of them directed me to say what they wanted. What is my organization, who is the leader, and so on. He said, “How long do you want us to be here? We have no problem llingering.” Then another person continued, “In fact we are paid for it,” then laughed, whose laughter was greeted by the others.

While still in the interrogation room, they agreed to send a team to my house to search my room. They persistently asked me to admit that I was also a cannabis user. They recognized it from my eyes.

Upon arrival of the team into the room, evidence is shown. Several 200 gram packages of ready-to-roll cannabis, digital scales, glass droppers for methamphetamine, and tobacco, were spread out on the table. An officer in an old uniform handed me a small packet of methamphetamine and then asked, “What is this? This is yours too?” Then I replied curtly, “No! It's not mine. Mine is just marijuana.” I don't know where the methamphetamine package will be taken, because I immediately looked away while saying it. I'm

overly fed up with this cunning technique, a technique reportedly used to make the accused -in this case me- confess his possessions orally.

Then, a senior chief officer from the Densus 88 investigation team took over. He bombarded me with questions about cannabis. He asked who I usually smoked pot with when I'm not drunk alone. He asked for the names of people I'd been to or drunk with.

Each time he asked, "With who?" I replied, "no one," his right hand slapped my left cheek. After the first slap, he said that an hour like that is the time when people start to get tired of doing activities, get hungry, then tend to be fierce and violent.

I don't know exactly how many times he gave me questions and slaps — between 5 and 7 times — until I stood up, raised my handcuffed hands. Then I screamed, "Who the hell are you, bastard?!" while swinging my grip as strong as possible to his face. Unfortunately, he still had time to ward off my blow with his hand. Instantly, the whole room surrounded me. My resistance at that time ended in a torn left cheek and my right eye turned blue. Then, I sat down on the floor, my hands were handcuffed again behind and my eyes were covered with tape. However, because the tape was bandaged many times in haste, I can still see through it. My blood was dripping on the floor. I also clearly remember the young officer who previously slapped my face with his sandal, lunging savagely at me. He was about to grab my testicles as they crowded around me, but I managed to kick him in the stomach.

The officer conducting the interrogation came and said that he was going to help me. However, because of the resistance I did, Densus 88 would take over and I had to be taken to the Metro Regional Police (PMJ). After being fed by one of the officers and taking a urine test, they took me to PMJ.

There, I was placed on the third floor, which, according to several of the officers themselves, was inhabited by suspected religious-based terrorists. They didn't put me in a cell with other detainees, but in the hall on that floor, where the young Densus 88 officers were on duty at night. They gave me a roll of shabby carpet and pillows to sleep on on the floor, in one corner of the room, and a rollaway bed placed next to me, to confirm that someone was sleeping there.

I got intimidated that same night, the first night I was detained at PMJ. Even though my body is tired, my eyes don't want to close yet. After trying to sleep for a while, I sat up. I observed one by one the police who were on duty that night: some were lying down, watching television, and some were engrossed in playing games. While observing them playing games, one of the officers who was watching noticed that I was watching them. Then he came up to me and said, “What are you looking at? You know who I am?"

"No, sir," I answered simply.

"Wear it, sleep over there!" he said while pointing at the mask on my head for an eye patch with a nod of his head. "Watch out for peeking!" he added. Handcuffed and shackled, under these

circumstances, I was forced to sleep.

During the 9 days I was there — when I wasn't being interrogated — most of it I spent just sleeping to the point where my eyeballs ached and my head hurt. One side of the handcuffs was removed only when I needed to pee.

In a room that we entered quite often for interrogation — with feet in chains and hands in handcuffs — the officer I almost hit while at the local police station said that he sprained his fingers as a result of repelling my attack. Suddenly he got up from the chair, leaned his body over the table that separated us, and slapped my face with his leather sandal twice.

After a while, a fairly young officer who was not part of the team working on my case entered the room and sat down on a folding chair in front of me. Next to him sat a female officer who was part of the investigative team working on my case. He told me to wear a mask to cover my eyes. Then he kicking my neck with his boots, followed by an even harder kick to my head.

In the same room, another day, an older officer - not part of the team investigating my case - showed off his arrogant attitude. On the first day I met her, he was complaining about the appalling conditions in the women's cell. And on the second day, he challenged me to a fight.

“I opened your handcuffs, we fought in the bathroom, huh?! Who comes out, he wins!” he said, greeted by the laughter of other officers.

"No, sir," I replied. Then he punched my left arm until it was cornered and my head hit the furniture to my right.

