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INDONESIAN WASTELAND: THE VERSE OF RIVAI APIN

I

Rivai Apin is one of the three poets responsible for the change in direction in Indonesian poetry in the 1940's, away from imitative romanticism, and towards a complex, self-aware, ironic modernism.¹ Rivai was born in Padang Pandjang in Sumatra on the 30th August 1927, and came to Djakarta in his early teens. His earliest poetry, apart from one poem dated 27th October 1944, dates from 1946: this, as Prof. A. Teeuw has written, is "of only passing interest", short, jerky poems with a punchline, in which "emotion has become the object, rather than the stimulant", cries which "are at times amusing" and which "do sometimes have a shock-effect which gives them a superficial resemblance to real poetry".² Rivai wrote little in 1947, but in 1948 his art began to mature and develop and he wrote longer, more objective, verse. This became evident in the extra-ordinarily good poetry written in 1949, "some of the most intellectual ever written by an Indonesian".³ After 1950 he wrote no further verse and his literary efforts seem to have been entirely devoted to the editing of literary magazines. (In 1965 he was imprisoned for his connections with the leftist cultural or-

¹ Ajip Rosidi states the conventional view: "ketiga penjair itu, Chairil - Asrul - Rivai, biasanja dianggap sebagai trio-pembaharu puisi Indonesia, pelopor Angkatan 45". (These three poets, Chairil Anwar (1922-1949), Asrul Sani (b. 1926) and Rivai Apin (b. 1927) are usually regarded as the three renewers of Indonesian poetry and the leaders of the Generation of 1945), in his *Ichtisar Sedjarah Sastra Indonesia* (Bandung 1959) p. 100. Prof. A. H. Johns, in his 'Genesis of a Modern Literature' in (ed.) R. McVey, *Indonesia* (New Haven, 1963) in his statement that after Chairil, "of the remaining two, Asrul Sani, is ... the more outstanding", p. 428, expresses the common viewpoint. (See Ajip Rosidi, *op. cit.*, p. 104; Prof. A. Teeuw, *Modern Indonesian Literature* (The Hague 1967), p. 207).

² Teeuw, *Modern Indonesian Literature*, p. 207.

³ Burton Raffel, *An Anthology of Modern Indonesian Poetry* (Berkeley 1964), p. 71.

ganisation Lekra, as editor of their magazine *Zaman Baru*, New Era.⁴)

Two events determine Rivai's mature verse. The first was his introduction to the verse of T. S. Eliot, by Muhammad Akbar Djuhana⁵ in early 1947. Rivai, according to Asrul Sani,⁶ was intoxicated with this verse, although he did not always completely understand it, and one of Eliot's "few strong and central symbols . . . the sea as the source of primal life and energy (which) is one of the most important",⁷ coincided with his own fascination with the sea. Further, Eliot's use of water symbolism, derived from fertility myths in *The Waste Land*,⁸ provided a pattern of contrastive fertility and sterility which Rivai was able to adapt to his own ends in both his personal and social verse. For, the second event was the fall of the revolutionary capital of Jogjakarta to the Dutch in December 1948.

II

In his early poetry, Rivai fails to rise above the trivial; Burton Raffel, in speaking of one poem (*Puteri Bening*) draws a conclusion that is of relevance to them all: "It becomes a disturbing poem; this is not the proper technique for lyrics, and the poet who attempts them, in this style, has in part misunderstood the nature of his talents."⁹ In John Lehmann's words: "the problem the poet is faced with, who wishes to establish his symbols with an enduring life in the imaginations of men, is either to create a drama of symbols (and that is a myth) or a

⁴ See my "Retrospective Offside: Indonesian Writers and The Left", forthcoming in the Australian literary quarterly *Overland*.

⁵ According to H. B. Jassin, *Gema Tanah Air* (Djakarta, Fourth Printing 1959), p. 301, Muhaminad Akbar Djuhana was born 1925 in Tandjung Balai in East Sumatra. Before the First Dutch Police Action of 21st July 1947 he was head of the section of the Ministry of Information, of the Republic of Indonesia, in Djakarta devoted to *Soal Pemuda*. He wrote poetry in both Dutch and Indonesian and left Indonesia in 1948 to study in Paris.

⁶ Private communication, Djakarta 22nd May 1970. I would like to thank Drs. Asrul Sani for the discussion I had with him on the verse of Rivai Apin. The Lembaga Bahasa Nasional and Drs. H. B. Jassin made it possible for me to have access to all available texts published by Rivai and some typescripts. I am similarly grateful to them. A stencilled *Preliminary Edition of the Poems of Rivai Apin Held in the Lembaga Bahasa Nasional Djakarta* is available from the author.

⁷ M. C. Bradbrook, *T. S. Eliot* (London, Revised edition 1958), p. 11.

⁸ D. E. S. Maxwell, *Poetry of T. S. Eliot* (London 1960), p. 168.

⁹ Burton Raffel, *The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry* (New York 1967), p. 117.

system of symbols which every new poem he writes explores further and helps to complete."¹⁰ Water, in this misdirected verse, is one of the potential symbols, as are stars, wind, the female body sexually used, heat, roads, doors and ships: *dunia alam dengan dunia benda manusia*, the world of nature and the world of things of man.¹¹ The aim is to shock, or delight, without exploring or linking the significance of nature and things; rather they are, by slight-of-hand, tied to a quasi-philosophy of puzzlement at transience or a naive excitement over experience. (Rivai in 1946 was only 19 years of age, let us not forget: the unduly unfavourable criticism his poetry has received is a consequence of working within a "small" literature.)

The significance of the symbol of water varies in these poems. In *Puteri Bening*¹² it is associated, in its clarity or purity with prayer, and also sensuously with the *gadis desa-gunung*, girl from a mountain-village, who prays and her white head-cloth. In *Putusan*¹³ it is associated with reckless daring:

memandang air keruh
tiada tahu dalamnja

lompati sadja sekali
djangan ragu!!

menjelam, atau kalau tak dapat
tenggelam

nanti akan sampai djuga kedasarnja
tahu sekali dalamnja (dan enak tidaknja)

(see the muddy water/ without knowing how deep it is// jump right in/ don't hesitate!!// dive in, or if you don't/ sink// later you will come to the bottom/ and know how deep it is (and whether it is nice or not)//.)

Usually, however, it is linked with ships and with sailors, a connection which no doubt owed something to the verse of Chairil Anwar and the Dutch poet Slauerhoff. *Kapal jang mentjoba berlajar*¹⁴ asks

¹⁰ "The Search for Myth", *Penguin New Writing*, No. 30, p. 152, quoted in D. E. S. Maxwell, *op. cit.*, p. 149.

