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On the cover of a 1980 publication that tells the story of modern Indonesian literature, there is a portrait of the poet Rivai Apin, painted by his brother Mochtar in 1944 (see Chambert-Loir 1980). It shows Rivai as a youth of seventeen, dressed in the heavy calico drill shirt of the war years, standing before a well-stocked bookcase, with his eyes fixed on the pages of an open book he is holding. In his foreword to the publication, Henri Chambert-Loir comments that the image draws attention to one of the most striking aspects of modern Indonesian literature: it is a literature of extreme youth, which nonetheless has situated itself in its own right alongside the works of world literature. More specifically, we might add that the image evokes the three key elements of the brief modernist turn in modern Indonesian literature: modernism in Indonesia was the product of youth, of war and revolution, and of an unselfconscious appropriation of aspects of European literary modernism of the interwar years. It was a moment of great promise, the point at which the filtering of the outside world through the prism of colonial authority and censorship gave way to a confident assumption of the status of world citizen on the part of Indonesian artists and intellectuals. It was fired by the exhilaration of the new, and the inner realization of a full and complete humanity.

In important ways, the subsequent history of post-colonial Indonesia has been a story of the betrayal of that promise and the shattering of the dream it contained. Rivai Apin, the youth who stood before the bookcase to be portrayed as a writer by his brother artist in 1944, died in poverty and obscurity in Jakarta on 21 April 1995. He was one of a generation of Indonesian intellectuals, artists and writers who bore within them the scars of political imprisonment, the long journey through the New Order's gulag that ended

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in a compromised 'return to society' at the beginning of the 1980s. At that time, Rivai made a brief reappearance on the Jakarta literary stage, and expressed his admiration for the new generation of young Indonesian writers (Arman 1981:69). Yet he never reclaimed a place in Indonesian literary life in the way that others of his generation did at the time. Rather, he became a symbol of those who had pursued the dream of a new Indonesia through the radical wing of Indonesian cultural politics during the 1950s and 60s, only to be ultimately devoured by the revolution they had so enthusiastically embraced in their youth. For Rivai personally, there was no realization of the dream, and no redemption after its failure; all that remained was a shattered life and an ignominious death in a new and alien world.¹

The personal tragedy of Rivai Apin's life and death has not been alleviated by any significant recognition of his achievements as a writer. His work has never been accorded more than a passing reference in the canonical history of modern Indonesian literature, and at the time when Indonesian literary criticism was given to unabashed subjective judgements on the part of critics, Rivai's poetry was largely described in thoroughly dismissive terms. From the time of the revolution and its immediate aftermath, H.B. Jassin seems to have regarded him with barely disguised irritation, as the tone of a letter of September 1950 makes clear. 'There is nothing new or interesting in the form and content of these poems of yours', Jassin wrote to the poet. 'What is even more serious, there are no ideas in them' (Jassin 1984:71). A. Teeuw, in his *Modern Indonesian Literature*, remarked that Rivai's poems were 'of only passing interest' (Teeuw 1967:207).

Somewhat against the grain of this critical dismissal of Rivai Apin was an article by Harry Aveling, published in 1971 and still today the one serious and extended study of Rivai's poetry available in published form. In the introduction to his article, Aveling wrote that Rivai Apin was one of the three poets (along with Chairil Anwar and Asrul Sani) who were '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' (Aveling 1971:350). Aveling judged Rivai's 'mature' poetry of 1949 to be 'extraordinarily good', and quoted Burton Raffel's 1964 judgement that this was 'some of the most intellectual [poetry] ever written by an Indonesian' (Aveling 1971:350). (As Aveling shows, however, Raffel joined in the general dismissal of Rivai's poetry, rather than question his own lack of comprehension when the poetry became, to him, 'not quite coherent' (Aveling 1971:362, n. 56).) Aveling's article suggested that there were two main events which determined the nature of Rivai Apin's mature verse. The first was his intro-

¹ I am grateful to Henri Chambert-Loir, who informed me of the date and circumstances of Rivai's death and who made extensive and helpful comments on an earlier draft of this essay.

duction to the poetry of T.S. Eliot, which took place through the mediation of Muhammad Akbar Djuhana in early 1947; the second was the fall of Yogyakarta, the Republican capital, to Dutch forces in December 1948.

Aveling analysed Rivai's poetry in the light of these two influences, in particular the first, as the title of his article suggests. The analysis highlights the complexity, and to use Aveling's word, the 'extraordinary' achievement that this poetry by a twenty-two-year-old Jakartan represents. Nevertheless, the detailed linkage posed with Eliot seems at times to obscure, rather than elucidate, an understanding of Rivai's poetry of this period. Although it is indeed sometimes possible to trace particular examples of European modernist poetry and prose in Indonesian literature of the revolution, the process of cultural borrowing embodied in this literature was in most cases more indirect. It proceeded more through the modernist illustration of a new relationship between language and poetry and a new conception of the role of the artist than a re-writing of individual passages of particular European modernist texts.

In a 1970 interview, Asrul Sani commented to Aveling that Rivai Apin was 'intoxicated' with Eliot, especially the central place that sea imagery occupied in Eliot's poetry, 'although he did not completely understand it' (Aveling 1971:351). The concept of 'understanding' here is interesting, because it reminds us that in the process of cultural borrowing, a receiving culture rarely 'understands' what it borrows in the same terms as the originating culture does. Indeed, it seems hardly remarkable that the young Rivai Apin in Dutch-occupied Jakarta of the Revolution should have not 'understood' Eliot in the same way as Eliot was read in the colleges of Cambridge or the sitting rooms of Bloomsbury in interwar England. Rather, his 'intoxication' would have been the product of his excitement at his own vision of a new Indonesian poetry, predicated on an Eliot-like sensitivity to language and symbol, but localized according to the immediate influences of his own environment. Aveling identifies one of these key influences, which is the fervour of the revolution, and in particular the fall of Yogyakarta to Dutch forces in December 1948. When we think of the dating of Rivai's mature poetry, however, I believe there is another key local influence that must be taken into account. This is the death of Chairil Anwar, which occurred on 28 April 1949. Much of what remains obscure in Aveling's 1971 analysis starts to become clear, I believe, if we regard the intensity of Rivai Apin's personal and aesthetic relationship with his fellow poet and mentor at this time as a third major influence on the maturing of Rivai's poetry in the first half of 1949. Indeed, I would go so far as to suggest that Rivai's great 97-line modernist lament, *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*, first published in *Siasat* three days after Chairil's death, on 1 May 1949, is not so much an Indonesian 'Waste Land', as Aveling proposed, but a private meditation on the life and death of the man

whose work had shown Rivai what Indonesian poetry might become. Considering the date of its publication, it is likely that it was written as Chairil lay dying in Jakarta's central hospital, an event which cannot but have haunted the lives of Rivai and his circle at this time.

