

A woman wearing a brown patterned dress and a red headscarf is sitting on a brown plastic chair in a laundry area. She is surrounded by clothes hanging on lines, including a grey t-shirt, a blue shirt, and a green patterned dress. In the background, there is a building under construction with scaffolding. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

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**HARI INI
SEPERTI BIASA
TOWARD AN
ORDINARY DAY**

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PRAKATA FOREWORD

Ketika kami mengerjakan e-book ini, Bandung seakan sudah kembali 'normal'. Jalanan kembali macet. Pasar tradisional kembali ramai. Kafe-kafe mulai dipenuhi anak muda. Bahkan, kini mereka berani mengadakan pesta malam.

Situasi ini berdampak besar pada proyek saya dengan John, batas-batas subjektifitas dan etika bekerja di sini. Covid-19 seperti sudah tidak terasa menakutkan lagi. Dan apa yang kami pikirkan adalah pertanyaan, apakah kami juga merasa seperti itu, merasa 'normal'.

Dan hingga hari ini saya terus berpikir untuk menemukan jawaban atas pertanyaan, bagaimana proyek ini dapat 'mengevakuasi' subjek - termasuk kami - dari situasi dan pengalaman seperti itu? Bagaimana saya bisa melanjutkan proyek ini, ketika kenyataan tampak mendahului kita? Bagaimana dengan subjektivitas dan etika kami dalam proyek ini?

Pertanyaan seperti ini mungkin menjadi salah output dari proyek-proyek seni yang di lakukan di masa pandemi. Sebagai suatu produksi pengetahuan yang sangat bisa dikaji ulang untuk melihat lagi hubungan-hubungan seni dan sosial, artistik dan politik, seniman dan warga di dalam situasi general dan pengalaman atau situasi spesifik seperti pandemi.

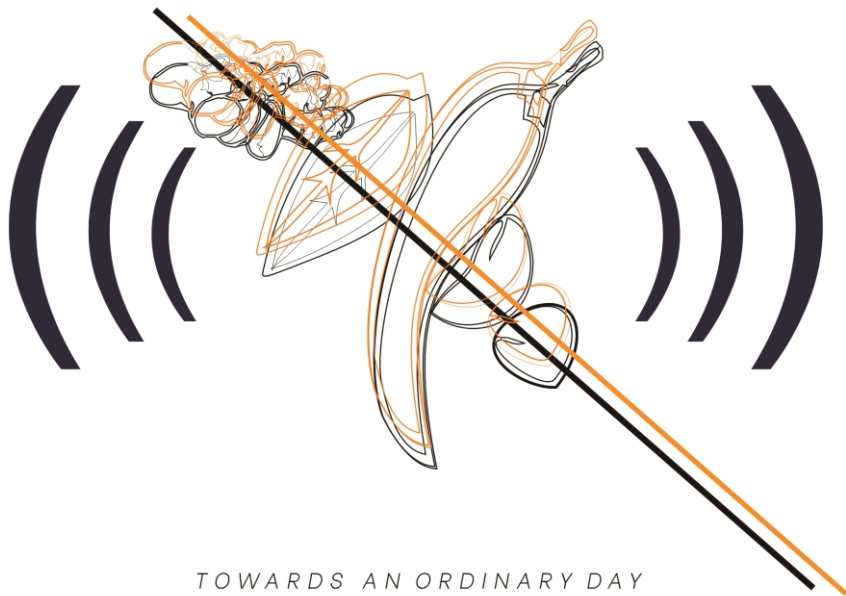
When I worked on this e-book, Bandung seemed to have returned to 'normal'. The streets are jammed again, the traditional markets are busy again. The cafes began to fill up with young people. In fact, now they dare to have a night party.

This situation has a profound impact on my project with John, the boundaries of subjectivity and the work ethic here. Covid-19 doesn't seem scary anymore. And what we think is the question, do we feel that way too, feel 'normal'.

And to this day I continue to think about finding the answer to the question, how can this project 'evacuate' subjects - including us - from such situations and experiences? How can I continue this project, when reality seems to be ahead of us? What about our subjectivity and ethics in this project?

Questions like these may be among the outputs of art projects undertaken during a pandemic. As a knowledge production that can be reexamined to see again the relations between art and social, artistic and political, artists and citizens in general situations and experiences or specific situations such as a pandemic.

HARI INI, SEPERTI BIASA



TOWARDS AN ORDINARY DAY

LATAR BELAKANG IDE

BACKGROUND OF IDEAS

Semua orang ingin pandemi ini segera berlalu. Pandemi ini telah mengganggu rencana hidup kita dan membawa ketidakpastian yang sulit disentuh. Setiap rencana terganggu, berhenti, ditunda, dibatalkan, tetapi kita masih tetap bersiasat agar hidup tidak berhenti. Seiring penghentian ekonomi perlahan berhenti, pandemi ini telah menyumbat mata pencaharian banyak orang. Dan ini baru berlangsung sekitar satu bulan di Indonesia. Pandemi yang sukses ini menunjukkan betapa rapuhnya hidup kita.

Dan bagaimana jika hari ini adalah sepuluh tahun ke depan? Mungkin kita tidak bisa lagi hidup normal lagi jika pandemi ini berlalu. Dan mungkin yang terbaik adalah tidak kembali normal. Pelajaran berharga dari pandemi ini terlalu

Everyone wants this pandemic to pass soon. This pandemic has disrupted our life plans and brought uncertainty that is hard to touch. Every plan goes awry, stops, is postponed, is canceled, but we are still scheming so life doesn't stop. As the economic cessation slowly stops, this pandemic has clogged the livelihoods of many people. And this has only been going on for about a month in Indonesia. This successful pandemic shows how fragile our lives are.

And what if today is the next ten years? Maybe we can no longer return to normal life if this pandemic passes. And maybe it's best not to get back to normal. Valuable lessons from this pandemic are too valuable to just be a diary in the mass media and data. Do not let us be persuaded only to look for wisdom behind the disaster. And what if today is the next ten years in an eviction area and an area that has been stereotyped by the government to be evicted? While the urban poor have become so accustomed to living in crisis conditions and

berharga untuk dijadikan catatan harian di media massa dan data. Jangan sampai kita terbujuk hanya untuk mencari hikmah dibalik bencana. Dan bagaimana jika saat ini sepuluh tahun mendatang di daerah penggusuran dan daerah yang telah distereotipkan oleh pemerintah untuk digusur? Sedangkan masyarakat miskin perkotaan sudah terbiasa hidup dalam kondisi krisis dan keadaan darurat dalam kemiskinan dan kehilangan tempat tinggal yang juga berarti kehilangan sejarah.

Kami masih percaya bahwa narasi masih menjadi salah satu cara mendasar dalam menafsirkan kehidupan sehari-hari dengan menjelaskan bahwa dalam setiap narasi selalu ada perubahan dari awal ke situasi yang berbeda.

Proyek ini disusun dengan kata kunci "normalitas" di rumah-rumah kaum miskin perkotaan dan tempat tinggal sementara penduduk perkotaan yang digusur. Proyek ini akan dilaksanakan melalui media naratif dan podcast yang diunggah secara berkala dan diharapkan dikumpulkan dalam format e-book. Cerita ini akan dikumpulkan melalui pertanyaan dasar: "Apa yang akan kita lakukan 10 tahun mendatang? Juga apa yang telah kita lakukan di masa lalu?"

emergencies in poverty and loss of residence that also means losing history.

We still believe that narrative is still a fundamental one way of interpreting everyday life by explaining that in every narration there is always a change from the beginning to a different situation. With this media we will position the house and residence two ways at the same time. First, it becomes a place to capture and care for those who remain and survive. Second, think of a fixed character and withstand everything that moves. These two positions will try to see the movement of the world from homes and dwellings by playing with the 'documentary' idea of normality in the issue of housing and living in urban village communities in the coronavirus era.

Glossary of terms

Abah / Bah/ Ki: Grandpa

Emak / Mak / Nek: Grandma

Uwa / Wa: Uncle

Pak RW:Village Leader

Pak RT: Neighborhood Leader



ABAH ENDI

Hari ini, seperti biasa Abah Ndi mengecek kondisi kendaraan berpanel surya dan tiga buah panel surya utama di atap rumah setiap pagi. Walaupun hanya ada tiga buah panel surya yang terpasang, itu cukup untuk menghidupkan lampu LED 5 buah, kompor listrik, dan sebuah radio yang sesekali dia nyalakan untuk mendapatkan informasi atau setidaknya mendengar lagu-lau lawas agar dia bisa menari bersama istrinya yang 70 tahun lalu ia nikahi.

Atap rumahnya menggunakan dak benton, ini salah satu cara bersiasat agar setiap bagian bangunan rumah bisa bermanfaat, maklum Abah Ndi tinggal di dalam gang. Tapi justru karena itu, dia bisa memelihara beberapa ekor itik dan membuat kolam ikan dari terpal. Atap rumah menjadi tempat

Today, as usual, Abah Ndi checks the condition of the vehicle with the solar panels and the three main solar panels on the roof of the house every morning. Even though there are only three solar panels installed, it is enough to turn on 5 LED lights, an electric stove, and a radio that he turns on occasionally to get information or at least listen to old songs so he can dance with his wife who married 70 years ago .

The roof of the house uses concrete, this is one way to make every part of the house useful. Understandably, Abah Ndi lived in Kampung Kota. But precisely because of that, he was able to raise a few ducks and make a fish pond out of tarpaulin. The roof of the house is his favorite place. And maybe also for other residents who do not use a roof tile system.

favoritnya, mungkin juga bagi warga lain yang tidak memakai sistem genteng untuk atap rumah.

Namun ada yang berbeda hari ini, kali ini dia mengikatkan beberapa ekor bebek, menggantungkan sekantong beras dan sejumlah ikan di kendaraannya.

"Pak, periksa lagi apakah itu sudah lengkap semua?" ungkap Ma Asih (istrinya)

"Sudah, kan bahan bumbu lain untuk tumpeng nanti dari anak-anak" Jawab Bah Ndi.

Aktifitas yang agak berbeda ini terjadi setelah kurang lebih seminggu. semenjak tersiar kabar melalui radio dan koran dinding di kelurahan, adanya wabah penyakit baru yang membuat orang-orang mengunci diri di rumahnya, mematikan lampu, ada yang masuk ke lemari baju dan hingga membuat ruang bawah tanah segala. Banyak orang yang mulai merasa terus diawasi oleh satu sama lain, membuat tubuh kaku hingga lumpuh karena mengalami kecemasan berlebih, bahkan untuk sekedar makan dan minum.

Hal ini terjadi sejak makin terlalu biasanya orang-orang melakukan rutinitas sehari-hari secara digital melalui internet. Setiap profile atau akun suatu aplikasi mempunyai

But something was different today, this time he tied a few ducks, hung a bag of rice and a number of fish in his vehicle.

"Honey, check again if it's all complete?" said Ma Asih (his wife).

"Yes, the other ingredients for the tumpeng will be brought and provided by our children," replied Bah Ndi.

This somewhat different activity occurred after more or less a week. Since the news broke through the radio and wall newspapers in the urban village, there was a new disease epidemic that made people lock themselves in their homes, turn off the lights, someone went into the wardrobe and made all basements. Many people begin to feel that they are constantly being watched by one another, stiffening their bodies until they are paralyzed by experiencing excessive anxiety, even just eating and drinking.

This is happening, since people are increasingly doing their daily routine digitally via the internet. Every profile or account of an application has the risk of being tapped, duplicated, even illegally owned. Many people suffer losses because of this. The financial bill suddenly grew. The family relationship was broken because of the fake account. Even the public does not know that there has been data buying and selling for business interests and campaigns of the political elite.

The reporting competition is

resiko untuk disadap, digandakan, bahkan dimiliki secara ilegal. Banyak orang mengalami kerugian karena hal ini, tagihan keuangan tiba-tiba membengkak, hubungan keluarga rusak karena akun palsu, bahkan masyarakat tidak tau telah terjadi jual beli data untuk kepentingan bisnis dan kampanye para elit politik.

Adu laporpun semakin menjadi, tidak hanya antar lembaga pemerintah dan perusahaan swasta, setiap orang saling melaporkan, saling menuding kemungkinan peretasan dan pembocoran data-data privat satu sama lain. Bagi masyarakat yang banyak mengomentari kinerja pemerintah, mereka langsung ditangkap oleh pihak kepolisian dengan dalih dituduh mencemarkan nama baik lah, dianggap mengujaran kebencian lah, atau dianggap sebagai penyebar berita bohong.

Silang sengkabut kehidupan digital ini terjadi sejak 10 tahun terakhir di mana setiap orang mencari cara baru untuk saling jumpa, saling terlibat dan bertahan hidup melalui internet. Itu karena ekonomi dan rutinitas sehari-hari terganggu bahkan lumpuh karena virus corona. Sedangkan vaksinya baru ditemukan di tahun 2026, itu juga harus dibeli dengan biaya yang sangat mahal. Selama masa wabah dan transisi penemuan vaksin, Indonesia sudah

increasingly becoming. Not only between government agencies and private companies. Everyone reports to each other, pointing out the possibility of hacking and leaking private data from each other. For the people who commented a lot on government work, they were immediately arrested by the police on the pretext of being accused of defamation, being considered as saying hatred, or being labeled as spreading fake news.

This criss-cross of digital life has occurred since the last 10 years where everyone is looking for new ways to meet, engage with each other and survive via the internet. That's because the economy and daily routine are disrupted and even paralyzed by the corona virus. While the vaccine was only invented in 2026, it also had to be purchased at a very high cost. During the outbreak and transition to vaccine discovery, Indonesia has experienced two changes in the country's leadership.

The first president decided to resign from office because of the pressure of the community and he felt that he had failed to face the plague. Meanwhile, the second president was elected because he won the General Election which at that time seemed obliged to campaign for the vision of a healthy life and caring for the environment. The elected president then fulfilled his promise by distributing solar panels and a two-person drone vehicle for each head of the family.

But even though the government



mengalami pergantian kepemimpinan negara sebanyak dua kali.

Presiden yang pertama memutuskan mengundurkan diri, karena di desak masyarakat serta merasa gagal menghadapi wabah, sedangkan presiden yang kedua terpilih karena memenangkan PEMILU, yang saat itu seperti wajib mengampanyekan visi hidup sehat dan peduli lingkungan.

Presiden yang terpilih kemudian memenuhi janjinya dengan membagikan panel-panel surya dan kendaraan drone bermuatan dua orang untuk setiap kepala keluarga.

Tapi walaupun pemerintah seperti berganti dengan wajah yang lebih sadar lingkungan dan ditemukannya vaksin virus corona, tidak membuat orang-orang kembali

seems to have replaced with a more environmentally conscious face and the discovery of a corona virus vaccine, it does not make people return to life that is considered normal. They were still suspicious of each other. Even the state is increasingly suspicious of its citizens. Abah Ndi and his wife are categorized as elderly, which also means that they are considered very susceptible to catching diseases, they have the luck not to put their lives on the internet.

They also have habits that have been passed down from generation to generation from the community who still believe in collective rituals in dealing with disease outbreaks.

Moreover, they aspire to have a duck cage, fish pond, and garden in old age. They are not too worried about the food crisis. This habit is followed by their

ke kehidupan yang dianggap normal. Mereka masih menyimpan curiga terhadap satu-sama lain. Bahkan negara pun semakin curiga kepada warganya.

Abah Ndi dan istrinya dikategorikan sebagai lansia, yang juga berarti dianggap sangat rentan terjangkit penyakit, mereka mempunyai keberuntungan untuk tidak menaruh hidupnya di internet.

Mereka mempunyai kebiasaan yang dilakukan secara turun temurun dari lingkungan masyarakat yang masih percaya pada upacara bersama dalam menghadapi wabah penyakit.

Terlebih mereka bercita-cita untuk mempunyai kandang itik, kolam ikan, dan berkebun di masa tua.

Mereka tidak terlalu khawatir atas krisis pangan.

Kebiasaan ini dituruti oleh anak-cucunya yang tinggal berdekatan membentuk sebuah kampung baru di perbatasan Bandung-Cicalengka.

Setelah semua tersiapkan dengan baik, Abah ndi dan ma Asih kemudian mengenakan pakaian seperti pakaian pilot untuk melakukan penerbangan. Pakaian penerbangan ini kurang-lebih berbeda dengan pakaian yang diberikan pemerintah karena sudah didesain ulang oleh anaknya sendiri yang merupakan fashion designer terkenal. Perpaduan warna army yang digunakan pada

children and grandchildren who live close together to form a new village on the Bandung-Cicalengka border.

