

AM I PKI OR NON-PKI?

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(Translated with an Afterword by Ben Anderson)

The questions "PKI or Non-PKI," and "Marxist or Non-Marxist" are exactly the same as the questions "Chinese or Non-Chinese,"¹ "Chinese Halfbreed or Non-Chinese Halfbreed,"² "Arab or Non-Arab," "Muslimextremist or Non-Muslim-extremist,"³ and so forth. Questions in this vein do not raise the issue of a person's views or thought, merely that of his or her "color." If the "color" isn't desirable, then neither are the views. But all this aside, I refuse to answer questions of this type. My reasons I append below. Let me ask forgiveness in advance if they seem too long. It can't be helped.

After his transfer in 1959 from the Semboro sugar factory in Jember, M. Kartawidjaja held the post of director of the Ngadirejo sugar factory in Kediri up until 1967. In 1967-68 he became Inspector of Sugar Factories in Semarang. In the following year he was appointed Director-in-Chief of State Plantation XXI in Situbondo, and took up his quarters in Surabaya.

His job as director of the Ngadirejo sugar factory was no easy one, since from 1959 on all Dutch sugar plantations in Indonesia were nationalized and managed by the Department of Agriculture. In addition, a politicization and political polarization among the various labor unions became strongly evident. At the Ngadirejo sugar factory there were three such labor unions: the Serikat Buruh Gula [Sugar Workers' Union], or SBG, a mass-organization affiliated with the Communist Party [PKI]; the Sarikat Buruh Gula Muslimin Indonesia [Muslim Sugar Workers' Union of Indonesia], or Sarbumusi, attached to the NU; and the Kesatuan Buruh Gula [Union of Sugar Workers], or KBG, associated with the PNI.

Even though the sugar factory has been nationalized, its "social life" did not change--Dutch culture remained firmly in place. At the Ngadirejo

1. Early in the New Order period, the Suharto government changed the official designation of people of Chinese ancestry (regardless of citizenship) from the neutral, polite *tionghoa* to the pejorative *cina*. This usage has caught on to the point that younger-generation Indonesians, even those without racial prejudices, have become accustomed to using it in everyday speech. The author here uses the word *cina* with deliberate irony. Because the translator feels that the in some ways apposite "Chink" is now an anachronism in English, he has decided to use "Chinese," which, however, must be read in the light of the above.

2. *Blasteran*--a Dutch-derived slur-word for people of mixed racial ancestry.

3. Partly for technical-syntactic reasons, partly because the words "Islam Ekstrim" are effectively combined into a single expression in official ideological parlance, the translator has coined the portmanteau-word "Muslimextremist."

sugar factory there was a stratum of "employees" (the director, the deputy director, the sugar inspector, the skilled machinists, the chief of transport, etc.--about 30-40 people all told) and a stratum of "workers" (permanent and seasonal laborers, drivers, security guards, and so on). Note that seasonal laborers were taken only during the milling season, which at Ngadirejo lasted 4-5 months, but varied from factory to factory. In some places, the season lasted only three months. It all depended on the size of the factory and the extent of the surrounding sugar plantations.

Each stratum⁴ had its own particular pleasures, e.g.:

1) Only the children of employees were entitled to ride the school bus provided free by the sugar factory for attendance at primary schools, high schools and college in Kediri. The distance from Ngadirejo to Kediri was 14 kilometers, from Semboro to Jember 35. If workers' children wanted to attend regular high schools or trade schools, they had to go to Kediri (there was a primary school near the factory); they had three choices: a) going by bicycle--a 28 kilometer round trip. And because the main road between Ngadirejo and Kediri ran parallel with the river Brantas, the wind usually blew pretty hard. If the wind blew from North to South, coming home from school was pretty easy, you were pushed along by the wind. But getting to school could be pretty rough. By the time you got to school, you could be more or less wiped out. b) by using public transportation (bus, *oplet* [minibus]) at your own expense. c) by walking or bicycling 4 kilometers to Ngadiluwih, and there catching the train. Again, this would be at your own expense.

2) Good movies (usually from the West, e.g., cowboy or dracula movies) were shown in the Club (Susitet),⁵ and only the families of employees were entitled to attend.

3) Recreational facilities such as the swimming pool, tennis courts, and ping-pong tables, for example, were for the enjoyment of employee families alone. (It was not unusual to hear the kids of employees say that if the kids of workers were allowed to swim in the swimming pool, they'd most likely catch some skin disease--*panu* or *kadas*⁶--from them.)

4) Transportation was made available for employee families to amuse themselves in Kediri. Usually on Wednesdays, and Saturday afternoons and evenings.

5) Transportation was also provided for employee families to go to the sugar factory's hospital in Pare, 25 kilometers northeast of Kediri and 40 kilometers from the Ngadirejo factory itself. For the workers, the local factory clinic was sufficient. Unless the illness was very serious. In the eyes of employee families, this clinic was unattractive because the person on duty there was merely a "*mantri*" [male nurse-practitioner]--OK only for applying iodine or raw alcohol on scratches--not a "doctor." On the other hand, in Pare patients were attended by a "doctor."

4. The author uses, deliberately, the politically neutral word *lapisan* rather than *kelas* (class).

5. In colonial times, in each sizeable town and each cluster of plantations, there was usually a *Sociëteit*, or clubhouse for the recreation of the Europeans (and occasionally aristocratic indigenes). As noted here, this tradition continued almost without a break in post-colonial times, except that the new eligibles for clubhouse membership were the salaried employees.

6. Two types of skin infections common among the undernourished.

6) If the factory organized a celebration for the opening of the milling season, the workers were permitted to enjoy only the night fair and the all-night wayang kulit. Whereas the employees could enjoy more classy [top] performances: for example, the Ngadirejo sugar factory once hired Lilis Suryani--a "top" Indonesian singer of the 1960s.

Aside from the examples mentioned above, sugar factory directors like M. Kartawidjaja were provided with a pretty large house: two sitting rooms (one for unimportant and unfamiliar guests, one for important and familiar ones), 1 special bedroom for guests, 4 other bedrooms, 1 dining room, 3 bathrooms with johns, 3 servants' rooms, 1 kitchen, 1 bathroom and john for servants, 1 storeroom, 1 pantry, and 2 garages (one Nissan jeep and one Mercedes 190, along with two chauffeurs). Aside from 3 maids (plus one boy), two male servants were also employed there.