¹¹ "Pertemuan tjita", *Pantja Raja*, 1st August 1946.

¹² *Pantja Raja*, 1st August 1946.

¹³ *Pantja Raja*, 1st December 1946.

¹⁴ *Pantja Raja*, 15th February 1947.

whether it is the ship or the shore moving, whether it is us or time slipping by (a questioning innocence rudely punctured by the critic H. B. Jassin's comment that the latter problem may be poetical, the first however simply needs a fix on some object — a process which even the simplest savage could handle.¹⁵) *Tanja bisa*,¹⁶ *Poisoned Question*, finds the sailor remembering his teacher's advice that *ombak hanya gerak ditali tegang*, a wave is only a movement in a taut rope:

bertanja aku: "alam kemana, alam kemana?"

heran aku ketemu aku, ditanja:

"Kau kemana, kau kemana?"

(I ask: "where is the world going, where is the world going"/ amazed I meet myself, and am asked:/ "Where are you going, where are you going?"//.)

In ? (*malam ditengah laut*),¹⁷ ? (night in the middle of the sea), he wonders if life is, like a ship, all there is between the sea and the stars. (Stars, particularly falling stars, are for Rivai an easy symbol of transience.¹⁸) The sea, then, is a place of puzzlement, but also of refuge, as in *Pelarian*,¹⁹ *Flight*, where significantly the land is described as completely rocky. (Perhaps even more significantly the poem was written in Jogjakarta.) And in *Pohon kering*,²⁰ *Dry Tree*, the heat is a destructive, charring force:

padang lalang

panas terik

kering tertjagak, hitam

hitam kering

bila nanti ini manusia pengembara

kering tertjagak

dipadang lalang putus harapan

barangkalipun ia inginkan kilat menjambar datang

¹⁵ In his comments for Balai Pustaka on Riva's unpublished volume *Kota jang Pertama* (13th August 1948); repeated in part in "Rivai Apin dan Chairil Anwar", *Kesusasteraan Indonesia Modern dalam Kritik dan Esei* (Djakarta 1967), Vol. II, pp. 57-58.

¹⁶ *Pantja Raja*, 1st August 1946.

¹⁷ *Pantja Raja*, 1st August 1946.

¹⁸ As in "Tengah Djalan", "Quo Vadis", *Pantja Raja*, 15th February 1947, "Bintang djatuh", *ibid.*, and "Tengah Malam", *ibid.*

¹⁹ *Pantja Raja*, 15th February 1947.

²⁰ *Pantja Raja*, 1st August 1946.

(field of stubble/ hot parched/ dryness sticking out, black/ dry blackness// when later this wandering man/ will be dryness sticking out/ in the field of grass of broken hopes/ perhaps he will desire a streak of lightning to come swooping down//.)

Heat is also associated with illicit sexuality in a number of poems,²¹ and the energy of adolescence in one or two places²²: only in one place, *Kepada pemimpin*,²³ To Our Leaders, is it associated with warmth (the warmth of Independence, which the leaders, standing in the doorway to shelter the people, block.²⁴) Night, on the other hand, almost invariably suggests death and extinction.²⁵

Finally the beach is potentially a significant symbol, as the place where our ideals form, where the world of nature and the world of the things of man actually meet²⁶ and a place where lovers join hands for a moment before the man returns to the helm, to the hurricanes and the infinite variety of the world.²⁷

In Rivai's early verse, then, the symbols are present but poorly developed, "his could never be a lyric talent"²⁸ to cite Raffel again. Eliot has suggested that, "at the back of the poet's mind, if not as his ostensible purpose, he is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind he wants to write."²⁹ When Rivai wrote in 1949 the following:

those who are responsible, or feel themselves responsible, for the shaping of Indonesian literature, "usually only praise or blame something. While the essence of their praise and blame, that which really forms the basis of praise and blame for them, is never gone into, or, at most, scarcely touched upon. Yet it is this which makes content out of situation, or is the soul of the situation. They marvel at 'greatness' but greatness of what? Greatness of

²¹ "Prostitute", and "Lukisan", *Pantja Raja*, 1st December 1946.

²² "Tjita", *Nusantara*, 20th March 1946, and possibly "Quo Vadis", *op. cit.*

²³ *Nusantara*, 20th March 1946.

²⁴ The poem is dated 27th October 1944, i.e. before the proclamation of Indonesian independence, 17th August 1945, and during the Japanese Occupation.

²⁵ For example, ? (samar sendja membuat gelap), ? (nanti hari ini akan habis), *Pantja Raja*, 1st December 1946, and "Lampu", *Pantja Raja*, 15th February 1947.

²⁶ See footnote 11.

²⁷ "Pengembara", *Siasat*, 22nd February 1948, also "Pelarian", *Pantja Raja*, 15th February 1947.

²⁸ *The Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, p. 118.

²⁹ *The Music of Poetry*, p. 8, quoted in D. E. S. Maxwell, *op. cit.*, p. 1.

form! They blame 'smallness', but smallness of what? Smallness of form."³⁰

he had already left behind him the smallness, or pettiness, of his early verse, and entered the greatness, or largeness, of verse that his talent, rightly directed, could achieve from the drama and system of his sea-land symbols.

1948 was the year of experiment. His verse-lines grew longer, more subtle and less showy. His emotion took on control; his symbols — stars, beaches, things and the night — in their inadequacy were being tested and, in many cases, found wanting. The beach, in *Kebebasan*,³¹ Freedom, is subordinated to a man on a white horse, symbol of nationalism,³² who breaks down the walls restricting him access to:

.... padang dan bukit

Dengan lengkungan langit jang membuatku lapar ruangan.

(... the plains and the hills/ and the curve of the sky which makes me hunger for space.)

In the last two lines of the poem, the poem uncurls as rider and horse are released:

Darah kudakupun ikut mendjalang dan dia berlondjak-londjakan
oleh kekesalan

Lalu kulepas dan kami menderu patju kepantai-pantai.

(The blood of my horse joins in my wildness and he leaps in his resentment/ Then I let him have his head and we race spurring towards the beaches//.)

At the end of the poem, the beach is an evocative symbol, open rather than determined in its meaning. Rocks, in *Tugu*,³³ Monument, become "conceptualizations",³⁴ *batu kekalahan diatas batu kekalahan*,

³⁰ "Hasilkah atau Orangkah djadi Ukuran", *Mimbar Indonesia*, 2nd July 1949, quoted in Jassin, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

³¹ *Tiga Menguk Takdir* (Djakarta 1950), p. 20.

