

Tukang cukur dan Ruslan hilang tanpa jejak.

Ketika Gito sudah naik ke klas dua, suasana Kudus tegang lagi. Sekian banyak tentara yang tidak dikenal, semua mengenakan duk hijau dan membawa senapan, berkeliaran di seluruh bagian kota. Seperti dulu, banyak di antara mereka menggerombol di kawasan sandulok.

Suasana makin hari makin muram, sampai akhirnya, sekitar jam satu malam, Gito terbangun mendengar tembakan tanpa henti tidak jauh dari rumah. Sekitar jam enam pagi suasana menjadi betul-betul senyap.

Tersebarlah berita, pertempuran hebat di bekas pabrik rokok Nitisemito, tidak jauh dari rumah Gito, telah berakhir. Sebagian tentara liar terjebak di bekas pabrik, dan sebagian melarikan diri, kemungkinan menuju ke arah gunung Merapi dan Merbabu. Gito baru tahu, tentara liar itu dikenal sebagai tentara NII (Negara Islam Indonesia), dan akan menjatuhkan pemerintah Indonesia, menjadikan Indonesia sebagai Negara Islam.

Ketika Gito tiba di bekas pabrik rokok, sudah banyak orang berkerumun di sana. Semua mayat tentara yang terjebak di pabrik sudah diangkut keluar, dibaringkan di pinggir jalan. Salah satu mayat itu tidak lain dan tidak bukan adalah tukang cukur.

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trapped in the former factory, and some fled, possibly heading towards Mount Merapi and Merbabu. Gito found out that the militia was known as the NII (Indonesian Islamic State) army. They intended to overthrow the Indonesian government and turn Indonesia into an Islamic State.

When Gito arrived at the former cigarette factory, many people were already gathered there. The bodies of the soldiers trapped in the factory had been carried out of the building and laid on the side of the road. One of the bodies was none other than that of the barber.

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## Bupati di Tengah Kemelut



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## Bupati di Tengah Kemelut

### Purwodadi, Oktober 1901

Waktu mendekati tengah malam, langit tidak berbulan. Soeroto berjongkok di antara batang-batang tebu mengawasi rumah penjaga perkebunan tebu di pinggir ladang. Tiba-tiba tak jauh dari tempatnya terlihat sosok belasan orang mengendap-ngendap mendekat dari arah utara, yang bersebelahan dengan hutan. Gerombolan ini membawa parang dan kapak.

Soeroto sudah mengikuti gerak-gerak kawanan ini sejak beberapa hari yang lalu. Dia mendapatkan kabar burung bahwa akan ada perampokan uang gaji perkebunan tebu. Dia mendekat dengan hati-hati.

## The Regent's Turmoil



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## The Regent's Turmoil

### Purwodadi, Central Java, Indonesia, October 1901

The moonless night crept toward midnight. Soeroto crouched among the sugarcane stalks and watched the house of the sugarcane plantation guard at the edge of the field. Suddenly, not far from him, he saw dozens of people approaching from the north side, next to the forest. The mob carried machetes and axes.

Soeroto had spied on this mob's actions over the previous days. He had heard a rumor that they planned to burglarize the plantation and steal the workers' wages. He moved stealthily closer to the house.

Kawanan perampok ini mendekati rumah tersebut, lalu menyebar mengitari rumah, menjaga jalan keluar lewat pintu maupun jendela. Tidak lama kemudian, seorang bertubuh gempal yang sepertinya adalah pemimpin gerombolan ini, mengetuk pintu depan rumah.

Soeroto menggeser tempat sembunyiya supaya bisa melihat lebih jelas.

Ketukan yang makin lama terdengar semakin keras bahkan kasar dan sepertinya membangunkan penghuni rumah.

Kabar burung tentang perampokan rumah orang-orang kaya dan pabrik gula ternyata benar. Masalah seperti ini bisa memperburuk kemelut antara Raden Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat, tuannya, dengan Residen Donner. Residen Donner pasti menuduh tuannya ada dibalik semua kejadian ini.

"Siapa di luar? Ada apa mengetuk pintu malam-malam?" terdengar suara Sarmin, penjaga kebun.