The PKI Versus Kartawidjaja

Twenty-five kilometers east of Kediri lay the debris of the former Jengkol sugar factory. In the old days, it had been a privately owned sugar factory, but then it was destroyed in the war [i.e., Revolution of 1945-49]. What survived was only the houses of the employees and the vast, scattered lands of the plantation itself. In 1962 the Department of Agriculture planned to unify these various sugar lands in the Jengkol area and then integrate them with the Ngadirejo sugar factory. In this way the sugar acreage owned by the Ngadirejo sugar factory would be greatly enlarged and its productive capacity greatly increased. Unfortunately, this plan for unifying the plantation land-holdings meant sacrificing the homes of local residents. These people would have to move out, and be relocated in places designated/set aside by the government. Now this plan was opposed by the PKI along with its mass organizations, such as the Barisan Tani Indonesia (BTI [Indonesian Peasant League]), the Gerakan Wanita Indonesia (Gerwani [Indonesian Women's Movement]), the SBG, or the Pemuda Rakyat [People's Youth]. When their protests had no effect, in the end the masses assembled within the PKI could no longer be controlled. They buried alive a bulldozer driver and a policeman. This aksi⁷ aroused a reaction in turn. Troops were brought in, and the PKI masses resisted them. The story goes that those in the front line were members of Gerwani. Maybe people thought that no way would the troops fire on women. But in the end, the soldiers did fire. And PKI victims fell. In fact so many victims fell that the news was reported in Radio Australia's Indonesian language broadcasts. And this clash proved to be the beginning of the conflict between the PKI (especially the SBG) and M. Kartawidjaja.

From that time on, at every opportunity--whether rallies or parades/processions--these slogans always appeared: "Retool Karta," "Karta Kabir," "Karta ex-Masyumi," "Karta Seven Village Devils," and so on--all terms currently popular at that time.⁸

7. The classical, Dutch-derived term for a demonstration, procession, or other show of public political intent.

8. These terms refer to the official and to the Communist terminology of the Guided Democracy period (1959-65). "Retool [*Ritul*]" meant dismissing or transferring a politically unsatisfactory official; Kabir, an acronym for *kapitalis birokrat*, referred to those officials (most often military men) who abused their positions in the nationalized enterprises to make private

And Kartawidjaja's five sons were constantly forced to listen to abuse and read the slogans displayed in their [the PKI's] banners. Their ears got pretty red, their hearts felt on fire, and their thirst for revenge steadily increased.

Aside from rallies and parades, the SBG also continually organized demonstrations at the sugar factory. In addition to "Retool Karta," etc., their demands included "provision of buses for the children of workers who want to go to school in Kediri."

In spite of the SBG's hostility, M. Kartawidjaja was defended by Sarbumusi (and the NU), as well as the KBG (and the PNI/Marhaenist Front). The only problem was that, so it was reported, the SBG's membership equaled that of the other two unions combined. Evidently the SBG was more popular and more attractive to the sugar workers.

In the period just prior to G30S,⁹ Kartawidjaja's policy in dealing with the SBG's demands became ever more disliked. For example, he dealt with strikes by workers who joined and were organized by the SBG by cutting their wages. And then gave the money as bonuses to those workers who did not strike (naturally those associated with the Sarbumusi and the KBG).

The conflict between the PKI and Kartawidjaja was by no means the only political conflict in the Kediri region. For example, some time in 1964 a PNI village headman in the Gurah area (10 kilometers east of Kediri) was said to have been struck with a machete by [someone from] the PKI over a land dispute. Naturally, the PNI and the NU didn't take this lying down (to facilitate identification, they always had their combined squads wear palm leaves attached to their left wrists). And Roman war--like in the movies--became unavoidable. As you know, no one had any firearms--all that was available was sharp weapons. Conflicts such as these raised the political temperature in the Kediri region. In addition (maybe because we have a lot of public holidays, and because that was the period of Trikora/Dwikora,¹⁰ parades and mass rallies were frequently organized. "Retool Karta," "Karta Kabir," etc., became part of everyday language.

An atmosphere so inflamed naturally affected the schools where Kartawidjaja's boys were studying. Quite often, for example, Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 was vilified as "Son of a Kabir," "Son of an ex-Masyumi," "Son of the Seven Village Devils," etc., by members of the Ikatan Pemuda Pelajar Indonesia (IPPI [League of Indonesian High-School Students])/PKI. In addition to his antipathy for the PKI and his desire to defend his father, Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 was also a member of the Gerakan Siswa Nasional Indonesia (GSNI [Movement of Indonesian Nationalist High-School Students]), affiliated with the PNI/Marhaenist Front.

fortunes; Masyumi was the great party of Islamic reform, founded in 1945 and banned by Sukarno in 1960 on the grounds that many of its leaders had been involved in the regional rebellions of 1958-59; the Seven Village Devils (Tujuh Setan Desa) was a PKI phrase for seven different types of village-level exploiters.

9. I.e., the Gerakan 30 September (September 30th Movement), led ostensibly by Lt.-Col. Untung, which on the morning of October 1, 1965 assassinated six leading generals and briefly seized various key installations in Jakarta.

10. Trikora = Tri Komando Rakyat (People's Three Commands), Sukarno's slogan describing the effort to force the Dutch out of West Irian (1960-62). Dwikora = Dwi Komando Rakyat (People's Twin Commands), a comparable slogan for the anti-Malaysia campaign of 1963-65.

Even though his father's family was devoutly religious (being Sundanese and many having been to Mecca), and he himself prayed regularly, yet he chose to join the PNI, not the NU. The reason was that he was a fan of Bung Karno [President Sukarno]--even though he did not understand what was meant by "Marhaenism is Marxism applied and adapted to Indonesian conditions"¹¹--such being one course he took in the GSNI's "caderization" program for its members. The more violent the attacks of the SBG/PKI on Kartawidjaja, the more actively Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 participated in the activities of the PNI. Every time there was a parade he always joined in. Like the uniforms of other PNI people, his clothes too were blackest black.

In the immediate pre-G30S period, the SBG organized a meeting in the workers' hall in Margersari (a workers' residential area). Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 and an Ambonese friend of his, Max Kakiay, went to spy on it. An amazing number of people attended. The topic of the meeting was all the "bad things" about Kartawidjaja. Accordingly, they agreed to organize a demonstration against him. The plan was to prevent him entering his office when he came to work.

But the two spies had no chance to overhear the whole discussion--they were suddenly surrounded by the meeting's security guards, most of them from the PKI's People's Youth. Even though they were sitting there shrouded in their sarongs. The two of them got the opportunity to be yelled at as "dogs" of the Seven Village Devils, and so forth. In the end, they went off home.

The news of the SBG plan--which was no secret--spread rapidly. It so happened that at that time an all-East Java conference of the Sarbumusi was being held at the Ngadirejo sugar factory. When they heard about the plan, they immediately mobilized their mass support, with the additional support of *santri* [devout Muslims] from the various *pondok* and *pesantren* [traditionalist rural Muslim schools] in the Kediri area. Not to be left behind, the PNI too mobilized its masses. On the morning of the planned SBG attempt to prevent Kartawidjaja entering his office, the roadway in front of his home was jampacked with NU and PNI masses--who also guarded the house. You can imagine how heated the political atmosphere was. Each side brought with it the dynamite of pent-up hatred. Fortunately, a physical clash didn't take place, as troops had been brought in to keep the situation orderly.

In fact, Kartawidjaja's position wasn't that bad. Precisely because he was regarded by the PKI as their number one [local] enemy, the NU, the PNI, and the local Kodim [Komando Distrik Militer--Military District Command] commander, for example, were sympathetic to him. Quite often, leaders of the NU (e.g., Kyai Haji Machrus from the Pondok Lirboyo) or of the PNI would come and visit him at his home. Naturally they were received in the [inner] reception room reserved for important and intimate guests. (Note: Chinese traders, such as dealers in sugar or automobile spare parts like Pak Ang Kok, who had got the nickname "The Hunchback Champ," were usually received in the front reception room.)