³² Miss Barbara Haron in her B. A. Honours thesis, *Tiga Menguk Takdir, A Critical and Historical Analysis* (Australian National University, Canberra, 1967) concludes "Rivai Apin has identified his rider with Diponegoro, who first made Jogja famous as a centre of national resistance" in her discussion of this poem.

³³ *Tiga Menguk Takdir*, p. 19.

³⁴ Burton Raffel, *Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, p. 116.

stone of defeat upon stone of defeat; and with other conceptualizations — time (*waktu*), beginning (*mula*), and end (*akhir*), for instance — new meaningful conceptualizations are built:

Sekali waktu nanti akan menugu
dimana kita jang mengukir kemenangan.

(One day in the future will rise a monument/ where we will carve victory.)

And it is blood and tears which will *sirami bumi*, bathe the earth, before the shining thing is erected.

In the two poems published in *Pudjangga Baru*, December 1948, one written "for Chairil Anwar", there is a greater awareness of the complexity and transience of life. *Orang Penghabisan*, The Last Man, is set in an ordinary setting — lounge chair, cigarette in hand — which is extended by reference to *Kekinian dan keakanan*, nowness and future-ness, and the effective use of what could be a heavy cliché, the advent of twilight. Time is Rivai's conceptualization here, focused on 'the day':

Hari-hari kini aku djadikan pura dari kelaluan

(These days now I make into a city from my past)

Tiap hari-hari mati membenamkan aku

(Each day death washes over me)

.... Hari-hari baru hanja tjemooh kelaluan.

(New days only mock the past)

The tone is mocking, yet afraid of death seeding within himself, into things which rot and gather dust. In *Peristiwa*, Event, he himself is immersed, lost, in lanes, by the night, and he offers no resistance:

Aku tahu, kapal-kapal telah berangkatan
Dan tidaklah akan kukedjar ini kepergian.

(I know that ships have departed/ And I will not chase this going.)

We begin to live, the Irish poet Yeats discovered, only "when we have conceived life as a tragedy".³⁵

Throughout 1947 and 1948, Rivai had studied the poetry of T. S.

³⁵ Quoted in F. O. Matthiessen, *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot* (New York 1959), p. 20.

Eliot, and matured in his poetic technique and attitude to life. In December 1948 Jogjakarta fell: for a few brief months in 1949, in Rivai's poetry, words did not "strain/ crack" or "break under the burden".³⁶ He became for that time "a difficult poet"³⁷ but an eminently worthy one.

III

Eliot, in his essay on Philip Massinger noted that: "one of the surest of tests is the way in which a poet borrows. Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; bad poets deface what they take, and good poets make it into something better, at least something different. The good poet welds his theft into a whole of feeling which is unique, utterly different from that from which it was torn; the bad poet throws it into something which has no cohesion. A good poet will usually borrow from authors remote in time, or alien in language, or diverse in interest."³⁸ I have suggested that Rivai (who published in April 1948 a translation of John Masefield's *Sea Fever*)³⁹ would have been drawn to Eliot for his sea-imagery — in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, *Mr. Apollinax*, *Gerontion*, *Marina*, the last poem of *Ash Wednesday* and *The Dry Salvages* (the third of the *Four Quartets*). Eliot's appeal has been world-wide: Delmore Schwartz has seen him as "the international hero", a culture hero, citizen of the world and thus citizen of no particular city⁴⁰ (this last a concept which had considerable appeal for Rivai's generation.⁴¹) He has often been called "a spokesman for post-war disillusionment",⁴² and *The Waste Land* has been described as "an assured part of the twentieth century consciousness, one of the major vehicles for its sensibility."⁴³ For these reasons too, Rivai could not help but be influenced.⁴⁴

³⁶ Eliot "Burnt Norton", *The Four Quartets*.

³⁷ Burton Raffel, *Development of Modern Indonesian Poetry*, p. 115.

³⁸ Quoted in F. O. Matthiessen, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

³⁹ In the April edition of *Gema Suasana*.

⁴⁰ See "T. S. Eliot as the International Hero", in (ed.) Jay Martin, *A Collection of Critical Essays on "The Waste Land"* (New Jersey 1968).

⁴¹ It is the cornerstone of the *Surat Kepertjajaan Gelanggang*.

⁴² A title which he disapproved of, however. See R. Verma, *Royalist in Politics, T. S. Eliot and Political Philosophy* (London 1968), p. 2.

⁴³ R. H. Pearce, "Eliot: The Poetics of Myth", *The Continuity of American Poetry* (New Jersey 1961), p. 306.

⁴⁴ Jassin (*op. cit.*, p. 84) is rather critical of Rivai's easy acceptance of the influence of other writers.

He took however only as much as he could use, in particular the basic symbol of the waste land, which Eliot himself derived from Miss Jessie Weston's book *From Ritual to Romance*. In the legends which she treats there, the land has been blighted by a curse. The crops do not grow and the animals cannot reproduce. The plight of the land is summed up by, and connected with, the plight of the lord of the land, the Fisher King, who has been rendered impotent by maiming or sickness. The curse can be removed only by the appearance of a knight who will ask the meanings of various symbols which are displayed to him in the castle. The shift in meaning from physical to spiritual sterility is easily made, and was, as a matter of fact, made in certain of the legends. Cleanth Brooks, whose summary I am following here, further points out that a knowledge of Eliot's basic method is as important as a knowledge of the myth. *The Waste Land*, he writes, "is built on a major contrast — a device which is a favourite of Eliot's and is to be found in many of his poems, particularly his later poems. The contrast is between two kinds of life and two kinds of death. Life devoid of meaning is death; sacrifice, even the sacrificial death, may be life-giving, an awakening to life. The poem occupies itself to a great extent with this paradox, and with a number of variations upon it."⁴⁵ In more summary form: "the theme of *The Waste Land* is the unchanging predicament of man, and the unchanging remedy."⁴⁶ In his first poems after the fall of Jogjakarta, and in his private verse, Rivai used the myth of the waste land. In his long poem *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*,⁴⁷ Pass Through Day, Penetrate the Night, Rivai uses that and the basic method (obtaining his contrasts differently from Eliot). Only one poem, *Dari Dua Dunia Belum Sudah*, From Two As Yet Unfinished Worlds, ignores the symbolism, but, as we shall see, still deals with the same problem: that of the realization of self-identity.

Elegi, Elegy, published in early January,⁴⁸ is a lament over the fall of Jogja,⁴⁹ written in long, controlled lines, expressing both sadness at

⁴⁵ Cleanth Brooks, "The Waste Land: An Analysis", in (ed.) B. Rajan, *T. S. Eliot, A Study of His Writings by Several Hands* (New York 1947, reissued 1966), p. 8.

⁴⁶ Herbert Howarth, in (ed.) Jay Martin, *op. cit.*, p. 20.

