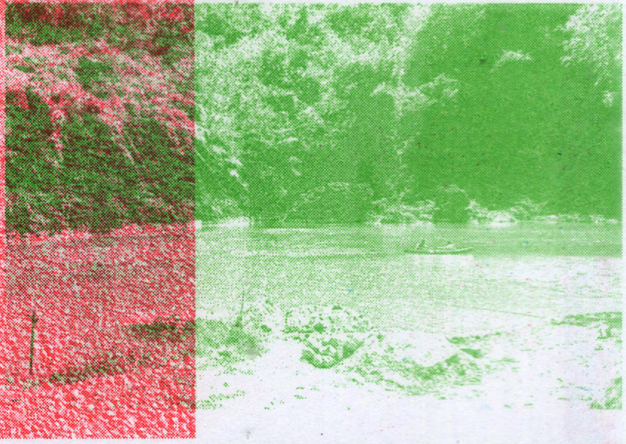


on a
random
wednesday,
we drove a
motorcycle
to the south

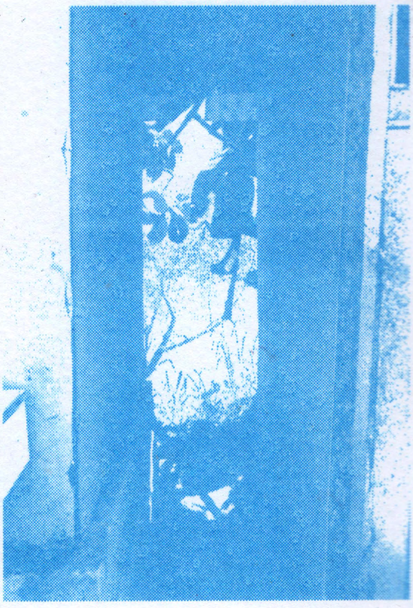




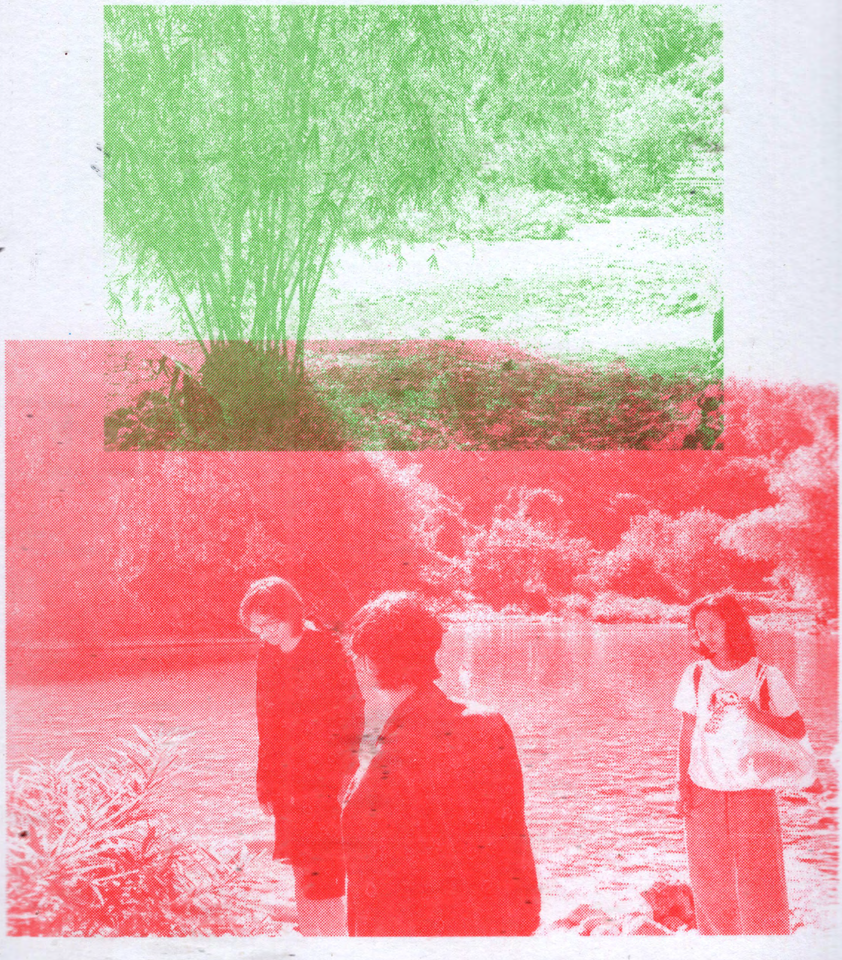


we drove a motorcycle ***to the south***, up to the hill, and went down following the sound of the river stream, in the middle of the hills, a valley.

me and my friend work as an Exhibition Team in (so-called) one of the biggest fine art festivals in this town, or even in Indonesia (maybe), but realizing that we are all adults and working on such serious matters, it feels so nice just to have fun and play around, being a kid, as i believe how we should be.



it's funny how we're surrounded by artists and yet no one ever teaches us how to live. We define and organize other people's meanings while struggling to understand our own.



the weather was so bright,