"Ada uang 400 gulden di dalam rumah ini. Menyerahlah, sebelum pintu rumah saya dobrak!" teriak kepala para perampok itu.

"Kau sendirian, berani-beraninya merampok rumahku. Aku Sarmin, penjaga kebun tebu, jago daerah ini!"

Sementara itu Soeroto menimbang semua kejadian dalam jarak aman. Sarmin mungkin bisa mengalahkan kepala rampok ini bila bertarung satu lawan satu, tetapi tidak mungkin menang melawan belasan orang sekaligus. Soeroto menghitung jumlah kawanan perampok ini, lalu memutuskan lebih baik untuk tidak campur tangan.

Sarmin mendorong pintunya terbuka dengan kuat dan hampir saja menjungkirkan sang perampok itu.

Namun dengan cepat dia berdiri tegap dan tertawa dan melangkah masuk, tetapi dengan satu gerakan cepat Sarmin langsung menempelkan parang pada lehernya sambil tersenyum penuh kemenangan.

Kepala rampok tidak terlihat gelisah. Dia menoleh ke arah pintu belakang dan dengan santai berkata, "Coba kau lihat istrimu di sana."

Ternyata para perampok telah berhasil menyelip masuk dari belakang pada saat Sarmin berada di depan bersiap menghadapi kepala rampok. Istrinya telah disandera. Sarmin tidak punya pilihan kecuali menyerah.

Soeroto pun tidak bisa berbuat apa-apa lagi selain meninggalkan tempat ini diam-diam, dan tidak menunda waktu lagi untuk melaporkan peristiwa ini kepada junjungannya, Raden Brotodiningrat.

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### **Madiun, Desember 1901**

Suasana di Karesidenan Madiun terlihat tidak biasa, wajah-wajah tegang tampak pada orang yang sedang berada di sana. Penjagaan di pintu masuk kantor karesidenan terlihat lebih ketat dari biasanya. Di ruangan kerja, Residen Madiun, J. J. Donner sedang rapat dengan Patih Madiun, Mangoen Atmodjo, dan Kepala Jaksa Madiun, Adipoetro.

"Residen Donner, kita harus menangkap para kepala jago di daerah Madiun dan sekitarnya. Tanpa mereka, para penjahat lain tidak akan berani melakukan perampokan lagi," ujar Jaksa Adipoetro.

"Benar Residen, begitu pula dengan kepala pengairan Kartoredjo. Dia punya hubungan dekat dengan para kepala rampok dan jago. Kartoredjo juga menjadi tangan kanan dari bupati lama Brotodiningrat. Brotodiningrat pasti diam-diam masih memegang kendali dunia hitam melalui Kartoredjo," imbuh Patih Atmodjo."

Donner mondar-mandir di ruang rapat. Dengan dahi berkerut, dia berkata, "Soeradi, pencuri tirai dan taplak milik karesidenan, memang sudah tertangkap di Ponorogo. Namun, pencurian dan perampokan terus terjadi. Saya yakin, bahwa Brotodiningrat berada di balik semua perampokan ini."

Jaksa Adipoetro berusaha memberikan jalan keluar, "Kita bisa meningkatkan jaga malam."

The band of bandits spread around the house, positioning themselves by the doors and windows. After a while, a stocky man, who appeared to be the leader, knocked on the front door.

Soeroto shifted in his hiding place to see better.

The knocks became louder and louder, trying to awaken the occupants of the house.

Apparently, the rumors Soeroto had heard about planned burglaries of the houses of the rich and the sugar factory were true. Conflicts like this could exacerbate the tension between Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat, Soeroto's master, and Resident Donner. Resident Donner for sure was going to accuse his master of being behind this trouble.

"Who's there?" a voice shouted from within. "Why are you knocking on the door at night?"

"You've 400 guilders in this house," shouted the ring leader. "Surrender, before I break the door down!"

"You are alone! How dare you rob my house? I'm Sarmin, the plantation guard and the master of this area!"

Among the sugarcane stalks, Soeroto weighed the situation from a safe distance. Sarmin might be able to defeat this burglar if he fought one on one, but it would be impossible to win a fight against dozens of these thugs. Soeroto decided not to intervene.