After everything was well prepared, Abah ndi and Ma Asih then dressed like a pilot's clothes to take the flight. These flight attire was more or less different from the clothing provided by the government. Because it has been redesigned by his own son who is a famous fashion designer. The combination of army colors used on the clothes makes the impression look cool and handsome for an elderly person to wear. The jacket fits his well, as well as a hidden safety device that is designed in such a way that it doesn't interfere with his comfort when he wears it. Also do not forget the clothes are equipped with a helmet and glasses.

After Abah Endi and Ma Asih finished wearing their riding clothes, they double-checked to make sure that their belongings were tied tightly and solidly. Then Abah Endi put a helmet on Ma Asih's head very carefully. They got into the vehicle, Ma Asih got the first turn with the help of Bah Endi. Then it was his turn to take the steering wheel. The engine of the vehicle is started at the push of a button. The engine starts, the propellers spin. Slowly the vehicle rises and starts to distance from the roof floor of the house. They then flew and drove.

The tumpengan ceremony was planned for two days in advance. Precisely just before the evening prayer, Abah uses a dandang (round metal water container) to

pakaian itu, menjadikan kesan terlihat keren dan gagah untuk dikenakan sorang lansia, jaketnya yang pas ditubuh, dilengkapi dengan perangkat keamanan tersembunyi dibalik baju yang dirancang sedemikian rupa sehingga tidak mengganggu kenyamanan saat dikenakan, tidak lupa pakaian dilengkapi dengan helm dan kacamata.

Setelah Abah Endi dan Ma Asih selesai mengenakan pakaian berkendara, mereka mengecek ulang memastikan barang bawaan terikat dengan kuat dan solid . Kemudian abah endi memasangkan helm ke kepala Ma Asih dengan sangat hati-hati. Mereka menaiki kendaraan, Ma asih mendapatkan giliran pertama dengan bantuan bah endi. Kemudian giliran abah endi kursi kemudi. Mesin kendaraan dinyalakan dengan menekan satu tombol. Mesin mulai menyala, baling-baling berputar. secara perlahan kendaraan naik dan berjarak dengan lantai atap rumah. Mereka pun kemudian terbang dan melaju.

Upacara tumpengan ini direncanakan Abah dua hari sebelumnya. Tepatnya saat menjelang magrib abah dengan menggunakan seeng atau dandang berkomunikasi dengan para anaknya yang juga menggunakan alat yang serupa. Seeng digunakan oleh Abah dan

communicate with their children who also use a similar tool. Dandang was used by his father and children for communication media. Abah Endi called it a way of communicating inwardly, as an alternative way of communicating without the internet.

...

In a quarter of the trip, other residents' vehicles also passed in an orderly manner. At the intersection of Buahbatu and Soekarno Hatta roads, they met three vehicles of their children and their grandchildren who were waiting. They also seem to tie supplies to their vehicle. Abah stopped his speed right in front of his son's vehicle, and raised his left hand, which was followed by his sons as a sign that they were ready for the convoy and driving together. Soon they were driving together.

The two children who drove with him were the forerunner and the youngest (fashion designer). They are not like Abah Endi's other children who choose to live in the Bandung-Cicalengka border area. That choice was because they could still come quickly if suddenly needed and visit anytime if they missed Bah Endi and Ma Asih.

They finally reached the roof of one of the children 's house after nearly an hour's drive. The house looks quite spacious so it is often used as a place for tumpengan events. All of his children and grandchildren were waiting in the middle of the house, including other neighbors.



anak-anaknya untuk media berkomunikasi, abah endi menyebutnya sebagai komunikasi secara batin sebagai cara alternatif berkomunikasi tanpa internet.

Di seperempat perjalanan, kendaraan warga lain juga ikut berlalu lalang dengan tertib. Di perempatan daerah Buahbatu-SoekarnoHatta, mereka bertemu dengan tiga kendaraan anak dan cucunya yang menunggu. Mereka nampak juga mengikatkan perbekalan di kendaraannya.

Abah memberhentikan lajunya tepat di depan 3 kendaraan anaknya, dan melangitkan tangan kirinya ke atas, yang diikuti oleh pengemudi di

After untying their carry-on, they then went downstairs and were friendly while joking.

"So back in the 50-60s, when Abah was a kid. Oh yeah, Abah is not a native Bandung person, but from Garut (a city in West Java). My father moved to Bandung to make money by selling goods transport services at the station, using a wagon. My father used to have a wagon. Meanwhile, in the past, people rarely owned cars or motorbikes. Back when I was a kid, I attended an anchovy Tumpeng event like this, to reject reinforcements because all residents in one village were affected by Kuris, or now it's called smallpox. This disease is contagious like the Corona Virus

belakangnya sebagai tanda bahwa mereka siap untuk konvoi dan melaju bersama. Tak lama kemudian mereka melaju.

Kedua anak yang melaju bersamanya adalah si cikal dan si bungsu (fashion designer), mereka tidak seperti anak-anak abah endi yang lain yang memilih tinggal di perbatasan Bandung-Cicalengka. Pilihan itu dikarenakan agar mereka tetap bisa datang dengan cepat jika tiba-tiba diperlukan dan berkunjung kapan saja jika merasa kangen dengan Bah Endi dan Ma Asih. Setelah hampir satu jam perjalanan, mereka akhirnya sampai di atap rumah salah satu anaknya. Rumah itu tampak cukup luas sehingga sering dijadikan sebagai tempat numpang bersama. Semua anak cucunya sudah menunggu di tengah rumah, termasuk tetangga lain. Setelah melepaskan ikatan barang bawaanya, mereka kemudian turun dan beramah tamah sambil bercanda.

"Abahh, Emaaa..... ihh Abah kangen. " seru para cucunya yang menyambut kedatangan Abah Endi dan Ma Asih.

"Sini, sini, Abah peluk" Abah pun mulai memeluk satu persatu cucunya.

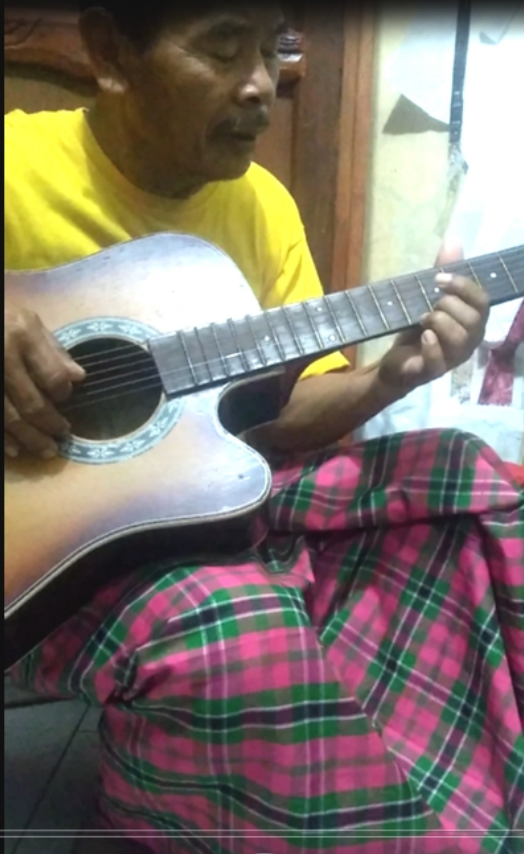
"Sini, Sini Ema Peluk juga.. cucuk ccuk kesayangan ema.... tersayang.." Ma Asih tak mau kalah. Ma asih

and like now. The effect can reach ulcers all over the body, to the face. For those who travel to the entire body. They cannot use clothes made of cloth, because it will be sticky and will make the ulcers worse. Instead they use banana leaves. In the past, it was the same as the Corona Virus, we and our family could not be close to each other, we had to keep our distance from each other.

Medical or health science is not yet socialized. So we treated us with ashes from coconut or kawung that were burned. We put the ashes on the body. But indeed, people are more afraid of ghosts than disease.

Every time before the evening call to prayer, the residents choose to close the door and stay at their house. So the atmosphere of the village was very quiet. But before that, the residents had to install a *cempor* lamp (lighting from a device that uses coconut oil that emits a small fire) which was placed on a '*ayakan*' (a traditional bamboo tool for separating / filtering rice) which was hung in front of the residents' houses. The shadow of the *cempor* lamp that reflects on the *ayakan* produces light forms in the form of spots, such as kuris or smallpox. Residents believe light can drive Jurig Kuris out, the culprit of the plague.

My parents and the health worker said that this disease was caused by Jurig Kuris, which scratches the human body. Jurig Kuris will appear to a family where one of its members will or has already had



Ma Asih menyambut pelukan hangat kepada cucu-cunya.

Tak lama setiap orang mengambil tugasnya masing-masing menyiapkan tumpeng, ada yang mengolah beras, menyembelih itik dan ayam, membersihkan ikan, merebus telur, menyiapkan kopi dan makanan ringan. Abah Endi dan Ma Asih sibuk menyiapkan barang-barang ritual bersama beberapa orang tua yang lain, sedangkan beberapa warga dan para cucu yang tidak kebagian atau selesai

smallpox. That's why everyone needs to make a mark on the skin of the shoulder area of the hand to trick Jurig Kuris into not coming. The only way is to cut the skin a little, make the wound / cut with a tool like iron which is usually used to write calligraphy that is carried by health workers. The skin is watered with rubbing alcohol, because there is no alcohol. Even though I was an adult, I knew that it was called a vaccine.

Many residents fled and hid for fear of being slashed. They may think that healthy people are actually making pain. Especially

mengerjakan tugas ikut melihat bagaimana proses persiapan ritual. Selama proses persiapan, salah satu anak menyahut tentang Jurig atau Hantu Kuris.

"Bah, jadi ingat cerita Jurig Kuris. Coba cerita bah tentang jurig kuris, mumpung cucu pada kumpul" kata si bungsu

"Oh Jurig kuris" Abah ikut teringat,

"Cerita bah..cerita bah.." Cucu-

cucunya meminta.

"Oh..Kuris..iya Jurig Kuris pembawa penyakit borok-borok sebadan. Kuris tuh apa ya bahasa Indonesianya....?"

abah berusaha mengingat

"Cacar.." kata ma asih.

"Iya cacar, pas Abah masih kecil, waktu itu belum saling cinta yah mah.." Goda Abah Endi ke Ma Asih. Ma asih tertawa kecil, sambil tersipu malu.

"Jadi dulu tahun 50-60an, Abah masih kecil. Oh iya, Abah bukan orang bandung asli, tapi dari Garut. Bapak abah pindah ke bandung untuk mencari uang dengan menjual jasa angkut barang di stasiun, pake delman. Bapaknya abah dulu punya delman. Sementara dulu masih jarang orang yang punya mobil atau motor. Dulu pas masih kecil abah ikut acara numpang teri sekampung kayak gini, syukuran tolak bala karena semua warga di satu RT terkena kuris, atau

for small children in schools. My teacher made a picture of a Jurig Sajodo or a pair of ghosts pecking a human face. The tread of the peck is what becomes the kuris aka smallpox. And when the medics came, they were running and hiding in the garden, in the stable, some even climbed into the trees."

"Including Abah?" said his clever grandson who listened to the story.

"Yes, including me, it was me who climbed into the tree".

Everyone who heard laughed.

"But people with smart health, they came to the village leader. There small children could not escape. I also could not run away, aka being caught when I wanted to run away. Every child mocked each other because someone was afraid and someone was brave. Ah you cowardly child, you must be scared! That's how the children tease each other. Because of his prestige, Abah had to be brave. Moreover, my parents said it was pamali (prohibitions that should not be done), rather than being scratched by Jurig Kuris.

This is happening everywhere. Maybe as West Java. Apart from suspicion, there used to be Cholera and Muntaber. We were treated with kerosene, the main ingredient in the kitchen. Our bodies are covered in kerosene and we drink tea mixed with salt.

Whenever there is an outbreak we usually

sekarang disebut cacar. Penyakit ini menular seperti Corona dan seperti sekarang. Efeknya bisa sampai borok seluruh badan, sampai ke wajah. Bagi yang kurusnya sampai ke seluruh badan, mereka tidak bisa menggunakan baju kain, karena akan lengket dan akan membuat luka borok makin parah. Sebagai gantinya mereka menggunakan daun pisang. Dulu juga sama seperti Virus Corona, kita sekeluarga tidak boleh saling berdekatan, harus saling menjaga jarak satu sama lain.

Medis atau ilmu kesehatan belum bermasyarakat. Jadi kami berobat pakai abu dari pelapah kelapa atau kawung yang dibakar. Abu itu kami balur ke tubuh. Tapi memang, masyarakat lebih takut sama hantu dari pada penyakit.

Setiap sebelum azan magrib, para warga memilih menutup pintu dan berdiam di rumahnya. Jadi suasana kampung itu sangat sepi. Tapi sebelumnya, para warga harus memasang lampu cempor (pencahayaan dari alat yang menggunakan minyak kelapa yang mengeluarkan api kecil) yang diletakkan pada 'ayakan' (alat tradisional dari bambu untuk memisahkan/menyaring beras) yang digantung di depan rumah warga. Bayangan lampu cempor yang

usually like this, tumpeng. So that the disease doesn't exist anymore. But the tumpengan will continue to exist. It will not disappear, because there are neighbors, there are relatives, there is something that makes us strong. "

This sentence ended Abah Ndi's story, and without realizing the other family members, everyone had gathered in the middle of the house.

Even though while telling Abah Ndi's story, he could still pay attention to the situation of the tumpengan preparation. It turned out that during Abah Ndi telling his story, every member who had finished cleaning up his task of preparing tumpeng sat in a circle listening to Abah Kandi in turn.

Now everyone has gathered in the middle of the house. Abah then started muttering a prayer. Everyone followed, including the children.

Prayer is not finished, even though Abah ended it. Tumpeng began to be cut and distributed to neighbors.

....

memantul pada ayakan menghasilkan bentuk cahaya berupa totol-totol, seperti kuris atau cacar. Warga percaya cahaya dapat mengusir Jurig Kuris, biang keladi wabah itu.

Kata orang tua Abah dan orang kesehatan yang bertugas, penyakit ini disebabkan oleh Jurig Kuris, yang mencakar tubuh manusia.

Jurig Kuris akan menampakkan diri kepada keluarga yang salah satu anggotanya akan atau sudah terkena cacar. Makanya setiap orang perlu bikin tanda luka di kulit area bahu tangan untuk menipu Jurig Kuris agar tidak mau datang. Satu-satunya caranya adalah dengan menyayat kulit sedikit, membuat luka/diturih dengan alat semacam besi yang biasa digunakan untuk menulis kaligrafi yang dibawa oleh petugas kesehatan. Kulit yang luka disirami spiritus, karena belum ada alkohol. Padahal ketika sudah dewasa, Abah tahu itu yang disebut vaksin.

Banyak warga yang pada kabur sembunyi karena takut disayat. Mereka mungkin berfikir, orang sehat ko malah dibikin kesakitan. Apalagi bagi anak kecil di sekolah-sekolah. Guru Abah membuat gambar tentang Jurig Sajodo atau sepasang hantu yang mematuk wajah manusia. Tapak patukan itulah yang menjadi kuris alias cacar. Dan ketika petugas medis datang, mereka berlarian sembunyi di kebun, di kandang, bahkan ada yang naik ke pohon”.

“Termasuk Abah?” celetuk cucunya yg pintar menyimak cerita.

“Iya termasuk Abah, itu kan saya yang naik ke pohon”.

"Tapi orang kesehatan pintar, mereka datang ke ketua desa. Di situ anak kecil gak bisa kabur. Abah juga tidak bisa kabur, alias tertangkap ketika mau kabur. Setiap anak saling mengejek karena ada yang takut dan ada yang berani,: Ah kamu anak penakut, kamu pasti ketakutan! Begitulah anak-anak saling ejek satu sama lain. Karena gengsi, Abah jadi terpaksa harus memberanikan diri. Apalagi orang tua Abah bilang itu pamali (pantangan yang tidak boleh dilakukan), daripada dicakar sama Jurig Kuris.

Ini terjadi di mana-mana. Mungkin se Jawa Barat. Selain jurig kuris, dulu ada juga Kolera dan Muntaber. Kami diobati dengan minyak tanah, pokoknya bahan yang ada di dapur. Tubuh kami dibalut minyak tanah dan minum air teh yang telah dicampur garam. Setiap kali ada wabah biasanya kami seperti ini, tumpeng. Biar penyakit jangan sampai ada lagi.

Tapi tumpengan masih akan terus ada. Tidak akan hilang, karena ada tetangga, ada sanak saudara, ada sesuatu yang membuat kita kuat."

Kalimat tersebut mengakhiri cerita Abah Ndi, dan tanpa disadari anggota keluarga yang lain, setiap orang sudah berkumpul ditengah rumah.

Walaupun sambil cerita Abah Ndi tetap bisa memperhatikan situasi persiapan tumpengan. Ternyata selama Abah Ndi menceritakan kisahnya, secara bergiliran setiap anggota yang telah selesai membereskan tugasnya dalam menyiapkan tumpeng ikut duduk melingkar mendengarkan Abah Kandi.