i remember feeling so happy watching the sky so blue, feeling the sun touching my skin, seeing so far to the front, it felt like i could see everything.



The sun did not give shadow a chance, but in that moment i also felt hurt by the sun glare, the brightness really stabbed my eyes. And i wondered, is this the price of seeing everything so clearly? the pain of seeing and knowing everything, receiving reality.





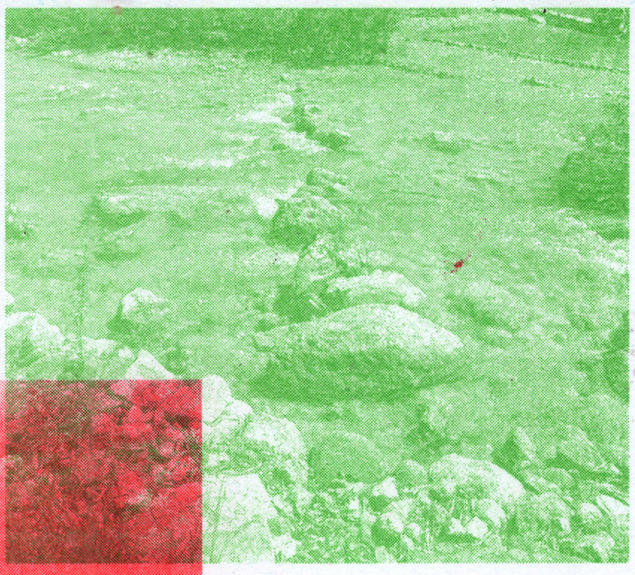
we swam in a slow stream river,
one of our friends caught a fish,
another friend came across a
red stone, we were having fun.
i remember i was not thinking
of anything, i just felt the water
touching my skin, and we tried
rock skipping.
I was having fun.
I guess, we were
having fun.







It is so strange
remembering that
we had known
each other for no
more than three
months, yet i felt so
comfortable spending
time and talking
nonsense with them,
and just being myself.