Even so, when compared to many other prisoners, the violence (and abuse) I received from the police was insignificant. I did not see directly the torture that was done to other prisoners. I say that based on stories from my friends who have been in prison or were just arrested and finally ransomed, as well as based on stories from other detainees I know both in detention centers and prisons.

***

I spent more than six months in a detention center in Indonesia with the super maximum security predicate specifically for terrorism convicts. The police charged me with the terrorism article for destroying property that I had committed, so I was placed there while the investigation was being developed.

I was placed in a block of 100 individual cells, each cell holding one terrorist prisoner- with the facilities of an iron bed with a thin mattress, a shower and a toilet attached to the sink, toiletries (no shampoo), prayer equipment, a mirror that is firmly attached on the wall above the sink, as well as CCTV that can capture sound with a microphone and infrared. Food was delivered and my clothes were washed. We were visited by a doctor and given medicine when we were sick.

Full service, like a five star hotel. That's the joke that other terrorism convicts often play — whether it's self-denial denial, or a pure failure to understand the real situation. The illusion of comfort

that the state provides through the facilities at the detention center cannot deny the mental pressure we experience: being separated from family and relatives and having to languish almost 24/7 in a room measuring about 2.5 x 2.5 meters, most of which are made of iron.

We were get out of our cells only when our name were bon[1] and when it was our turn to do sports. Prisoners who are released from their cells — be it bon or sports — will be accompanied by one to two Mobile Brigade officers, hands cuffed behind their backs and blindfolds put on. When it's time to exercise, the handcuffs will be released after the prisoner is put into a special cage[2] for sports in the middle of the block.

In the early days of being there, I had a bit of a "goyang".[3] My imagination can't stop thinking about my family and the cannabis that was found in my room. At that time I was really worried, lest my friends at home be arrested for possession of my cannabis. An inmate in the next cell once told me that there was a detainee in this block whose family was evicted by the subdistrict authorities after he was arrested as a suspected terrorist. I'm also worried that my friends' families won't accept it, get angry, then destroy the house and isolate my family. This is not only my punishment, but also the social sanctions that may befall my family.

Every time that thought came, I lay down on the bed, turned my back on the CCTV and cried. I mourned the worst that could possibly befall my father and brother at home. When that moment arrived,

the desire to commit suicide accompanied it - a desire that was quite strong - although not stronger than what I had felt before during the magical mushroom hallucinogenic bad-trip years ago.

There is no tool that can be used to commit suicide. Available mirrors are made in such a way as to blend with the stainless that frames it. The mirror was drilled so tightly into the wall which was made of a material I cannot name, like hard plywood but it was neither wood nor iron, more like plastic, that it was impossible to break it with a fist. There was no shampoo to drink, only body wash — and that didn't seem like an effective means of suicide either. Tools for hanging himself also does not support. The tiny metal braces that closed the neon door to the ceiling were low and vulnerable. I've been trying to pull it off.

The only possible way of killing myself there that I could think of at the time was to smash my solar plexus — precisely and hard — into a corner of the half-octagon sink, or into a corner of the metal bed frame. However, those short-term ideas flew by, like so many other ideas. I don't have enough guts to try it.

After the 200-day initial detention period for the alleged terrorism case that I was serving ended, they intended to proceed to the next stage: submitting my case file to the prosecutor's office. However, because I realized some irregularities — which I don't think I need to explain here now — I refused to sign the case file.

Finally, they brought up my cannabis possession case. And here I am now, serving a sentence for possessing cannabis, while the

alleged terrorism case that was accused of me is still floating even though it has gone through a pre-trial process whose decision was rejected by the panel of judges.

When I remember, it's still clear how monotonous it was while there. I still clearly remember the heavy rain one night, I sat on the iron that became the head of the bed, stared in the dark as the water droplets danced by the wind on the asphalt field while thinking, how many homeless people out there are willing to be detained and live here? I also don't forget when I — smiling through the window — greeted several sparrows that had perched on the sidelines of the iron wall in front of my cell. No matter how boring and sad my days there were, here I am now, an inmate in a correctional facility. Trying to stay afloat, stay sane, stay able to fight.

Of course the possibility that they will again raise the terrorism suspicion against me remains. Especially because in early April three investigators I already knew came to the prison and submitted a dossier notifying me of the resumption of investigations for me to sign. However, I refused , because there is no representative from my legal team was present. The possibility is obvious, considering that the despot will do everything in his power to stop anything and anyone from disrupting the status quo: to provide a deterrent effect to those who resist — however small it may be! And of course, I'm ready for that too! No regrets! Without submitting to fear! Long live the resistance!

For those of you out there who remain disobedient, greetings

from me. Be careful and don't get caught!