There seems no doubt about the intensity of the relationship between Rivai and his mentor poet Chairil Anwar. Rivai was one of the few close friends who kept watch over Chairil as he lay dying (Balfas 1953), and on the day following his death, Rivai helped arrange Chairil's funeral (Jassin 1984:52). When Jassin complained some six months after this event that it was time for an end to mourning Chairil's passing, it was Rivai Apin's 'short sketches, poetry and conversation' that he took as the epitome of the problem (Jassin 1967:55). In Jassin's view, it was time to stop measuring every new work of Indonesian literature against Chairil and his legacy, time to move on and acknowledge that Indonesian poetry would not always be subject to the same stimuli that drove Chairil and found expression in his poems. This plea by Jassin was based in part on a reaction to a review which Rivai published in September 1949 of the first collection of Chairil's poetry, *Deru Tjampur Debu* (Apin 1949). Jassin appears to have misread parts of the review, which in many ways is itself a call to Indonesian poets to stop imitating Chairil's revolutionary elan: it is this 'emptiness' which Rivai identifies as a problem of Indonesian poetry of the time. He suggests that the echoes of Chairil's 'vitalism' are to be heard everywhere, but only as a pose, with nothing substantial to support it. In this review he proceeds to offer an overall framework for understanding *Deru Tjampur Debu*, indicating as he does so a degree of personal frustration with his mentor poet as much as the 'admiration' which Jassin regards as a noble, but overly constraining sign of ongoing mourning. Rivai suggests that in *Deru Tjampur Debu*, everything revolves around a struggle of love and death. Death is the constant black shadow that pursues the poet, always present in his subconscious, and perceptible to any reader of the poems. It is the fear of death, even in a woman's embrace, that Rivai believes separates Chairil from proper communion with his fellow human beings. He flees from death, and in his flight he wins occasional victories that give value to his life, and enable him to face death nobly and with a degree of arrogance. Paradoxically, it is the fear of death that lies behind the love of life that underlies Chairil's 'vitalism'. Precisely because he is so aware that death will take away what he so prizes, he is led to defend life and struggle for it all the more.²

This half-admiring, half-despairing view of Chairil Anwar, and some of

² Teeuw later made a similar point: 'The only thing these poems have in common is their intensity, their radical preoccupation with death – for no-one who takes life seriously escapes confrontation with death' (Teeuw 1967:149).

the key notions associated with it – the ever-present shadow of death, the fugitive who loves life and cherishes the victories he wins over death – as well as direct references to particular poems by Chairil, are, as I will suggest below, all present in *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam*. Chronologically, this is the fourth and last of the small but remarkable core of Rivai's poetry, the four long poems published in *Siasat* in January and April 1949. It is a poem that rewards careful and close reading, but it is best approached by way of its predecessors, where key elements of the 'complex, self-aware, ironic modernism' that Aveling identified find their first elaboration in Rivai's poetry.

The first of Rivai Apin's poems of 1949 is *Elegi*, published in *Siasat* on 9 January.³ Its referential meaning is reasonably clear: as the title indicates, it is a poem in memory of someone who has fallen in the struggle, perhaps in the Dutch attack on Yogyakarta, and it is built around notions of sacrifice, determination and conviction. Its images are those of warfare, of dry, blasted earth and attack and withdrawal. It is remarkable firstly from the point of view of form, the long lines of 'resolute stateliness' as Aveling described the poem's opening (Aveling 1971:359), and its illustration of the Indonesian modernist conception of the language of poetic diction. For although the sentiments expressed are drawn from a vocabulary of sacrifice familiar in European war poetry and probably current in Indonesia at least since the time of the Japanese Occupation, this is no 'hymn to the fallen' in the popularist sense. Rather, it is an assembly of evocations that are inter-related, but not always sequentially consistent: a thought is announced and allowed to stand independent from what in declamatory style would be its discursive extension. The effect is immediately apparent in the poem's opening lines: '*Apa jang bisa kami rasakan, tapi tak usah kami utjapkan / Apa jang bisa kami pikirkan, tapi tak usah*

³ See the Appendix below for the full text of each of the poems discussed, along with an English translation. The texts are quoted in the form in which they appeared in *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, the collection of poetry by Chairil Anwar, Rivai Apin and Asrul Sani which was first published in 1950. This version contains a number of small revisions to the *Siasat* original texts, and corrects some apparent printing errors in the originals. In one case, as indicated, I have reverted to the *Siasat* text, where a word appears to have been wrongly omitted from the *Tiga Menguak Takdir* version. In another case, which I have indicated, I have retained the *Siasat* punctuation, in place of that used in *Tiga Menguak Takdir*. For the most part, the translations are intended as literal renderings, in so far as this is possible in view of the demands of English expression and some minimal attention to the musicality of the original in the translations as verse. In places where the meaning of the original text is not completely clear to me, I have kept the translation as literal as possible, rather than making it express what I take the meaning to be. I have also chosen in places to use the terms 'man' and 'mankind' rather than gender-inclusive alternatives, where the former terms seem closer to the spirit of the original text.

kami katakan'. The opening '*Apa jang*' introduces a nominal phrase that looks forward to a following clause (rather than '*Ada jang*', which would make these statements semantically complete in themselves), but the expectation is delayed by the intervening '*Djanganlah kau bersedih*' of line three, before it is (possibly) resolved through a semantic link to the following '*mari kami lanjutkan*'. The effect is to add a degree of elusiveness to a 'stately' and 'resolute' tone, rather than to begin the poem in declamatory mode. In the remainder of the opening stanza, the linguistic ambiguity pioneered as a poetic device in the poetry of Chairil Anwar is felt in the elusive '-*nja*' of '*kebintangnja dan kebuminja*' – does the '-*nja*' have a referential meaning, or is its presence determined only by the sounds and pulse of the verse? The overall effect is an evocation of sorrow, of quiet conviction and a felt intensity, which in the European modernist manner is established through the associations of words and images, rather than their literal interconnectedness.