Sekarang semua orang sudah berkumpul di tengah rumah. Abah kemudian mulai menggumamkan doa. Semua orang turut mengikutinya, termasuk anak-anak.

Doa tidak selesai, walaupun abah mengakhirinya. Tumpeng mulai dipotong dan dibagi-bagikan ke tetangga.

terpaksa harus memberanikan diri, apalagi orang tua abah bilang itu pamali, sok dari pada dicakar sama Jurig Kuris.

Ini terjadi di mana-mana. Mungkin se Jawa Barat. Selain jurig kuris, dulu ada juga Kolera dan Muntaber. Kami diobati pake minyak tanah pokoknya bahan yang ada di dapur. Tubuh dibalut minyak tanah dan minum air teh dicampur garam. Setiap kali ada wabah biasanya kami numpang, seperti ini. Biar jangan sampai ada lagi. Tumpengan masih akan terus ada. Tidak akan hilang. Karena ada tetangga. Ada kerabat. Ada yang membuat kita kuat.”

Kalimat tersebut mengakhiri cerita Abah Ndi, dan tanpa disadari anggota keluarga yang lain, setiap orang sudah berkumpul ditengah rumah.

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Tenyata sejak awal Abah Ndi bercerita, secara bergiliran setiap anggota yang telah selesai membereskan tugasnya dalam menyiapkan tumpeng ikut duduk melingkar mendengarkan Abah Kandi.

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Doa tidak selesai, walaupun abah mengakhirinya. Tumpeng mulai dipotong dan dibagi-bagikan ke tetangga.



BAH GEYOT

Hari ini, seperti biasa di era setelah corona, pemerintah selalu gagal menagani masalah besar, inflasi dan krisis moneter tak dapat lagi dihindari. Setengah dari jumlah penduduk di Indonesia memilih golput dalam tiga kali Pemilu. Demonstrasi, penculikan, peretasan sosial media dan pengusuran kampung kota terus terjadi. Vaksin untuk corona baru ditemukan tahun 2025 dengan harga yang mahal, hanya segelintir orang yang mampu membeli. Mayat-mayat bergeletakan di gang-gang sempit dan selokan, sebanyak sepertiga dari jumlah penduduk Indonesia mati karena corona dan yang tetap hidup ialah mereka yang tubuhnya membangun kekebalan sendiri.

Gedung - gedung bekas mall dan pabrik yang bangkrut kemudian dibeli para buruh dan warga miskin

Today, as usual in the post-corona era, the government has always failed to deal with major problems, inflation and monetary crises can no longer be avoided. Half of the population in Indonesia chose not to vote in three general elections. Demonstrations, kidnappings, social media hacks and evictions of Kampung Kota continue. A vaccine for the coronavirus was discovered in 2025 at a high price, and only a handful of people could afford it. Bodies lay in narrow alleys and gutters. One third of Indonesia's population died from the corona virus and those who remain alive are those whose bodies build their own immunity.

The buildings that used to be bankrupt malls and factories were bought by workers and the urban poor in a joint venture. Then the building changed its function to become a residence and

kota dengan cara patungan. Kemudian gedung tersebut beralih fungsi jadi tempat tinggal dan kebun hidroponik.

Setengah dari 350 kampung kota yang digusur dari tahun 2005 sampai 2030 membagun ulang batas-batas wilayah dan mengisolasi diri dari dunia luar. Di Kampung Kota yang baru di bangun itu hanya ada tiga hal yang penting untuk semua yaitu pendidikan, kesehatan dan pangan. Tidak ada yang memakan daging karena semua hewan berhak untuk hidup. Uang tidak lagi berlaku karena segalanya gratis. Di Kampung Kota itulah seorang tua, Mbah Geyot dan keluarganya tinggal dan bertugas mengelola pangan.

"Allahumma inni a'udzu bika minal barashi, wal jununi, wal judzami, wa sayyiil asqami. Ya Alloh, aku berlindung kepadamu dari penyakit lepra, gila, kusta, dan penyakit – penyakit buruk". Ucap Mbah Geyot saat berjemur pagi-pagi, ketika tubuhnya teringat atas rentetan pengalaman masa lalu.

Tak ada lagi degup musik yang menghentak, suara gelas beradu maupun gelak tawa dari meja-meja perjamuan. Beer House Triangle, tempat Mbah Geyot bekerja mendadak sepi dan tutup ketika wabah virus corona ada. Semuanya 'dirumahkan', hanya tinggal pegawai kebersihan dan keamanan yang masih bekerja di tempat tersebut, termasuk

hydroponic garden. Half of the 350 urban villages that were evicted from 2005 to 2030 reconstructed their boundaries and isolated themselves from the outside world. In the newly built Kampung Kota, there are only three things that are important for all, namely education, health and food. Nobody eats meat because all animals have the right to live. Money is no longer valid because everything is free. It was in Kampung Kota that an old man, Mbah Geyot and his family lived and were in charge of managing food.

"Allahumma inni a'udzu bika minal barashi, wal jununi, wal judzami, wa sayyiil asqami. O Allah, I protect you from madness, leprosy, and bad diseases." Said Mbah Geyot when he was sunbathing in the morning, when his body remembered a series of past experiences.

No more stomping music, the sound of glasses clashing or laughter from the banquet tables. The Beer House Triangle, where Mbah Geyot worked, was suddenly quiet and closed when the coronavirus outbreak occurred. Everything was 'sent home', only the cleaning and security staff still working at the place, including Mbah Geyot. Apart from the Beer House, all entertainment and tourist places in the city of Bandung are closed including shopping centers, offices and factories. Stagnation in economic activity has resulted in workers being laid off without pay, without allowances and without certainty, resulting in unilateral

Mbah Geyot. Selain Beer House, semua tempat hiburan dan wisata yang ada di Kota Bandung ini tutup termasuk pusat perbelanjaan, kantor dan pabrik. Tersendatnya aktivitas ekonomi meyakinkan para pekerja dirumahkan tanpa gaji, tanpa tunjangan dan tanpa kepastian, hingga berujung PHK sepihak seperti yang dialami oleh anak bungsu dan ponakannya.

Malam ini, giliran Mbah Geot berjaga di Beer House. Ia mulai berkeliling, memeriksa satu-satu sudut ruang cafe.

"Ya, aku harus siap. Esok atau lusa mungkin Satpam juga dirumahkan. Aku tidak mungkin selamanya bekerja kepada orang lain. Apa lagi aku sudah tua dan sakit-sakitan". Bisik Mbah Geyot sambil memijat kaki yang infeksi akibat terkena tusukan sate tiga minggu lalu.

...

"Buang semua sampah dan bersihkan rumah, jaga kebugaran tubuh dengan olah raga, makan buah dan sayur serta jangan lupa Shalat biar sehat" begitulah ayah dan ibunya Mbah Geot berpesan ketika merebaknya wabah cikungunya di tahun 1970, ketika Mbah Geot remaja dirawat di Rumah Sakit Hasan-Sadikin selama sepekan.

Semua warga di Tamansari akan kerja bakti membersihkan kampung

layoffs as experienced by their youngest son and nephew.

Tonight, it's Mbah Geot's turn to stand guard at the Beer House. He started around, checking one corner of the cafe room. "Yes, I have to be ready. Tomorrow or the day after, the security guard may also be sent off. I may not work for someone else forever. What's more, I'm old and sickly". Mbah Geyot whispered while massaging his infected leg three weeks ago.

"Throw away all the trash and clean the house, keep your body in shape by exercising, eat fruits and vegetables and don't forget to pray to be healthy," Mbah Geot's father and mother advised when the outbreak of chikungunya in 1970, when teenage Mbah Geot was treated at Hasan-Sadikin Hospital for a week.

All residents in Tamansari will work together to clean the village every Monday and Thursday. Every Friday afternoon the houses will be sprayed with smoke to keep them free of mosquitoes. And every Sunday morning residents will botram (eat together) and exercise together in the grass field.

The chikungunya epidemic itself first appeared in Africa in the 1960s and then spread to Europe and Asia until it arrived in Indonesia. In the 60s in Tamansari there was an outbreak of smallpox, almost everyone in the village had smallpox. Starting from the age of toddlers to the elderly. During the outbreak of smallpox, Mbah Geyot was



setiap senin dan kamis. Setiap hari jumat siang rumah-rumah akan disemprot asap agar bebas nyamuk. Dan setiap minggu pagi warga akan botram (makan bersama) dan olah raga bersama di lapangan rumput.

Wabah cikungunya sendiri pertama kali muncul di Afrika tahun 1960-an lalu meyebar ke Eropa dan Asia hingga sampailah di Indonesia. Tahun 60-an di Tamansari pernah merebak wabah cacar, hampir semua orang di kampung tersebut terkena cacar. Mulai dari usia balita hingga lansia. Saat merebaknya wabah cacar itulah, Mbah Geyot baru saja lahir. Ayahnya bernama Sadikin, baru saja dikukuhkan sebagai veteran revolusi

just born. His father, Sadikin, had just been confirmed as a revolutionary veteran by the Indonesian government.

"Forgive your father and mother, it turns out that we are called illegal residents" mumbled Mbah Geyot to the wind, when the house inherited from her mother and father was evicted by the city government.

The only building that survived the eviction at Tamansari RW 11 was the Al-Islam mosque. It was in this mosque that Mbah Geot's family and all Tamansari residents who were victims of the eviction stayed temporarily. Apart from Kampung Tamansari, various other urban villages in Bandung were also forcibly evicted for five

oleh Pemerintah Indonesia.

"Maafkan Bapak sama Emak jeung apa... geuning urang teh disebut warga ilegal" lirik Mbah Geyot pada angin, saat rumah warisan dari ibu dan bapaknya digusur paksa oleh Pemerintah Kota. Satu-satunya bangunan yang selamat dari penggusuran di Tamansari RW 11 hanyalah Mesjid Al Islam.

Di mesjid inilah kemudian keluarga Mbah Geot dan semua warga Tamansari yang menjadi korban penggusuran tinggal sementara. Selain Kampung Tamansari, berbagai Kampung Kota lainnya di Bandung juga digusur paksa selama lima tahun dari tahun 2015 hingga 2020 seperti Kampung Kolase, Kampung Jalan Jakarta-Karawang, Kampung Dago Elos, dan Kampung Kebon Jeruk. Di tempat kelahiran Mbah Geot itulah, penggusuran berlangsung sebanyak tiga kali sejak tahun 2005, yaitu untuk pembangunan jalan layang dan mall.

"Allahumma inni a'udzu bika minal barashi, wal jununi, wal judzami, wa sayyiil asqami. (Ya Allah, aku berlindung kepadamu dari penyakit gila, kusta, dan penyakit – penyakit buruk)". Ucap Mbah Geyot saat berjemur pagi-pagi.

years from 2015 to 2020 such as Kampung Kolage, Kampung Jalan Jakarta-Karawang, Kampung Dago Elos, and Kampung Kebon Jeruk. It was in Mbah Geot's birthplace that evictions have taken place three times since 2005, namely for the construction of flyovers and malls.

"Allahumma inni a'udzu bika minal barashi, wal jununi, wal judzami, wa sayyiil asqami. (O Allah, I take refuge in you from mad disease, leprosy, and bad diseases) ". Said Mbah Geyot when he was sunbathing in the morning.





MAK ERAH

Hari ini, seperti biasa Mak Erah duduk di sebuah kursi plastik di halaman rumahnya dengan memakai daster dan ciput kepala. Ada sebuah meja kayu tua kecil di sampingnya, di mana terdapat satu gelas besar minuman rempah yang tak lagi panas. Mak Erah sudah duduk di situ lebih dari satu jam sambil menghadap ke arah jalan. Mimik mukanya seperti menunggu sesuatu datang. Tapi juga kadang menggambarkan perasaan heran, kebingungan, sambil terlihat mengingat-ningat sesuatu. Memang ada yang berubah di sekitarnya. Kini tidak ada lagi tetangga yang sering mengajaknya ngobrol setiap pagi, yang tinggal tiga langkah di depan rumahnya.

Sudah hampir sebulan, sejak pengusuran terjadi, tatapan Mak Erah adalah lalu lalang manusia dan

Today, as usual, Mak Erah sat on a plastic chair in her yard wearing a negligee and ciput head. There was a small old wooden table beside it, where there was a large glass of spice drink that was no longer hot. Mak Erah had been sitting there for more than an hour, facing the road. The expression on his face was like waiting for something to come. But also sometimes describes feelings of wonder, confusion, while seemingly remembering something. Indeed something had changed around her. Now there are no neighbors who often talk to her every morning, who live three steps in front of her house.

It's been almost a month, since the eviction took place, Mak Erah's gaze was people and vehicles passing by on the highway. Mak Erah, as well as several neighbors beside and behind her house, are some of the fortunate residents who

kendaraan di jalan raya. Mak Erah, juga beberapa tetangga di samping dan di belakang rumahnya, adalah beberapa warga yang beruntung karena tidak masuk dalam rencana politik dari perubahan tata ruang kota. Setidaknya untuk sementara ini, sebab tidak banyak yang tahu, bahwa jalan raya tak hanya menjadi tempat lalu lalang kendaraan, tapi juga rencana-rencana bisnis dan pembangunan yang lain.

Sudah dua tahun kebelakang vaksin virus corona ditemukan di akhir pandemi gelombang ketiga, tapi baru beberapa minggu lalu Mak Erah menjadi sering keluar dari rumahnya. Perubahan itu terjadi setelah salah satu anak laki-lakinya datang mengunjunginya sambil membawakan beberapa kayu secang, jahe dan kayu manis dan jenis rempah yang lain. Melalui anaknya, Dia menitipkan permintaan ingin sering dikunjungi sanak keluarganya yang lain. Maklum ia memang tidak terlalu mengenal teknologi terkini selain televisi.

Mak Erah jarang keluar rumah bukan hanya karena menghindari virus corona. Tapi juga karena memang sejak kecil selalu dididik ibunya untuk sembunyi di dalam rumah jika di luar terjadi mara bahaya, seperti perang, kerusuhan dan penyakit. Seperti pada proses evakuasi Bandung Lautan Api dari Bandung ke Majalaya, lalu kembali ke Bandung, ketika Emak baru berumur dua tahun.

residents who were not included in the political plan of the change in urban spatial planning. At least for the time being, because not many people know, that roads are not only a place for vehicles to pass by, but also for other business and development plans.

It has been two years since the corona virus vaccine was discovered at the end of the third wave of the pandemic, but only a few weeks ago Mak Erah became frequently out of her house. The change occurred after one of her sons came to visit with some sappanwood, ginger, cinnamon and other spices. Through her son, she left a request to be frequently visited by other relatives. Understandably, she did not really know the latest technology apart from television.

Mak Erah rarely leaves the house not only because she avoids the corona virus, but also because her mother always educated her since she was a child to hide in the house if there were dangers outside, such as war, riots and disease. As in the evacuation process of Bandung Lautan Api from Bandung to Majalaya, then back to Bandung, when Mother was only two years old.

Now, even though she is almost 80 years old, Mak Erah is still used to living and hiding in the house. Since her husband died 35 years ago, Mak Erah has lived alone and now lives with her younger sibling's child. As for his twelve children, and thirty-four of her great-grandchildren, they live scattered in various regions.

....



Sekarang, walaupun di usianya yang hampir 80 tahun akhir, Mak Erah masih terbiasa untuk tinggal dan sembunyi di dalam rumah. Sejak suaminya meninggal pada 35 tahun yang lalu, Mak Erah tinggal sendiri dan sekarang tinggal bersama anak dari adiknya. Sedang ke dua belas anak kadungnya, dan tiga puluh empat cucu-buyutnya tinggal menyebar di berbagai daerah.

Sekarang Mak Erah perlahan bangkit dari kursinya, matanya yang mulai kurang awas melihat dua motorbik masuk. Ya, itu adalah motorbik cucunya, Ati dan suaminya, dan dua

Now Mak Erah slowly got up from her chair, her eyes that began to look less alert when she saw two automatic motorbikes entered. Yes, it is the motorbike of her granddaughter, Ati and her husband, and their two children, Lulu and Azwa. Ma Erah's face had a smile on her face.

I guess who !? It's been a long time, huh! "

In fact, when the corona virus began to enter Bandung, until the time of limiting working hours, Ati and her husband, twice a week, always entrusted Lulu and Azwa so that they could continue working. At that

anaknyanya, Lulu dan Azwa. Wajah Ma Erah mengguritkan senyum.

"Sugan teh saha, lawas-ti lawas... (Aku kira siapa!? Sudah sangat lama sekali ya !"