⁴⁷ *Siasat*, 1st May 1949; *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, pp. 31-36.

⁴⁸ *Siasat*, 9th January 1949; *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, p. 18.

⁴⁹ Raffel's attribution of this "to an older poet" in his *Anthology* (p. 83) is clearly wrong.

the set-back and grim determination for the future. It begins in resolute stateliness:

Apa jang bisa kami rasakan, tapi tak usah kami utjapkan
 Apa jang bisa kami pikirkan, tapi tak usah kami katakan
 Djanganlah kau bersedih — dan mari kami landjutkan
 Kami bawa ini kebenaran ke bintangnja dan kebuminja.

Kamipun tahu, karena ada satu kata dari kau jang kami simpan
 Satu pandang dari tanah retak menggersang, lalu sedu menjesak
 dada

(That which we feel, but which we do not need to express/ That which we think, but which we do not need to say/ Do not sorrow — and come let us continue/ We will bring this truth to its stars and earth.// We know, for there is one word from you which we save/ One look from the cracked land growing stiff and dry, then the sob constricting the breast)

Begins with the disembodied 'we', a creature of feeling and thought, verbally fluent yet self-contained, resolute, who is placed in submission to a now absent 'you', who speaks from the dry cracked land. The 'word' called in the previous line *kebenaran*, truth, occurs in other poems (*Dari Dua Dunia Belum Sudah*, *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*, and *Tugu*): it is, no doubt, *kemerdekaan*, freedom. 'You' is presented as making afraid, yet reassuring, like a shadow in a hut when the light has been extinguished which re-forms into a father-figure offering arms of love. Through our memory 'you' returns, as in the days prior *ketika kau dan ini bumi masih mendegupkan hidup*, when you and this earth still beat with life. The poet pledges 'our' allegiance, our remembrance of 'you' as we hunt and run, for it was that which 'you' surrendered your soul to that we hunt, and run after and from. We honour 'you' and know that *tak ada Dewa atau Tuhan lain lagi jang berharga untuk dihidupi selain itu*, there is no other Deity or God worth living for other than that, freedom.

The first half of the poem establishes the waste land of love and threat, which obligates man, which was alive and can be so again. The 'you' can be read as either The Republic, or (from the use of the title *Bapa*, Father) as Sukarno, also captured by the Dutch.

The second half begins again with sterility:

Berhembuspun topan dipadang tandus ini
 (A hurricane blows in this bare land)

but also with a determination to take possession of the land, the dry land where 'you' are buried. Out of the desert comes fire, a symbol in Rivai's early poetry for resolution, out of life in 'this night', *malam jang akan melahirkan siang*, is to come day. This hope is something Rivai does not spell out, it lies in the future. (It might be suggested that Rivai, here and elsewhere is more interested in the struggle than in any clearly defined outcome.⁵⁰) 'We' are the children of the one Father (Sukarno) and the one Mother (Indonesia), it is death rather than promise which lies in the future, *mati bagi kita hanjalah soal waktu*, death for us is only a matter of time. In the last stanza, Rivai expands his 'we' to include those who are to come and those who have died: we — and the meaning is not completely precise here — are to bear, carry and work this land, cracked and barren as it is, through our present bitterness and anguish, which must unite with love for the confidence we embrace. No hope, only suffering and labour.

In *Batu Tapal*,⁵¹ Border Rocks,⁵² the 'word' becomes *mimpi*, a dream, perhaps more unrealizable, lost but not forgotten. Over and over Rivai says *pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja*, our understanding is surrounded by or impressed on, the rocks of Jogja, and these rocks are tied to a wind which carries the smell of death, of corpses. The corpses are the reality, placed in the region of dreams which has been, the region which is not yet (Rivai's 'two as yet unfinished worlds'). But, unlike our enemies, who praise death, says Rivai, our understanding is not death but life, and the image he uses is that of a garden where children may play, with the sun as their toy. The garden is obviously an image of fertility (Eliot uses the image of children laughing in a garden),⁵³ the children however, as in *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*, presage only future fertility as yet unrealised. Whatever happens, the poem concludes, it is this region of rocks and garden, defeat and dream, death and life, which forms the limitations of our understanding.

⁵⁰ Although his attitude in his personal verse of late 1949 is strongly influenced by obvious nihilism. See Teeuw, *Pokok dan Tokoh* (Djakarta 1959) II, pp. 93-94.

⁵¹ *Siasat*, 16th January 1949; *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, p. 22.

⁵² As Miss Haron notes in her study of this poem, "the word 'tapal' is difficult to translate in this context. Its dictionary meanings are horseshoe or border, line of demarcation, but obviously it cannot be translated as such here. What it really means, I think, is 'put the stamp on' and 'give body to'. 'Confirm' does not imply all that is contained in such phrases, but it seems the closest single word".

⁵³ In, for example, "Burnt Norton" of *The Four Quartets*.

Rivai was in Djakarta, not volcanic Jogja, when he wrote these two poems and *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*, which will be discussed in a moment: in these three poems his aspirations and hopes towards the Republic in their mythicisation do not describe his own concrete situation. They represent "an imagined landscape".⁵⁴ *Dari Dua Dunia Belum Sudah*⁵⁵ describes the impact of the news of the fall of Jogja on himself over one day: the shock of the news driving him out in the morning to the streets, full of men and gun-metal, everything — men, things and the sky — frozen yet indicating their worth; the day spent talking to friends, the content of the conversations filtering into the gloom — *Djokja sudah djatuh, Maguwo . . . Karno tertangkap/ Hatta, Sjahrir . . .*, Jogja has fallen, Maguwo . . . Sukarno captured/ Hatta, Sjahrir, — talking, weighing, looking at the possibilities, all talk generated from 'the word' (freedom); then the return home at twilight, to be greeted by one's own uncompleted self, presented in potentiality as 'open books unread'. The completion is made

didalam ruang kuburan jang digalikan oleh njala pelita
didalam kegelapan.

(In the gravelike space dug out by the light of the lamp/ in the darkness.)

The image is of the room as a grave of light in the dark, which gives new life; in this transformation, life in death, the buried returning in new form, we are still in the realm of the archetype of the waste land. Rivai does not end the poem in false hope or naive heroic action: his persona remains in his room, as men stamp against the wall of the night, prisoners are led away from lamenting women.

Aku hanya bisa menekankan kepala pada papan medja
Buntjah oleh itu kata jang belum punja bumi tapi telah mendedjar
pula kedalam dunia jang belum sudah.

(I could only press my head against the board of the table/ confused by the word which as yet owned no earth but which pursued into the world which was not yet complete.)