The same conception of poetic diction that guides the opening stanza is repeated throughout the remainder of the poem, so that ultimately all the separate but related components of the elegiac statement stand in an emotional, or felt, unity with each other rather than a chronologically and semantically determined order. Apart from this illustration of modernist poetics, however, it should be noted that this poem illustrates the secular humanism that was a fundamental characteristic of the Indonesian modernist vision. The poem's penultimate stanza begins again in stately (and this time, declamatory) fashion: 'we are the children of common parentage' (most likely a figurative statement rather than the more banal – and possibly unfortunate – identification of Sukarno as common father and Indonesia as common mother which was suggested by Aveling). As material creatures, 'our death is only a matter of time'. Still, 'we all are defending one God'. The capitalized 'God' (*Tuhan*) would in other contexts establish an unambiguously religious tone, yet we know from an earlier reference that this 'God' is in fact the current struggle for Indonesian freedom, a 'God' more worthy than any other of 'our' allegiance ('*Dan kami [...] / Pun tahu, seperti kaupun tahu, bahwa tak ada Dewa atau Tuhan lain lagi jang berharga untuk dihidupi selain itu*'). The sentiment is startling, and the point is worth noting, if only because the idea of a purely secular and humanist (yet uncompromisingly 'nationalist') tradition in the Indonesian arts seems so alien to much that has come to characterize later Indonesian literature, especially in the post-1980 period. The modernism of the revolution struggled to find a humanist basis for its convictions, and if in moments of defeat, it too made its appeals to God and the after-life, it lived as it was born, in a world where meanings stood to be built anew, by and through the flawed efforts of humankind.

Accompanying *Elegi* in its original publication was *Dari Dua Dunia Belum Sudah*, the poem which identifies itself quite unambiguously as being based

on the Dutch attack on Yogyakarta. Here, the modernist characteristics of *Elegi* undergo an interesting development. The title itself stands as one of the great encapsulations of modernism in Indonesian poetry: language pared back to a minimum, with words combined in ways that violate standard usage (*belum sudah*) in order to achieve a startling effect of originality. The phrase is powerfully symbolic, evoking a sense of urgency and life on the edge, yet the full import of the words is not immediately clear. Nevertheless, as it proceeds, this appears a purely narrative/descriptive poem, quite specifically announced as such by its opening lines: '*Pagi itu aku dengar beritanya, / Aku kedjalan / Orang-orang djualan dan hendak pergi kerdja menepi-nepi [...]*'. There is an air of unease, a sense of expectation whose cause is not immediately apparent, but the localized context is descriptively obvious, as it must have been to the poem's original readers in January 1949. It is morning in Dutch-occupied Jakarta; something significant has happened, and the streets are abuzz with the threatening presence of Dutch soldiers.

The narrative is pursued in the following stanzas, and the final image of night-time arrest and mourning is all the more effective for the deft and suggestive way in which it is pictured. However, the elusiveness of the modernist technique, the puzzle which it offers the reader, is present in the poem as well. Below the descriptive surface is the symbolic notion of the 'unfinished worlds' of the poem's title. The words of the title are echoed for the first time more than halfway through the poem: '*Dirumahku aku disambut oleh keakuanku jang belum sudah*'. At this point, it is not a 'world' which is 'unfinished', but '*keakuanku*', 'my personal self'. Punctuation indicates that the following image of books open and unread, and books still unopened, is the symbolic elaboration of '*keakuanku*'. It may be, following Aveling, that the line is to be taken as metaphor: '[...] greeted by one's own uncompleted self, presented in potentiality as "open books unread"' (Aveling 1971:361). However, recalling Mochtar Apin's portrait of his younger brother standing before a tall bookcase with an open book in his hand, it may well be that the books too are literally descriptive: the poem's 'I' goes home to a room full of books, wherein he struggles to complete his 'self', reading in the lonely 'grave' dug out of the darkness by his reading lamp.

It is into this state that the outside world intrudes, in the form of the boots of Dutch soldiers kicking on the wall of a nearby house in the dead of night. The incident interrupts his reading, and he can only press his head to his desk, once more unsettled by 'that word' (the same 'word' – freedom – that 'you' left 'us' in *Elegi*) now intruding into the private world of his 'unfinished self'. It is only at this point that we can make some sense of the 'two' unfinished worlds of the poem's title: in the Indonesian modernist style, there is a link between the inner world of the private self and the outer world of the nation. 'Freedom' too is yet to find its completed world, for the Dutch sol-

diers are still there in the night, taking away one woman's son and another woman's husband, just as the poet's 'self' struggles for its completion, as he sits 'buried' in his books only a short distance away. The symbolic dimension is thus crafted into the literal description. It is announced to the reader in the poem's title, but true to the intellectualism and elusiveness of the modernist style, it can only be fully realized once the poem's individual components are intuitively apprehended as part of a completed whole. The poem thus proceeds out of 'two unfinished worlds': the struggle for national freedom and the struggle for realization of the individual self.