Sarmin shoved the door open and almost made the burglar fall.

The man quickly straightened and laughed.

But with one swift movement, Sarmin put a machete to the robber's neck and smiled triumphantly.

The burglar didn't seem agitated. He looked toward the back door of the house and nonchalantly said, "Take a look at your wife over there."

Sarmin turned and saw a group of burglars surrounding his wife. The burglars had entered the back door while Sarmin was dealing with their leader at the front door. Now, they had taken his wife hostage. Sarmin had no choice but to give up.

Soeroto could do nothing except leave quietly. He would report this incident to his master, Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat, immediately.

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### **Madiun, East Java, Indonesia, December 1901**

The atmosphere at the Dutch-ruled Madiun Residency felt unusual. People looked tense, and security at the resident's office entrance was tighter than usual. In the office, the Resident of Madiun, J. J. Donner, was in a meeting with Judge Adipoetro, the chief prosecutor of Madiun, and Patih Mangoen Atmodjo, the vice regent of Madiun.

"Resident Donner, we have to arrest the indigenous gang leaders in Madiun and its surroundings," said Judge Adipoetro. "Without these leaders, other criminals will not dare carry out another burglary."

"It's true, Resident," added Patih Atmodjo. "Kartoredjo, the head of the irrigation department, also needs to be arrested. He not only has close ties to the gang leaders, but he was also the right-hand man of Brotodiningrat, the former Javanese regent of Madiun. Brotodiningrat must still be secretly in control of the criminals through Kartoredjo."

Resident Donner paced the meeting room. Frowning, he said, "Soeradi, who stole curtains and tablecloths belonging to the residency, was caught in Ponorogo, but the stealing and burglaries continued. I believe Brotodiningrat is behind all of this unrest."

"We could increase the night watch," Adipoetro suggested.

Donner ignored him. "I think this theft of curtains and tablecloths was more than just a random crime," he said quietly. "Brotodiningrat must be aiming for something bigger. He may want to create the same unrest on Java as the Javanese Prince Diponegoro did in 1825 with the Java War."

Namun Donner mengabaikannya. Dia berkata dengan pelan, "Menurut saya, kejadian ini lebih dari sekadar tindak kejahatan. Brotodiningrat pasti sedang mengincar melakukan sesuatu yang lebih besar. Dia memang ingin membuat Jawa bergolak kembali, seperti yang dilakukan oleh Diponegoro."

Donner berjalan menuju tempat duduk Patih Atmodjo dan meneruskan, "Dengan menimbulkan kekacauan seperti ini, dia mau melemahkan kedudukan pemerintah Hindia Belanda. Saya juga menduga dia memanfaatkan para kiai-kiai Islam untuk memperkuat kedudukannya. Patih Atmodjo, bagaimana pengamatanmu dengan Kiai Kasan Ngawi?"

Patih Atmodjo membuka kertas laporan yang ada di hadapannya. "Kiai Kasan Ngawi sering memimpin arak-arakan sambil berdoa di sepanjang jalan-jalan kampung. Dia pasti sedang menarik dukungan dari rakyat untuk mendukung pemberontakan Brotodiningrat."

Wajah Donner tampak cemas dan gelisah. Dia duduk, lalu berdiri lagi. "Pemberontakan sudah berada di depan mata. Saya tidak ingin kita kecolongan. Saya akan memerintahkan supaya senjata api dibagikan kepada orang Eropa untuk membela diri. Saya juga akan memerintahkan penjagaan bersenjata di sekitar stasiun Paron untuk mengamankan kereta tebu. Kalian berdua tetap amati gerak-gerik para pengikut Brotodiningrat. Keadaan sudah gawat. Kita harus waspada."

"Siap Residen," jawab patih dan kepala jaksa bersamaan.

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### **Yogyakarta, Januari 1902**

Soeroto, telik sandi Brotodiningrat, berkuda memasuki kawasan Pakualaman Yogyakarta. Dia baru saja tiba dari Madiun untuk menghadap.

Penjaga kawasan Pakualaman sudah mengenal Soeroto dan langsung mengizinkannya masuk.