Sebenanya ketika virus corona mulai masuk ke Bandung, hingga pada masa-masa pembatasan jam kerja, Ati dan Suaminya dalam dua kali seminggu selalu menitipkan Lulu dan Azwa agar mereka bisa tetap bekerja. Pada saat itu Lulu dan Azwa masih berumur tujuh dan tiga tahun, jadi mereka masih sangat senang mendengarkan cerita. Dan Mak Erah mempunyai banyak cerita di ingatannya. Itu karena selain sejak kecil Mak Erah suka membaca buku, ia juga sering mendengar cerita dari ibunya, ketika menyuruh Mak Erah untuk tetap diam di rumah.

"Ini siapa? Kalian sudah jadi laki-laki dan gadis gini...?!"

"Lulu sama Azwa. Mak..."

"Wah, oh ya! (Dia menatap lumayan lama) ayo masuk, masuk !"

Ati, Indra (suaminya), lulu dan Azwa tertawa-tawa. Mak Erah masuk pertama ke dalam rumah.

Mereka kemudian bercakap-cakap, Orang tua Ati (Anak dari adiknya) yang tinggal bersama Mak Erah juga ikut bergabung sambil membuka makananan yang dibawa.

time Lulu and Azwa were only seven and three years old, so they were still very happy to hear stories. And Mak Erah has many stories in his memory. That's because, apart from being a child, Mak Erah liked to read books, she also often heard stories from her mother, when she told Mak Erah to stay at home.

"Who is this? You have become boys and girls like this ...?! "

"Lulu and Azwa. Mak ... "

"Wow, oh yes! (He stares for a long time) Come on in, come in! "

Ati, Indra (her husband), Lulu and Azwa laughed. Mak Erah entered the house first.

They then chatted. Ati's parents (son of his younger brother) who lived with Mak Erah also joined in while opening the food they brought.

"Mak, please tell me, Lulu and Azwa miss hearing Ema's story"

"What is the story?"

"Leungli..Leungli ...!"

"Leungli?"

Leungli is Lulu and Azwa's favorite story since 10 years ago, when they were often entrusted to Mother during the pandemic. Mother uses stories to hold back the agility of Lulu and Azwa, who often play until they leave the house. And Leungli is the ultimate story if other stories are considered boring.

"Mak, please change the story ...!"

"Mak, cerita dong, Lulu dan Azwa kangen denger cerita Ema"

"Cerita apa?"

"Leungli..Leungli...!"

"Leungli?"

Leungli adalah cerita favorit Lulu dan Azwa sejak 10 tahun lalu, ketika mereka sering diditipkan pada Emak di masa pandemi. Emak menggunakan cerita untuk menahan kelincahan Lulu dan Azwa yang sering main hingga keluar rumah. Dan Leungli adalah cerita pamungkas jika cerita lain dianggap membosankan.

"Mak, ganti ceritanya..."

"Baik, tunggu. Mak teringat sebuah cerita yang belum pernah ceritakan kepada kalian, tapi kalian harus duduk dan tetap di dalam rumah. Jangan ada yang keluar, sekalipun di halaman."

Mak Erah sering melakukan kesepakatan dengan para buyutnya yang memang suka menghilang lari keluar rumah saat di tengah cerita. Apalagi Mak Erah sering merem kalau sedang bercerita, untuk berusaha mengingat.

"Jadi gini.."

Mak Erah mulai serius bercerita, Lulu dan Azwa mendekat dan siap menyimak sambil tiduran.

"Dulu ada dua orang anak, mereka kaka beradik, yang satu laki-laki

"Okay, wait. Mak remembered a story that you have never told you before, but you have to sit and stay inside the house. Don't come out, even on the yard."

Mak Erah often made deals with her great-grandparents, who really liked to disappear and ran out of the house in the middle of the story. Moreover, Mak Erah often brakes when she is telling a story, to try to remember.

"So this is it ...!" Mak Erah began to seriously tell stories, Lulu and Azwa approached and were ready to listen while lying down.

"There used to be two children. They were siblings, one boy named Leungli and his sister named Neli, they both played in the garden. It is said that in the garden there is a guava tree whose height reaches the sky. But their parents said children were prohibited from approaching or climbing the tree because it was very high, even though the guava tree bears very good fruit. The guava fruit was very delicious. Arriving at the garden, Leungli and Nengli saw a guava tree that looked fresh green to brass. "

"Neli, you wait here yes, I want that guava, you want it too right? It seems very tasty and fresh."

"Yes, I want, but our mothers and fathers said. We can't climb into that tree. "

"It's okay, they just scare you. You wait here while I get on huh. "



namanya Leungli dan adiknya perempuan bernama Neli, mereka berdua main ke kebun. Konon di kebun itu terdapat sebuah pohon jambu yang tingginya sampai menjualang ke langit. Tapi orangtuanya bilang, anak-anak dilarang mendekati atau memanjat pohon itu karena sangat tinggi, meski pohon jambu itu berbuah sangat enak. Buah jambu itu sangat nikmat. Sesampainya di kebun, Leungli dan Nengli melihat pohon jambu yang nampak segar hijau ke kuningan.

"Neli kamu tunggu disini ya , aku mau jambu itu , kamu mau juga kan? sepertinya sangat enak dan segar."
"Iya mau, tapi kan ibu dan bapak kita bilang. Kita ga boleh naik ke pohon itu."

"Yes."

"You wait on ground. If there is anything, call me and don't be afraid."

"Yes."

Leungli climbed the very tall guava tree deftly. But before picking up lots of guava fruit, Neli called.

"Leungli, what is this Leungli? Crawling on the feet. "

"Leungli, what is this Leungli? Crawling on the leg."

"Just hit, just ants" Leungli calmed him down as he continued to take fruit.

"Leungli, what is this Leungli? Creeping and biting on the leg.

"Just hit, it's ants!" Leungli calmed down again.

"What is this Leungli-Leungli? Creeping in

"Tidak apa-apa, mereka hanya menakut-nakuti saja. Kamu tunggu di sini selagi aku naik ya."

"Iya."

"Kamu tunggu di bawah ya, Kalau ada apa apa panggil aku dan jangan takut."

"Iya."

Leungli naik ke atas pohon jambu yang sangat tinggi itu dengan cekatan. Tapi sebelu banyak mengambil buah jambu, Neli memanggil.

"Leungli, Leungli ini apa? Merayap di kaki."

"Leungli, Leungli ini apa? Merayap di kaki."

"Pukul saja, cuma semut" Leungli menenangkan sambil terus mengambil buah.

"Leungli, Leungli ini apa? Merayap dan mengigigit di kaki.

"Pukul saja, itu semut!" Leungli kembali menenangkan.

"Leungli-Leungli ini apa? Merayap di suku jeung ngegelan.. "

"Pukul saja semut" leungli menenangkan.

Lalu seketika hening, Neli tak dengar suaranya. Ketika turun dari pohon membawa jambu, Leungli terkejut, melihat ular yang sangat besar.

"Neli...!" Leungli terkejut

"What is this Leungli? Leungli? Creeping on the leg and biting me!"

"Just hit the ants" leungli soothed.

Then there was a sudden silence, Neli didn't hear her voice.

When he came down from the tree carrying guava, Leungli was surprised to see a very large snake.

"Neli ...!" Leungli was surprised

Neli was swallowed by a large snake.

The big snake looks full, its stomach is enlarged. Because the snake's body was heavy, the snake fell silent and fell asleep. Leungli could only cry in the tree while watching the snakes slept soundly eating his beloved sister.

"Neli, my little sister!" Leungli was crying.

Then there were the birds chirping around him.

"Down! ! Turit! Turih-Turih... "the bird chirped.

Leungli remembered that there were sharp turih leaves. Then while being careful, Leungli slowly descended from the tree, and immediately took Turih's leaves in the bush.

With fear, Leungli petted the big snake belly snake, and took out its contents. It turned out that his younger brother had crumbled into pieces of bones and his flesh was crushed.

Then out of nowhere a grandfather appeared and gave him a cloth and bamboo fan.

Neli ditelan oleh ular besar.
Ular besar itu terlihat kenyang,
perutnya membesar. Karena tubuh
ular memberat, ularpun terdiam dan
tertidur kekenyangan.
Leungli hanya bisa menangis di atas
pohon sembari menyaksikan ular
tertidur lelap memakan adik
kesayangannya.

"Neli, adiku perempuanku!" Leungli
menangis.
Lalu ada burung yang berkicau-kicau
di sekitarnya.
"Turih! ! Turit! Turih-Turih..." burung
itu berkicau.
Leungli ingat ada daun turih yang
tajam. Lalu sembari berhati-hati,
Leungli perlahan turun dari pohon,
dan segera mengambil daun Turih di
semak semak.

Dengan menahan takut, Leungli
membelek ular perut ular besar itu ,
dan mengeluarkan isinya. Ternyata
adiknya sudah remuk menjadi
potongan tulang belulang dan
dagingnya hancur.
Lalu entah dari mana muncul seorang
kakek dan meberinya kain dan hihid
(kipas kayu).

"Tutup adikmu dengan kain samping,
lalu beri dia udara dengan
mengibaskan kipas kayu, sambil cap
doa dan jampe-jampe ini..."

"Geberr-geber hihid aing, hihid aing

"Cover your sister with a side cloth. Then
give him some air by hihid (bamboo fan),
while stamped these prayers and jumps:
Shaking my bamboo fan. The Principal
bamboo fan, a legacy of Grandma and
Grandpa."

The mysterious grandpa disappeared.
Leungli followed what grandpa ordered.

"Shaking my bamboo fan. The Principal my
bamboo fan. Shaking my my bamboo fan.
The Principal my bamboo fan. Shaking my
my bamboo fan. The Principal my bamboo
fan."

Suddenly, behind the cloth something
moved, it turned out that his sister was
back to life. His body was completely
reunited.

"That's the story." Mak Erah ended the
story.

Mak Erah is unconscious, now it is her
grandchildren who are fast asleep.
"In the past, Lulu and Azwa used to sleep
while listening to Leungli's story. Now you
are big, and you eat big too."

Everyone laughed, including Lulu
and Azwa, who had been eating their
mouth silently earlier, while listening to
Mak Erah's story.

Then the passing of vehicles on the road is
getting more crowded They are still
chatting in the house, while continuing to
eat the souvenir food brought by the Ati
family.

kabuyutan (Kibas-kibas kipas tangan ku. Kipas tangan Kebuyutan), titingal ti nini aki, sebanyak tiga kali.” Kake misterius itu menghilang, Leungli mengikuti apa yang kek itu perintahkan.

“Geber-geber hihid aing, hihid aing kabuyutan, titingal ti nini aki. Geber-geber hihid aing, hihid aing kabuyutan, titingal ti nini aki. Geber-geber hihid aing, hihid aing kabuyutan, titingal ti nini aki (Kibas-kibas kipas tangan ku. Kipas tangan Kebuyutan, peninggalan kakek-nenek. Kibas-kibas kipas tangan ku. Kipas tangan Kebuyutan, peninggalan kakek-nenek. Kibas-kibas kipas tangan ku. Kipas tangan Kebuyutan, peninggalan kakek-nenek.”

Tiba tiba di balik kain ada yang bergerak, ternyata adiknya kembali hidup. Tubuhnya bersatu kembali secara utuh.

“Begitu ceritanya.” Mak Erah mengakhiri cerita.

Mak Erah tak sadar, sekarang gantian cucu-cucunya yang tertidur lelap.

“Nah dulu Lulu dan Azwa sering tidur sambil mendengar cerita Leungli. Sekarang kalian sudah besar, dan makannya pun juga besar.” Semua orang tertawa, termasuk Lulu

Mak Erah told another story. Now Mak Erah continues the story of how her neighbor had to move since she heard the news and received a notification that her house had to be evicted and turned into a highway.

...

dan Azwa yang sedari tadi mulutnya tadi bisa diam makan, selama mendengarkan cerita Mak Erah. Lalu lalang kendaraan di jalan makin ramai. Mereka masih beramah-tamah di dalam rumah, sambil terus memakan makanan oleh-oleh yang dibawa keluarga Ati.

Mak Erah menceritakan cerita yang lain. Kini Mak Erah melanjutkan cerita tentang bagaimana pengalaman tetangganya yang harus pindah sejak mendengar kabar dan mendapatkan surat pemberitahuan bahwa rumahnya harus digusur dan menjadi jalan raya.

....



NEK MARNI

Hari ini, seperti biasa, sudah beberapa minggu ini Nek Marni selalu berhenti sejenak di tengah jalan setiap pulang dari pasar.

Berdiri kaku dalam debu yang bercampur sisa hujan semalam, Nek Marni yang membawa keranjang berisi bahan-bahan untuk membuat gorengan, menatap diam dalam jarak pada sebuah warung 2x3 meter yang juga merupakan tempat tinggalnya.

Nek Marni selalu teringat atas sumpah, untuk tulus melawan sampai remuk, mempertahankan tempat tinggalnya dari penggusuran paksa. Kebiasaan itu memang sengaja dilakukannya untuk mencoba terus berbicara pada dirinya sendiri, karena akhir-akhir ini sambil di dalam gulatan minyak panas, tepung, sayuran, pisang, tahu, tempe, singkong, dan

Today, as usual, for several weeks, Nek Marni always stopped for a moment in the middle of the road every time she returned from the market. Standing stiffly in the dust mixed with last night's rain, Nek Marni, who was carrying a basket filled with ingredients for making fried foods, stared silently at a 2x3 meter stall which was also her residence.

Nek Marni always remembered her oath, to sincerely fight until she was crushed, to defend her place of residence from forced eviction. This habit is deliberately done to try to keep talking to herself, because lately while in the hot oil, flour, vegetables, banana, tofu, tempeh, cassava, and sweet potato, she often thinks of renting a house or boarding house.

Everyone's daily life is now under the influence of the global economic crisis which has exacerbated the crisis of space and residence. Health costs continue to

kerap muncul pikiran untuk mengontrak sebuah rumah atau kamar kos.

Keseharian setiap orang sekarang ada dalam pengaruh krisis ekonomi global yang memperparah krisis ruang dan tempat tinggal. Biaya kesehatan terus naik berkali-kali lipat dan banyak orang sakit tak lagi mampu berobat ke Rumah Sakit. Vaksin corona virus baru ditemukan setelah gelombang ketiga wabah corona menjangar secara global. Dan harga vaksin tersebut cukup mahal sehingga hanya segelintir orang yang mampu.

Sepanjang pandemi berlangsung banyak pabrik dan perusahaan mendapatkan subsidi dari pemerintah. Tapi selama pandemi itu pula, pabrik melakukan pemangkasan ongkos produksi, untuk meminimalisir kerugian dengan cara mem-PHK. Alih-alih untuk memperbaiki ekonomi, cara lama kerjasama licik antara pabrik dan pemerintah menyebabkan krisis tetap tak terhindarkan.

Sejak tahun 2023 tak ada lagi istilah karyawan tetap atau pegawai tetap. Seluruh tenaga kerja sewaktu-waktu dapat dipecat jika dianggap tidak lagi menguntungkan atau menghambat perusahaan. Angka pengangguran dan kemiskinan terus meningkat setiap tahun akibat dari PHK dan penggusuran yang terus terjadi.

Hingga tahun 2024

to increase many times over and many sick people can no longer afford to go to the hospital. The new corona virus vaccine was discovered after the third wave of the coronavirus outbreak spread globally. And the price of the vaccine is high enough that only a handful of people can afford it.

During the pandemic, many factories and companies received subsidies from the government. But during the pandemic, factories cut production costs to minimize losses by laying off workers. Instead of fixing the economy, the old way of cunning cooperation between factories and government has kept the crisis inevitable.

Since 2023 there is no longer the term permanent employee or permanent employee. All workers at any time can be fired if they are considered no longer profitable or hindering the company. Unemployment and poverty rates continue to increase every year as a result of layoffs and ongoing evictions.

Until 2024, the proportion of people who die from disease and die from starvation is slightly different. The evictions of Kampung Kota in the city of Bandung continue to occur for the construction of apartments and business centers. And half of the total urban population in Indonesia in 2027, will no longer have a house and live to rent.

Fertile lands in various regions in Indonesia have been evicted, and



perbandingan orang yang mati karena penyakit dan mati karena kelaparan, jumlahnya beda tipis. Penggusuran Kampung Kota di kota Bandung terus terjadi untuk pembangunan apartemen dan pusat bisnis. Dan setengah dari jumlah penduduk kota di Indonesia pada tahun 2027, tidak lagi punya rumah dan tinggal mengontrak. Lahan-lahan subur di berbagai daerah di Indonesia telah tergusur, dan beralih fungsi menjadi perkantoran, pabrik, tambang, dan pusat bisnis hingga tahun 2030. Akibat merebaknya alih fungsi lahan bertahun-tahun, maka krisis pangan, krisis air dan cuaca ekstrim tak dapat lagi dihindari di Indonesia sejak tahun

and converted into offices, factories, mines and business centers until 2030. As a result of years of widespread land conversion, the food crisis, water crisis and extreme weather can no longer be avoided in Indonesia since 2025. And by 2030 all forests in Indonesia have disappeared, what remains is only zoo tours in urban centers.