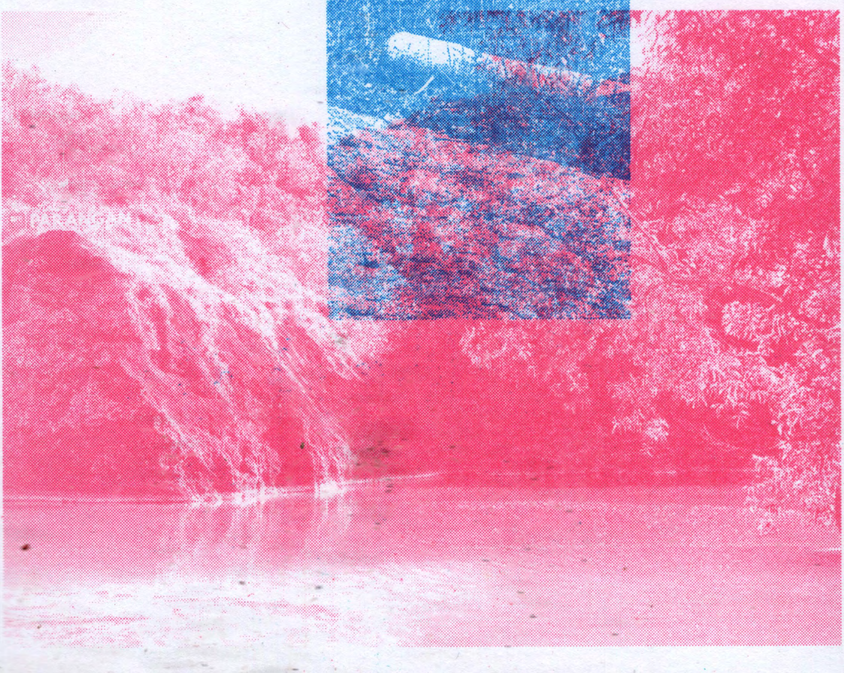




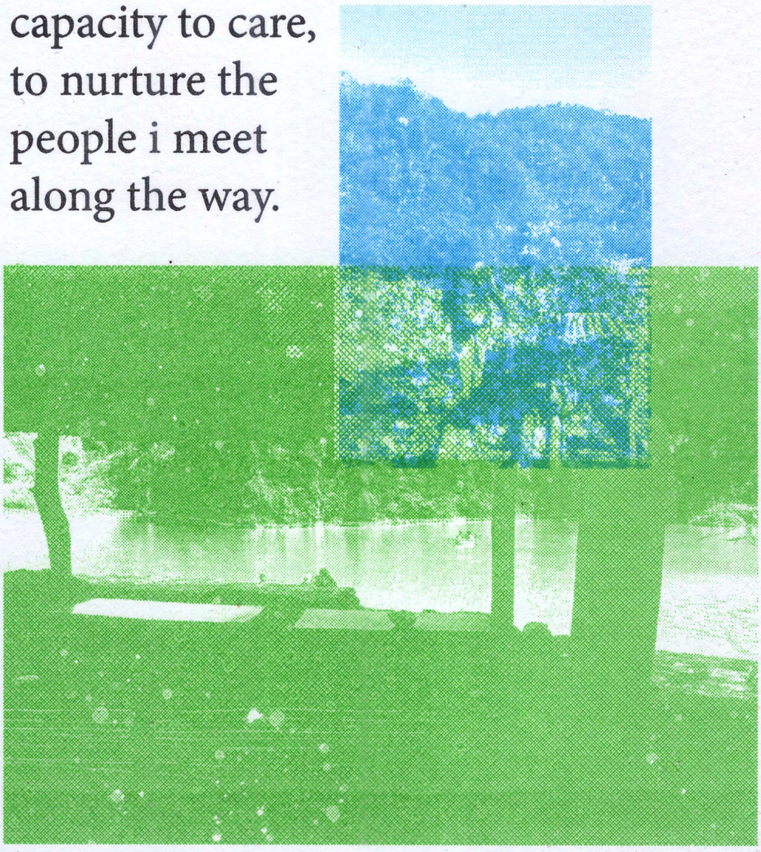
i remember that, at certain points in my life, i can be a bad person, a bad friend. Sometimes i get lost in my own thoughts, so caught up that i forget to nurture the connections i care about.

but remembering this moment, remembering how we once did things without thinking too much, is what keeps me alive, what keeps me going.