Brotodiningrat sedang di kamar peristirahatannya saat mendengar derap kuda mendekat. Melewati sela-sela jendela dia cari tahu siapa pendatang itu. Brotodiningrat sudah lama menunggu kabar dari Madiun, kedatangan Soeroto sudah dia nanti-nantikan. Dia melangkah cepat menuju pendopo penerima tamu.

"Salam hormat, Raden," Soeroto langsung memberi hormat saat Brotodiningrat masuk pendopo.

"Soeroto! Sudah lama saya menunggu kedatanganmu. Duduklah, dulu. Kabar apa yang kau bawa dari Madiun?"

Soeroto menunggu Brotodiningrat duduk terlebih dahulu, lalu menyusul duduk. "Keadaan di Madiun semakin gawat, Raden," kata Soeroto.

Brotodiningrat berusaha menangkap arah berita ini. "Coba ceritakan dengan jelas apa yang sedang terjadi di Madiun."

"Baiklah. Raden. Masih ingat pencurian tirai dan taplak meja di rumah Residen Donner pada bulan Oktober tiga tahun yang lalu? Kabar ini masih berkaitan dengan peristiwa itu."

"Bagaimana mungkin saya lupa dengan kasus itu. Kasus itulah yang membuat saya diasingkan dari Madiun dan tinggal di kota ini," jawab Brotodiningrat dengan nada kesal.

"Sekarang pencurian seperti itu semakin meluas. Bukan hanya pencurian, tapi yang ada juga dilakukan adalah pembakaran kebun tebu di sekitar Madiun. Baru-baru saja terjadi perampokan di rumah penjaga kebun tebu dekat pabrik gula di Purwodadi. Mereka berhasil merampok uang gaji perkebunan tebu sebesar 400 gulden. Perampok juga menasar orang-orang kaya di Ngawi dan Magetan." Nada suara Soeroto terdengar semakin gawat.

Brotodiningrat masih terlihat tenang menerima kabar berita ini. "Sudah kukatakan dulu kepada residen bagaimana cara menanganinya. Tapi residen baru ini memang keras kepala dan tidak mau mendengarkan orang yang sudah berpengalaman menangani kasus seperti ini. Residen Donner ini tidak seperti Residen Mullemeister pendahulunya. Mullemeister mengerti cara orang Jawa menangani masalah seperti ini. Dia akan menyerahkannya sepenuhnya kepada bupati setempat lalu memberikan dukungan dana untuk itu. Bupati sekarang terlalu lemah,

Donner walked over to Patih Atmodjo's seat and continued, "By prompting chaos like this, Brotodiningrat wants to weaken the position of our Dutch East Indies government. I also suspect that he used Islamic clerics to strengthen his position. Patih Atmodjo, what do you think of the teacher, Kiai Kasan Ngawi?"

Patih Atmodjo opened the report in front of him. "Kiai Kasan Ngawi often leads processions while praying along the village streets. He must be gathering support from the people to back the Brotodiningrat rebellion."

Donner looked worried. He sat down, then stood up again. "Rebellion is in sight. I don't want us to be caught by surprise. I will order firearms to be distributed to the Dutch Europeans for self-defense. I will also order the presence of armed guards around Paron station to protect the sugarcane train. The two of you continue to observe the movements of Brotodiningrat's followers. This is a dire situation. We must be vigilant."

"At your service, Resident," replied the vice regent and the chief prosecutor in unison.

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### **Pakualaman, Yogyakarta, January 1902**

Soeroto, Brotodiningrat's spy, rode on horseback into the Pakualaman area of Yogyakarta, a neighborhood where only aristocrats lived. He had just arrived from Madiun.

Recognizing Soeroto, the guard hurriedly allowed him to enter.

Brotodiningrat was resting in his private quarters when he heard galloping hoofbeats. He peered through the slats of his window to see who the visitor was. Seeing Soeroto, he walked quickly towards the pendopo, a large, covered terrace for receiving guests. Brotodiningrat had been waiting for news from Madiun and was expecting Soeroto's arrival.

"Greetings, Raden," Soeroto called out, using the Javanese term to address a nobleman. Soeroto saluted Brotodiningrat when he entered the pendopo.