Since the corona virus broke out in 2020, many people have been pressured and forced all activities and activities to be carried out at home, resulting in an increase in KDRT (Domestic Violence) by ten times the number of domestic violence cases in the previous months or years. Even though staying indoors for days to weeks because it is considered the

2025. Dan di tahun 2030 seluruh hutan di Indonesia telah lenyap, yang tersisa tinggalah wisata kebun binatang di pusat-pusat kota. Sejak virus corona mewabah di tahun 2020, banyak orang tertekan dan memaksakan segala kegiatan dan aktivitas dilakukan di rumah sehingga berakibat pada meningkatnya KDRT sebanyak sepuluh kali lipat dari jumlah kasus KDRT di bulan-bulan atau tahun sebelumnya. Meski berada di dalam rumah sehari-hari, hingga berminggu-minggu karena dianggap sebagai cara paling aman untuk terbebas dari wabah. Namun banyak orang memilih melakukan aktivitas seperti biasanya terutama mereka yang bekerja di jalanan, semisal Mbah Maman yang menjadi tukang parkir, atau Nek Marni yang tetap berjualan gorengan seperti biasanya di Stasiun Bandung.

Selain mereka, para supir angkot, ojol, pedagang kaki lima, pemulung, dan para pekerja informal lainnya memilih tetap beraktivitas sebagai mana biasanya. Mereka lebih takut mati kelaparan daripada takut pada virus corona karena tak bekerja dan tidak bergerak.

"Ya, kalau kita tidak kerja, tidak dagang, terus diam nunggu bantuan. Emangnya bantuan bakalan ada? Malah bisa-bisa mati kita karena terus tidak bergerak., Seloroh Nek Marni pada suatu ketika sambil tertawa.

safest way to be free from the plague. However, many people choose to do their usual activities, especially those who work on the streets, such as Bah Maman who is a parking attendant, or Nek Marni who continues to sell fried foods as usual at Bandung Train Station.

Apart from them, public transportation drivers, online motorcycle taxis, street vendors, scavengers, and other informal workers choose to continue their activities as usual. They are more afraid of starving to death than they are afraid of the corona virus because they are unemployed and do not move.

"Yes, if we don't work, don't trade, we are waiting silently for help. Will there be any help? In fact, we might die because we don't move, hahaha," joked Nek Marni, laughing at one point.

The bodies of Nek Marni and Bah Maman are certainly very vulnerable to being exposed to the corona virus. They are always outside the home and meet many people every day. This condition is then exacerbated by the lack of rest or sleep at night because you always feel anxious about sleeping, suddenly forcibly evicted by PT KAI (Indonesian Railroad Company) and the Bandung City Government as happened in 2016. Anxiety has started to emerge since five years. Her neighbors,

Tubuh Nek Marni dan Mbah Maman tentunya sangat rentan terpapar virus corona. Mereka selalu beraktivitas di luar rumah dan bertemu dengan banyak orang setiap hari. Kondisi ini kemudian diperparah dengan kurangnya istirahat atau tidur malam karena senantiasa merasa cemas kalau-kalau saat tidur, tiba-tiba digusur paksa oleh PT KAI (Perusahaan Kereta Api Indonesia) dan Pemkot Bandung seperti kejadian di tahun 2016. Rasa cemas itu mulai muncul sejak lima tetangganya, yaitu Pak Rosid, Pak Amin, Bu Itoh, Bu Jamiah dan Bu Yoyoh dikriminalisasi oleh PT KAI dan dinyatakan bersalah oleh PTUN (Pengadilan Tata Usaha Negara) atas tindak pidana ringan terkait perkara memasuki pekarangan orang lain.

"Lahaula, Kawula mung saderma mobah-mosik hyangng sukmo", Pagi itu matahari memang bersinar seperti biasanya. Nek Marni mengucapkan suatu doa ketika mulai melangkah perlahan ke warungnya. Angin berhembus di sekitar Stasiun Barat yang jalannya rusak bolong-bolong, menerbangkan debu dari tanah yang mulai mengering dan sampah palstik .

"Allahumma 'aafinii fii badani. Allahumma 'aafinii fii sam-'ii. Allahumma affini fir bashorii. Laa ilaaha illaa anta. Allahumma in'nii a-'uudzu bika minal kufri wal faqri, wa

namely Pak Rosid, Pak Amin, Bu Itoh, Bu Jamiah and Bu Yoyoh were criminalized by PT KAI and found guilty by PTUN (State Administrative Court) for minor crimes related to cases of entering someone else's yard.

"*Lahaula, Kawula may be saderma mobah-mosik hyangng sukmo*", That morning the sun was shining as usual. Nek Marni said a prayer when she started walking slowly into her shop. The wind blows around the West Station, whose roads are broken with holes, blowing dust off the dry ground and plastic trash.

"*Allahumma 'aafinii fii bodily. Allahumma 'aafinii fii sam-'ii. Allahumma affini fir bashorii. Laa ilaaha illaa anta. Allahumma in'nii a-'uudzu bika minal kufri wal faqri, wa a-'uudzubika min 'adzaabil qobri. La ilaha illa anta.* (O Allah, give health to my body, for my hearing and my eyesight. There is no god that has the right to be worshiped but You. O Allah, I actually take refuge from disbelief and poverty. Yes, Allah, I actually seek refuge in You from the torment of the grave. No god has the right except You). "

Mbah Maman, her husband, also started the morning with a prayer. As his parents taught him when he was a child, he started cleaning the shop and drying clothes that were not dry.

wa a-'uudzubika min 'adzaabil qobri. La ilaha illa anta. (Ya Allah, berikanlah kesehatan untuk badanku, bagi pendengaranku dan penglihatanku. Tidak ada sesembahan yang berhak untuk disembah selain Engkau. Ya Allah, sesungguhnya aku berlindung dari kekufuran dan kefakiran. Ya, Alloh, sesungguhnya Aku berindung diri kepada-Mu dari siksa kubur. Tidak ada sesembahan yang berhak selain Engkau)."

Mbah Maman, suaminya, juga memulai pagi itu dengan doa. Sebagaimana yang diajarkan orang tuanya ketika masih kecil, sambil mulai membersihkan warung dan menjemur pakaian yang belum kering.

Warung, sudah tampak bersih, Nek Marni pun sudah memisahkan bahan-bahan untuk gorangan. Seperti biasanya, mereka kemudian membagi tugas. Dengan tangan yang terampil atau lebih tepatnya sudah sangat terbiasa, kemudian mereka mengolah bahan-bahan gorengan dan sesekali mereka bicara.

"Mah, kalau nanti kita digusur lagi atau disuruh pindah dari sini, kemana ya?" tanya Abah.

Lantas Nek marni pun bilang,

Masa-masa remaja Nek Marni di Jakarta, dihabiskan dengan bejualan jamu di Pancoran dan menjadi kondektur bus Sodaranta Jurusan Pasar Minggu-Manggarai. Tahun 50an sampai 70an di jakarta

The shop looks clean, Nek Marni has also separated the ingredients for the frying. As usual, they then divided the tasks. With skilled hands or rather they are very used to it, then they prepare fried ingredients and occasionally they talk.

"Mah, if later we are evicted again or told to move from here, where will we be?" asked ABah.

Then Nek Marni said, Yes, anywhere, the important thing is we are healthy and not starving. "

For Nek Marni, this was not the only time the search was done. Three years before buying land and settling in the vicinity of Statsiun Bandung in the late 60s - early 70s, her brother's house in Kalibata (Jakarta) and his residence were forcibly evicted by the Indonesian Government for the expansion of the Heroes' grave from 5 hectares to 25 hectares. At that time, various evictions of Kampung Kota in Jakarta took place in the name of welcoming the development era. Nek Marni's teenage years in Jakarta, was spent selling jamu at Pancoran and became the conductor of the Sodaranta bus, Pasar Minggu-Manggarai Department. In the 50s to 70s in Jakarta there was an outbreak of vomiting and smallpox. Some Chinatown villages often hold (Barongsai) lion dance performances



sedang merebaknya wabah muntaber dan cacar. Beberapa kampung pecinaan sering menggelar pertunjukan barongsai mengelilingi perkampungan untuk mengusir malapetaka dan penyakit. Dan saat merebaknya wabah tersebut Nek Marni sakit tipes tiga minggu. Sejak sakit tipes itulah Nek Marni percaya dengan rutin minum beras kencur secara rutin dapat menjaga kebugaran tubuhnya.

"Ahh, lagian kita mau kemana lagi. Inikan kampung halaman Abah.." ucap Mbah Maman.

Nek Marni pun tertawa sambil berucap:

"Ya, kita kan sudah tua, tinggal pulang ke Gusti Allah. Mau ngapain lagi kita? toh harta benda gak punya."

around the village to ward off calamity and disease. And when the plague broke out, Nek Marni had typhus for three weeks. Since typhus, Nek Marni believes that regularly drinking saffron-colored rice can keep her body in shape.

"Ahh, where are we going again. This is ABah's hometown .. "said MBah Maman.

Nek Marni laughed as she said:

"Yes, we are old, we just have to go back to Gusti Allah. What are we doing again? after all, no property. "

.
...



ABAH AHO

"Derwati dulu kota tai,
sekarang kota santri".

Hari ini, seperti biasa, setiap pagi Abah Aho selalu bernyanyi dan bermain gitar kopong di bale bambu belakang rumah sebelum berkebun.

Ia memang sangat suka menyayikan lagu-lagu dangdut lawas populer. Tapi juga kadang seperti hari ini, Abah Aho secara berulang menyayikan potongan lagu-lagu 'King Baktery' sambil membersihkan rumput yang tumbuh di sela-sela tanaman sayurannya.

King Baktery adalah sebuah band yang dia bentuk bersama beberapa tetangganya di daerah Derwati, Bandung. Sayangnya, 'King Baktery' harus bubar ketika wabah corona datang sepuluh tahun yang lalu.

Kampung Derwati harus tergusur demi pembangunan

*"Derwati used to be the city of feces,
now the city of students."*

Today, as usual, every morning Abah Aho always sings and plays guitar in the bamboo bale behind the house before gardening.

He really likes to sing popular old dangdut songs. But also sometimes like today, Abah Aho repeatedly sings chunks of "King Baktery" songs while cleaning the grass that grows between his vegetables.

King Baktery is a band that he formed with some of his neighbors in the Derwati area, Bandung. Unfortunately, "King Baktery" had to disband when the coronavirus outbreak came ten years ago.

Kampung Derwati must be evicted for the sake of developing East Bandung as the Bandung Teknopolis area which will take place massively in 2028. Especially for the construction of malls and apartments. Meanwhile, other infrastructure, such as the Gelora Bandung Lautan Api Stadium (GBLA, football stadium), West Java Grand

Bandung Timur sebagai kawasan Bandung Teknopolis yang berlangsung secara masif di tahun 2028. Terutama untuk pembangunan mall dan apartemen. Sementara infrastruktur lain, seperti Stadion Gelora Bandung Lautan Api, Mesjid Agung Jawa Barat, Stasiun Kereta Api Cepat Bandung-Jakarta, kompleks perkantoran Gede Bade, serta berbagai perusahaan dan pabrik telah dibangun secara berkala sejak tahun 2013.

"Derwati dulu kota santri sekarang kota roti."

Sejak memutuskan pindah bersama keluarganya ke kampung halaman istrinya di Purbalingga awal tahun lalu, Abah Aho mempunyai lahan untuk berkebun, berternak ikan, dan memelihara beberapa ekor ayam kampung. Abah Aho memilih pindah ke luar kota, seperti kebanyakan warga Derwati lainnya. Hanya segelintir orang yang memilih untuk bertahan di lokasi dan mencoba menata kembali kehidupan setelah pandemi berakhir. Termasuk Kiki, anak pertama Abah Aho.

Selain berkebun dan berternak, sekarang Abah Aho juga menjadi pelatih sepak bola bagi para pemuda desa. Dan membuat inisiatif menyelenggarakan turnamen sepak bola antar desa setahun sekali setelah lebaran.

Grand Mosque, the Bandung-Jakarta Fast Train Station, the Gede Bade office complex, as well as various companies and factories have been built regularly since 2013.

"Derwati used to be the city of students, now the city of bread."

Since deciding to move with his family to his wife's hometown in Purbalingga early last year, Abah Aho has land for gardening, raising fish and raising several native chickens. Abah Aho chose to move out of town, like most other Derwati residents. Only a handful of people choose to stay on location and try to reorganize life after the pandemic is over. Including Kiki, Abah Aho's first child.

Apart from gardening and raising livestock, now Abah Aho is also a football coach for village youths. And made the initiative to hold an inter-village football tournament once a year after Eid.

Abah Aho has never been a soccer coach directly. His knowledge of football tactics was obtained from his track record of activities as a match commentator at the Siliwangi Stadium and for radio broadcasts for RRI West Java in the 90s. Such as for the Aa Tarmana era Mayor Cup tournament and Persib matches in the national league.

"Derwati used to be the city of bread, now the city of ecstasy".

For Abah Aho, singing and playing

Abah Aho memang tidak pernah menjadi pelatih sepak bola secara langsung. Pengetahuan taktik sepak bolanya, didapatkan dari jejak rekam aktivitasnya sebagai komentator pertandingan di Stadion Siliwangi dan untuk siaran radio RRI Jawa Barat tahun 90-an. Seperti untuk turnamen Walikota Cup era Aa Tarmana dan pertandingan-pertandingan Persib di liga nasional.

“Derwati dulu kota roti, sekarang kota ekstasi”.

Bagi Abah Aho, benyanyi dan bermain gitar sebelum berkebudaya di setiap pagi bukan urusan untuk melepas penat, tapi sebagai cara untuk terus mengingat. Maklum, sekarang dia memiliki rutinitas yang sama sekali berbeda ketika masih tinggal di Derwati.

Kampung Derwati pada era 70-80an cenderung dikenal sebagai negara beling atau cadas, yaitu perkampungan para preman atau kriminal. Banyak orang mengatakan bahwa Derwati punya kemiripan dengan Kampung Cicadas. Di Kampung Derwati juga terkenal para jawara benjang, pencak silat dan tinju bebas, sebut saja Iyang Barjah, Si Belut Putih, Uday, Dede Hery, dan lain-lain. Sehingga kalau malam hari, hampir tak ada kendaraan maupun angkutan umum yang lewat daerah



the guitar before gardening every morning is not a business to relieve fatigue, but as a way to remember. Understandably, now he has a completely different routine when he was living in Derwati.

Kampung Derwati in the 70-80s tended to be known as a country of shard or rock, namely the village of thugs or criminals. Many people say that Derwati has similarities with Kampung Cicadas. Derwati Village is also famous for the champions of benjang (traditional wrestling), pencak silat and free boxing, namely Iyang Barjah, Si Eel Putih, Uday, Dede Hery, and others. So that at night, almost no vehicles or public transportation pass the Derwati area for fear of thief. This tendency led Abah Aho and some of his neighbors to form the band "King Bacteri" to fight the criminal village stigma attached to Derwati.

karena takut begal. Kecenderungan tersebut membuat Abah Aho dan beberapa tetangganya membentuk band 'King Bactery' untuk melawan stigma kampung kriminal yang melekat pada Derwati.

"Derwati dulu kota eskstasi, sekarang kota depresi...".

Abah Aho memang senang sekali di pagi ini, karena sayuran sudah siap untuk dipanen. Tapi seketika dia menghentikan kibasan parang ketika membereskan rumput liar di sela-sela tanaman sayur. Ingatan masa-masa sulit dampak dari mewabahnya corona mengikuti ingatan-ingatan peristiwa baiknya.

"Bapakan sudah gak bekerja bersih-besih di Sekolah. Warung kantin bapak jadinya gak bisa jualan, gimana dengan biaya operasi kangker ibu?" tanya si Bungsu, ketika Abahnya memberitahu bahwa ibunya mengidap kangker kelenjar getah bening.

"Allah gak akan tidur . Selama kita berdoa dan berusaha, jalan pasti ada. Da hidup mesti ngejo jeung ngaji (Makan dan Mengaji)." Ucap bah Aho sambil tersenyum.

"Uang hasil penjualan dari Rumah kan sudah habis untuk berobat sakit lumpuh bapak selama empat tahun

"Derwati used to be a city of ecstasy, now a city of depression ...".

Abah Aho is really happy this morning, because the vegetables are ready to be harvested. But immediately he stopped the machete while clearing the weeds between the vegetables. Memories of hard times as a result of the outbreak of coronavirus follow the memories of good events.