Commitment, fertility and sterility, together with the last phase of the Indonesian Revolution of 1945 to 1949, unite in what is the

⁵⁴ The phrase is Raffel's, *op. cit.*, p. 119, applied specifically to *Kebebasan*.

⁵⁵ *Siasat*, 9th January 1949; *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, p. 21.

greatest, and least understood,⁵⁶ long poem in modern Indonesian literature, *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*, Pass through Day Penetrate the Night. In this poem Rivai makes Eliot's *Waste Land* into 'something unique, utterly different from that from which it was torn'. In Rivai's poem, the 'unchanging predicament of man' is now the Revolution, the 'unchanging remedy' is commitment. Rivai takes the myth, as I have suggested, and the paradox, but ignores the technique of literary allusion and the rich creation of characters which Eliot uses. In the end result the texture of Rivai's poem is very different.

The poem opens in a situation of potential fertility:

Sebelum gadis-gadis djadi remadja

Sebelum daun-daun akan menghidjau dan bunga bewarna segar,

(Before girls mature/ Before leaves green and flowers color freshly.)

Fertility, in the future being suggested through the image of young pre-adolescent girls and unbudded flowers. (Matthiessen lists as some of Eliot's "recurring images", the sea, the city, certain spring flowers and a sudden glimpse of a girl.⁵⁷) The image of the girls returns at the end of the poem, but, for the moment the nymphs — "the mermaids singing, each to each . . . riding seaward on the waves"⁵⁸ — are departed.⁵⁹ Rivai's poem does not progress logically, yet as long as one remembers that the implicit theme is the revolution, one is never lost for long. From the girls, he moves directly to what is to be the main theme of the poem: man runs his course between extremities,⁶⁰ confused as the extremes are; he cannot slip away, but must be honest

⁵⁶ Raffel, *op. cit.*, p. 119, "*Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*, seems to me powerful but not quite coherent, a kind of T. S. Eliot-like wasteland in which one cannot find one's way — and without Eliot's greatness. I shall quote only the first of its six sections." (End of discussion). Miss Haron suggests that the idea of lines 21 and 22 is "that some basic truth is admitted by man in his heart of hearts, but is destroyed by reason when he begins to ponder it in his mind. As this idea is developed, however, the poem becomes more obscure, and Parts V and VI are particularly difficult to understand. Part VI has a visionary quality and exultant tone — evident, for instance, in the last two lines . . . which differs greatly from the gloom of earlier sections." Other critics have said almost nothing about this poem.

⁵⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 136.

⁵⁸ Eliot, *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*.

⁵⁹ *The Fire Sermon*, Part Three of *The Waste Land*.

⁶⁰ This phrase is from William Butler Yeats's *Vacillation*. I do not know if Rivai was interested in Yeats's work; when Chairil died, his literary remains included partial translations of Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, *Gerontion*, *La Figlia Che Piange*, and of Yeats's well-known poem *A Coat*.

in his confession — he must *choose* whether or not to participate in the revolution.

In the next three strophes Rivai presents the reality of the revolution: ceaseless tears, anguished thought, one's self dry ash after the burning (burning is the last image of Part III, *The Fire Sermon*, of *The Waste Land*); the image of the dry season and the wind scattering death (as in *Batu Tapal*) linked with "Truth happiness in the first explosion", joy at the beginning of the struggle; death peering out from along the lanes.⁶¹ "Man", he concludes, "is only the child of a few hours", suggesting either that his whole life is brief, or that the quality of a person's life is determined by a few, short decisions. Then, changing the force of *anak manusia*, before used in the phrase *manusia hanyalah anak dari beberapa djam*, as man the child, Rivai concludes his first section with his version of lines 19 to 24 of *The Burial of the Dead* the first part of the *Waste Land* (which is itself derived from the Old Testament books of Ezekiel and Ecclesiastes), on the Son of Man, a quasi-religious term. Eliot's lines read:

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief
and the dry stone no sound of water.

Rivai's are:

Anak Manusia jang sekarang ini hanyalah tahu tjita-tjita jang
patah
burung-burung jang kehabisan njanji.
Dan hatinja, dipadang kering, batu rengkah-rengkah digersangi
harapan
Kini dia telah pahit mulut
dadanja berajutan, berat menarik kedalam kubur.

(The Son of Man of this day now only knows broken hopes/ birds at the end of their songs./ And his heart, in the dry plain, is cracked rocks bereft of hope./ Now his mouth tastes bitterness/ his chest heaves, as he drags himself heavily into the grave.)

⁶¹ Lines 184 and 185 of *The Waste Land* may be an influence here, and in lines 43 and 44:

But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of bones and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

The parallels here, and with the opening of Part V, *What the Thunder said*, where the water song of the hermit thrush is noticed as absent, are striking. It is also possible that Rivai has, in fact, gone back to Ecclesiastes for the phrase "man goeth to his long home" which he has transmuted into the heavy *berat menarik kedalam kubur*.

Melalui Siang Menembus Malam is a highly integrated poem which proceeds by returning to earlier lines, taking them up again and pointing with greater explicitness their particular significance. The second Part begins with the line previously expressive of joy at the beginning of the struggle for independence, *Kebenaran kegembiraan dalam ledakan pertama* (line 11). This is then expanded to take up part of line 6 (*pikiran akan membakar hati*) in the next lines:

Kebenaran jang diakui hati
tapi dipatahkan pikiran, karena
dia minta djaminan bagi kehidupan seperti manusia biasa

(Truth acknowledged in the heart/ but broken by thought, for/ he asks guarantee to live as an ordinary man)

Here elation at the beginning of the struggle is tempered by a conscious realisation of the dangers of the fight. The truth of the necessity for freedom (see the previous discussion of *Elegi*) is "broken" by thought, not on the propriety or otherwise of war, but simply by a desire for self-preservation. Man, who must decide, whose whole decision shapes the rest of his life, is essentially unheroic. He would rather live as "an ordinary man", says Rivai, casually dropping a phrase which takes on total significance in line 28. It is this understanding which is bitter in the mouth (line 24 reinforcing line 18) and breast (l. 25 and l. 19), for he is now at the extremities (l. 27 and l. 3) where distinctions are blurred. But the choices are only two: *manusia biasa dan manusia luar biasa*, the ordinary man and the extraordinary man. These are the polarities of the response. Rivai's craftsmanship is complex yet precise.