"Soeroto! I have been waiting for you for a long time. Please, sit down. What news do you bring from Madiun?"

Soeroto waited for Brotodiningrat to be seated first. Then, after seating himself, Soeroto said, "The situation in Madiun is getting worse, Raden."

Brotodiningrat considered Soeroto's words and said, "Tell me specifically what is going on in Madiun."

"Of course, Raden. Remember the theft of curtains and tablecloths from Resident Donner's house in October three years ago? My news is still connected to that incident."

"How could I forget it! It is what forced me to leave Madiun to live in this city," Brotodiningrat grumbled, annoyed.

"Such incidents have increased," Soeroto continued. "Not only burglaries, but burning sugarcane plantations around Madiun is also rampant. This past October, a burglary took place at the house of a plantation guard near the sugar factory in Purwodadi. The thieves stole the plantation workers' wages of 400 guilders. The thugs are also targeting the homes of wealthy people in Ngawi and Magetan." Soeroto's voice had risen.

Brotodiningrat listened calmly, then said, "I told the former Resident of Madiun how to handle it. But this new resident, Donner, is stubborn and doesn't want to listen to people who are experienced in handling such incidents." Brotodiningrat paused before he continued. "Resident Donner is not like his predecessor, Resident Mullemeister. Mullemeister understands the Javanese way of dealing with problems like this. He would have left it entirely to the local regent and provided financial support for it." Brotodiningrat sighed. "The current regent, Mangoen Atmodjo, is too weak. He is just a Dutch puppet. What does he know about the criminal world? How can he curb crime if he does not know anything about the underworld?"

dia hanya piaraan Belanda. Mana kenal dia dengan dunia hitam. Dan kalau dia tidak kenal dunia hitam, bagaimana dia bisa mengendalikan mereka.”

Mata Soeroto menyorotkan kegelisahan, sepertinya ada yang ingin dia sampaikan.

“Kau terlihat gelisah, Soeroto. Apakah ada kejadian lain yang ingin kau sampaikan? Kalau hanya masalah meluasnya pencurian, saya pun sudah bisa menebaknya sejak diangkatnya bupati baru.”

Soeroto seperti masih ragu untuk untuk berbicara. Setelah menguatkan dirinya, dia berkata, “Raden dituduh sebagai kepala kraman.”

“Apa?” nada suara Brotodiningrat langsung meninggi.

“Berani sekali Donner menuduhku memberontak!”

Soeroto meneruskan, “Bukan hanya itu, dia juga banyak menangkap orang-orang dekat Raden. Asisten wedana, para polisi desa, bahkan Kiai Kasan Ngalwi, guru Raden, dan juga Kartoredjo, kepala pengairan dan pimpinan telik sandi Raden.”

Muka Brotodiningrat benar-benar memerah. “Kupikir dia sudah puas bisa menyingkirkan saya dari jabatan bupati. Sepertinya dia belum akan puas jika saya belum diasingkan keluar dari Jawa sebagai seorang penjahat.”

Soeroto melanjutkan, “Donner panik membabi buta, Raden. Dia membagikan senjata api kepada warga Eropa dan melapor ke Batavia bahwa akan ada peperangan baru di Jawa.”

“Donner sudah benar-benar gila. Perang baru di Jawa? Saya hanya ingin menjadi seorang bupati baik-baik yang bisa menjaga ketertiban dan ketenteraman di Madiun,” nada Brotodiningrat semakin meninggi.

“Hati-hati, Raden. Mereka bisa menangkap dan mengadili Raden. Guru Raden, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi sudah ditangkap,” kata Soeroto penuh kekhawatiran.

“Kau memang abdi yang setia, Soeroto. Beristirahatlah dulu. Kau pasti sudah lelah menempuh perjalanan panjang dari Madiun. Tinggal di sini satu dua hari sebelum kembali ke Madiun.”

“Baik, Raden,” jawab Soeroto seraya memberi hormat dan mengundurkan diri.