In contrast to the gifts typically brought by the Chinese dealers (such as cooked food, Chinese-style cakes, tape recorders, etc.), those brought by the kyai who headed *pondok* and *pesantren* were usually in the form of prayers and blessings. On one occasion a kyai gave [Kartawidjaja] a belt inscribed with

11. A formulation of Sukarno which was later adopted by the PNI (Nationalist Party) leadership in an effort to adapt itself to the increasingly leftist ideological climate of late Guided Democracy.

verses from the Qur'an, [others] gave texts from the Qur'an to be hung above the doors inside the house. All were meant as protection against the danger of the *kafir* [infidels].

As for relations with Chinese dealers: Kartawidjaja once told his sons that actually there was no need for the director of a sugar factory to be corrupt (embezzle the factory's money). The reason was that all his material needs would always be satisfied by the Chinese dealers. The gifts he would receive from them would always exceed his salary. The Chinese dealers merely asked/hoped to be given the opportunity (if possible a monopoly) to buy up his sugar, or scrap iron—or, the right to [monopolize] the sale of automobile parts, rice and cloth to fulfill the needs of the factory's workers.

If Kartawidjaja went to Surabaya on business, or went off [on vacation] with his family, it was normal to eat in Chinese restaurants. After all, everything there was completely free. Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 once said to his father "These Chinese are great, huh?" Kartawidjaja merely replied, "They're not 'great.' For the moment they need your father. But just watch what happens when your father is no longer director."

Just as it was outside, so the atmosphere in school was pretty hot. The pupils were divided into Nationalist, Religious and Communist Youth groups. And again, just as it was outside, the Communist youth, for example the IPPI, stood alone. The others worked together, in organizing parades and in meetings. The rising [political] temperature towards the end of 1965 was very tangible, in school and outside. In 1965 Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 was in the first grade of Kediri's State Senior High School.

The Situation during G30S 1965

Up to 1965, the [national] front was divided in two: on the one side the Communist Front, and on the other the United Nationalist-Religious Front. And their respective strengths were about evenly balanced. For some reason or other, PKI strength in the region of Kediri, Tulungagung and Blitar was especially conspicuous. Maybe there was some kind of spillover from Madiun towards Kediri.

The events of October 1, 1965 are something difficult, impossible to forget. The atmosphere was so tense, as though everyone was expecting something [catastrophic] once the takeover of power in Jakarta had been broadcast. All Kartawidjaja said to his family was: "Watch out, be very careful. Something's gone very wrong in Jakarta." Usually the doors and windows of the house were shut around 10:00 p.m., but on October 1 they were closed at 7:00. Fear seized the Kartawidjaja family, for the rumor that the PKI had made a coup and murdered the generals was already spreading. The PKI's own aggressive attitude and the way in which the generals had been killed strengthened the suspicion of PKI involvement. "Such brutal murders could only be the work of kafirs, i.e., the Communists," was the kind of comment that one then heard. At the same time, the Kartawidjaja family felt very thankful that General Nasution had escaped with his life.¹² The only pity was that his little daughter was beyond rescue. For almost two weeks, everything was quiet in the Kediri region. People merely

12. General A. H. Nasution was at the time Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces and Minister of Defense. When the Untung group attacked his home on the morning of October 1, the general's little daughter was killed by a stray bullet.

stayed on the alert and tensely watchful. In State High School No. 1 too the atmosphere was very heated. Reports that it was the PKI that had gone into rebellion spread rapidly. At every opportunity the Nationalist and Religious groups vilified the students involved with IPPI. For its part, IPPI took evasive action and rejected all "accusations." They claimed to know nothing about what had happened. They said that the events in Jakarta were a matter of the Council of Generals.

About two weeks after the events of October 1, the NU (especially their Ansor Youth) began to move, holding demonstrations which were joined by the santri masses from the pondok and pesantren around Kediri. They demanded the dissolution of the PKI, and that the death of each general be paid for with those of 100,000 Communists. Offices and other buildings owned by the PKI were attacked and reduced to rubble by the demonstrators. It was said that about 11 Communists died for nothing, simply because they were foolish enough to feel bound to defend PKI property. In an atmosphere of crisis suffused with so much hatred for the PKI, everything became permissible. After all, wasn't it everyone's responsibility to fight the kafir? And vengeance against the PKI seemed only right, since people felt that the Party had gone beyond the pale. So, the fact that only 11 Communists had [so far] died was regarded as completely inadequate. This kind of thinking also infected Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2.

Yet there was a [strange] episode which is worth mentioning here. To the east of the Kediri municipal bus station there was a certain PKI office. Actually, it was really only an ordinary house. But in front of it there was a signboard bearing all those names smelling of the PKI: from the PKI itself through the BTI, Gerwani and IPPI, to the People's Youth. It so happened that when the demonstrators arrived in front of that house, they found an old man out in front getting a bit of fresh air. They asked him whether he was a member of the PKI. "No," he answered, "I'm a member of the BTI." "Same thing!" yelled a number of the demonstrators as they started beating him. He toppled over, moaning with pain. He was lucky not to be killed. But the house was demolished as a result of the rage of the masses. And, as usual, before carrying out their task, the NU masses roared "Allahu Akbar [Allah is Great]!" After this bloody demonstration, Kediri became calm once more. Only the atmosphere stayed tense. And this went on for about 3-4 weeks.

*Wanted: Communists*¹³

Once the mesmerizing calm had ended, the massacres began. Not only the NU masses, but also those of the PNI joined in. The army didn't get much involved. First to be raided were workers' quarters at the sugar factory. Usually at night . . . to eliminate the Communist elements. It was done like this: a particular village would be surrounded by squads of Nationalist and Religious Youth (Muslim and Christian [Protestant], for example in Pare). A mass of Ansor Youth would be brought in from the various pondok and pesantren in the Kediri region. On average, about 3,000 people would be involved. The expectation was that, with the village surrounded, no Communist elements would be able to escape.

It was pretty effective too. Each day, as Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 went to, or returned from, State Senior High School No. 1, he always saw corpses of

13. The word "wanted" is in English in the original text.

Communists floating in the River Brantas. The thing was that the school was located to the "kulon" (west) of the river. And usually the corpses were no longer recognizable as human. Headless. Stomachs torn open. The smell was unbelievable. To make sure they didn't sink, the carcasses were deliberately tied to, or impaled on, bamboo stakes. And the departure of corpses from the Kediri region down the Brantas achieved its golden age when bodies were stacked together on rafts over which the PKI banner proudly flew.

In those areas through which the Brantas did not wind, the corpses were, as you'd expect, buried in mass graves--as, for example, around Pare. There the Christian [Protestant] masses were very active. But then, the export of corpses down the Brantas began to bother the city of Surabaya. The rumor went round that the drinking water was filtered out of the river. And by the time they reached Surabaya, the corpses were in complete decay. After protests from Surabaya, PKI were no longer flung into the Brantas, but were disposed of in mass graves. The prepared holes were dug pretty big, and were thus capable of handling dozens of Communists at a time.