The third of Rivai's 'Yogya poems', *Batu Tapal*, appeared in *Siasat* on 16 January 1949, one week after *Elegi* and *Dari Dua Dunia Belum Sudah*. Like *Elegi*, it is a poem of conviction and determination, clearly expressive of nationalist commitment in the face of the assertion of Dutch military power. In comparison with its predecessors, however, its tone is more strident, and there is no hint of the inner world of self exploration that is held in counterpoint to the nationalist struggle in *Dari Dua Dunia*. It is expressive of the modernist style primarily through its highly individualist experimentation with language and imagery, which sets it apart from the populist and rhetoricized cry of determination and solidarity it might otherwise be. The opening line, which is repeated another eight times and echoed again elsewhere in the thirty-line poem, places experimentation with language at the poem's core, because the key expression, '*Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja*', is not immediately explicable in terms of standard Indonesian/Malay usage. Aveling glossed the line as 'our understanding is surrounded by or impressed on, the rocks of Jogja' (Aveling 1971:360), allowing the ambiguity of two different interpretations to stand side by side. However, it appears most likely that the linguistic experimentation in this phrase is built around two related usages of the word *tapal*. The poem's title, *Batu Tapal*, is a term used since colonial times for 'milestone' or 'distance marker', from the Javanese *tapel*, or 'clay statue'.⁴ From this usage derives the term *tapal batas*, meaning 'border', or 'border zone', as in the contemporaneous expression, '*negeri sendiri berada di tapal batas*'.⁵ In the poem's opening line, these two usages of *tapal* appear to have been combined, producing the idea that the events of the previous month in Yogyakarta have clearly demarcated 'our' frame of understanding. This interpretation yields a literal meaning something akin to 'The border of our convictions is marked out by stones from Yogya', or 'Our con-

⁴ I am grateful to Marcus Susanto, an honorary research associate of the University of Sydney, whose vast knowledge of Indonesian, and sensitive understanding of nuances of meaning in the language, helped me to interpret this poem.

⁵ The phrase is taken from an essay by Asrul Sani, written around 1950, but not published until its inclusion in a commemorative volume of his work in 1997. See Sani 1997:42.

victions (or mind-set) are (is) fixed in place by (what happened in) Yogya'. Consistent with the modernist idiom, the line emerges as a thoroughly subjective metaphor, built on a linguistically experimental neologism (*ditapali*) formed on analogy with standard forms like *dibatasi* and *dilapisi*.

The fact that the whole poem reverberates with the repetition of this single line indicates that the poet saw some special quality attaching to it. This is his battle cry, which stands alongside the smell of death that the dream of freedom has occasioned, just as it accompanies thoughts of the garden where children are yet to play, with 'the sun as their toy'. It is populist in its intent, for the whole point of the poem is the assertion of a common and unshakeable conviction in the face of the enemy's attack, but it is highly individualist in its conception. Once again, it is an expression of the special character of Indonesian modernism, where the intellectualized and experimental use of language by a small group of young writers in Dutch-controlled Jakarta was one among many ways in which the Indonesian revolution found expression in social and cultural form.

Rivai published no more poetry after these poems of January 1949 until *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam* appeared in *Siasat* on 1 May, more than three months after the publication of *Batu Tapal*. For those young writers and artists who formed the inner circle of Chairil Anwar's *Gelanggang* group, the latter part of this period must have been dominated by the poet's impending death, foreshadowed in Chairil's own poems of the period, and made imminent with his hospitalization on 22 April. As Jassin later recorded, at the time of his death Chairil was already wasted by chronic lung disease (tuberculosis?) and prone to the type of infection that brought on his end (Jassin 1968:38). In his last poems, apparently written in March and April, he had placed a closure on his own poetic oeuvre, completing the movement from youthful rebellion and a thirst for life through to the apprehension of death, fear, resignation and final acceptance of the finality of death.⁶ Everything at this time was signalling the end, the moment of confrontation with the meaning of Chairil's life, his work and his premature death. And against this background, just as Rivai's published poems of January 1949 recorded within a month the impact of the fall of Yogyakarta, it does not seem unreasonable to link *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam* of 1 May with the personally harrowing

⁶ The last of Chairil's poems to appear in print in his lifetime was *Aku berkisar antara mereka*, which was published in February 1949. The poems which express the sense of closure, *Yang terampas dan yang putus* and *Cemara menderai sampai jauh*, were not published until June, suggesting that they were written in the weeks that preceded his death. See Jassin 1968:169.

events of the weeks that immediately preceded it. In this poem, as in its predecessors, the inner and outer worlds merge, this time in relation to an event of personal, rather than national, significance. In the totality of its imagery there is both a representation of Chairil's life and death and an inner questioning, as Rivai Apin himself settles his accounts with Chairil and takes leave of him, as a mentor and as a friend.

The presence of Chairil Anwar in the poem is marked by certain key inter-textual references to Chairil's own poetry, and his poetic persona. It begins with an evocation of the modernist culture hero, socially marginalized before reaching his prime, but firm in his convictions, committed to an honesty in his declarations ('- *dan dia tidak akan meleset, tapi harus djudjur dalam pengakuan* -'). The thirst for life, which he embodies, was something that would bring him emotional pain (*Air mata akan menakik pipi*), while the restlessness, the thoughts that 'burned the heart', would leave him wasted and dry, like a fire after the flame goes out. In this image there is both an echo of one of Chairil's own memorable lines ('*Aku terpenggangg tinggal rangka*' (Anwar 1988:6)) and a reference, perhaps, to a body ravaged by tuberculosis and approaching death. Indeed, the 'dry breath of mortality' is in the air, watching him at every turn, a reminder of the brevity of human life. This 'Son of Man' (*Anak Manusia* is the term used in the Indonesian New Testament for Jesus' references to himself) now knows only the bitterness of defeated ideals and broken dreams, as the convulsions in his chest drag him towards the grave.