Final note:

[1] Bon: this term is used when detainees are given vests/shirts and brought by officers for certain purposes based on the color of the vests/shirts given. Each detention center seems to have its own schedule and a different color code. At the Mako Brimob Cikeas Detention Center, the bill consists of four types:

1. Leaf green vest. This indicates that the detainees who are bonded will be brought to meet investigators for additional investigation purposes. If the detainee is fortunate enough to have a good investigator, the detainee will be given the opportunity to contact family/relatives via the investigator's cell phone.

2. Yellow vest. The most awaited vest by the majority of terrorism convicts. According to an old detainee and an investigator I asked, this vest is a ration for convicts to contact family/relatives every two months. However, several convicts from outside Java, such as the group from Poso, had no access to communication with their families and relatives for up to 6 months after they were brought there. And ironically, yellow vests that are obtained at close time/not on schedule by the same convict almost always give bad news to those concerned—such as a relative who is sick/dead.

3. Bright red vest. Tribulation vest. The convict wearing this vest means that he is seriously ill and will be taken to the National Police Hospital in Kramat Jati, Jakarta.

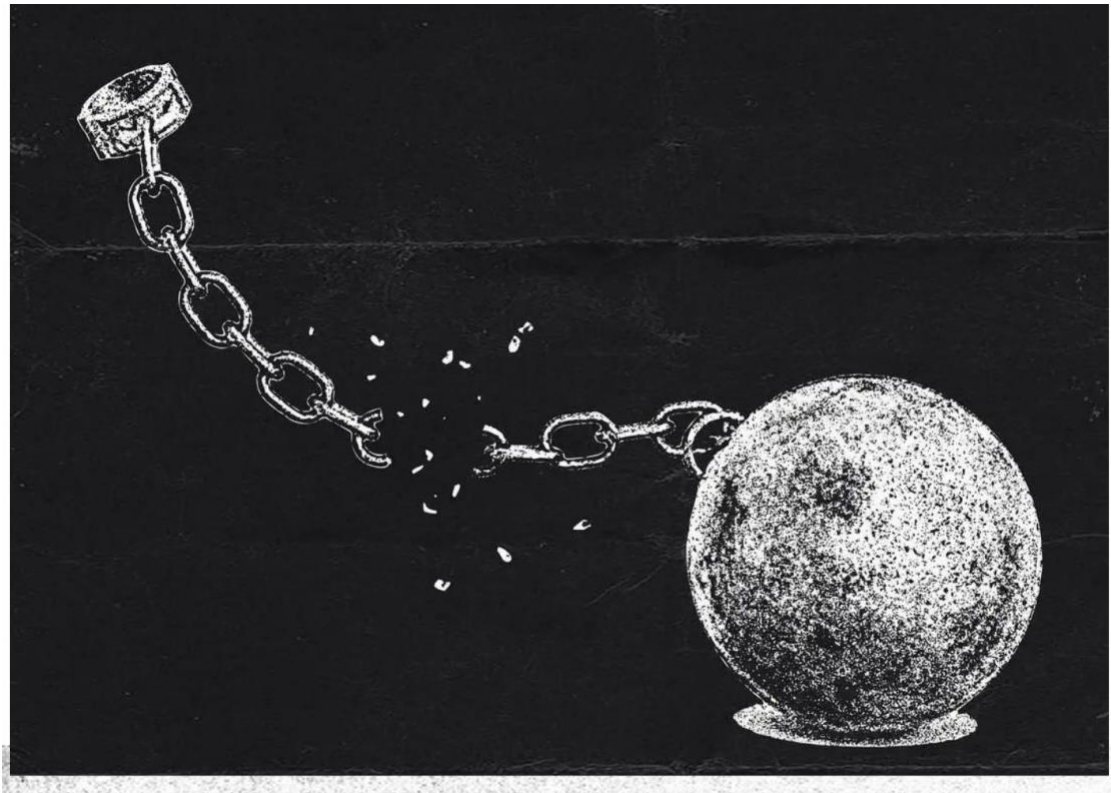
4. Orange shirt. This is another uniform for prisoners for trial

purposes. Prisoners are required to wear this shirt during the trial process which takes place online.

Damn it, a terrorist convict who is a high-ranking member of the Islamic Ulema Council accompanied by a large number of lawyers as his legal team, was allowed to take off his orange shirt with the word "PRISONER" written on the back during his trial by order of the panel of judges, on the basis that everyone is equal in the eyes of the law - in contrast to what is currently happening in the trial process of Fatia Maulidiyanti and Faris Azhar against Luhut Binsar Panjaitan.