In the next strophe, the polarity is hardened. This is done partly through reference back to line 14, and through a greater emphasis on the briefness of time and the common nature of those who choose one of the two, mutually exclusive, attitudes. The common starting point and the importance of the choice are further re-emphasised in the pseudo-Johannine statement "*pada pokok mula ialah perbuatan*", "in the beginning was the deed". (Which could possibly also be read "in the

beginning, the starting point, at the stem — the literalist translation, — *he is deed*”). Although this line is also to be found in Goethe’s *Faust* — in the scene “Faust’s Study II” — I think we must nevertheless assume some familiarity on Rivai’s behalf with the christian scriptures, and would cite the beginning of *Sadjak buat adik*, *sadjak VI* and *XIII* in support of this.⁶² Nevertheless Eliot uses the line, “In the beginning was the Word” in *Mr. Eliot’s Sunday Morning Service*.

Lines 32 and 33 take up lines 21 to 23 again, as the third strophe of Part Two goes on to relate the two men formed by

The awful daring of a moment’s surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed.⁶³

The extraordinary man becomes, paradoxically, an animal to be hunted: the ordinary man, who asks that the safety of his life be guaranteed, is his oppressor, comes whipping at his wounds, forcing him into ‘the final caves’, the final hiding-place, possibly even the grave. But the ordinary man is not his own master, he is a hireling, suggesting he is not his own man (in any sense) at all.

Part Three is addressed to the ordinary man, appealing to him *Demi tjinta dan djudjur*, For the sake of love and honesty! (Rivai’s constant combination of emotion and rationality, in his mature verse) to acknowledge the facts. Life he admits, as it spreads before us, is beautiful, is attractive. But it is also full of temptation, in the ordinary man’s case, temptation to self-indulgence. Rivai uses the image of a road (which re-occurs for the extraordinary man’s pilgrimage in line 70, and relates to the road “winding above among the mountains”, in *What the Thunder Said*) for the direction taken by the ordinary man, *menudju ketakutan*, leading to fear. In lines 12 and 13, in the uncertainty before commitment, death peered out never ceasingly along the lanes: in lines 42 to 44, devils line the road, shouting encouragement, suggesting a road to hell. The road changes in the next strophe to a current, reinforcing the weakness of the man carried along by it, and it is admitted that the ordinary man’s path brings forgetfulness but emphasizes equally that honour (*kemegahan*) itself proves the presence of cowardice. *Kemegahan*, with its various overtones, is taken up in the third strophe as the questions are rammed home:

⁶² *Siasat*, 29th May 1949; *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, pp. 26-29.

⁶³ *What the Thunder said*, Part Five of *The Waste Land*.

Adakah suatu kemegahan itu bumi
 Adakah suatu kemegahan itu dasar
 Kemegahan jang telah dihantui oleh ketakutan dan penjesalan,
 tapi tak hendak diakui?

(Is one glory the whole earth/ Is one glory the foundation/ Glory haunted by fear and regret,/ which one refuses to acknowledge?)

This, the collaborator's 'glory', of feathered pith-helmets and tin medals, is hollow-glory, not — Rivai says — the glory of the earth or the foundations, the ultimately justified 'true' glory.

Part Four, the shortest, is, by contrast, addressed as encouragement to commitment to the extraordinary man. Its terms are paradoxical and tentative. He is to find the end of the song (cf. line 16) and of the dream (*kebenaran* dan *mimpi* are synonyms, as *Batu Tapal* indicates): yet neither have an end (like thinking of the highest number one can in mathematics, I would suggest, one can always "add 1") although they may appear broken. Both, says Rivai, *memang bisa, memang bisa, tapi bagaimana*, can certainly be, can certainly be, but how?

The 'how' is the concern of parts Five and Six; Part Four as the shortest part of the poem is the problem that the first sections lead into, beginning in the fragments of the first, which are given meaning and relationship in the second, around the figures of the two types of humanity. Three rejects ordinariness of cowardice and links it with daemonic forces. Four, in its paradox and uncertainty presents the alternative. Five and Six, in a rising action now, move from this into fertility. In Eliot's *What the Thunder said*, the journey of the Knight to the Chapel Perilous is over "mountains of rock without water", along a "white road", past the "Unreal Cit(ies)": although the chapel is empty⁶⁴ and "only the wind's home", the test is successfully passed, and fertility is achieved. "A flash of lightning. Then a damp gust/ Bringing rain." In Rivai's poem, the test is the finding of self-identity through commitment to the revolution: the result, again, is water — the sea and rain — and fertility. Rivai, although his interest is perhaps more immediate than Eliot's, begins and ends where Eliot does.

The time and place of the commitment is the subject of Part V. The place is the *akhir daerah*, the last region, *jang membuka kaki langit*, which opens the (literally, legs of the sky) horizon. It is a place of negation:

⁶⁴ B. C. Southam, *Student's Guide to the Selected Poems of T. S. Eliot* (London 1968), p. 88, states that the emptiness is an illusion.

Tidak tjukup kesepian, tidak tjukup pembuangan
 Tidak tjukup ketahanan dan kekuatan mendjedjak dasar
 Tidak diatas tanah bumi, tidak diatas air laut

(Isolation is not sufficient, nor is exile/ Nor are endurance or the strength to stand on the foundation/ Not on the earth of the land, not on the water of the sea)

None of these things in themselves is sufficient, although all may be necessary. Something more positive is demanded. The beginning of the second strophe of Part V is a confused incantation to the earth and the sea, the air and clouds belched from the earth, which I find unsatisfactory. (I presume though the volcanoes of Jogja are being invoked.) It then, however, becomes rather more precise, as 'the hero' (my phrase) becomes aware of time and place, defeat and victory, of himself through his *pengakuan*, confession (this is the same confession he cannot avoid in line 4, but which requires his honest appraisal, and the *keakuan* realised in *Dari Dua Dunia Belum Sudah*). This positive action now taken, he is to return to the road, the road which springs from his heart.

The last part, Six, describes 'the last region' as one where it rains every day and night. It begins that is, with the fertility of rain in opposition to the dry plains, cracked rocks bereft of hope, which are the mythic, imagined landscape concluding Part One. The appropriateness of time and place for one's confession are reiterated, this time positively, in contrast to the mean nonbeing which is the lot of the man who is born of the light but ceases to exist, by rejecting it in mocking scorn.⁶⁵ Line 79 picks up and expands the 'birth' in terms of folklore, born in the middle of the overturned night. In his birth with the forest which was once smashed and, at another time, a dry plain, the extraordinary man's birth, thus, includes the revivification of nature. The reborn man's life is directed towards the beaches (as in *Kebebasan*) and he is the *penguasa*, the controller or ruler (a Nietzsche 'superman'?). His strength is the belief that:

Inilah bumi, air dan udara
 Diatas mana, didalam mana dan diantara mana
 Anak Manusia harus hidup.