Furthermore, at one time the road leading up to Mount Klotok (to the west of Kediri city) was decorated with PKI heads.

About 1 kilometer to the north of the Ngadirejo sugar factory, you'd find a lot of houses of prostitution. Once the purge of Communist elements got under way, clients stopped coming for sexual satisfaction. The reason: most clients--and prostitutes--were too frightened, for, hanging up in front of the houses, there were a lot of male Communist genitals--like bananas hung out for sale.

Naturally, such mass killings were welcomed by the Nationalist and Religious groups. Indeed, [they felt,] the target of 100,000 Communist lives for 1 general's had to be achieved. It was the same for Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 and his family. Specially when they got the word that for the Kartawidjaja family a Crocodile Hole¹⁴ had been prepared, for use if the PKI were victorious.

This atmosphere of vengeance spread everywhere. Not merely in the outside world, but even into the schools, for example State High School No. 1. There the atmosphere was all the more ripe in that for all practical purposes the school broke down, and classes did not continue as usual. Many students did not come to school at all, like Syom, for example, a friend of Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2, who had to spend most of his time going round helping purge the Kediri region of Communist elements. Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 saw many cases where teachers and student members of IPPI at State High School No. 1 were held up at knife point by their Nationalist and Religious comrades. With the knives at their throats they were threatened with death. They wept, begging forgiveness and expressing regret for what they had done while members of IPPI. In the end all the secrets came out (or maybe false confessions). Each person tried to save himself at another's expense. After all, they were human beings too, and thus still wished to enjoy life.

14. Lubang Buaya (Crocodile Hole) was the name for the area, within the Halim Perdanakusumah Air Base perimeter, where the bodies of the assassinated generals were disposed of (down a disused well). In 1965-66 a successful psychological warfare campaign was launched by the army to persuade anti-Communist notables and political leaders that the PKI had secretly prepared thousands of comparable "holes" for their burial after execution.

It was evident that the Kediri area was unsafe for Communists (strangely enough, except in one instance, they made no move to offer any resistance). So most of them tried to flee to Surabaya or sought protection at the Kediri City Kodim. But even in jail they were not safe. Too many of them sought safety there, and the jail could not take them all in. In the end, the army often trucked them off to Mt. Klotok (the road there passed by State High School No. 1). Who knows what the army did with them there--what was clear was that the trucks went off fully loaded and came back empty. Furthermore, the Kodim had no objections at all if people from the Nationalist or Religious groups came to ask for [certain] Communists they needed. The Kodim was prepared to turn over Communist prisoners, provided those who needed them brought their own transportation (not including motorbikes, of course).

At State High School No. 1 student activity proceeded calmly. It was practically like long vacation except for continuing to assemble at school. On one occasion a teacher asked Syom, the friend of Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2, where he'd been all this time, never coming to school. And indeed, he had seldom showed up. He answered: "On tour [of inspection], sir." And people understood what he meant by "on tour." For aside from being an acronym of *туру kana-туру кéné* (sleeping there, sleeping here), it also meant "busy eliminating Communists." Syom was one of the executioners. And the fame of an executioner was measured by the number of victims whose lives he succeeded in taking.

Usually, those Communists whom people had managed to round up were turned over to an executioner, so that he could despatch their souls to another world. Not everyone is capable of killing (though there are some exceptions). According to what a number of executioners themselves claimed (for Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 had many friends among them), killing isn't easy. After despatching the first victim, one's body usually feels feverish and one can't sleep. But once one has sent off a lot of souls to another world, one gets used to killing. "It's just like butchering a goat," they'd claim. And the fact is that Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 often stole out of the house, either to help guard the [local] PNI headquarters located in the home of Pak Salim (the driver of the school bus in the area around Ngadirejo) or to watch the despatch of human souls. This too made sleeping difficult. Remembering the moans of the victims as they begged for mercy, the sound of the blood bursting from the victims' bodies, or the spouting of fresh blood when a victim was beheaded. All of this pretty much made one's hair stand on end. To say nothing of the screams of a Gerwani leader as her vagina was pierced with a sharpened bamboo pole. Many of the corpses lay sprawled like chickens after decapitation.

But even though such events were pretty horrifying, the participants felt thankful to have been given the chance to join in destroying infidels. Not to mention the stories brought back by Maha, a friend of Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2, who participated in eliminating the Communists in the Pare area. He was a Christian. What he said was that the victims were taken off by truck and then set down in front of holes prepared in advance. Then their heads were lopped off with a Samurai [sword] that had been left behind by a Japanese soldier in the past. When the mission was accomplished, the holes were filled in with earth.

And among so many incidents, naturally there were a few which still remain a "beautiful" memory for Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2. For example, when the Anzor Youth surrounded a particular village to the east of the sugar factory, they went into a number of houses to clean out the Communist elements. In one house, as it happened, there were two kids living there who were listed as activists in

the People's Youth. When the Ansor people knocked at the door, it was the parents of the two hunted boys who answered. "Where are your sons?" "If it's possible, please don't let my boys be killed"--such was the request of the old couple. They offered to give up their own lives in their children's stead. Not merely was this offer accepted, but the exterminators also killed their two children.

Next: even though Kartawidjaja was hated by the PKI, on one occasion he told Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 to go to the home of pak Haryo, an employee who lived next door and was an activist in the SBG. Kartawidjaja told him to fetch pak Haryo to the house and have him sleep there, bringing with him whatever clothes he needed. But since it was then pretty late at night, when Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 knocked at the door, pak Haryo's family made no response. Maybe they were afraid that it might be the Angel of Death come visiting. The next morning, Kartawidjaja came himself to pick up pak Haryo. Subsequently he was taken by Kartawidjaja to Surabaya, to be hidden there.

Naturally, helping Communists wasn't at all in line with the ideas of Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2. So he asked: "Dad, why are you of all people protecting pak Haryo?" "Pak Haryo doesn't know a thing, and besides it would be a shame with all his kids."

Kartawidjaja was fortunate in that he was always informed about "who and who" was to lose his life. And many Communists who had once vilified Kartawidjaja now came to his house to ask for protection. On one occasion he set aside a special space in the meeting hall where people asking for his protection could overnight.

All through the purges, the mosques were packed with Communist visitors. Even the Workers' Hall was specially made over into a place for Friday prayers. As a result, many people judged that the PKI people had now become *sadar* [aware: of their past errors, of Allah's truth]. And hopes for survival became increasingly widespread. And at one of these Friday prayers, Kartawidjaja was asked to make a speech in front of all the assembled worshippers. He told them that "praying isn't compulsory. Don't force people to do it. Let those who want to pray pray. And if people don't want to, then they don't have to."

The interesting thing is that even though Kartawidjaja spoke in this vein (just imagine, in a time like that, the slightest thing could get one accused of being a Communist), and even though he protected many PKI people, he was never accused of being a Communist or involved in G30S. In fact, with the triumph of the Nationalist and Religious groups over the Communists, Kartawidjaja was appointed as adviser to the East Java Sarbumusi and the East Java KBG. And many of his friends--especially Islamic leaders (even till today)--came to his house.