"You are not working cleaning at school. Your canteen shop can't sell, what about the cost of operating your cancer?" asked the youngest, when his father told him that his mother had cancer of the lymph nodes.

"Allah won't sleep. As long as we pray and try, there must be a way. You have to live with eating and reciting." Said Aho with a smile.

"The money from the sale of the house has been used up for treatment for the paralysis of the father for the past four years. Now you are healthy, but you are even sick. Where does it cost?" Said the youngest anxiously.

"Yes, just trust Allah. Yesterday too, we didn't have a place to live, but finally we were able to live in the area of this elementary school."

"But now is the season of coronavirus!" said the youngest again, worrying constantly.

kebelakang ini. Sekarang bapak sudah sehat, tapi ibu malah sakit. Biayanya dari mana, Pak?" Ucap si bungsu dengan cemas.

"Sudah, percayakan saja sama Allah. Kemarin juga, kita kan gak punya tempat tinggal, tapi kan akhirnya bisa juga tinggal di area sekolah SD ini."

"Tapi sekarang kan musimnya corona, Pak!" ucap si bungsu lagi, tak hentinya khawatir.

"Pejuang Kejo (Pencari Makan), 100% euweuh kacape (tidak pernah merasakan lelah)". Dia teringat komunitas ojek onlinenya.

"Duh padahal mah ini bulan-bulan bagus, raya gung. Eeh, ada virus corona". celetuk temanya abah sesuatu ketika saat mampir ke rumah setelah lebaran.

"Iya, Dul. Sepertinya orang-orang pada takut untuk bikin hajatan walupun setelah lebaran. Tapi mau gimana lagi, kita kan pemusik panggilan, jadi tergantung yang manggil saja". Ucap Abah.

"Bah, jangan lupa nanti sore pembukaan pertandingan sepak bola". Teriak salah satu pemuda dari samping rumahnya secara tiba-tiba, sekaligus membangunkan lamunan Abah Aho.

"Ya, Abah mau istirahat dulu, baru selesai bersih-bersih kebun, nanti jam 2-an ke sana" jawab Abah sambil bergegas menuju bale-bale bambu.

"Kejo warriors (food seekers), 100% euweuh nuts (never feel tired)". He remembered his online motorcycle taxi community.

"Wow, even though the months are good, it's great. Eeh, there is a corona virus ". said something when he stopped at the house after Eid.

"Yes, Dul. It seems that people are afraid to make a celebration even after Eid. But what else can we do, we are call musicians, so it depends on who calls us ". Said Abah ..

"Bah, don't forget this afternoon the opening football match". Shouted one of the young men from beside his house suddenly, at the same time waking Abah Aho's reverie.

"Yes, of course! I wants to take a break first, then finish cleaning the garden. I'll be there at 2 o'clock." said Abah as he hurried to the bamboo bale near the kitchen, to take a break for lunch.

...





WA UJU

Hari Ini, seperti biasa di setiap sabtu sore setelah shalat Ashar, Wa Uju mengumpulkan para pemuda di pekarangan rumahnya.

Ia memang sudah mempersiapkan segalanya hari ini. Sebab Sudah sejak pagi Wa Uju meminta izin kepada para tetangga terdekatnya untuk menggunakan pekarangan rumah mereka, untuk mengatisipasi bertambahnya jumlah pemuda yang ikut berkumpul.

Wa Uju mempunyai kebiasaan sering mengobrol dengan tetangganya. Terlebih setelah pensiun dari pekerjaanya sebagai guru sejarah SMA. Kini dia mempunyai cara baru untuk tetap bisa mengobrol dengan tetangganya setiap hari, yaitu selalu meletakkan koran langganan yang sudah ia baca

Today, as usual on every Saturday afternoon after the Asr prayer, Wa Uju gathered the youths in his yard.

He has indeed prepared everything for today. Because Wa Uju had already asked permission from his closest neighbors to use their yard, in anticipation of the increasing number of youths who had gathered.

Wa Uju has a habit of often chatting with his neighbors. Especially after retiring from his job as a high school history teacher. Now he has a new way to continue to be able to chat with his neighbors every day, which is to always put the subscription newspaper he has read on the page. Then when one of the neighbors came and read the newspaper, he then came over and asked her to chat. The topic of chat can be anything, but Wa Uju always starts with what his neighbors

di halaman. Lalu ketika salah satu tetangganya datang dan asik membaca koran, dia kemudian menghampiri dan mengajaknya ngobrol. Topik obrolan bisa apapun, tapi Wa Uju selalu memulai dengan apa yang menarik bagi tetangganya dari apa yang dibaca. Setelah itu dia hubungkan dengan contoh peristiwa yang pernah terjadi di masa lalu.

Anak muda yang berkumpul hari ini memang bertambah. Nampaknya, strategi Wa Uju dalam menggunakan anak dan ponakannya untuk berkampanye dalam pergaulan sehari-hari pemuda kampung terbilang cukup sukses.

Halaman rumah Wa Uju yang luasnya hanya 3 x 3 meter tak mampu menampung semua pemuda yang datang. Apalagi Wa Uju masih tetap setia menggunakan protokol kesehatan. Halaman Wa Uju dimakan jarak setiap orang untuk tetap tidak terlalu saling berdekatan.

Pekarangan rumah Wa Uju sudah terisi dua rak dinding berisi buku-buku sejarah, tumpukan majalah Mangle (majalah berbahasa Sunda) dan koran lokal yang tersusun rapih. Ditambah beberapa kaleng bekas kue yang berisi rempah yang sengaja diletakan di halaman agar bisa diambil kapan saja jika tetangga membutuhkan. Katanya itu merupakan salah satu cara bagaimana kita menerima dan membatu orang lain. Sama seperti dulu, ketika setiap

are interested in from what he reads. After that he connected with examples of events that had occurred in the past.

The number of young people gathered today has indeed increased. It seems that Wa Uju's strategy in using his children and nephews to campaign in the daily interactions of village youths is quite successful.

Wa Uju's yard, which is only 3 x 3 meters wide, cannot accommodate all the youths who come. Moreover, Wa Uju is still loyal to the health protocol. The Wa Uju yard is eaten away by everyone's distance to keep it from being too close together.

Wa Uju's yard is already filled with two wall shelves containing history books, a stack of Mangle magazines (Sundanese language magazines) and neatly arranged local newspapers. Plus some cookie tins filled with spices that were deliberately placed in the yard so that they could be taken at any time if neighbors needed. He said that is one of the ways how we accept and help others. It was the same as before, when every house put a water barrel in its yard. Because that way anyone who travels can drink at any time if thirsty.

It has been two years since Wa Uju initiated The Kampung Jangjawokan Movement. As a retired high school history teacher, Wa Uju in the past few years has increasingly believed that the corona virus that has plagued since early 2020 continues to create a condition of uncertainty. Because even though the government has determined the New

rumah meletakkan gentong air di halamannya. Karena dengan begitu siapa saja yang melakukan perjalanan bisa minum kapan saja jika kehausan.

Sudah dua tahun ini Wa Uju menginisiasi sebuah Gerakan Kampung Jangjawokan. Sebagai persiapan guru sejarah di sekolah menengah, Wa Uju dalam beberapa tahun kebelakang semakin percaya bahwa virus corona yang mewabah sejak tahun 2020 awal terus menciptakan suatu kondisi ketidakpastian. Karena meskipun pemerintah menentukan kebijakan Normal Baru sejak pertengahan tahun 2020, jumlah orang yang terpapar virus corona tetap bertambah. Dan tidak hanya berhenti disitu, kondisi ketidakpastian yang tetap berlangsung sepuluh tahun sampai hari ini sangat berdampak pada keseharian di lingkungan terdekatnya di Cisatu. Sudah beberapa kali gelombang virus corona mewabah, kekerasan dalam rumah tangga, percobaan bunuh diri, dan kriminalitas sering terjadi.

"Selama pandemi memang tidak ada yang terjangkit di Cisatu, Tapi kalau dikaitkan dengan pengetahuan kita, sejak ada virus corona kita terus terdesak oleh pertanyaan hidup hari ini dan esok bagaimana, setiap orang butuh makan. Uwa bukan ahli epidemi, tapi setiap wabah datang, wabah yang lain akan juga yang yaitu

Normal policy since mid-2020, the number of people exposed to the coronavirus continues to increase. And it doesn't just stop there, the uncertainty that has persisted for ten years to this day has had a profound impact on everyday life in his immediate environment in Cisatu. There have been several waves of the corona virus outbreak, domestic violence, suicide attempts, and crime have often occurred.

"During the pandemic, no one was infected in Cisatu. But if it is related to our knowledge, since there was a corona virus we have been pressured by the question of life today and how tomorrow, everyone needs to eat. I'm is not an epidemic expert, but every time an epidemic comes, another epidemic will also emerge, namely the epidemic of social diseases. Don't we care? we care and will continue to care." Said Uwa Uju in the middle of the chat.

The Kampung Jangjawokan movement is a movement to continue to be physically and psychologically healthy. Wa Uju's initiative to create this movement came after he never again heard good news from news outlets on television or newspapers about the development of the corona virus. The name Jangjawokan was used by Wa Uju after he felt that the history books he had read and taught to his students for several years were not enough to make people really learn from the past. There are daily events that are not written down but are very important to be learned for life now



wabah penyakit sosial. Apakah kita tidak peduli? kita telah peduli dan akan terus peduli." Ungkap Uwa Uju di tengah-tengah obrolan.

Gerakan Kampung Jangjawokan adalah gerakan untuk terus sehat secara fisik dan psikis. Inisiatif Wa Uju untuk membuat gerakan ini muncul setelah dia tidak pernah lagi mendengar kabar baik dari pemeritaan di televisi atau pun koran tentang perkembangan virus corona. Nama Jangjawokan dipakai Wa Uju setelah dia merasakan bahwa buku-buku sejarah yang dia baca dan diajarkan kepada murid-muridnya selama beberapa tahun tidaklah cukup untuk membuat orang benar-benar belajar dari masa lalu . Ada

and in the future. Between the point of despair and indifference, Wa Uju then re-opened the old Mangle magazine which was published around the 80s. What made him remember the old generation of Kampung Cisatu, such as his late father and especially Abah Oma.

"I've lived in Cisatu since 1977, so I'm definitely not a native person here. I was born here because you worked at the home of the minister of interior, Ibu Ipik on Gunung Kareumbi Cuimbuleuit road after moving from Ciamis. Formerly the owner of this land and also the elder was Abah Oma. When I was a child, I often asked innocently to Abah Oma when a strange illness came in in the village. Abah Oma always answered by connecting what we call superstition. He said that strange disease was a disease sent from ancestors,

peristiwa keseharian yang tidak tertulis tapi sangat penting untuk diambil pelajarannya bagi hidup saat ini dan masa depan. Di antara titik putus asa dan acuh tak acuh, Wa Uju kemudian membuka-buka kembali majalah Mangle lama yang terbit di sekitar taun 80an. Yang membuatnya mengingat generasi lama Kampung Cisatu, seperti almarhum bapaknya dan tertutama Abah Oma.

"Uwa tinggal di Cisatu sejak 1977, jadi Uwa bukan asli orang sini. Uwa lahir karena Ibu bekerja di rumah menteri dalam negeri Ibu Ipik di jalan Gunung Kareumbi Cuimbuleuit setelah pindah dari Ciamis. Dulu pemilik tanah ini dan juga dituakan adalah Abah Oma. Saat masih kecil Uwa sering bertanya polos ke Abah Oma ketika di kampung datang suatu penyakit yang aneh. Abah Oma selalu menjawab dengan menghubungkan apa kita sebut sebagai tahayul. Katanya penyakit yang aneh itu adalah penyakit kiriman dari leluhur, karena kita sudah melupakan amanat mereka. Abah yang dituakan sering mengobati yang sakit dengan suara, jampi-jampi doa, dan tidak lupa segelas air putih.

Tapi bagaimana seseorang bisa sembuh jika diobati dengan suara? Karena masih kecil, Uwa percaya saja. Tapi setelah terus berangsur tumbuh dewasa, Uwa mulai bertanya-tanya. Tapi Uwa tetap belum dapat

because we had forgotten their mandate. The elder brother often treated the sick with a voice, incantations for prayer, and did not forget a glass of water. But how can someone recover if treated with sound? Since I was young, I just believed. But after gradually growing up, I started to wonder. But I still can't explain why. Maybe now someone has proven it through science. But at least I understand that what is no less important than this treatment is how everyone feels cared for, accepted and has a meaningful life in the world. For what reason, besides the sound of prayer, relatives and neighbors also prayed around. A person can gradually recover because he is mentally driven to recover. And I also continued to watch as time and knowledge spread in the community, Abah Oma then also added spices to treat the sick, especially when dealing with diseases that were physically visible."

Wa Uju told a story while taking and showing the spices from the can. The youths were stunned, some holding their chins with their hands while looking at the sky.

Wa Uju then turned to the newspaper published today. His mouth slowly read out the figures from the statistics on the number of people exposed to the virus. Several youths then let go of their chins and turned their gaze to Wa Uju. The closest neighbors joined the practice at the door and at the window.

penjelasan kenapa. Mungkin sekarang ada yang sudah membuktikan melalui sains. Tapi minimal uwa paham bahwa yang tak kalah penting dari pengobatan tersebut adalah bagaimana setiap orang merasa diperhatikan, diterima dan hidupnya berarti di dunia. Sebab apa, selain suara doa, para kerabat dan tetangga juga ikut mendoakan di sekeliling. Seseorang bisa lambat laun pulih karena mentalnya terdorong untuk sembuh. Dan Uwa juga terus menyaksikan seturut waktu dan pengetahuan yang tersebar di masyarakat, Abah Oma kemudian juga menambahkan rempah-rempah untuk mengobati yang sakit, terutama ketika menangani penyakit yang terlihat secara fisik."Panjang Wa Uju bercerita sambil mengambil dan memperlihatkan rempah-rempah dari dalam kaleng.

Para pemuda tertetegun, beberapa menahan dagunya dengan tangan sambil melihat ke langit.

Wa Uju kemudian beralih ke koran yang terbit di hari ini. Mulutnya pelan-pelan komat-kamit membacakan angka-angka dari statistik jumlah orang yang terpapar virus corona. Beberapa pemuda kemudian melepaskan dagunya dan mengalihkan pandangannya ke Wa Uju. Para tetangga terdekat ikut memperhatikan di depan pintu dan di jendela.

"Sudah sepuluh tahun kita hidup di

"We have lived in uncertainty for ten years. Life is so uncertain because we are a small society. But also we don't have to add to the sum of these numbers."

"Here there are two old friends who teach at high school. He will come here once a week on two different days. Every Friday and Saturday afternoon." Wa Uju introduced two people who had been sitting at the door of the house.

"These are Pak Hanafi and Ibu Supini, Pak Hanafi is a social studies teacher and Bu Supini is a science teacher at the high school where uwa used to teach. Apart from teaching, they are also active in the community where school teachers gather and volunteer to share their knowledge with the community. They do not just gather, at any time with technology they can exchange information and update their knowledge with teachers or educators outside Bandung and abroad who also carry out similar activities. So for those of you who are interested in participating in this movement, come back here every Saturday and Sunday morning."

"We're going to study like in school, Wa?"
One of the youth asked.

"Yes, but maybe not. Mmm .. because of this, here we will learn more about old knowledge to be updated and developed. So that we can find solutions and understandings that we think are good for our environment."

dalam ketidakpastian. Hidup memang sudah demikian tidak pasti karena kita masyarakat kecil. Tapi juga kita tidak harus menambah jumlah dari angka-angka ini. Di sini ada dua teman lama uwa mengajar di sma. Beliau akan kesini tiap seminggu sekali di dua hari yang berbeda. Tiap Jumat dan Sabtu sore." Wa Uju memperkenalkan dua orang yang memang sedari tadi duduk di depan pintu rumah.

"Beliau-beliau ini bernama Pak Hanafi dan Ibu Supini, Pak Hanafi adalah guru IPS dan Bu Supini adalah guru IPA di SMA di mana uwa dulu mengajar. Selain mengajar, mereka juga aktif di komunitas dimana guru-guru sekolah berkumpul dan menyediakan diri sebagai relawan untuk berbagi ilmu-pengetahuan mereka bagi masyarakat. Mereka tidak hanya berkumpul saja, setiap saat dengan teknologi mereka dapat saling bertukar info dan memperbaharui ilmu mereka dengan guru-guru atau pendidik di luar bandung dan luar negeri yang juga membuat kegiatan yang serupa. Jadi bagi kalian yang berminat untuk ikut dalam gerakan ini, datang kembali kesini setiap hari Sabtu dan Minggu pagi."

"Kita tuh akan belajar kayak di sekolah, Wa?" Salah satu pemuda bertanya.

"Iya, tapi mungkin tidak. Mmm..