⁶⁵ I see the man as rejecting the light, the text, however, reads literally, *Tidak ada waktu dan tempat bagi dia jang dilahirkan tjahaja/ dan hilang ditertawakan tjahaja.*

(This is the earth, water and air/ On which, in which and under which/
The Son of Man must live./

Not in some here-after, but here, now. He is the rightful 'Son of Man'. He has made his calculation, of lives and each death, and committed himself to *nilai*, the values, which are signified by the limitless eternity of the sea, on which ships and lives sail. The sea is open to many interpretations: it is being, commitment, ideals, the revolution, self-knowledge, and so on. No one meaning is adequate. It is the sea in which the hero bathes. In Malay proverbial lore total immersion in water is synonymous with total commitment: transformation and purification by water is of course a common ritual element. For Rivai, the sea is multivalent: it represents rage and calmness, *badai dan katja* (hurricane and glass): it is the source of all that lives and is a crater sending forth strength. It is from the sea the nymphs will come:

Dan gadis dengan keindahan penuh sehabis badai
Akan keluar dari laut jang biru bening.

(And girls in all beauty after the hurricane/ will emerge from the
crystal blue sea.)

IV

Rivai Apin, however, did not join in the physical struggle of the Revolution, but stayed in Djakarta. In his personal verse written in the first half of 1949 in particular, he conveys with great directness and power a feeling of intense emptiness and loneliness, an inability to see meaning in the world around him, and confusion at a time when *Tuhan tak ada dan manusia diam*, God is not and man is silent.⁶⁶ In a less intensive way, he still uses the contrastive symbolism of fertility and sterility in some of these poems.

Of the series *Sadjak buat adik*, Poems for a Younger Sibling, only five remain (the last is number XXII).⁶⁷ *Sadjak V* poignantly presents a growing fear of poetic impotence, through images of coldness, clumsiness and the shortening of day.

It is sufficient, I think, to quote this poem, to show the strength, control and intensity of this later verse when contrasted with the distinctly inferior verse discussed above in Section II.

⁶⁶ "Djembatan Patah", *Siasat*, 5th June 1949; *Tiga Menguk Takdir*, p. 29.

⁶⁷ Numbers IV, VI and XIII were published in *Siasat* on the 29th May 1949, numbers IX and XXII on the 26th June 1949.

Hari makin pandak
 Kaku djari didingini malam
 Pajah djari menjudahkan bentuk

Adakah terus masih
 akan dapat mendengarkan njanji mimpi jang sudah
 Mestikah,
 Biarkan sinar sendja memenuhi hari
 dan memperhatikan dengan mata kaku

Besok ada hari pula
 Tapi dia makin pandak.

(The days grow shorter/ Stiff the fingers frozen by the night/ Difficult for them to give things their final shape// Will this continue/ this listening to the song of finished dreams/ Must I/ allow the light of twilight to fill the day/ and watch with stiff eyes// Tomorrow is another day/ But it will be even shorter.)

Sadjak VI pictures men struggling to a crucifixion, having forgotten what it is they suffer for. The tone is one of despair and mournfulness.

Sadjak IX, XIII and XXII, deal more confidently with the revolution. *Sadjak IX* projects the human body as a microcosm of the waste land, laying in darkness, awaiting light and the change of the seasons, when the wind from the south brings refreshment from the sea. In this poem, and the other two *Sadjak*, there is a sense of tiredness, of preparing to hand on the struggle to the younger generation. *Sadjak XIII* asks "why seek ye the living among the dead",⁶⁸ asserting that "we", that is those who have participated in the struggle, "will never die": we cannot go back, we cannot accept nostalgia, we must go forward, leaving this particular age and time behind. And in *XXII*, Rivai soothes his brother's sleep, before it is his turn to take over guard-duty, by reminding him *njanji tidur ada/ telah dibawa ombak dan angin dari Selatan*, a song of sleep is here/ brought by the waves and wind from the south. Almost resignedly he feels that his generation shall probably fall in mid-road fighting, but reaffirms that their struggle is for:

Ruang bagi adik, kebun bagi adik
 Tanamlah bunga, untuk wanginja
 Ruang bagi adik, kebun bagi adik.

⁶⁸ St. Luke, 24: 5.

(Space for brother, a garden for brother/ Plant the flowers, for their fragrance/ Space for brother, a garden for brother.)

These three poems, competent as they are, do not have the intensity of the personal verse of the same period, or the universality of the earlier revolutionary writing:

The despair that seeps into the confidence of these three poems, emerges strongly in *Djembatan Patah*,⁶⁹ Broken Bridge, and *Anak Malam*,⁷⁰ Child of the Night. *Djembatan Patah* seeks and finds no meaning, and surrenders to "death without wounds". In surrender to death and nothingness it begins:

Pedjam, pedjamlah mata
pedjamlah hati.

(Close tightly, close tightly your eyes/ close tightly your heart)

Anak Malam complains:

Tanah muram ini bukan tanahku
Tanah mimpiku selalu hidjau.

(This dark land is not my land/ The land of my dreams was always green.)

These are poems of gloom, frustration; growing signs perhaps of an interest in the writings of Camus,⁷¹ certainly of the bitterness of his own life without the company of Chairil Anwar, whom he held in great respect, *poète maudit* no longer.

The end of *Anak Malam* is certainly nihilistic, yet the bravado rings a little false:

Aku kini tidak punja tudju
Tidak perduli lagi dimana aku berada
dan pergi sadja kemana aku suka.
Manusia tidak kuasa ikat aku
melepas aku djuga tidak
Dan bukan sadja tidak kuasa, tapi djuga tidak bisa.

(I now have no direction/ I no longer care where I am/ and go anywhere I please./ Man is not strong enough to bind me/ and not

⁶⁹ See footnote 66.

⁷⁰ *Internasional*, September-October 1949. Part Three of the poem as it later appeared in *Tiga Menguak Takdir* (p. 23) was in 1949 a separate poem entitled *Perhitungan*.

⁷¹ See Jassin, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

enough to free me either/ And not just can't tie me, but couldn't.)⁷²

It was to be the end of Rivai's brief display of poetic genius.

As the bitterness in particular of Chairil's death worked on his feelings, Rivai's verse, I believe, rapidly deteriorated. *Penerimaan*⁷³ Reception, and *Panggilan*,⁷⁴ Call, are best seen as laments for Chairil. In the latter he mourns that God, love and friend have all gone: the chorus contrasts the soul that is alone (Chairil) with the souls which are alone (those left alive).⁷⁵ In a few poems he tried new directions, a 'love-poem' to a sophisticate named Lisa,⁷⁶ an Apollonian poem on a banished Caesar,⁷⁷ neither are particularly good. In a letter to Jassin, 27th September 1950, Rivai enclosed three poems. In these he had returned almost to his beginning, to the image of the philosophical sailor. The verse is technically better, longer, refraining from the jerky jokery of his first, but it bears little personal distinctiveness and reads as an imitation of Chairil's. The last verse of the third poem reads:

Pada njanjiku kau selalu ada
kedamaianku hanja dalam merindu.
Didalam telukmu jang menjambut kelam
kau sepi menanti, kau sepi menjanji
Dan njanjimu gemuruh didalam laut mendjadi kelam.