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Malam itu Brotodiningrat sulit untuk tidur. Dia berpikir kemelut ini sudah selesai saat dia diasingkan ke Yogyakarta. Ternyata Donner masih mendendam. Sepertinya dia ingin membuktikan bahwa seorang residen Belanda memang lebih berkuasa daripada bupati pribumi. Putusan hakim atas penurunan dirinya dari jabatan bupati Madiun gara-gara kasus pencurian itu belum memuaskan Donner.

Pikiran Brotodiningrat melayang ke masa dia masih remaja. Dia masih ingat saat dia bersekolah di Surakarta dan tinggal di lingkup Kasunanan. Dia bisa melihat betapa agungnya Susuhunan Pakubuwono yang mampu berdiri tegak dan dihormati oleh para pejabat Belanda. Kejadian itu membekas dalam ingatannya sehingga dia bercita-cita menjadi seorang bupati yang bisa sejajar dengan seorang residen Belanda.

Dia belajar bahasa Belanda dengan rajin supaya bisa berbicara dengan orang Belanda sebagai rekan yang sejajar. Dia juga menyerap semua ilmu pemerintahan yang dia pelajari selama di sekolah calon pejabat.

Dia lalu dengan tekun menjalani masa magang sebagai seorang pejabat rendah, seorang juri tulis di Madiun. Dia sadar bahwa semuanya ini harus dijalani untuk mencapai cita-citanya, setara dengan orang Belanda.

Cita-citanya terlihat seperti menjadi kenyataan saat dia diangkat menjadi Bupati Sumoroto. Semua orang, baik pribumi maupun Belanda menaruh hormat padanya.

Namun dia baru merasa benar-benar mampu mengejar impiannya saat bertemu Residen Madiun, Mullemeister, orang yang dianggapnya sebagai pembimbingnya. Mullemeisterlah yang mengusulkannya supaya diangkat menjadi Bupati Madiun. Mereka berdua bisa bekerja sama

Soeroto’s eyes darted anxiously. He seemed to have something more to say.

“You look restless, Soeroto. Is there anything else you’d like to talk about? If it’s about widespread burglaries, I have already expected those to happen with the appointment of the new regent.”

Soeroto hesitated. Drawing himself upright, he said, “Resident Donner is accusing you of being the instigator of the kraman, rebellion.”

“What?” Brotodiningrat roared. “How dare Donner accuse me of causing these uprisings!”

“Not only that,” Soeroto continued, “he has also detained a number of people who are close to you, such as the assistant resident, village policemen, even your teacher, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi, and Kartoredjo, head of the irrigation sector and your secret agent.”

Brotodiningrat’s face flushed with anger. “I thought Donner would be content after having me removed from my position as a regent. I guess he will not be satisfied until I am exiled from Java as a criminal.”

“Donner is utterly blind and unscrupulous, Raden,” Soeroto said. “He distributed firearms to the Dutch Europeans and reported to Batavia that there would be a new war on Java.”

“Donner has gone completely insane! New war on Java?” Brotodiningrat scoffed. “I just wanted to be a good regent who could maintain order and peace in Madiun.”

“Be careful, Raden,” Soeroto’s voice was filled with concern. “They are capable of arresting and prosecuting you. As I said earlier, your teacher, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi, has been arrested.”

“You are a loyal servant, Soeroto. You must be tired after the long journey from Madiun. Stay here for a day or two before returning.”

“Thank you, I will, Raden,” Soeroto replied and excused himself.

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That night, Brotodiningrat couldn’t sleep. He thought this crisis had ended when he was exiled to Yogyakarta. But apparently, Donner still held a grudge against him. He seemed to want to prove that a Dutch resident was indeed more powerful than a native Javanese regent. The judge’s decision to remove him from the position of regent of Madiun on account of the robbery case obviously had not satisfied Donner.

Brotodiningrat thought back to when he was a teenager. He had gone to school in Surakarta and lived in the Kasunanan area. He could see how great Susuhunan Pakubuwono, the ruler of Solo, was. Brotodiningrat had stood tall as a Javanese native and had gained respect from the Dutch officials. The experience made an imprint on Brotodiningrat’s memory, inspiring him to become a Javanese regent who could be equal to a Dutch resident.