"Pak Hanafi will share his knowledge from how imagination enables us to imagine the existence of other people; the fate of others; and the suffering of others. Meanwhile, Mrs. Supini will share her knowledge to find various anticipations for things that are uncertain."

The youths started frowning.

"I think Uwa gathered us together to invite us to Pak RW to discuss the basic needs assistance from the government, which has not come for a long time. My family at home is getting more and more troubled, Wa. And surely most of those who attended here were in distress as well. "

"Yes, it will be one of the problems that we will try to find a solution to later with Pak Hanafi and Ibu Supini. But soon Pak RW will come here too. "

This afternoon, Uwa's house was visited by more neighbors than usual. But soon some of the youth chose to leave without permission.

A few minutes later, Pak RW came along with all RT heads in Kampung Cilaku.

"Assalamualaikum!"

....

karena begini, di sini kita akan lebih banyak mempelajari lagi pengetahuan-pengetahuan lama untuk diperbaharui dan dikembangkan. Supaya kita bisa menemukan solusi dan pemahaman yang kita anggap baik bagi lingkungan kita. Pak Hanafi akan berbagi ilmunya dari bagaimana imajinasi membuat kita dapat membayangkan keberadaan orang lain; nasib orang lain; dan penderitaan orang lain. Sementara Ibu Supini akan berbagi ilmunya untuk menemukan berbagai antisipasi untuk hal-hal yang tidak pasti.”

Para pemuda mulai mengerutkan dahinya.

“Saya kira Uwa mengumpulkan kami untuk ngajak kami bersama ke Pak RW untuk membicarakan bantuan sembako dari pemerintah yang sudah lama tidak datang lagi. Keluarga saya di rumah makin kesusahan, Wa. Dan pasti sebagian besar yang hadir di sini keluarganya sama-sama kesusahan. ”

“Iya, itu akan jadi salah satu masalah yang akan kita coba temukan solusinya nanti bersama Pak Hanafi dan Ibu Supini. Tapi sebentar lagi Pak RW juga akan datang kesini kok.”

Sore ini halama rumah Uwa di datangi para tetangga lebih banyak dari biasanya. Tapi Tak lama beberapa pemuda memilih pergi tanpa izin berpamitan.

Beberapa menit kemudian Pak RW pun datang dengan semua ketua RT Se-Cisatu.

“Asslamualaikum!”

....



60

BAH YAYAN

Hari ini, seperti biasa, Bah Yayan tampil beda di setiap Jumat. Ia sudah merapihkan lemari pakaian semalam. Dan yang tak kalah penting, ia sudah menyiapkan setelan pakaian paling bagus dari bagian tubuh atas sampai bawah. Tingkah lakunya hampir tidak berbeda dengan kebiasaannya ketika menyiapkan pakaian menjelang shalat Idul Fitri.

Tidak ada setitikpun sisa-sisa tanah yang biasanya dibiarkan menempel di sela-sela pergelangan kakinya walaupun sudah mandi, semua larut hanyut bersama air. Ia merasa badannya lebih segar bercahaya dari biasanya setelah mandi. Tanganya yang makin berotot karena terus mengayunkan cangkul dan mengibaskan parang seperti ringan dan lentur menggerakkan

Today, as usual, Bah Yayan looks different every Friday. He had tidied up the wardrobe last night. 60 And last but not least, he has prepared the best clothes from the top to the bottom. His behavior was almost no different from his habit when preparing clothes for the Eid prayer.

There is not a single speck of soil that is usually left stuck between his ankles even after bathing, all dissolved in the water. He felt that his body was more radiant than usual after bathing. His hands were getting more muscular as they kept swinging the hoe and waving the machete like they were light and flexible, moving the iron between the buttons of the koko shirt. Now Bah Yayan's appearance looks very neat with a black cap, white turban, cream koko shirt, brown plaid gloves and what is not too important is wearing a mask and rubber gloves.

setrika di sela-sela kancing baju koko. Kini penampilan Bah Yayan sudah terlihat sangat rapih dengan peci hitam, sorban putih, baju koko warna krem, sarung coklat kotak-kotak dan yang tak lewat penting ialah memakai masker dan sarung tangan karet.

Ya, ini memang hari yang spesial bagi Bah Yayan, karena hari Juma't adalah hari berkunjung ke sanak sodaranya yang telah wafat lebih dulu.

Bahkan keinginan dan niat untuk mengunjungi makam keluarganya di sini sudah terbersit dalam pikiran Bah Yayan sejak munculnya wabah virus corona sepuluh tahun yang lalu di Bandung. Namun niat tersebut tak kunjung kesampaian hingga hingga tahun-tahun berlalu karena usaha dagang kaca matanya di jalan ABC lesu akibat merebaknya wabah corona. Karena orang-orang lebih banyak membeli pelindung muka APD daripada hanya untuk membeli kaca mata. Tak ada modal yang cukup baginya untuk beralih barang jualan.

Kini walaupun wabah telah berlalu, namun perasaan was-was, cemas, curiga dan takut bertemu dengan orang lain sesekali masih muncul di hati Bah Yayan maupun warga desa lainnya. Ini diakibatkan karena masifnya pemberitaan terkait corona di berbagai media masa dan elektronik setiap harinya sejak

Yes, this is indeed a special day for Bah Yayan, because Friday is a day to visit his relatives who had passed away first.

Even the desire and the intention to visit the grave of his family here has crossed Bah Yayan's mind since the outbreak of the coronavirus ten years ago in Bandung. However, this intention did not come true until the years passed because the business of trading glasses on ABC Street was sluggish due to the outbreak of the coronavirus outbreak. Because more people buy PPE face shields than just to buy glasses. There is not enough capital for him to switch goods for sale.

Now even though the plague has passed, feelings of anxiety, anxiety, suspicion and fear of meeting other people occasionally still appear in the hearts of Bah Yayan and other villagers. This is due to the massive news related to corona in various mass and electronic media every day since Indonesia is said to be the highest corona case in Asia, from the beginning of the new normal era until the following years.

Before leaving the house, Bah Yayan took a clay jug filled with water that the Kulhu (Surah Al-Ikhlas) had read last night, the al-fatihah, shalawat, tahmid and tahlil. Then he stepped into the yard, picked one by one the roses, ylang and jasmine that he had been caring for. All the petals that are picked are immediately put into the clay jug.

awal era normal baru hingga tahun-tahun berikutnya.

Sebelum berangkat keluar rumah, Bah Yayan mengambil kendi tanah liat berisi air yang semalam telah dibacakan Kulhu (surat Al-Ikhlâs), surat al-fatihah, shalawat, tahmid dan tahlil. Kemudian ia melangkah ke pekarangan, dipetikinya satu persatu bunga mawar, kenanga dan melati yang selama ini dia rawat. Semua kelopak bunga yang dipetik langsung dimasukan ke dalam kendi tanah liat.

"Gusti, Herang panon tiis celi (Tuhan, Ini jernih di mata, dingin di telinga)." Bisiknya dalam hati saat menghirup nafas dalam-dalam lalu tersenyum seakan baru pertama kalinya menikmati suasana pedesaan. Padahal ia telah tinggal di sini sudah hampir setahun.

Maklum saja karena selama ia dulu tinggal di Kebon Bibit Bandung, apa yang dilihatnya setiap membuka pintu atau jendela hanyalah tembok. Walaupun ada pemandangan lain itu adalah puing-puing reruntuhan penggusuran di RW sebelah yaitu Kebon Kembang atau Kampung Tamansari RW 11.

Hari Jumat, memang seperti hari raya buat Bah Yayan. Paras wajahnya terlihat lebih tenang dan lebih cerah. Sebelum melangkah keluar, ia memeriksa Buku Surat Yassin dan handsanitizer di saku bajunya.

"*Gusti, Herang panon tiis ceuli* (God, it's clear to the eyes, cold to the ears)." He whispered to himself as he took a deep breath then smiled as if it was his first time enjoying the rural atmosphere. Even though he has lived here for almost a year.

Understandably, as long as he lived in Kebon Bibit Bandung, what he saw every time he opened a door or window was a wall. Even if there are other views, it is the ruins of the eviction ruins in the neighboring RW, namely Kebon Kembang or Kampung Tamansari RW 11.

Friday, is like a holiday for Bah Yayan. His face looks calmer and brighter. Before stepping outside, he checked Yassin's Letter Book and the handsanitizer in his shirt pocket.

"*Allahumma laa sahlâa illâa maa ja'altahu sahlâa wa anta taj'alul hazna idza syi'ta sahlâa* (Yes, Allah has no convenience except what you make easy. While what is difficult can be made easy, if you punish it becomes easy)." Said Bah Yayan while taking a deep breath, as he was about to step his right foot out of the house.

Not many other residents have crossed the house yet, the resident in the first house that was crossed has already greeted him,

"Nadran, Bah ...?"

"Yes, excuse me). "

"Yes, please..." Likewise, until Bah Yayan arrived at the funeral door.

"Allahumma laa sahlaa illaa maa ja'altahu sahlaa wa anta taj'alul hazna idza syi'ta sahlaa (Ya, Allah tidak ada kemudahan kecuali apa yang engkau jadikan mudah. Sedang yang sulit bisa jadikan mudah, apabila engkau menghendakinya menjadi mudah)." Ucap Bah Yayan sambil menarik nafas dalam-dalam, saat hendak melangkahkkan kaki kanan ke luar rumah.

Belum banyak melintasi rumah warga lain, warga di rumah pertama yang dilintasi sudah menyapanya,

"Nadran, Bah.."

"Muhun, punten ah. (Iya, permisi)."

"Muhun, Mangga. (Iya, silahkan)."

Begitupun seterusnya, hingga Bah Yayan sampai di pintu pemakaman.

Semua warga sudah sangat tau kebiasaannya di hari Jumat. Bah Yayan akan berangkat nadran ke makam ibu, bapak, kakek, saudara dan leluhurnya. Lalu meneruskan shalat jumat di mesjid, beristirahat dan makan siang dia saung kebunnya. Di mana dia menanam tomat, wortel, jahe, mentimun, singkong, ubi, cabe rawit, kunyit, jagung, bengkuang, kacang panjang, pisang, dan umbi-umbian.

Makam keluarganya memang terletak cukup jauh karena terletak di bukit dekat danau Sarkanjut. Konon terbentuknya situ itu merupakan salah satu permintaan Nabi Adam untuk menjaga pasokan air saat itu.

All residents are very familiar with his habits on Friday. Bah Yayan will leave Nadran to the graves of his mother, father, grandfather, siblings and ancestors. Then he continued his Friday prayers at the mosque, rested and ate lunch in his garden hut. Where he grows tomatoes, carrots, ginger, cucumber, cassava, sweet potatoes, cayenne pepper, turmeric, corn, yam, long beans, bananas and tubers.

His family's grave is indeed quite far away because it is located on a hill near Sarkanjut Lake. It is said that the formation there was one of Prophet Adam's requests to maintain the water supply at that time.

"*Nabi adam bambu hawa, cai budahan, batu masih bareye* (Prophet Adam is a companion for Siti Eve, there is water that foams when the ground is still soft). "

"When the Dutch colonization took place, water from Sarkanjut lake was often used by the delegates of the head of the colonizers, as one of the water supply depots in irrigating agriculture that was carried out by local residents. "He recalls a story from his father as a child when he walked to the edge of Sarkanjut lake, where up to now there is still a lot of water discharge.

"Subhanallah." Bah Yayan whispered every now and then as he walked to the grave about 100 meters north of the house through the vegetable fields and gardens that lined



"Nabi adam bambu hawa, cai budahan, batu masih bareye (Nabi adam pendamping buat Siti Hawa, ada air yang berbuih saat tanah masih lembek)."

Saat penjajahan Belanda berlangsung, air dari danau Sarkanjut kerap digunakan para utusan kepala penjajah, sebagai salah satu depot pasokan air dalam mengairi pertanian yang dikerjakan oleh warga sekitar. "Dia teringat kembali cerita dari bapaknya waktu kecil ketika berjalan ditepi Situ Sarkanjut yang sampai saat ini debit airnya masih banyak.

the road as well as the Sarkanjut lake. He saw the dew falling wet on the grass and feet, the wind sweeping the leaves. Also seen were his neighbors digging in the fields and several young men fishing in the lake.

Bah Yayan then stopped for a moment to rest while greeting some residents who were fishing.

"Got the fish?"

"Eh Bah, not bad! As usual, Bah?"

"Yes, usual."

"Yes, mango bah, but first rest here."

"Yes, not because I'm just tired, if I go

"Subhanallah." Bisik Bah Yayan sekali-kali saat berjalan menuju makam sekitar 100 meter sebelah utara rumah melintasi ladang sayur dan kebun yang berderet sepanjang jalan serta danau Sarkanjut. Dilihatnya embun jatuh basah di rerumputan dan kaki, angin menyapu daun-daun. Terlihat pula tetangga rumahnya sedang mencangkul di ladang dan beberapa pemuda sedang memancing ikan di danau.

Bah Yayan kemudian berhenti sejenak untuk beristirahat sambil menyapa beberapa warga yang sedang mancing.

"Dapat ikannya?"

"Eh Bah, lumayan! Seperti biasa, Bah?"

"Iya, biasa."

"Ya, mangga bah, Tapi istirahat dulu di sini."

"iya, bukan karena hanya cape, kalau lewat sini saya suka pengen tertawa sendiri"

"Kenapa?"

"Suka inget cerita dulu"

"..Sarkanjut?"

"Iya.."

"Sudah kabayang sih, Bah.."

pemancing ikan mulai senyum-senyum.

"Jadi si bapak saya teh pernah bercerita, bagaimana hebatnya dulu tokoh warga di sini menghadapi penjajah Belanda. Mereka mendapatkan bisikan gaib untuk memegang kemaluan hingga tiga kali

, if I go through here I like to laugh to myself"

"Why?"

"Like to remember the story first"

"..Sarkanjut?"

"Yes .." The fisherman began to smile.

"So my father once told me how great the local figures were to face the Dutch colonialists. They get a magical whisper to hold their genitals three times to be safe, including all the villagers. He said that in the past the entire village was saved without anyone being caught or even killed by the invaders. "

"Yes, I also remember the story of the late Emak. Even in some of the residents' daily activities, such as climbing trees, climbing mountains, traveling far out of town or facing difficult situations, some people still believe in this ritual." They both laughed.

"In the past, the father also told me that he had experienced unfortunate events himself, when he received a tight raid by the Indonesian National Army (TNI) when there was a strong uprising by the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI). My father was once assigned to carry three trucks of a group of construction workers to work in Jakarta, when he was prevented by a police raid without a single person carrying an identity card (KTP). He and

agar selamat, termasuk seluruh warga kampung. Katanya dulu seluruh kampung ini selamat tanpa ada yang tertangkap bahkan terbunuh penjajah."

"Iya, saya juga inget cerita dari almarhum Emak, bahkan dalam beberapa kegiatan keseharian warga, seperti memanjat pohon, naik gunung, bepergian jauh ke luar kota atau menghadapi situasi sulit, sebagian masyarakat masih percaya dengan ritual itu." Mereka berdua tertawa-tawa.

"Dulu si bapak juga pernah cerita mengaku pernah mengalami sendiri peristiwa nahas, saat mendapatkan razia ketat gabungan aparat Tentara Negara Indonesia (TNI) ketika ramai pemberontakan Partai Komunis Indonesia (PKI). Bapak saya pernah ditugaskan membawa tiga truk rombongan pegawai tukang bangunan untuk bekerja di Jakarta, mendapatkan hadangan razia aparat tanpa satu orang pun yang membawa identitas kartu tanda penduduk (KTP). Dia dan semua rombongan diberi tahu sama salah seorang warga untuk pegang kemaluan tiga kali, sambil baca doa. Mereka akhirnya selamat semua, bahkan kami diberi uang jajan oleh petugas." Mereka kembali tertawa-tawa.

"Ah..sudah. Oke, saya lanjut jalan lagi.

all his entourage were told by one of the residents to hold his genitals three times while reading a prayer. They finally survived, even we were given pocket money by the officers. " They laughed again.

"Ah ... enough. OK, I'll go on again. We will never stop laughing. "

"Haha, yes please, Bah. Be carefull!"

For Bah Yayan, Nadran to go to the grave is an activity that has never been missed on the sidelines of routine gardening since moving from Kebon Bibit Bandung to Lewi Goong Garut in 2027. Nadran for him is an effort to always remember and maintain something that has been guarded by his ancestors. Such as kinship, land and of course nature preservation. And in that way, Bah Yayan was able to overcome his loneliness as a widower.