[2] In the middle of the rectangular block, lay an asphalt field where stood six boxes measuring about 3x3x3 meters made of braided iron stirrups. Every day around 7 or 8 in the morning (I forget exactly) after the call, six detainees would be taken out of the room in turn and put in each of the boxes to exercise. Reluctant prisoners have the right to refuse and will be offered to other prisoners. However, many prisoners like this agenda to take advantage of the opportunity to mingle and socialize with other prisoners whose cells are located around each box.

[3] Goyang, 'Shake' describes a mental state that is falling. Refers to clinical terms such as acute frustration. There is an unspoken warning that is often used as the butt of a joke between prisoners: “In prison the dead are few, the ones who are mad are many!”



My Chain and Self

TERAPI MINOR

26 years old, Indonesian anarchist prisoner. Has been jailed twice. The first to catapult his name nationally due to vandalism. At present, possession of cannabis is punishable by 6 years, subsidiary 3 months.

This writing is just an experience that I've been through, especially when I felt what is called prison. Currently, I am being sentenced to prison since the end of 2022. I was charged with Article 111 with one gram of cannabis as evidence. Weed dealers would make my case the butt of a joke, because one gram is not enough to become a joint. I served a sentence of 6 years, subsidiary of 3 months (a subsidiary means a sentence that cannot be cut by any remission except by paying a fine of up to billions of rupiah).

This is the second time I feel alienated. First, I was jailed in 2020 due to cases of “vandalism” and destruction of property, which at that time I considered romantic resistance. This time I will tell you about the first case when I was charged with articles 14, 15 and the ITE Law and Article 160. These are the three layers of articles that place me as a "riot provocateur".

There was indeed an impression that what I did with some friends at that time was a fuel to burn the passion of defiance. However, one thing that I had forgotten was the state one step ahead of us. Also, people have different views.

It all started when I met again with two of my friends. Let's call them, X and Z. We met at the infoshop cafe that I founded with my other friends. In April 2020, Covid-19 broke out in Indonesia. The economy was chaotic, trade faltered, transportation stopped, and so on. Of course this can cause "mass panic".

Responding to this, we took the initiative to scribble in the city

center, starting from markets, banks, police stations, flyovers, and other blank walls. After we drink alcohol we decided to move to do the vandalism, I remember it was around one in the morning. We have moved with securities that we feel are sufficient: our faces are covered, our motorcycle license plates are tapped, the path we take from leaving to returning is different. It's roughly around 15-20 minutes from the cafe where we rested.

I was a bit paranoid at first, just being a motorbike driver for my two friends, but there is an urge from within me to spraypainting the walls. Some of the words we wrote were: “This is a crisis, time to burn”, “Capitalism Is a Virus”, “Eat The Rich”, “Die or Fight”, “ACAB”, and the unknown “The State is a Bastard”. Then, we got home at 2 am, stayed at the cafe.

In the afternoon when we woke up, one of my friends, Z, said that he suspected the person hanging out in front of the cafe (there happened to be a tire patcher there), as intelligence. However, I didn't believe him and chose to continue the conversation. My friend X's voice was loud enough to talk about political matters, but I still felt safe at that time. Until finally, at dusk we were visited by three cars and about ten motorbikes. They're all cops. I'm still behind the infoshop freaking out, and trying to clean up the cannabis which luckily, isn't there anymore.

We argued with the police, then my two friends were arrested. In addition, there is my ex-girlfriend who is not involved in this. At that time another friend came, but we spontaneously "thrown him

away" (we dodged it, saying he wasn't involved), even though he was actually taking part in the action we were carrying out. After the argument, my friend X was beaten for rebelling. I made a persuasive attempt which ended with the M4A1 being pointed at me, which was directly cocked in front of my face. All of our belongings were searched, confiscated, and we were handcuffed, even my motorbike, which had nothing to do with it, was taken for no reason.

Trust me, I know a lot of friends who have used security culture or how to deal with the police. However, that's just a theory. On the field, your own mentality will be tested and shown.

Finally, the four of us were taken to the police station. There we were beaten, asked various questions, humiliated, photographed (photos of our faces and ID cards were distributed on social media without censorship), especially the three of us who were men. After that, we were moved to the “Dog Cell”, a cell which was indeed as big as a bulldog cage. The three of us squeezed in and peed there. Luckily, my ex-girlfriends had two cellphones, one was handed in for confiscation and the other one he kept in his stomach which happened to be unchecked. He was placed not in the dog's cell, but in front of the bars. Even then, he was still confined, because there was another layer of fence. Usually this is called "Double Slot", or behind the door there is another door.