Suspended somewhat incongruously in this evocation of approaching death and broken dreams is the line '*Kebenaran kegembiraan dalam ledakan pertama*'. It anticipates Part II of the poem, where its repetition announces a reflection on the heroism of this life lived in pursuit of the truth 'acknowledged in the heart' in the explosion of youth. The promise of this moment has never been realized, because this 'Son of Man' has blurred the distinction between the 'ordinary' and 'extraordinary' man. Though the two are separated (at birth?) by a matter of hours, the expectation of the 'extraordinary man' that he too is entitled to life turns him into a hunted animal, pursued even to his final refuge by the will of the 'ordinary man' to torment him, because he will not surrender his own individual integrity to someone else's needs ('*karena dia tidak mau djadi barang sewa*'). At this point, if we have Chairil Anwar in mind, we cannot but be reminded of *Aku*, the early poem of rebellion and determination which came to be seen as Chairil Anwar's credo, and which placed the modernist conception of the poet as cultural hero, rebelling against conformity and mediocrity, at the heart of the literature of the Indonesian revolution ('[...] *Aku ini binatang jalang / dari kumpulannya terbuang / Biar peluru menembus kulitku / Aku tetap meradang menerjang / Luka dan bisa kubawa berlari / Berlari / Hingga hilang pedih peri / [...]*' (Anwar 1988:12)).

Up to this point, *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam* can be seen as a complex of images that evokes a sense of unjust suffering, the heroic and premature death of the man of superior insight in the face of persecution and alienation at the hands of his fellow human beings. Part III, however, opens with a startling change of tone, as the reader, addressed through the inclusive '*kita*', is invited to consider the possibility, 'frankly, and for the sake of love and honesty', that this is not an heroic death, but the end of a cruel deception, which has left the dying man regretful and afraid. 'We' embrace life in all its beauty and respond to all its temptations, little knowing that there are devils by the wayside cheering us on towards the fear that lies at the end of the road. We become forgetful, and end in a place where glory is haunted by a fear and remorse that is so hard to acknowledge. We cannot know for sure whether there is a direct reference here to Chairil Anwar's own moving farewell, in the final quatrain of one of his last poems:

*hidup hanya menunda kekalahan,
tambah terasing dari tjinta sekolah rendah,
dan tahu, ada yang tetap tidak diutjapkan,
sebelum pada akhirnya kita menyerah* (Anwar 1988:83).

However, it is this sentiment that is evoked by the deflation of the heroic image that occurs at this point in the poem. There is still defiance, in the unwillingness to admit defeat, until, as Chairil's line says, 'the final surrender'. But the glory of life lived is now haunted by the shadow of death, not only as a threatening, external presence, but as something experienced inwardly, and manifested in fear and remorse.⁷

The two sections of the poem which follow this change of tone, difficult as they are to attach any precise literal meaning to, appear to plead for a release from an ongoing state of suffering, of wrestling with life in a continuation of the struggle. The 'dream' and the 'song' do have an end, but how is it to be reached? The '*kesepian*' (loneliness), '*pembuangan*' (exile), '*ketahanan*' (endurance) and '*kekuatan*' (strength) – all key notions in Chairil Anwar's poetic vocabulary – are 'never enough', never complete, 'neither on land, nor on sea'. At a late stage of the journey, the awareness of victory and defeat coalesce, but the road goes on, towards a goal first formed in the heart. Finally, in Part VI, there is some kind of recuperation. Beyond the image of betrayal

⁷ If Chairil's end was brought on, as Jassin recorded, by a ruptured intestine in a body weakened by chronic disease, we may assume he died an agonizing death. Both Jassin (1968:38) and Balfas (1953:37) describe him calling on God as he lay dying. The shiver in the face of death, which Chairil recorded in his poems, must have seemed all too real to those, like Rivai, who stood by him at this time.

('Tidak ada waktu dan tempat bagi dia jang dilahirkan tjahaja / dan hilang diter-tawakan tjahaja'), there is a restored confidence in the humanist vision: in 'his' belief that the Son of Man must live on this earth, in this air, and this water, 'he' derives some power and authority ('Dia akan hidup menudju pantai dan djadi penguasa'). At the end of the poem, the sea imagery becomes all-encom-passing. The final, deeply moving, stanza suggests the promise of rebirth coming out of the sea: he has bathed himself in the blue, the storm and calm that is the source of all life and energy, and it is from here that the vision of perfect beauty emerges, rising out of the sea after the storm. A lonely, painful death could not be the end; the life that was ebbing away before him had been too powerfully lived to disappear into oblivion.

In a 1948 poem dedicated to 'Bahar[udin] and Rivai', Chairil Anwar wrote '*Aku suka pada mereka yang berani hidup / Aku suka pada mereka yang masuk men-emui malam*' (Anwar 1988:75). Perhaps these words echoed in Rivai's mind as Chairil himself 'went into the night', his body tortured by suffering, and his mind full of fear and broken ideals. *Melalui Siang Menembus Malam* suggests that Rivai too wanted to acknowledge the one 'who dared to live', who was prepared to enter into the unknown. In my reading of it, this poem stands as a memorial to the modernist hero, flawed but resolute in his humanity, defeated by death but never turning away from life. It is composed of a vision and an aesthetic that first acquired form in the three poems that preceded it, and it represents a point of culmination in the modernist aesthetic experimentation of the revolutionary period.

The concept of aesthetic modernism is generally understood to refer to a particular artistic practice that reached its peak in the art and literature of Europe in the first quarter of the twentieth century. In the words of Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane, modernism was a response to 'the scenario of our chaos [...] of the world changed and reinterpreted by Marx, Freud and Darwin, of capitalism and constant industrial acceleration, of existential exposure to meaninglessness or absurdity' (Bradbury and McFarlane 1976:27). In contrast to the more universal notion of modernity, which refers to social practices and modes of existence experienced by different societies at different points in their evolution, modernism was a specific response to the conditions of early twentieth-century European history. It was an art 'consequent on the dis-establishing of communal reality and conventional notions of causality, on the destruction of traditional notions of wholeness of individual character, on the linguistic chaos that ensues when public notions of language have been discredited and when all realities have become subjective fictions' (Bradbury and McFarlane 1976:27).