It seemed then that because he was friends with pak Maksum, the head of the Sarbumusi organization in the Ngadirejo factory, his speech in front of the Friday worshippers was not a problem.

In fact, [the idea] that prayer is good, but that no one should be forced to do it, formed [part of] the lessons on "individual liberty" that Kartawidjaja taught to his sons.

Kartawidjaja's Son No. 1, who joined KAMI [Kesatuan Aksi Mahasiswa Indonesia--Indonesian Students' Action Front]¹⁵ and was politically active in Bandung,

15. The vanguard of the coalition of student organizations mobilized to topple the Sukarno regime between December 1965 and March 1966. It was dominated by Muslims, Christians (Catholic and Protestant), and people from the Outer Islands.

was forced into frequent disagreements with Son No. 2, an activist in GSNI. The reason was that Bung Karno's [legitimacy] had begun to be questioned by KAMI. Bung Karno was accused of being involved in G30S because he protected the PKI. But the PNI/FM of Kediri never questioned Bung Karno's leadership]. What was clear was that the Kediri PNI continued to stand behind Bung Karno and [yet] was anti-Communist. Their attitude was to hell with the PNI Asu and the PNI Osa-Usep.¹⁶ If this disagreement between Son No. 1 and Son No. 2 spilled over into family life, Kartawidjaja rarely intervened. He never once forbade his sons to side with anyone. Every person [he believed] should know what he or she is doing. "You there, take care of your own business." One incident that Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 never forgot happened like this: Once the Communist elements in Kediri had been destroyed, if he wanted to visit his grandfather in Bandung he had to catch the train at Kertosono. And in the Kertosono railway station he encountered a pretty heart-wrenching scene. A mass of 5-10 year old kids milled round begging the passengers to have pity on them and give them a little something to eat. And if food was tossed out of the carriage window, these kids swarmed in to fight over it. There was nothing there to separate dogs from human beings. Before the outbreak of G30S one never saw scenes like this. And people knew that these kids milling aimlessly around were the children of Communists. With their parents dead, what did they have left to hope for? Still, in spite of the many pretty heart-stopping incidents, Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 felt thankful that the Chinese-owned [private] schools had been taken over by non-Communist elements. After all, hadn't they had much too close connections with the Chinese People's Republic?¹⁷

The New Order Devours Its Allies

About a year after G30S, when the Kediri region had been completely purged of Communist elements, people felt the wind of the New Order blowing there with the arrival of RPKAD [Army Paratroop Regiment] troops. They came in stealthily, and it was said that they were quartered at the Kediri Commercial Senior High School. With the entry of the RPKAD it became clear that the target was no longer the Communists, but rather the PNI/Marhaenist Front. On one occasion, Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 got the chance to attend a mass rally in the Kediri football stadium, organized by people from the Nationalist and Religious groups. He took his place in the marching ranks of the GSNI. When they got to the stadium, the ranks of the PNI and its mass organizations were immediately greeted with the yells "Smash the PNI Asu!" "Crush the remnants of the Old Order!" (As of that time, the Kediri PNI still acknowledged Ali and Surachman as the PNI's [national] chairman and secretary, since there had still been no decision as to who would become the All-Indonesian Chairman

16. After the October 1, 1965 "coup," the PNI split into two factions: one, led by party Chairman Ali Sastroamidjojo and Secretary-General Ir. Surachman (often referred to by the derisive acronym *asu* ["dog" in Javanese], continued to support Sukarno and hold to the party's left-wing ideological formulations. The other, led by two Sundanese politicians, Osa Maliki and Usep Ranuwidjaja, attempted to make common cause with the ascendant military.

17. In the aftermath of the "coup," the military started a campaign alleging that the Untung group had had secret military backing from the Chinese Embassy in Jakarta as well as directly from Peking. This campaign eventually led to the breaking off of diplomatic relations between the two states.

of the PNI; but the Kediri PNI was still anti-Communist). Hearing these yells, with the atmosphere so violent, Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 fled home in terror. "Weird," he thought, "we used to be comrades-in-arms, how come we're now enemies?"

The process of destroying the PNI and Sukarnoism went hand in hand with the formation of KAMI/KAPPI [Kesatuan Aksi Pelajar Indonesia--Indonesian High School Students' Action Front]. Previously, at State High School No. 1, students accused of being "baby Communists" were persecuted by students from the Nationalist and Religious groups; now, however, the position of the Nationalist students was completely reversed. Now they were persecuted by the Religious Group students who were banded together in KAPPI. And they were accused of being Old Order elements.

It was in those days that Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 had frequent occasion to observe how slanders begin to spread. The [PNI] principles stated that the Marhaenists would always be victorious, but in the face of New Order forces poised to snatch one's life, who could hold out/resist? The torrent of ideological change flowed very fast. All depended on power.

Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 himself saw how the RPKAD participated in destroying the central PNI building on Kediri's Daha Street. Later on, when the smashed glass windows had to be boarded over with planks, they were used for knife-throwing target practice. And isn't the RPKAD best known as an elite unit expert in knife-throwing?

In this critical situation, the Nationalists were very lucky to have the KKO [Marines] and the Navy on their side. So that the RPKAD's pressure could be contained.

Even though Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 was in a difficult position as a member of the GSNI, still--and this was the most important thing--his father's position remained stable. He had been among those who had done yeoman service in wiping out the PKI in the Kediri area and many of his friends came from the Religious Group (the NU). In other words, New Order elements too.

These connections turned out to be very useful when Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 was forced to cool his heels in jail. It happened like this: Around 1967, a big parade was organized in Kediri. State High School No. 1 contributed a unit dressed in a variety of different kinds of clothes: some of the kids were in sarungs, others in patched pants, and so on. One, however, came dressed as a haji. And for the duration of the parade, he walked along counting money. It appeared that he intended to satirize hajis as calculating skinflints. In the end, he was kidnapped by the Ansor Youth just as his unit was proceeding along Daha Street. But his disappearance was only noticed after the parade was over. And because Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 was a leader of State High School No. 1's parade unit, he had to share responsibility for the behavior of the participant dressed up as a haji. So he was summoned by the Kodim.

When he got there, the problem turned out not to be why he had permitted one of his group to dress up as a money-counting haji; rather it spread to the question of the Old Order and the New Order. "What organization are you active in?" "What are your views on the Old Order and the New Order?" and so on. His interrogation went on pretty long; from late afternoon to the middle of the night. After that, he was put into a cell in the building that had once been the Chinese school. A great many Old Order remnants were also confined there. In his cell he reencountered the kid who had dressed up as a haji for the procession. He swore up and down. "Goddamit. After working with KAPPI, what do I get? Kidnapped! Put in jail!" And the two of them

tried to kill time in their cell. Sometimes they were allowed out if they really had to go to the toilet. Both were equally bemused as to why they had to sit in jail. After all, they weren't Communists. The one was accused of insulting Islam by dressing up as a haji and counting money. In fact, he averred, what he meant to satirize was the behavior of most hajis. Besides, he and his family were [good] Muslims, but closer to the Masyumi than to the NU. His elder brothers were all active in the ranks of the HMI [Himpunan Mahasiswa Islam--Islamic Student Association].

And Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 himself could not understand why he had to be put into a cell. Why had his activities in the GSNI suddenly become the issue? With the times changing so fast, how could he possibly figure out what was going on? One day he was overjoyed at participating in the destruction of the PKI, the next he was bewildered at finding himself crushed by the New Order. Luckily, however, he wasn't shut away for long--his family's political connections were still pretty good. In 1967, Kartawidjaja was transferred to Semarang with the post of Inspector of Sugar Factories there. And the following year he was again transferred, this time to Surabaya, where he became Chief Director of Sugar Factories in the region of Situbondo, overseeing about 5 separate factories.

The higher he rose, the more the PKI-filled past gradually faded, and the more Chinese businessmen came to call. Since in practice his position was higher than that of the directors of single sugar factories, the "presents" brought to him by these Chinese were really unbelievable: A Mercedes 280, a Fiat 125, several motorcycles (so many in fact that they couldn't all be used, and some remained stored in their packing cases in the storehouse/gudang), refrigerators, air conditioners, stereo sets, etc. These Chinese businessmen were of big-city caliber, not the small-town types he had dealt with before. But they remained just as "great" as those in Kediri. Still, this "greatness" could not avoid, in the end, being put to the test; for in 1970 Kartawidjaja was forced to yield up his post to a brigadier-general from the army who had his eyes on it. The pretexts for his removal were the usual: corruption, of course, embezzlement, of course. At one point the whole story appeared in the magazine *Skets Masa* (if my memory serves me right).¹⁸ Kartawidjaja was originally determined to bring his case before the courts, as he felt his reputation had been damaged. In the end, however, he was forced to abandon the idea when his lawyer advised strongly against it. The lawyer told him his dismissal was a political matter, and thus was not justiciable. Bringing the case to court would mean only further harm to the family. What political reasons? He wasn't a Communist. But then who dared to resist/fight such "heroes" of the New Order as the army? In spite of all this, after a year of enforced idleness, he was given other posts; first in Solo, then in Surabaya. All this again thanks to family connections. The interesting thing was what happened during his year of unemployment. What happened to the Chinese businessmen who so often had brought him gifts? Vanished without a trace! Evidently they had found a new master [*tuan*].

In 1969 Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 took his seat in the classrooms of the ITB [Bandung Institute of Technology]. A year later, the René Conrad affair exploded:¹⁹ an ITB student was shot dead by the Mobile Police. It was said

18. A popular magazine published in Surabaya during the late 1950s and 1960s.

19. The student, an Eurasian of partly Dutch ancestry, was actually named Coenraad.

that the killer was a student at the Police Academy and the son of a general. But the one who took the rap was a low-ranking member of the Mobile Police. He was cashiered--and the Bandung students collected money to help him and his family. The affair taught him [Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2] how easily the military took to their guns. But on this occasion at least, the crowd was so great that they did not feel ready for a confrontation--even though their tanks were deployed along the streets.

In West Germany: New Experiences

By now Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 had a pretty extensive "supply" of experiences: those of his family's conflict with the PKI, and those of the case in which the New Order undermined (*menggerogoti*)²⁰ the family, maybe simply for the reason that Kartawidjaja was "merely" a civilian. Yet at the same time an instructive lesson could be drawn from the two periods--Old Order and New Order. Though Kartawidjaja had never joined a party, let alone been active in one, the simple fact that he held the post of sugar factory director meant that the PKI was determined to wipe him out. (Kartawidjaja was the type of family man who wants only to be left in peace to do his job for the sake of his wife and children). In the New Order period, he was crushed under the existing policy of preserving important posts for, and divvying up the goodies among, the military (if it were not so, it wouldn't be the New Order period, after all). Accordingly, there's no need for surprise that the Kartawidjaja family was often completely bewildered by the speed of all these changes. Above all, Kartawidjaja's wife finally ended up simply seeking God's protection: the harder the times, the more she prayed. For man-made laws, so it seemed, protected only those with power.

Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 brought all these experiences with him to West Germany. Association with Germans did much to open his eyes. One thing that particularly struck him was that his German friends refused to accept such statements as "Communists are evil," "liberals are evil," "atheists are evil," "leftists are evil," as sufficient in themselves, needing no further justification. Yet it was just this kind of "reasoning" that Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2 had heard and experienced so often in the bitter times when the PKI was in its heyday. At the same time he learned a lot from all these experiences. For example, many people had had to be killed because of their ignorance (*ketidaktahuan mereka*). And he himself had gotten involved in the destroying of the PKI out of ignorance--simply for the emotional reason that "daddy" was being retooled by the PKI, and so he had tried to defend him. Why did so many PKI people have to be killed? After all, they begged for mercy before being killed, and most of them were just ordinary people, who had no idea what was going on. Or even what communism really was. Just imagine--most of the people in the Nationalist or Religious Groups were firmly convinced that Communists were atheists. Kartawidjaja's Son No.2 had once tried to raise this in a conversation with a bicycle-(tire) repairman. All the man had said was: "Ah, young master, it's not true. The Communists are like everyone else--those that want to pray, pray; those that don't, don't. It's up to them." Thought Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2: "Huh?? What kind of Communists are these?" Again, why did so many schoolkids have to pay with their lives for joining IPPI (just

20. An ironic use of one of the most popular Javanese-derived political expressions of the Sukarno period.

imagine, many of them were still first-year high-school students!)? What did they know about anything? On the other hand, what about the real PKI bigshots (*pentolan*)? Like the head of the Ngadirejo SBG, for example, who managed to escape with his skin.

Thanks to the opportunity provided him in West Germany to study all ideologies quite freely, he began to get new ideas. If someone studies sociology here and is required to read up on the theories of Karl Marx--and comes to agree with them, why does he have to be in the wrong (*harus salah*)? Influenced? Then who's to blame? The one who influences or the one who is influenced? Why not simply raze his university to the ground, to make sure that such theories do not "corrupt" the minds of Indonesian students? And if Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2, after many years of working in the office of some German leftists where no one was called Boss or underling, decided this was OK, why should this be forbidden? After all, the whole thing was really simply a matter of opinion. Whether one agreed or not. If one didn't agree, fine. If one did, fine too. Why then the bans? Why the accusations? Why should someone be killed simply for holding certain ideas? After all, at the time, the PKI was quite legal. And if the party was not then banned, why shouldn't people be free to join it? It's their affair, after all. Maybe, in their view, it was a good thing. Something they'd turned over and over in their minds. And if the PKI had a huge membership, well that simply showed their popularity. Maybe they were good salesmen.

On the other hand, if the DI [Darul Islam] went into rebellion, why weren't all Muslims slaughtered?²¹ And why were the PNI people crushed, despite the fact that they had helped destroy the PKI in the Kediri region? Again, if the Army leadership rebelled--as they did on several occasions in the past--why was the Army too not dissolved? And even if the PKI was [rightly] regarded as in rebellion, why did Bung Karno have to step down from his throne? And why was he not put on trial?

What was clear was that the problem of the Old Order and the New Order (why they so easily devoured their own children) was a problem of system. Such was the final conclusion drawn by Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2. And who really is meant by "Kartawidjaja's Son No. 2"? None other than the present writer: I, Pipit Rochijat Kartawidjaja.