I told a few friends to contact legal aid. After that, we were separated one by one to be interrogated again. That was my last meeting with my ex-girlfriends. As it turned out, after that we were

questioned again by a larger institution which I will shorten to PMJ. Of course you know [Indonesian readers -ed], the office is very big in Jakarta. After being interrogated again, one by one we began to be physically tortured. We were beaten, electrocuted, our hands burned with hand sanitizer, then our heads were covered with layers of plastic bags so that we couldn't breathe.

Luckily at that time, I didn't hold my cellphone at all, so the connection on the network that I had was still secure. Except for my two friends whose cellphones were checked. Luckily, some of the social media propaganda accounts that I used at that time were successfully deactivated when I contacted some friends through my ex-girlfriends. He was released that night having been proven not to have been involved.

After that we were taken to our respective homes. I actually live in two places (the first is the family house listed on the ID card, and the second is my aunt's house). But I mostly stayed at my aunt's house, because it was closer to work and study at that time. There, I keep various posters, flags, books, and so on which can be proof that I really am an "Anarchist". The accusation by the police at that time was true. Because the police saw the A logo that we made in an act of vandalism. Plus my friend's t-shirt with the Anti-Fascist Action logo. They repeatedly dig information about anarchism from us.

In previous years, anarchists have indeed become an easy target for several parties, including the state. And what always tormented us the most was X's possession of quite a large amount of cash, even

though it was his personal money. They wanted to accuse us of being ordered and paid for. However, we weren't actually led by anyone and weren't paid a penny. We even spent money to buy pylox, print, and to get drunk.

This is an important thing that I consider to be both ingenuity and luck: I led the police to the house indicated on the ID card. When they got there, everyone in the house was shocked. I showed my room which was empty and there were only clothes. I am relieved that the police found no evidence. However, my aunt let slip that that I no longer live there (making me panic). Luckily, my brother had already gone to my aunt's house to pack up books, posters, flags and some demonstration kits. The police said, “Bastard! Why didn't you say that before? It just made us go round and round." Then, I answered innocently, "You asked for my address, sir. Yes, that's my address, according to my ID card."

Arriving at my aunt's house, my room was clean, and my brother was there. My aunt cried incessantly. However, the police still do not care. Finally, they brought me to PMJ. They were fully armed, and I was heavily guarded. Really, like a big-time terrorist. And I also remember that the three of us sang *Bella Ciao* before being taken to PMJ.

To our surprise, we were taken to the "State Security" division. The symbol looks exactly like the FBI symbol. I thought again, am I really this dangerous? We were separated into different units and re-interrogated.

These are tips for you [Indonesian -red] anarchists if asked about your involvement in the anarchist movement by the police, and this is my personal experience: When asked about what anarchy is, and why I involved in there, I answer so simply and innocently. I said that “I know anarchism from a punk music event in Jakarta, at that time I watched the punk band Marjinal, and saw a circle A logo there. From there, I was inspired to explore anarchism.” And I also replied that "the meaning of anarchy is freedom." In essence, I gave information without giving actual information. I refer to Marjinal-style punk music which I really don't like.

Also, while we were in the Dog Cell, before we were further interrogated, I came up with a alibi. We agreed to say that our first acquaintance with each other was at Mount Gede Pangrango on a hike. Our axis is "Greenpeace". We like to hang out at street food stalls in Jakarta, and only talk about environmental issues. In essence, we are environmentalist.

Apparently, my answer dealing with interrogation worked. The police believed what I said, although I don't know what my two friends did. However, again the police put pressure on me about "Funding Action" and "Involvement in May Day", this time using the persuasive route by inciting my family to come and ask me.

As a result, I answered simply, “I don't know about money, I really did participate in May Day, but I joined the campus and my alma mater. I have indeed seen crowds of people wearing full faces and all black in labor demonstrations. However, it seems they are

only a shield for the unions. So, if you ask about funding, it's a good idea for you to ask a Marxist trade union or the like. They're a big organization and certainly have money. It could be that they gave X money, but I don't know for sure."

Hearing what I said, one of the policemen was shocked and said, "I'm sorry, was …….. involved?" Then, I replied, "I don't know, sir, please ask this very large labor union."

Then, why am I saying this? In prison, this is referred to as "Dead Wood", or "Bite the Dead Wood". That is, the information you provide will stop there and not spread anywhere else. I have been cooperative in providing information that I know even though it is fake, and this is also a form of my resistance to the idea of Marxism. This is my total cynicism towards the trade unionists who are secretly elitist and often manipulate anarchists. It seems to me that even if the police catch them, there is not enough evidence. After all, they seem to be in a relationship with the police. This can be seen from the expression on the face of the policeman who heard my statement. They also have legal aid and are assured in that regard. In contrast to us, who are only individuals and do not have close ties with legal aid.