Raymond Williams has pointed to the crucial role of the twentieth-century urban metropolis as the generator of much of modernism's thematic concerns and creative energy. The city fostered the themes of alienation and loneliness of the isolated individual subjectivity. However, it also opened up a new and ambiguous potential for renewal. The city offered the possibility of new kinds of human solidarity, whether they were new forms of artistic community or the community of popular revolutionary consciousness (Williams 1989:39-43; also Bradbury and McFarlane 1976:96-104). Thus, in the midst of a sense of loss, chaos and meaninglessness, the modernist assertion held also to the sense of transition, and acquired a part of its character and sensibility in its suspension between 'creation and de-creation' (Bradbury and McFarlane 1976:49). As such it acknowledged the ambiguous promise of the new in a way that distinguished it from subsequent explorations of the 'post'-modern. At its peak, modernism acquired an international character, with a 'discernible centre' identified by Bradbury and McFarlane as a 'broadly symbolist aesthetic, an *avant-garde* view of the artist, and a notion of a relationship of crisis between art and history' (Bradbury and McFarlane 1976:29).

'International' as used here refers to movements across the borders of European and North American nations, where the modernist sense of crisis accompanied the beginning of the end of European imperialism. Till now, and again in contrast to the way the concept of 'modernity' has been studied and understood, there has been little attempt to describe modernism as an aesthetic tendency that manifested itself also in non-European garb. Yet we do not need to look very far to see that the world that had been made in the image of imperialism quickly came to recognize itself in the modernist world view. An art and literature based on a symbolist aesthetic, a view of the artist as culture hero, and a sense that historical change was compelling an urgent re-evaluation of the meaning and nature of art appeared in the outposts of empire, and even beyond, in the period before the Second World War (Keene 1984). In Indonesia, modernism did not make its presence felt until the very end of empire, when the country was in the throes of its anti-colonial revolution, and its appearance was short-lived. It persisted into the early independence period, in the works of writers like Sitor Situmorang and Asrul Sani, but its high point came in the symbolist poetry of the revolution. There, the artist as alienated individual and conscience of society, and the lyric poem as 'interior meditation' (Hough 1976:313) stood alongside a new sense of nationhood and a vigorous struggle to define a new literary language. Its sense of crisis, of the individual's search for inner truth in a chaotic and degraded world, was as real and as deeply felt as in European modernism in the decades after the First World War. But the special character of Indonesian modernism was to combine that sense of existential crisis with an equally urgent sense of historical mission, the conviction that living in a time of

transition carried with it a weight of responsibility, not only to shake off the past, but to create the future. 'Write, because the paper is barren, the dry throat seeks a little moisture!' wrote Chairil Anwar in a memorable poem of 1946 (Anwar 1988:53).

This sense of mission, of rebuilding, was based on a radical humanism, an expression of European modernism's potential for new forms of community, but without its sense of engagement with an established aesthetic tradition. In Indonesia, the rupture with the past was total, and the humanist ideal was unsullied by disillusionment with any of its earlier social or aesthetic enactments. Thus, whereas European modernism 'leads to the inevitable subversion of traditional humanism' (Eysteinnsson 1990:25), its Indonesian counterpart embraced the humanist conviction as something new, with what appears in retrospect as an innocent, if not to say naive, faith in the idea of world citizenship and common humanity. This opening to the rest of the world lay at the heart of Indonesian modernism; in time, the approach came to be dubbed 'universal humanism'.

Nevertheless, the universal dimension that humanism acquired in Indonesian modernism remained paradoxical, because it never overrode the commitment to a political nationalism and the struggle for national sovereignty that characterized the years between 1945 and 1949 and the early independence period. In Indonesia, the modernist emphasis on the individual human subject always stood alongside a sense of being part of a broad anti-colonial struggle for independent nationhood. Hence there were always two dimensions of Indonesian modernism, the inner quest for subjective truth and the outer commitment to the nation. They perhaps never found a more complete expression than in the poems which Rivai Apin wrote in Jakarta in early 1949. There, the presence of the revolution and of the artist as culture builder lies constantly within the poems' compass. At their modernist core, however, lies the private world of an 'uncompleted inner self', evoked through a subjective experimentation with language and symbols that still resists any definitive 'external' elucidation. Their historical moment has long passed, and in the New Order years they disappeared from view completely in Indonesia's official national literary heritage. Perhaps, in an age of change and reform, they and their creator will be restored to their rightful place in that heritage, and the confident humanism to which they give voice may again be recognized as a legitimate manifestation of the Indonesian nationalist imagination.

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APPENDIX

Four poems by Rivai Apin, Jakarta 1949

ELEGI

*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
Ah, kenangan padamu akan terus memburu,
menakutkan seperti bajang dipondok selojongan, bila pelita telah dipasang.
Tapi penuh kasih seperti Bapa jang mengulurkan tangan
Dan kau kembali, seperti dihari-hari dulu ketika kau dan ini bumi masih mendegup-
kan hidup.*

*Kami tak kan lupakan kau, ketika memburu dan ketika lari
– karena apa jang kami buru dan apa jang kami larii
untuk itu kau mau serahkan njawa
Dan kami jang menimbang djasamu
Pun tahu, seperti kaupun tahu, bahwa tak ada Dewa atau Tuhan lain jang berharga
untuk dihidupi selain itu*

*Berhembusan topan dipadang tandus ini
Tapi tapak kami jang tertanam dipadang gersang, dimana kau dalam terkubur
Melandjutkan njala, dan kami jang tegak berdiri disini ialah api
Kita tahankan hidup di ini malam, malam jang akan melahirkan siang*

*Kita adalah anak-anak dari satu Bapa
Kita adalah anak-anak dari satu Ibu
Dan mati kita hanjalah soal waktu
Tapi kita semua mempertahankan satu Tuhan.*

*Adik jang akan datang. Kakak jang telah pergi
Kita angkutlah tanah-tanah jang retak, ini tanah-tanah jang gersang,
Keberatan beban, kesakitan bahu memikul, dan kepahitan hati akan kekalahan
Akan menjaratkan tjinta pada kepertjajaan jang kita peluk.*

(Siasat, 9/1/49)

ELEGY

What we can feel, but need not express
What we can think, but need not say
Do not be sad – and let us carry it forward
We bear this truth to the stars and to the earth.