PKI or Non-PKI Is not Important

With this brief background sketch now provided (a full account is still in process), I am ready to answer the question: am I PKI or not? As a matter of principle, I refuse to answer questions of this type. For in essence they are the same kind of questions as: "You're a Chinese, aren't you?" "You're a Chinese halfbreed, aren't you?" "You're an Arab, aren't you?" And so on. If you're a Communist, then your opinions are [automatically] no good. If you're a Chinese, then (all the more so!) your intentions are no good. Questions of this kind serve only to show that in the mind of the questioner what is important is not really opinions, but simply "color." Aside from whether he was a Communist or not, Mao managed to feed the immense population of the PRC. Aside from whether he is a Muslim or not, Gadhafi has managed to create a society worthy

21. A reference to armed insurrections to establish an Islamic state which were active in Java, Aceh, and South Sulawesi between 1949 and 1964.

of imitation. So what's the point of claiming that we are more Pancasilaist than anyone, when on the one hand the common people [*rakyat*] live on the edge of starvation, and on the other the powers-that-be live it up. As my father used to say, "You can even be a Communist if you want to"--though he didn't like the idea--"so long as you have principles." And I feel the same way. People can call you whatever they like--that's up to them to evaluate/judge. And I certainly wouldn't try to forbid them from doing so. If you want to do something you regard as right, well that's up to you. If you choose to have the mentality of the Chinese businessmen when my father still held office (i.e., if need be, put on a smiling face), that's OK. If you want to butter up the Communists so as to get certain amenities of life, but then pretend to forget this when the atmosphere changes and people start ridiculing "PKI hangers-on," that's OK too. If you choose to outyell everyone else with your "revolutionary" demands as a way of winning friends in certain quarters, and then feel compelled to put all gears in reverse in order to survive, well that's OK too. If you want to be two-faced, claiming to be a leftist in front of leftists, and a true loyalist in the presence of the powers-that-be, that too is all right.

For all these reasons, comrades mine (watch out though if you use this terminology, since, so far as I know, the only person who liked to use it was Aidit, the king of Indonesian Communists in the old days;²² before you know it, you could be accused of being a Communist!): don't keep on asking what I am. I myself never give a damn where you come from and what your color is. "It's up to you, take care of it yourself. The important thing is simply to have some principles."

Now to conclude. The truth is that I have the following fantasy: How wonderful it would be if the Communists were totally wiped out, so that the world would be permanently rid of communism. Then the question "Are you Communist or non-Communist?" would become unimaginable. Next, all the Muslim extremists would be cut down to the last man. Then the question "Are you a Muslim extremist or a Non-Muslim extremist?" would never arise. And if need be, non-Muslim extremists could also be eliminated. After that, the Chinese would be eradicated root and branch. Then the question "Are you a Chinese or a non-Chinese?" wouldn't exist. To put it in a nutshell, everything regarded as filthy would be wiped clean. And once the world was completely clean, only one simple question would remain: "You [*sic*, in English], you're re....lated to Pak Harto, aren't you?" Now then....what would happen next?²³

22. Dipa Nusantara Aidit was chairman of the Indonesian Communist Party from 1951 till his violent death in the immediate aftermath of the October 1, 1965 "coup."

23. The original Indonesian reads: "You *suuudaranya* pak Harto bukan?" rather than the expected "Anda *saudarnya* pak Harto bukan?" In a letter to the translator explaining the point he is thereby making, the author writes: "If you often run into officials, the way I did when I was an officeholder of the PPI, you find they always use [the English word] 'you.' The idea is to 'warm up' the relationship--so they don't use *bapak* [father] or *anak* [son], *saudara* or *anda* [formal second person pronouns]. In effect, these officials use 'you' to lure young troublemakers into becoming their friends. And usually we fall into the trap, and act friendly--even if only on the surface. As for the question of why I used '*suuudaranya*' rather than '*saudaranya*'--well, all of us here in West Berlin always like to claim we are relatives of this or that

Afterword

Ben Anderson

Since the terrible last months of 1965, all scholars of Indonesia, and especially those trying to penetrate the country's character, are in the uncomfortable position of knowing that a vast internal trauma has shaken their subject, but not knowing, more than vaguely, what its effects have been. . . . Surely, so great a catastrophe, especially as it mostly occurred in villages among villagers, can hardly have left the country unmoved, yet how far and how permanently it has been moved is impossible to say. Emotions surface extremely gradually, if extremely powerfully, in Indonesia: "The crocodile is quick to sink," they say, "but slow to come up." Both writings on Indonesian politics and those politics themselves are permeated right now with the inconfidence derived from waiting for that crocodile to come up.

Clifford Geertz, 1972

So it is. Exactly twenty years have passed since the massacres of late 1965, in which probably between 500,000 and 1,000,000 Indonesians died at the hands of other Indonesians, and still only the crocodile's shadow has begun to surface. For two decades, winners and losers, killers and survivors, have for their different reasons, maintained an eerie silence about most of what happened and what its consequences have been; and this silence is, in a way, the foundation on which General Suharto's New Order, like the post-*matanza* El Salvador of General Maximiliano Martínez, is based.

Here and there, once in a while, the quiet has been stirred by writers of fiction, usually in the form of short stories read only by the happy few;²⁴

bigshot--no matter how 'distant.' For example, oh he's my father-in-law's aunt's husband's grandmother's cousin. When you get that far, the right word is 'suuudara' [re....lative], not saudara. I meant this as a sarcastic dig at those 'Melayu' students in West Berlin who claim to be related to various bigshots and happily collect the business-cards of officials with whom they come in contact."

24. See, for example, those translated by Harry Aveling in *Gestapu: Indonesian Short Stories on the Abortive Communist Coup of 30 September 1965* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii, Center for Southeast Asian Studies, 1975). This text includes versions of Ki Panjikusmin [pseud.]'s "Domba Kain [Cain's Lamb]" and "Bintang Maut [Star of Death]"; Usamah's "Perang dan Manusia [War and Man]"; Mohammad Sjoekoer's "Maut [Death]"; Satyagraha Hoerip's "Pada Titik Kulminasi [At the Culminating Point]"; H. G. Ugati's "Ancaman" [Threat]"; Gerson Poyk's "Perempuan dan anak-anaknya [A Woman and her Children]"; Zulidahlan's "Maka sempurnalah penderitaan saya di muka bumi [And so my Sufferings on this Earth are Complete]"; Martin Aleida's "Malam Kelabu [Gray Night]"; and Sosiawan Nugroho's "Sebuah perjuangan kecil [A Small Struggle]." All these tales originally appeared in the little literary magazines *Horison* and *Sastra*. A better translation of Usamah's text, prepared by Helen Jarvis, appeared in *Indonesia* 9 (October

not surprisingly, perhaps, the character of these fictions is fatalistic and expiatory. It is as if a storm swept over the society for which no one was responsible, and in its inexplicable wake what should waft naturally in is resignation and common understanding. Apotropaic measures against the rising shadow.