During the investigation process, the evidence against us was Z's property, including a machete (which was actually on display at home), books, zines, and several books belonging to X. Even Eka Kurniawan's novel with a Molotov cover was banned from circulation at that time. And what's my evidence? Nothing.

After that, our press release included it as news, became a

highlight and went viral throughout Indonesia. Where do I know? Of course from the cellphone I used in the PMJ detention cell. At first we were taken to the PMJ detention cell, we were openly sold, at a price of one million rupiah per head. My friend Z was moved to the detention cell because I also just found out that he was not even 17 years old.

While at PMJ, one more person was detained due to case development. At that time, X's cellphone was examined so, let's say his name was S, was dragged along. And strangely, there was another dapper person who turned out to be a member of the anarchist Telegram group who was in X's cellphone. He who turned out to be a student, a wealthy person, had a backing in in the government because his parents are journalists in the ....Council. You know what I mean.

The three of us were separated into different rooms. I was quite tense at first, because as soon as I entered the door of the cell block, the criminal inmates had their fierce faces. As I said hello and entered the room, my words were met with blows and kicks from several people. The beating ended with: “Call the family and ask for five million. I have bought you here for one million, so you have to return five," said a "Brengos" (the name for the executioner in prison) and the head of the room. Finally, I contacted the family, but unfortunately, the money was not there. Luckily I was able to ask for some my friends and I made installments for a few days and we got about two million in cash. After that I wasn't asked again (I know

who to approach and I try to be persuasive). Unlike me, my friend X was even worse off. He had his hair cut in disarray, he was beaten almost every time, and he got two or three million too. After that, we adapted slowly.

I lived in the “assistant prisoner” room, namely prisoners who worked for officers ranging from cleaning, administration, delivering goods and food from families outside to the cells. At PMJ, we sold ice and fried foods for our needs. In contrast to the S who finally got acquainted with us. S still receives regular visits and remittances. S had to pay a room fee of ten million rupiah, and he was not beaten by senior prisoners. Turns out, S really was a coward. Over time, I learned that this S exposed the names of friends and several propaganda accounts and his domicile to the police. He divulged a lot of important secrets and without even getting hit, completely untouched and overly cooperative. I read S's interrogation file myself.

After 40 days, we were transferred to the Tangerang central police station. There, I was ready to be beaten again if that happened and no money would come out. Dry clothes will not drop a single of water when squeezed.

We returned to the holding cell, which was smaller this time. It's different from PMJ, which was from 8 am to evening so we could walk in the halls, fields, and doors could be opened at will, in the new place we were confined for 24 hours. Turns out I ran into an old friend, a fellow cannabis dealer and another friend of mine. We know each other through drugs and music. Unexpectedly the whole room

greeted me. Once I explained who I was and where I lived, they showed respect. Of course because Tangerang is my own home, and this is a privilege. I left X in the next room, I asked for help so he wouldn't be beaten.

This cell room is very narrow and filled with 16 people. We sleep in shifts. We smoked secretly so we wouldn't be seen by the CCTV, dried our clothes in the room, and the occupants of the room also came together to buy methamphetamine. One of the detainees in my room was a police officer who was arrested for possession of methamphetamine and cannabis. What's extraordinary is that he was only sentenced to 6 months and was declared a rehabilitated. He spent a lot of money to pay for the sentence (article 127 for drug abuser).

I am a criminal prisoner among drug prisoners. However, I like it more than being with criminal prisoners, who are sometimes more cunning for profit. For example, X's Instagram account was hijacked to beg for money while at PMJ. But basically, sneaky or not, methamphetamine users are just as sneaky as criminals. This will all be seen in the "Big Ship" or Penitentiary.

Over the four months we were cooped up there, I got hold of a large narcotics network and moved into their room as their helper and entertainer. They like the stories of young people and my attitude towards them. And to be honest, I'm quite amazed by the gang of 4 kg methamphetamine dealers who were sentenced to 15 years. If you know of methamphetamine cases with lots of evidence

like that, death or life sentences await them. You can imagine how much money was spent, right?

The methamphetamine transactions continued there even though there were only a few Android phones and more often with older Nokia phones. And there's always one person who spies with the term "GM". His job is to monitor the presence of officers with a mirror from behind bars. The officer actually already knows, but there is an unwritten prohibition. They knew but feigned ignorance, and they didn't want to see the violations before their eyes. So, when we play cellphones when officers are around, it's best to hide it first. So is using drugs. They know and get bribes (we called it “86”). Precisely these violations are the life of the officers.