(You are always present in my song/ my only peace is in longing./ In your bay which greets the fog/ you wait in loneliness, you sing in loneliness/ And your song is a thunder in the sea growing dark.)
(The overtones of *Tjintaku djauh dipulau* are unmistakable.)

Rivai's verse is of more than of just passing interest. It is not all good, some of it is very bad, in fact, by any criteria. In the nationalist and personal verse of early 1949, however, Rivai gave brilliant expression to "death's other kingdom".⁷⁸ In such, and not in the smallness or largeness of form, is his greatness.

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⁷² This translation depends on reading the line *melepas aku djuga tidak* with a pause after *aku*; a different effect is given with the pause before it.

⁷³ *Mutiara*, 1st August 1949.

⁷⁴ *Siasat*, 28th September 1949.

⁷⁵ Jassin in his study *Rivai Apin & Chairil Anwar* (op. cit.) considers the poem as faked sentiment and unconvincing.

⁷⁶ "Lisa", *Siasat*, 18th October 1949.

⁷⁷ "Kaisar", *Siasat*, 23rd July 1950.

⁷⁸ Eliot, *The Hollow Men*.

APPENDIX

MELALUI SIANG MENEMBUS MALAM

I

Sebelum gadis-gadis djadi remadja,
 Sebelum daun-daun akan menghidjau dan bunga bewarna segar,
 Disempit pinggirannya, dimana batas hanya bisa dirasakan
 — dan dia tidak akan meleset, tapi harus djudjur dalam pengakuan —

- 5 Air mata akan menakik pipi
 pikiran akan membakar hati,
 mendjadikan diri arang kering kurus sehabis njala.

- Musim kemarau telah bangkitkan
 dan hembuskan dan sebarakan
 10 napas kering maut,
 Kebenaran kegembiraan dalam ledakan pertama.

Dari balik tembok-tembok sepanjang gang-gang
 maut mengintai tak kundjung putus
 Manusia hanjalah anak dari beberapa djam.

- 15 Anak Manusia jang sekarang ini hanjalah tahu tjita-tjita jang patah,
 burung-burung jang kehabisan njanji
 Dan hatinja, dipadang kering, batu rengkah-rengkah digersangi
 Kini dia telah pahit mulut [harapan
 dadanja berajutan, berat menarik kedalam kubur.

II

- 20 Kebenaran kegembiraan dalam ledakan pertama
 Kebenaran jang diakui hati
 tapi dipatahkan pikiran, karena
 dia minta djaminan bagi kehidupan seperti manusia biasa.
 Pahit pertama jang menjebar dalam mulut
 25 dan menuba dada
 Pengertian inilah:
 dia telah mengaburkan batas
 manusia biasa dan manusia luar biasa.

- Kedua-dua adalah anak-anak manusia
 30 Jang ditentukan oleh beberapa djam
 "pada pokok mula ialah perbuatan".

- Kebenaran jang diakui hati tapi dipatahkan pikiran.
 manusia luar biasa minta djaminan bagi kehidupan;
 Bagi orang jang lari sebagai binatang buruan: manusia biasa
 35 Datang meletjut pada luka-luka
 dia jang telah lari kedalam gua-gua terachir
 karena dia tidak mau djadi barang sewa.

III

- Demi tjinta dan djudjur
 mari kita berterus terang
 40 Ini hidup jang menghampar dihadapan kita.
 demikian indah, demikian menarik dan penuh goda
 tapi djalannja telah menudju ketakutan
 dan setan-setan dipinggiran djalan
 bersorak-sorak mengandjurkan.
 45 Arus jang telah diikutkan
 membuat lupa dan kemegahan
 membuktikan ketakutan
 Adakah suatu kemegahan itu bumi
 Adakah suatu kemegahan itu dasar
 50 Kemegahan jang telah dihantui oleh ketakutan dan penjesalan,
 tapi tak hendak diakui?

IV

- Tjarilah penghabisan mimpi
 Tjarilah penghabisan njanji
 Tapi bagaimana? kedua-dua tidak akan habis-habis
 55 Kedua-dua akan putus-putus
 Mereka kedua memang bisa,
 memang bisa, tapi bagaimana

V

- Dimana achir daerah akan terdapat
 achir daerah, jang membuka kaki langit
 60 Tidak tjukup kesepian, tidak tjukup pembuangan
 tidak tjukup ketahanan dan kekuatan mendjedjak dasar
 Tidak diatas tanah bumi, tidak diatas air laut
 Dalam ketika-antara didalam djarak bumi dan laut
 Dan hirup udara dari dua rupa.
 65 Bumi jang punja rupa dan nama
 menguapkan awan sakal dan

- Diperhentian landjut
 Menjadari tempat dan ketika
 Kemenangan dan kekalahan
 70 Membuat pengakuan lalu pulang kegaris djalan,
 Tudjuan jang dimulai bersumber hati

VI

- Didaerah tudju jang membuka kaki langit
 didaerah jang setiap waktu dimandii hudjan,
 Biar diwaktu siang atau diwaktu malam.
 75 Tjari waktu jang tepat
 Tjari tempat jang wadjar, dan ingat
 Tidak ada waktu dan tempat bagi dia jang dilahirkan tjahaja
 dan hilang ditertawakan tjahaja.

- Dia jang dilahirkan ditengah malam terbongkar
 80 dengan hutan rimba jang satu waktu patah-patah
 dan lain waktu djadi padang kering
 Dia akan hidup menudju pantai dan djadi penguasa
 Karena dia pertjaja:
 Inilah bumi, air dan udara
 85 Diatas mana, didalam mana dan diantara mana
 Anak Manusia harus hidup.

- Dia perhitungkan segala hidup
 Dia buat perhitungan ditiap mati
 Dia hanja menggenggam nilai
 90 Laut kekal jang tak kenal batas,
 diatas mana kapal, hidup berlajar

- Dia telah mandikan dirinja didalam
 biru, kedjudjuran laut dengan badai dan katja
 mata sumber segala jang hidup
 95 kepundan jang memantjarkan segala tenaga
 Dan gadis dengan keindahan penuh sehabis badai,
 Akan keluar dari laut jang biru bening.