But now the silence has really been broken, and in an altogether astonishing way. In the March 1984 issue of *Gotong-Royong*, issued by the West Berlin branch of the Perhimpunan Pelajar Indonesia [Indonesian Students' Association] of the Federal Republic of Germany, Pipit Rochijat Kartawidjaja, a perennial graduate student in electrical engineering, published the article "Saya PKI atau Bukan PKI?!" translated above. In this text Pipit has described his own experiences as a high school student in Kediri in 1965-67, first as an incidental target of the Communist Party (PKI)'s campaign against his father, director of a large state-owned sugar factory; then as a participant-observer of the bloody purges of 1965-66, in which some of his best friends became local executioners (*algojo*); and finally, as a victim of the effective destruction of the Nationalist Party (PNI) to whose local student organization he was then attached.

Since the text speaks eloquently for itself, it would be inappropriate to attempt any elaborate commentary. I will therefore confine myself to a few brief remarks on why it appeared when and where it did, and on the implications of its idiosyncratic style.

For well-known reasons postwar West Berlin has been an unusual city, haven of students and spies, artists and tourists, radicals, refugees, and *gastarbeiters*. Because of its physical separation from the rest of the Federal Republic of Germany, its status under the Four Power Agreement of 1945, and its would-be status as a beacon of Western freedom in a sea of Communist tyranny, it enjoyed a good deal of political autonomy from early on. Even in the heyday of Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party, the city's long-standing leftwing traditions assured that it was a bastion of the Social Democratic Party, and it remained so right up to the early 1980s. Since the Federal Republic was by treaty barred from deploying troops or enforcing conscription there, West Berlin rather quickly became an asylum for radical and pacifist German youths anxious to escape the draft. In the 1970s, moreover, many survivors of the radical student movements of the late 1960s found refuge within its environs. This political ambience made it an attractive place for Third World leftists exiled from their homelands and out of favor with the various ruling groups in the Eastern bloc. This attraction was further enhanced by the relative powerlessness of local consulates and by the Bonn government's generous support for and subsidization of foreign students.

Accordingly, already in the middle 1970s there was in West Berlin a significant group of Old Left Indonesian exiles, most of them people who had earlier been stranded in the PRC, the USSR, and the states of Eastern Europe. By 1977, there were increasing numbers of young Indonesian students coming direct from Jakarta, either on government scholarships, or, more often, private funds. In the aftermath of the massive student protests of 1977-78 in Indonesia, and

1970): 89-100. Two very well-known stories by Umar Kayam, "Bawuk [the name of the heroine]" and "Musim gugur kembali di Connecticut [It is Fall again in Connecticut]" are available in English versions in Aveling's *From Surabaya to Armageddon: Indonesian Short Stories* (Singapore: Heinemann Educational Books [Asia], 1976). See also Yudistira Ardi Nugraha's novel *Mencoba tidak menyerah* [Trying Not to Give In] (Jakarta: Gramedia, 1979).

the Suharto government's violent, and eventually successful, suppression of these protests, youthful opposition sentiment found its freest outlet overseas, in Western Europe generally, but especially in West Berlin and the Netherlands.

From about 1977 some of these students began following the example of the Old Left exiles in putting out a variety of publications--news bulletins and ephemeral magazines--which discussed the students' own problems as well of those of Indonesia; by 1979, many of these innovations had become partly institutionalized. Like so many other students in Western Europe in this period, the Indonesian students were influenced by post-1968 European youth culture, with its odd mixture of skepticism, radicalism, and eclecticism. Thus in their thinking they drew on neo-Marxist writings, Islamic works, Max Weber, Clifford Geertz, sundry Anglo-Saxon Indonesianists, and so forth, but the content was consistently critical of the Indonesian government. Sometimes the tone was serious and straightforward, at other times sarcastic and mocking. From the start, the students recognized that they were a diverse group, united mainly by their oppositionist stance, and so laid much more stress on the free flow of opinion and the need for critical thought, than on organizational consolidation. Many felt that it was precisely the emphasis in Indonesia's political past on organization and organizational solidarity over creative political thinking that had caused the country so much distress.

The official representatives of the Indonesian government in the FDR, ambassadors, consuls, cultural attaches, and Bakin operatives responded to these activities in a variety of ways. Some tried a "soft" approach, offering financial subsidies in exchange for better behavior, urging more "constructive" criticism, and warning about the damage to Indonesia's external image done by the student opposition. Others adopted a hard line, recruiting informers among the students, threatening the abrogation of passports, and accusing activists of being tools or new members of the PKI. In fact, though some elderly members of the PKI resident in West Berlin did attempt to recruit among the students, the relationship between them was typically one of scarcely veiled antagonism. The old men tended to patronize the students as politically inexperienced, and to criticize them as frivolous and irresponsible, "liberal" in political and sexual matters, and, above all, disrespectful of their elders. The youngsters objected to what they felt were the authoritarian habits, conspiratorial style, and frozen thinking of the veterans. In this way, many of the more thoughtful, courageous students found themselves branded automatically as "PKI" by officialdom, and as "non-PKI," i.e., empty-headed opportunists, by the Old Left.

It was in protest against this branding, this insistence on "political color" rather than on individual thoughts, opinions, and analyses, this automatic compartmentalization of fellow Indonesians as "this" or "that," "pro" and "contra," that Pipit Rochijat Kartawidjaja wrote, with characteristically ironic punctuation, "Saya PKI atau Bukan-PKI?!" The immediate occasion was a provocative open letter in the previous issue of *Gotong-Royong* by an ex-student activist, which urged him to cease evasions and state openly and candidly what his true colors were: PKI or Non-PKI. Thus the whole thrust of his reply was to show, by means of his own political history, how men change, and how meaningless and dangerous such "color"-thinking has been for Indonesia. In his view, it was precisely this kind of thinking that was most responsible for the catastrophe of 1965-66.

This stance also helps to illuminate the distinctive Pipit prose style, which quite deliberately revives the characteristic vocabulary of the Old Order and the Old Left but jarringly mixes it up with New Order officialese, as

well as contemporary youth argot. Thus one finds juxtaposed on the same page "ormas" and "retool" -- "mandiri" and "fasilitas" -- "lebih top" and "drakula." The effect is a curious combination of *jagoan* insolence and ill-concealed compassion. The style is intended to keep all vocabularies in view; none ought, or can, be eliminated from Indonesia's history and current experience. Forgetting the catastrophe, pretending it did not happen, and even imprisoning oneself in the languages that precipitated it--all merely encourage a political culture that will condemn Indonesia to repeat its past. This too is why Pipit insists on his former friendships with, not democrats, or Pancasilaist heroes of the New Order, or pious Muslims and Christians, or freedom-fighters but with *algojo*; and why he writes such unforgettable sentences as "Pengiriman mayat dari daerah2 Kediri lewat sungai Brantas mengalami masa keemasan, ketika mayat2 disatukan dan diletakkan di atas rakit dengan bendera PKI yang terpajang megah di atas rakit tersebut" and "Alasan: banyak yang takut (baik pengunjung maupun para pelacur) karena di depan rumah2 tersebut banyak digantungi kemaluan laki2 PKI--mirip jualan pisang."