It turned out that my friend Z, who was underage, was also taken to Tangerang and moved to prison first and was only sentenced to 4 months in prison. And the strange thing was, out of nowhere he and the package (other people in a series of cases), it turned out that there were other underage who were also arrested in the same case as us.

We went through trials about 20 times. We went through many stages of trial because the legal assistance we got was indeed a professional institution and there is no need to doubt it in political matters. As a result, every two weeks I went to the courthouse to meet my family, my ex-girlfriends, who at that time were still taking care of me and my friends.

The lawyers submitted an exception to the panel of judges

because we should have violated Article 170 (destroying public facilities) and not as provocateurs. Article 160 cannot be presumed if the riot did not occur. And according to the Supreme Court, this article was also not used because it was the 1945 emergency law that was used in the post-war period.

Even the lawyers brought in expert witnesses. A Master or Doctor, I forget. He teaches and is a legal expert at the University of Indonesia. He explained very clearly about the article, beyond the knowledge of the judge and the prosecutor (even the prosecutor took notes and paid attention to every expert witness' explanation as if he were in college, so did the judge). And also an expert witness in the field of human rights, namely Hariz Azhar, whose name is very popular in the political arena.

Even though in the end we were dropped under articles 14 and 15 regarding the spread of fake news, they were equated with the Ratna Sarumpaet case. Remember, never expect the courts to be fair. Me and X were sentenced to 10 months in prison, while S was sentenced to 8 months in prison. After the trial, I learned from my mother that they were being asked for some money to reduce the sentence. This was common among the prisoners. Usually they call it "Judge Games", or "Flush". Here, I felt and saw for myself that before the law, money is everything, and judges and prosecutors are hypocrites.

Actually, the vandalism that we did was just spontaneous after we drank alcohol and smoked cannabis. My advice to other comrades,

control your spontaneity, move as wildly as possible when it feels safe. But never forget that the state is not an easy opponent. Always be prepared to be in the worst position, for example if you are caught after setting fire to a police station even though you are already moving like a ninja. But fear not. Such spontaneous actions will not keep you in prison for long. Me and my colleagues only served seven months of the sentence, even with such scary threats (ten years). In Indonesia right now, crime is not an urgency like narcotics. So if you are fed up and stuck, I have told you.

Our confessions about torture from the police were completely ignored by the court. They say that it is the realm of the police court. If we want to report, we can go to the office of the Professional and Security Division of the Indonesian National Police, not in the district court. Crazy, right? Can you imagine, all of these institutions work together. Starting from the police to investigators who should give articles according to the law and what the perpetrators did.

When I arrived at the Tangerang Prison through the big door, I was greeted by friends from my family. I was given cigarettes and food, and could even burn cannabis almost every day to get rid of my depression. And cannabis really helped at that time.

In less than a month, the three of us were released by taking care of the parole. S, whose sentence was only 8 months, went home with me and X, who was sentenced to 10 months. I even just found out that while in Tangerang police custody, S was asked for seven million in cash. When I told him, “Do you want your money back here or

not? The people in Block B, I can take care of that." He replied, "I don't have to be sincere." If the people who blackmailed me when I was at PMJ were in prisons in Jakarta, I could take revenge. Although in the end I forgot about it.

Every night, I smoke cannabis in prison, and sometimes I buy methamphetamine for other friends because they don't like cannabis. Mobile is available and live to use. Food and smoking are all guaranteed. If Covid-19 ended quickly, I could quickly move to prison instead of being kept in police custody.

There are so many choices of apothechary (a term for drug dealer cell) scattered in the prison. You can use methamphetamine on the spot or take it to your room. Every time an officer passes, we only need to give some money and cigarettes. After that, just relax. Music with a sound system and even laptops or DJ equipment are available. All of this depends on the financial capabilities of the bookmakers. In essence, drugs are sold freely at a fairly cheap price.

In short, finally I was free and continued my life in Malang. However, I went back to prison under Article 111, an article that I already knew, and this is actually my biggest fear. For those of you who consume cannabis, you can certainly understand why I use it. For those of you who don't understand, don't judge users and even drug dealers. They are people alienated from society. They choose this path for many reasons: poverty, lack of education, bad environment, depression, and so on. In essence, drug users are “sick” people who need help and support, that's what really happened. But

the state and society consider us criminals. Even though we didn't harm anyone except ourselves and our families (if we were caught). And we also have no future for being arrested. Drug sentences are very long, at least 4 years, although remissions can be cut. But just imagine, anybody who already alienated will be more alienated.