Before now becoming a vegetable farmer and being an eye glasses maker, Bah Yayan, a teenager in the 70s, was often invited by his father to buy vegetables from farmers to Lewi Goong to sell to Balubur and Caringin markets in Bandunf. Until then after graduating from SMAK (middle school) Kebon Jati, Bah Yayan worked on a plantation in Aceh from the 80s to the early 90s. He worked from clearing forests to clearing gardens to harvesting amid the malaria epidemic. Not infrequently he

Kita tidak akan habis-habisnya tertawa-tawa.”
"haha, ya silahkan, Bah. Hati-hati!"

Bagi Bah Yayan nadran ke makam merupakan kegiatan yang tak pernah terlewatkan di sela-sela rutinias berkebun sejak pindah dari Kebon Bibit Bandung ke Lewi Goong Garut tahun 2027. Nadran baginya merupakan salah satu upaya agar senantiasa mengingat dan memelihara sesuatu yang telah dijaga oleh leluhurnya. Seperti kekerabatan, tanah dan tentu saja kelestarian alam. Dan dengan cara itu, Bah Yayan dapat mengatasi rasa kesepian sebagai duda. Sebelum sekarang jadi petani sayur dan pernah menjadi tukang kaca mata,

Bah Yayan remaja di tahun 70-an sering diajak Ayahnya membeli sayuran dari para petani ke Lewi Goong untuk dijual ke Pasar Balubur dan Caringin di Bandunf. Hingga kemudian setamatnya dari SMAK Kebon Jati, Bah Yayan kerja di salah satu perkebunan di Aceh dari tahun 80-an sampai awal 90-an. Ia bekerja mulai dari memabat hutan untuk pembukaan lahan kebun sampai panen di tengah wabah malaria. Tak jarang dia sering mendengar suara baku tembak antara tenatara Gerakan Aceh Merdeka (GAM) dan tentara Indonesia.

he often heard gunfire between soldiers of the Free Aceh Movement (GAM) and the Indonesian army. "*Assalaamu'alaikum qaaro qoumin mu'minin wa inna insyaa allohu bikum laahiquun* (Salvation for you, O inhabitants of the house of the believers. We will inshaAllah follow you)."

Bah Yayan said as he entered the funeral gate, which was greeted by the sound of cicadas on the frangipani branches.

....

"Assalaamu'alaikum qaaro qoumin mu'minin wa inna insyaa allohu bikum laahiquun (Keselamatan untuk kalian wahai penguni rumah kaum mukminin. Kami insyaaAllah akan menyusul kalian)." Ucap Bah Yayan saat memasuki gerbang pemakaman yang disambut suara tongeret di dahan-dahan kemboja.

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TESTIMONI & TANGGAPAN PENDENGAR HEARING TESTIMONY & RESPONSE

Bayu, Penggiat Hip-hop Di Bandung

Mendengarkan cerita-cerita di Hari Ini Seperti biasa, saya seperti jalan-jalan masuk ke gang-gang dan perkampungan yang aneh di Bandung. Aneh karena saya sendiri orang Bandung tapi baru tahu ada hal-hal seperti itu di Bandung. Kisah-kisahnyanya tidak bisa diduga, sangat imajinatif tidak seperti sandiwara radio yang pernah saya dengar, misalnya cerita drama Pinangan podcastnya Komunitas Salihara yang kemarin-kemarin saya dengar. Kalau yang ini (Hari Ini Seperti Biasa) berbeda dan terasa ada lebih dekat di sekitar kita.

Pada satu sisi saya seperti memiliki bayangan dan kemungkinan lain tentang masa depan. Namun pada sisi yang lain kadang terasa sangat mengerikan jika harus membayangkan masa depan bersama wabah. Apa lagi sampai sekarang juga penyakit viruscorona itu belum beres-beres juga. Mungkin juga benar seperti cerita di podcast itu kalau corona akan berakhir tahun 2025...hahaha (tertawa). Lihat aja kelakuan pemerintah dalam menangani virus corona tidak mengutamakan kesehatan. Ya, wajar kalau tidak kelar-kelar.

Saya pertama kali memutar podcast ini sambil berkendara naik motor menuju pulang ke rumah di Cimahi, ketika malem-malem pulang dari Kampung Tamansari. Pas naik motor sambil denger itu podcast yang ceritanya Abah Endi, saya seperti tidak sedang di Bandung. Ceritanya itu seperti Science Fiction gitu. Terus saja juga dengarkan cerita-cerita yang lainnya. Ada juga yang ceritanya itu kayak orang-orang sufi gitu, itu yang tiap hari ke makam. Terus ada juga yang diam terus di rumah.

Mendengar cerita-cerita dari podcast itu, saya jadi ingin ketemu dengan orangnya langsung, seperti apa gitu. Jadi penasaran, seperti apa sih mereka hidup. Lihat orangnya langsung dan kehidupannya itu cuma Mbah Geyot saja. Saya jadi ingin lihat kehidupan orang-orang yang diceritakan dalam podcast itu. Kalau yang cerita Mbah Geyot terkait Tamansari, saya percaya kalau Tamansari pasti akan menang melawan penindasan pemerintah kota Bandung. Soalnya kalau dilihat-lihat sudah hampir empat tahun warganya masih bertahan di lokasi penggusuran, artinya kan sudah teruji usahanya untuk mencapai kemenangan.

Ya kalau boleh saya simpulkan cerita-ceritanya itu distopia masa depan. Kapan atuh ada cerita baru, ingin dengar lagi.

Bayu, A Hip-hop Activist In Bandung

Listening to the stories of the Day As usual, I like walking into strange alleys and settlements in Bandung. It's strange because I am a Bandung person, but just found out that there are such things in Bandung. The stories are unpredictable, very imaginative, unlike the radio plays I have ever heard, for example the story of the drama Pinangan podcast of Komunitas Salihara, which I heard yesterday.

If this one is different and feels closer around us. On the one hand, I seemed to have a shadow and another possibility about the future. But on the other hand, sometimes it feels really terrible to imagine a future with the plague. What's more, until now the corona virus has not been resolved too. Maybe it's also true like the story on the podcast that the corona will end in 2025, hahaha (laughs). Just look at the government's behavior in dealing with the corona virus not prioritizing health. Yes, it's natural that you don't hang around.

I played this podcast for the first time while driving on a motorbike to go home in Cimahi, when I returned home from Kampung Tamansari at night. When I was riding a motorbike while listening to the podcast Abah Endi, I felt like I wasn't in Bandung. The story is like a Science Fiction story. Then I also listen to other stories. There are also stories that are like Sufis, that is the one who goes to the grave every day. Then there are those who stay still at home.

Hearing the stories from the podcast, I wanted to meet the person directly, what was that like. So curious, what kind of life they are. I only saw the person directly and their life was just Mbah Geyot. I wanted to see the lives of the people who were told on the podcast. If Mbah Geyot's story is related to Tamansari, I believe that Tamansari will definitely win against the oppression of the Bandung city government. The problem is that if you look around, it has been nearly four years since its citizens have remained at the eviction site. This means that his efforts have been tested to achieve victory.

Yes, if I may conclude that the stories are a dystopia of the future. When are there any new stories? I want to hear more.

Nazer, Aktivistis Gerakan Buruh Di Ksn (Konfederasi Serikat Nasional)

Saya dengar podcast ini setiap saya mau tidur. Kadang satu cerita itu bisa sampai tiga hari atau empat hari diputar berulang-ulang. Karena seringnya cerita belum selesai. Tapi saya sudah keburu tidur, jadinya besoknya putar lagi dan lagi. Kalau saya memang senang dengar cerita-cerita. Salah satunya karena mungkin waktu kecil sering, saya sering didongengin cerita sama orang tua. Biasanya kan saya itu kalau mau tidur akan pasang hadset dan setel musik di handphone. Saya itu bisa dibilang tidak bisa tidur kalau tidak sambil mendengarkan sesuatu di telinga, jadi harus setel terus musik di handphone. Ya, sudah kebiasaan dari dulu. Nah kalau mendengar musik sambil tidur, itu hanya tidur biasa. Tapi kalau dengerin cerita di podcast ini, saya tidak hanya dengar saja tapi juga sambil membayangkan kejadiannya ituseperti apa.

Cerita-ceritanya bagus karena bukan hanya ngomongin perkara pandemi saja, tapi juga terhubung dengan isu-isu lainnya yang terjadi hari ini. Semisal cerita tentang anak dan keponakan Mbah geyot yang di PHK secara sepihak oleh perusahaan tempatnya bekerja. Soal PHK inikan terjadi di mana-mana ribuan buruh di PHK secara masal tanpa jaminan yang jelas. Semisal contoh yang terdekat di Bandung yaitu buruh CV Sandangsari yang punya tunggakan gaji para pekerjanya, di tambah THR buruh yang belum dibayar hingga kini, dan sebagian lagi kena PHK. Selain itu perusahaan juga tidak menjalankan protokol kesehatan dan nasib buruh ini benar-benar terancam. Apalagi para buruh ini kemudian dikriminalisasi oleh perusahaan karena berdemo menuntut hak.

Nah bukan hak-hak pekerja yang di penuhi, tapiperusahaan malah berniat memenjarakan buruh dan meneuntut sebesar 150 milyar untuk ganti rugi perusahaan. Aneh kalau perusahaan untung para pekerja tidak dapat untung. Giliran perusahaan rugi atau omsetnya menurun, tapi malah pekerja yang harus tanggung. Ini gila. Lantas apa yang dilakukan pemerintah? Ya, tidak ada! Justru pemerintah malah memberikan subsidi pada perusahaan. Nah para pekerja ini bagaimana nasibnya? Apalagi akan disahkannya omnibuslaw.

Selain soal buruh, di podcast ini juga membicarakan isu agraria seperti ceritanya Nek Marni yang di Kebon Jeruk maupun ceritanya Mbah Geyot yang di Tamansari. Nah soal agraria ini, belum ada omnibuslaw saja negara sudah biadab. Apalagi kalau omnibuslaw disahkan, akan makin gila perampasan tanah di mana-mana.

Nazer, Labor Movement Activist At Ksn (confederation Of National Unions)

I listen to this podcast every time I want to sleep. Sometimes a story can be played over and over for three days or four days. Because often the story isn't finished. But I was already in bed, so the next day I turned it around again and again. I really like hearing stories. For one thing, maybe as a child, I was often told stories with my parents. Usually, if I want to sleep, I will put on my headset and play music on my cellphone. I could say that I couldn't sleep if I didn't listen to something in my ear, so I had to keep the music on my cellphone. Yes, it's been a habit from long ago. So if you hear music while sleeping, it's just normal sleep. But if I listen to the story on this podcast, I don't just hear it but also imagine what it was like.

The stories are good because they not only talk about the pandemic, but they are also connected to other issues that are happening today. For example, a story about Mbah Geyot's son and nephew who was unilaterally laid off by the company where he worked. The question of layoffs has occurred everywhere, thousands of workers have experienced massive layoffs without clear guarantees. For example, the closest example in Bandung is the CV. Sandangsari, who has arrears of workers' salaries, is added to the holiday allowance (THR) for workers who have not been paid until now, and some have been laid off. In addition, the company does not follow health protocols and the fate of these workers is seriously threatened. Moreover, these workers were later criminalized by the company for demonstrating demanding rights.

So, the workers' rights are not fulfilled, but the company intends to imprison the workers and demand 150 billion in compensation for the company. It is strange that the company is profitable, the workers are not profitable. The company turns to lose or its turnover decreases, but instead the workers have to bear. This is crazy. So what is the government doing? Yes, nothing! Instead, the government provides subsidies to companies. So what are the fate of these workers? Moreover, the omnibuslaw will be passed.

Apart from labor issues, this podcast also discusses agrarian issues such as the story of Nek Marni in Kebon Jeruk and the story of Mbah Geyot who was in Tamansari. Now about agrarian affairs, there is no omnibuslaw, but the country is barbaric. Moreover, if the omnibuslaw was passed, land grabbing would get even crazier.

Kiki Sahrul Maulana, Mahasiswa Bahasa Indonesia Fkip Unibba.

Kalau mendengar podcast ini (Hari Ini Seperti Biasa), ini saya membayangkan cara penulisannya mungkin seperti Pramudya Ananta Toer yang juga menulis kisah dari kejadian-kejadian yang terjadi bukan ngarang-ngarang tapi ini lebih seperti doku-drama. Cuman kalau ini mungkin bentuknya cerpen, kalau Pram kan novel.

Ini anti mainstream bukanlah cerita-cerita orang-orang yang sukses seperti cerita-cerita motivator, ini cerita orang-orang biasa yang tidak dikenal sama-sekali, ia hanyalah warga biasa. Namun disitulah menariknya, ini seperti antologi cerita warga kota dan bagaimana warga hidup dan bersiasat.

Pilamo Miton, Aktivis Amp (aliansi Mahasiswa Papua) Bandung.

Mendengarkan podcsat ini, saya menemukan banyak hal yang setidaknya gambaran imajinasi warga Bandung di masa yang akan datang versi warga. Ini menarik karena selama ini kan seluruh pembangunan kota termasuk penanganan viruscorona semuanya diputuskan di atas. Semestinyakan dari bawah ke atas apalagi ngomongin hajat hidup orang banyak. Dari cerita-cerita tersebut saya jadi tahu bahwa warga nyatanya lebih berdaya, memiliki siasat cara penanganan wabah secara mandiri.

Mendengarkan podcast ini (Hari Ini Seperti Biasa), saya jadi punya idea kalau nanti saya pulang ke Papua mungkin akan buat podcast seperti ini. Saya akan ngumpulin cerita-cerita warga Papua terkait pengalamannya dalam menghadapi operasi militer yang dibuat Indonesia di tanah Papua.

Kiki Sahrul Maulana, Indonesian Language Student, Fkip Unibba

When I hear this podcast, I imagine the way it is written is probably like Pramudya Ananta Toer, who also writes stories of events that occur, not making things up but this is more like docu-drama. But if this might be in the form of a short story, while Pram wrote it in the form of a novel.

This anti mainstream is not stories of successful people like motivator stories, these are stories of ordinary people who are not known at all, they are just ordinary citizens. But that's where it gets interesting, it's like an anthology of urban stories and how citizens live and work around them.

Pilamo Miton, activist of AMP (Papuan Student Alliance) Bandung

Listening to this podcast, I found a lot of things that at least illustrate the imaginations of the citizens of Bandung in the future by the citizens version. This is interesting because so far all city development, including handling the coronavirus, have all been decided from top to bottom. It should be from bottom to the up. Especially if we talk about the lives of many people. From these stories, I came to know that the citizens are more empowered, because they have strategy for how to handle the plague independently.

Listening to this podcast, I have an idea that when I return to Papua, I might make a podcast like this one. I will collect the stories of Papuans related to their experiences in dealing with military operations that Indonesia has made in Papua.

[Taufik Darwis](#) is a dramaturg, curator, researcher and theater director, lives in Bandung, Indonesia. He is co-founder [Bandung Performing Arts Forum - BPAF](#) and a member of [Koalisi Seni Indonesia](#). Since March 2016 until 2019, he was once a co-curator of Indonesian Dance Festival for Kampana's Program. In 2018-2019, Taufik was invited as a guest curator for The Cabaret Chairil program (A transit and development platform for experimental works) at Garasi Performance Institute. In 2016, Taufik attended Art Summit Indonesia for Dramaturgy and New Dramaturgy Workshop. He was also involved in Dramaturgy Assembly organised by Teater Garasi in Yogyakarta. In 2018, Taufik was selected as a participant The Curators Academy, TheatreWorks Singapore; TPAM – Performing Arts Meeting in Yokohama, and Symposium Asian Dramaturg's Network. And September 2018, through US / NOT-US Project with BPAF, he was involved in Asian Dramaturgs Network Laboratory 2018 in Yogyakarta. In the same year, he was selected and involved in [the Next Generation Producing Performing Arts 2018](#), Asia Center, Japan Foundation. In 2019, he was involved as one of the interviewees in [Asia Hundreds project, Japan Foundation Asia Center](#). And was selected to conduct a research residency as an Art Managers for over one month in Tokyo and Kyoto on [Visiting Fellows 2019 Program, The Saison Foundation](#).

John Heryanto, a performer, activist. He had been involved in several performances of Teater Payung Hitam, Laskar Panggung Bandung, Piktorial Theater and Bandung Performing Arts Forum. Collaborate with Lary Red (Francisco), Residency and cross-disciplinary collaborators at Brisbane's Metro Art and Contemporary Art Center of Crain in Australia (2017). Collaborate with Claudia Bosse (theatercombinant, Germany) in Ideal Paradise Project, Goethe Institut Jakarta (2020). Involved ProjecyBody and Word Directing Workshop, Toshiki Okada, Art Summit Indonesia IV (2013). International Mask and Puppet Festival (2012 & 2014). Residency and assistance for the residents of Kampung Pangkalan (Sukabumi) at the 2017-2018. From 2018 until he was involved as a paramedic team for the citizens of the city of Bandung who survived the eviction carried out by the city government.