And we know, because there is one word from you that we keep with us
One look from split, drying earth, then a sob that constricts the chest
Ah, memories of you will keep on pursuing us,
frightening, like shadows in a rickety hut, when the lamp is lit.
But full of love, like a Father extending a hand
And you return, as in days gone by, when you, and this earth, still throbbed
with life.

We will not forget you, when pursuing and when fleeing
– because what we pursue and what we flee from
for that you were willing to surrender your life
And we, who weigh up your deeds
Know as you knew, that there is no other God more worthy of our care

A hurricane blows across this barren field
But our footsteps, planted in this dry ground, where you lie buried deep,
Carry forward the flame, while we who stand firm here are the fire
We defend life in this darkness, the darkness that will give birth to the day

We are the children of one Father
We are the children of one Mother
And our deaths are only a matter of time
But we all defend one God.

Our brothers and sisters to come, those who have passed on,
Let us lift up this broken earth, this dry and barren earth,
The weight of the burden, the pain across the shoulders, and the bitterness of
defeat
Will fill with love the faith which we embrace.

DARI DUA DUNIA BELUM SUDAH

*Pagi itu aku dengar beritanya,
Aku kedjalan*

Orang-orang djualan dan hendak pergi kerdja menepi-nepi
 Oto-oto kentjang, berat dengan serdadu-serdadu dan tank-tank tak dapat digolakkan
 Ada jang meronda, berdua-dua dan bersendjata
 Diantaranja ruang lapang-lapang, tapi ada isi!
 Semua beku padu:
 manusia benda dan udara, tapi memperlihatkan harga.

Aku pergi keteman-teman, berbitjara, isi mengendap kekelam
 Berita: Djokja sudah djatuh, Maguwo ... Karno tertangkap
 Hatta, Sjahirir ...
 Kami terus berbitjara, atau keteman, keteman dan keteman ...
 Kami berbitjara, menimbang, dan melihat kemungkinan
 Semua dari satu kata dan untuk satu kata.

Sendja itu aku pulang, sarat dengan berita dan kemungkinan,
 Dirumahku aku disambut oleh keakuanku jang belum sudah:
 buku jang terbuka, jang belum dibatja dan buku jang harus aku sudahkan,
 Tapi untuk ini aku sudah tinggalkan Bapa dan Abang
 Dan baru pula teringat ini hari baru satu kali makan.
 – jang periuknja selalu terbuka – Dan aku sudahkan keakuanku
 didalam ruang kuburan jang digalikan oleh njala pelita didalam kegelapan.

Tapi malam itu menghentam sepatu lars pada dinding⁸
 kegelapan jang tebal.
 Dan ketika mereka telah pergi terdengar ratap perempuan,
 bininja atau ibunya.
 Padaku tak usah lagi ditjeritakan, bahwa ada jang dibawa
 Aku hanja bisa menekankan kepala pada papan medja,
 Buntjah oleh itu kata jang belum punja bumi tapi telah mengedjar pula kedalam
 dunia jang belum sudah.

(Siasat, 9/1/49)

FROM TWO UNFINISHED WORLDS

That morning I heard the news,
 I went out into the street
 Pedlars and people on the way to work moved aside

⁸ In *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, this line is printed 'Tapi malam itu menghentam, sepatu lares pada dinding'. In *Siasat*, it is 'Tapi malam itu menghentam2 sepatu lars pada dinding'.

Fast moving vehicles, heavy with soldiers, and unshakeable tanks
There were soldiers on patrol, in pairs and armed
Between them was wide open space, but there was substance!
Everything was stiff, rigid:
people, objects and air, but everything displayed its worth.

I went to see friends, to talk, and what we said distilled into darkness
The news: Yogya has fallen, Maguwo airfield ... Sukarno captured
Hatta, Sjahrir ...
We kept on talking, or went from one friend to another ...
We talked, weighed things up and considered the possibilities
Everything out of and for one word.

As night fell I went home, full of news and possibilities,
Waiting for me at home was my unfinished self:
the opened books, still unread, and books which I had to finish,
But for this, I had left Father and Brother
And only then I remembered, I'd only eaten once that day.
– where the cooking pot was always open – And I went about finishing my
self
in the grave dug out of the darkness by the light of the lamp.

But that night boots kicked on the thick walls
of darkness.
And when they had gone there came a woman's wailing voice,
his wife or his mother.
I didn't need anyone to tell me, that someone had been taken
I could only press my head against the table,
My head buzzing with that word which still has no earth, but which had
gone on pursuit into an unfinished world.

BATU TAPAL

Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
Biarpun apa jang terdjadi
Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja.

Angin bangkit berembus
sarat mengandung bau
majat-majat dari daerah mimpi jang telah terdjadi.

*Ingatlah bila angin bangkit
 Ingatlah bila angin bangkit
 Bahwa daerah jang kita mimpikan
 Telah bermajat, banjak bermajat.*

*Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
 Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
 Dan tidak ada jang dapat menggolakkannja.*

*Ingatlah bila angin bangkit
 dan mengandung majat
 daerah jang belum didapat
 Ingatlah anak jang tidak punja kebun tempat bermain
 Anak jang tidak punja matahari untuk mainan.*

*Musuh kita dapat memudja mati
 Dan merangkak dimalam bertanda mati
 Tapi pengertian kita tidak ditapali,
 tidak ditapali mati.*

*Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
 Daerah kebun tempat anak bermain
 Dan matahari memburu awan.*

*Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
 Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja
 Biarpun apa jang terdjadi
 Pengertian kita ditapali batu dari Djokja.*

(Siasat, 16/1/49)

DISTANCE MARKER

Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
 Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
 Whatever may now occur
 Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya.

A wind blows up
 heavy with the smell of
 corpses from the dream which has come into being.

Remember when the wind arises
Remember when the wind arises
That the land of which we dream
Now contains dead bodies, many dead bodies.

Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
And there is nothing that can shake them.

Remember when the wind arises
bearing in it the smell of corpses
the land still to be obtained
Remember the children with nowhere to play
The children without the sun for a toy.

Our enemies may worship death
And crawl about at night bearing the marks of death
But our convictions are not limited,
not limited by death.

Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
A land where children can play
And the sun chase after the clouds.

Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya
Whatever may now occur
Our convictions are fixed in place by Yogya.

MELALUI SIANG MENEMBUS MALAM

I

*Sebelum gadis-gadis djadi remadja,
Sebelum daun-daun akan menghidjau dan bunga bewarna segar,
Disempit pinggiran, dimana batas hanja bisa dirasakan
– dan dia tidak akan meleset, tapi harus djudjur dalam pengakuan –*

*Air mata akan menakik pipi
pikiran akan membakar hati,
mendjadikan diri orang kering kurus sehabis njala.*

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

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

Anak Manusia jang sekarang ini hanjalah 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

II

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
dan menuba dada
Pengertian inilah:
dia telah mengaburkan batas
manusia biasa dan manusia luar biasa.

Kedua-dua adalah anak-anak manusia
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
Datang meletjut pada luka-luka
dia jang telah lari kedalam gua-gua terakhir
karena dia tidak mau djadi barang sewa.

III

Demi tjinta dan djudjur
mari kita berterus terang
Ini hidup jang menghampar dihadapan kita
demikian indah, demikian menarik dan penuh goda

*tapi djalannja telah menudju ketakutan
dan setan-setan dipinggiran djalan
bersorak-sorakan mengandjurkan.*

*Arus jang telah diikutkan
membuat lupa dan kemegahan
membuktikan ketakutan ...*

*Adakah suatu kemegahan itu bumi
Adakah suatu kemegahan itu dasar
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
Kedua-dua tidak akan putus-putus⁹
Mereka kedua memang bisa,
memang bisa, tapi bagaimana ...*

V

*Dimana achir daerah akan terdapat
achir daerah, jang membuka kaki langit
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.
Bumi jang punja rupa dan nama
menguapkan awan sakal dan ...*

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

⁹ In *Tiga Menguak Takdir*, this line reads 'Kedua-dua akan putus-putus'.

VI

*Didaerah tudju jang membuka kaki langit
 didaerah jang setiap waktu dimandii hudjan,
 Biar diwaktu siang atau diwaktu malam.
 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
 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
 Diatas mana, didalam mana dan diantara mana
 Anak Manusia harus hidup.*

*Dia perhitungkan segala hidup
 Dia buat perhitungan ditiap mati
 Dia hanja menggenggam nilai
 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
 kepundan jang memantjarkan segala tenaga
 Dan gadis dengan keindahan penuh sehabis badai,
 Akan keluar dari laut jang biru bening.*

(Siasat, 1/5/49)

PASS THROUGH THE DAY, PENETRATE THE NIGHT

I

Before the young girls grow to adolescence,
 Before the leaves turn green and the flowers open in fresh colours,
 Squeezed aside, where the boundaries can only be felt
 – and he will not falter, he has to be true to his creed –

Tears will incise his cheeks
thoughts will burn his heart,
leaving him wasted and dry after being aflame.

The end of rains has brought forth
and blown and spread about
the dry breath of mortality,
Truth is joy in the first explosion

From behind the walls along the lanes
death keeps constant watch
Man is but a child of a few short hours.

This Son of Man today knows only broken dreams,
birds at the end of their song.
And his heart, split rocks on a dry field, withered of hope
His mouth now washed with bitterness
his chest constricts, dragging him heavily into the grave

II

Truth is joy in the first explosion
Truth that is acknowledged by the heart
but broken by the mind, because
he asked for a guarantee for life like an ordinary man.
The first bitterness that spread in the mouth
and poisoned the chest
It is this understanding:
he has blurred the boundary
between the ordinary and the extraordinary man.

They are both sons of mankind
Each determined by just a few hours
'in the beginning was the deed'

Truth acknowledged by the heart but broken by the mind.
the extraordinary man asked for a guarantee for life;
To someone who flees like a hunted animal: the ordinary man
Comes and whips his wounds
he who has fled into the last caverns
because he will not become something to be hired.

III

For the sake of love and honesty
let us be frank
This life that spreads out before us
is so beautiful, so attractive and full of temptations
but its path leads to fear
and the devils by the wayside
cheer and urge us along.

The currents we follow
make us forget and glory
reveals the fear ...

Is that world something glorious
Is that foundation something glorious
A glory haunted by fear and regret,
that will not be acknowledged?

IV

Seek the end of the dream
Seek the end of the song
But how? neither of them has an end
Both go on without interruption
They both can indeed,
can indeed, but how ...

V

When will the end of the land be reached
the end of the land, that opens the horizon
The loneliness is not enough, nor the exile
nor the endurance and the strength to touch bottom
Not on land, nor on sea

In the interval of time between land and sea
And breathing in the air from two forms.
The earth which has form and a name
precipitates an obstructing cloud and ...

At a later stop on the journey
Being aware of place and time
Victory and defeat
Making a confession then going home to the line of the road,

The goal that was undertaken has its source in the heart

VI

At the end point that opens the horizon
in the region that is constantly bathed in rain,
Whether it be day or night.
Seek the right time
Seek the appropriate place, and remember
There is no time and place for the one given birth by the light
who disappears with the light laughing at him.

He who was born in the middle of a night torn open
with a jungle at one time broken apart
and another a dry field
He will go towards the shore, and he will take control
Because he believes:
This is the earth, the water and air
On which, in which and within which
The Son of Man must live.

He takes account of all life
He makes an account at every death
He holds only to the standard
Of the eternal, boundless sea,
on which ships live and sail

He has bathed himself in
the blue, the honesty of the sea with its storms and its calm
the source of all that lives
the crater that spouts forth all energy
And the girl full of beauty after the storm
Will emerge from the clear blue sea.