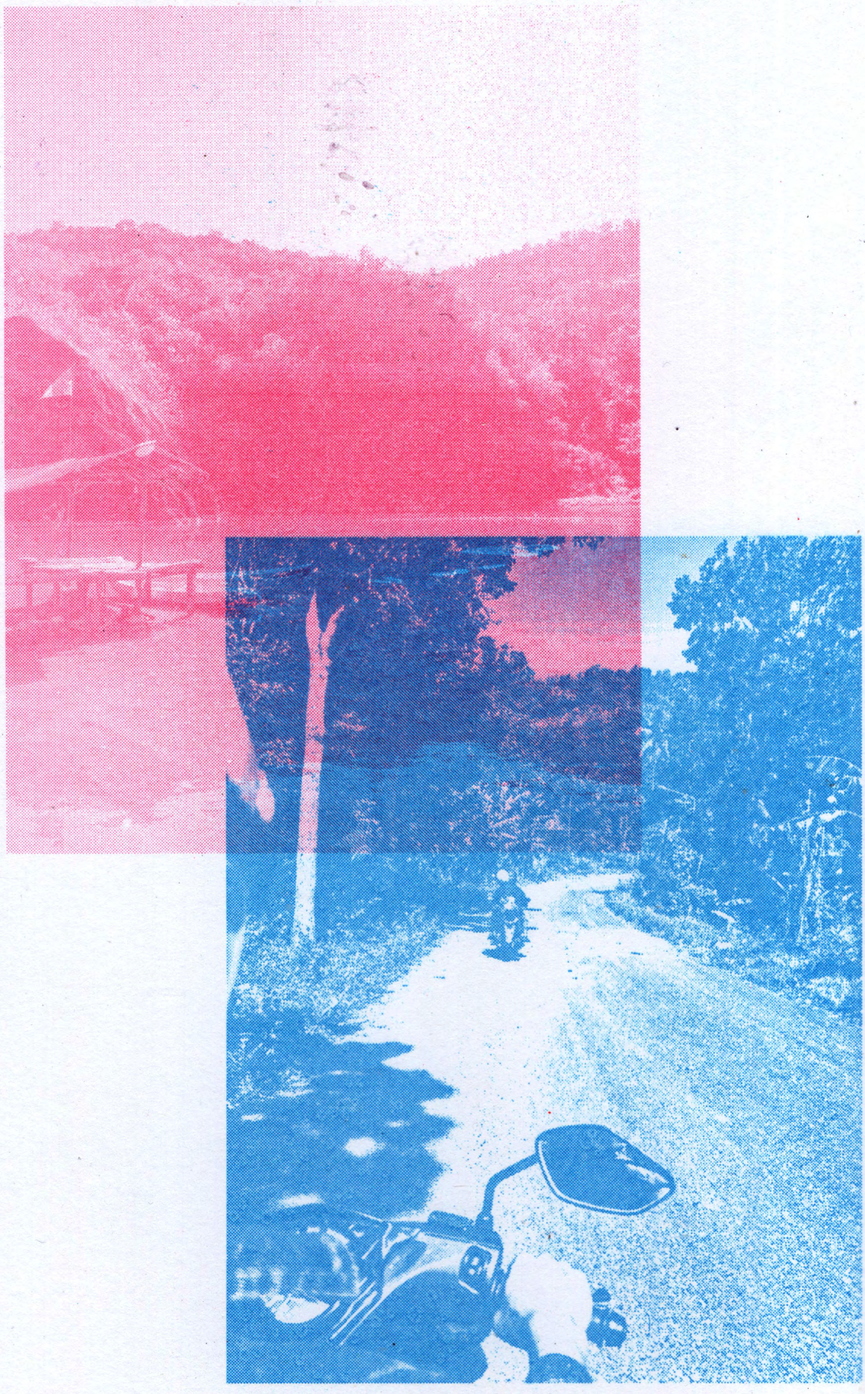


i find myself in moments like this. I want to build my life around these kinds of encounters: simple, shared, and unforced. I want to believe that i still have the capacity to care, to nurture the people i meet along the way.



and i'm truly grateful that we crossed paths, and that we went ***to the south*** together.





to the south is a zine that responds to diary writings by **Abimanyu Dirgantara** with photographs individually taken by Cahaya Kala, Nyala Aurane, Puspita Nindya Sari, and Rangga Mahesa, during a trip, we went to swim in a river in a neighboring city before going to work.

Albertho Jodi also joined the trip, but did not take many photos, as he was busy helping everyone, living in the moment, and catching fish.