The state is unable and unwilling to take care of this problem, because they are also the ones behind this business. They profit from drugs, and this is their dark business. No matter how many drug dealers are arrested, drugs are still there. The police even frame people, use methamphetamine at will, take free methamphetamine from prisoners, even sell and distribute it. It's an open secret!

Drug addicts united with dealers, couriers, and so on will form a drug society by themselves, because there is supply and demand. There are those who need and there are those who provide. With prison conditions that psychologically destroy addicts, the state's efforts to deter addicts are futile and even reversed. The addicts now have a network of even customers outside since they entered prison. Their network widens. They are not just users, but also distributors. This is the narcotics career maintained by the state. The longer a person is imprisoned, of course the more money he needs. He needs money to eat, smoke, buy mattresses and pillows, pay room fees, pay for this-n-that money, buy personal hygiene needs, etc., and the state does not provide that.

During my journey through different police detention and prison, there was no proper food, especially in prison. Starting from

the rice that is not proper and a little (gravel, sandy, hard, sometimes slightly orange in color), as well as the side dishes, which are never cooked properly. Usually this side dish has to be processed again, either fried or boiled again, flavored and so on. And all this costs money. You think the cost of necessities in prison is cheap? Can be 2-5 times the price than outside. One pack of Alami cigarettes from Tulungagung costs eight thousand rupiah outside, here it reaches fifteen thousand. That's just one example, the rest you can imagine for yourself the price of other goods.

Therefore, addicts turn to dealers to survive in prison. The fighters are tasked with being debt collectors in prison or commonly called the BNN (Collecting Section). Fraudsters deceive fellow prisoners or outsiders. Dealers sell drugs inside and outside. The corruptors make their rooms comfortable and do business. The thieves steal the goods of fellow prisoners or officers. In essence, inside the prison has its own circulation of life. Prison is a miniature state, or a state within a state.

You can imagine, right? Those of us who already live in a country feel very limited, especially those of us who live in a miniature country.

Economic cycles continue to occur in various ways. Officers sell food and forbid convicts from selling it, capitalist cooperatives stand majestically in every prison in Indonesia, officers profit from every illicit trade in narcotics and they profit from extorting every room for reasons that are sometimes not clear. In essence, as long as you have

money and access, you will live safely. Instead, officers will provide facilities that are actually prohibited, for example cell phones.

I highly recommend to [Indonesian] friends who are active in the realm of grassroots movements, social activists, anti-fascists, anarchists, anti-authoritarians, art and music activists, students, active users of drugs, methamphetamine, cannabis, to start from now on study the laws and articles related to your activities. If you are an anarchist, you must know the articles related to it, for example, article 160. Or if you are a methamphetamine user, you must understand what article 112 is.

We must equip ourselves with this, because BLIND LAW KILLS. Securities alone are not enough. We must be literate about the law so that we can anticipate if bad things happen.

And my advice is also, don't ever think about other people who are outside, for example friends, lovers, even your wife or husband. Never expect that your friend will continue to accompany you or even care about you. Never expect that your lover will faithfully wait for you. Don't be surprised if he leaves. Be strong too if your husband or wife sends divorce papers. Waiting for a prisoner is very difficult and mind boggling, even if you think of these people in the cells. It's impossible not to think about it, but put a border in your heart and mind that they are still other people who can one day hurt you, no matter how good and how big their love is. From my experience, only family can go through this. For example my father and mother. From prison I know that their love is not limited by space and time. I am

really very grateful for this. They have not left me in the slightest.

So, that's a little story from my experience. In essence, prisons, the state, laws, judges, prosecutors, police and all state instruments are assholes and oppressive.

Currently, I'm fighting my way to the Supreme Court to get an appropriate sentence, instead the 6 years that was sentenced to me. Within limitations, I have time to write this, and will continue to write in other forms. And within these limitations, I can produce works, and will continue to produce works that color every music and lyrics that I make.

Prison taught me that I am the owner of myself. That I am a free human being, and that I am a dissident in the eyes of the state, but does not harm fellow civilians.

FUCK THE STATE. FUCK THE PRISON.





Published by Serikat Tahanan (Indonesia).
Distributed by Bristol Anarchist Black Cross.
Proceeds from the sale will be used for solidarity and anti-authoritarian prisoner unions in Indonesia.
Instagram: @serikattahanan
Twitter: @serikattahanan
Medium: @serikattahanan
Email: serikattahanan@riseup.net