He studied the Dutch language diligently so that he could speak to the Dutch as an equal. He also absorbed all his lessons concerning government affairs while studying to become a public administrator. He then assiduously underwent an apprenticeship as a scribe in Madiun. He understood that all of this had to be done to achieve his goal of being considered on par with the Dutch.

His dream came true when he was appointed Regent of Sumoroto, a province in East Java. Everyone, both native and Dutch, looked up to him.

But he felt that he was truly capable of achieving his dream when he met Mullemeister, then the Resident of Madiun, the person he had ever since considered his mentor. It was Mullemeister who proposed that Brotodiningrat be appointed Regent of Madiun. They worked well together. Resident Mullemeister gave him the freedom to take care of irrigation, security, and many other responsibilities. Working alongside Mullemeister, Brotodiningrat applied everything he had learned while studying for this governmental position.

Sadly, Brotodiningrat had to part with his teacher and best friend when Mullemeister was promoted to Resident of Yogyakarta, to work side by

dengan baik. Sang Residen memberikan kebebasan baginya untuk mengurus masalah pengairan, keamanan, dan sebagainya. Semua teladan sempurna yang dia pelajari selama duduk di sekolah pejabat bisa dia jalankan di sini, bersama dengan Residen Mullemeister.

Sayang, dia harus berpisah dengan guru dan sahabatnya, yang naik pangkat diangkat menjadi Residen Yogyakarta, berdampingan dengan Sultan Hamengkubuwono, Raja Yogyakarta. Jabatan itu sungguh pantas bagi seorang residen selihai Mullemeister. Namun kepindahan Mullemeister sungguh membawa malapetaka karena penggantinya Residen Donner adalah seorang gila kuasa yang tidak percaya pada pribumi.

Urusannya pun menjadi panjang. Dia harus diadili di Batavia. Untung Mullemeister mati-matian membelanya. Sayang, para pejabat di Batavia lebih ingin menyelamatkan muka mereka, atau lebih tepatnya muka Residen Donner. Bila tuduhan Donner ternyata tidak terbukti, pemerintah kolonial Hindia Belanda akan kehilangan muka.

Selama dia diadili dia diasingkan di Padang selama satu tahun. Dia beruntung sebab surat pembelaan diri yang dia kirimkan ke Ratu Belanda Wilhelmina dan Gubernur Jenderal Rooseboom diterima. Walaupun dia harus dicopot dari jabatan Bupati Madiun, dia diperbolehkan kembali ke Jawa dan hanya diberhentikan secara hormat serta diberi uang pensiun yang cukup tinggi. Dia pun dapat menempati rumah di Pakualaman, Yogyakarta, sampai saat ini.

Namun sekarang dia dituduh memberontak. Para pejabat Hindia Belanda tentu masih dihantui ketakutan Perang Jawa yang dikobarkan oleh Diponegoro. Tuduhan dirinya sebagai Diponegoro kedua adalah sebuah tuduhan yang tidak main-main. Bahkan mereka sudah berani menangkap gurunya, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi. Dia sadar dia perlu berhati-hati dalam melangkah dan memutuskan untuk bertukar pikiran dengan Mullemeister, sahabatnya.

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Sejak diasingkan di Pakualaman, Yogyakarta, hubungan Brotodiningrat dengan dunia luar memang sebatas surat-menyurat dan surat kabar. Dia memang telah kehilangan kuasa. Namun bagaimanapun, kedatangan sepucuk surat dari Mullemeister bisa menghibur hatinya.

Di amplop surat tertulis, penting dan rahasia. Brotodiningrat membawa surat itu ke ruang pribadinya. Dengan hati berdebar dia mengambil pembuka surat dan cepat-cepat membuka surat ini.

Beste Brotodiningrat,

Kiranya engkau telah mengetahui bahwa pemerintah kolonial telah mengutus Snouck Hurgronje untuk menyelidiki perkara yang terkait dengan tuduhan Donner terhadap dirimu. Hasil penyelidikannya sudah selesai, dan aku akan membocorkannya terlebih dahulu kepada dirimu.

Snouck memang seorang penyelidik yang handal. Dia fasih berbahasa Arab dan Jawa, sehingga bisa melakukan penyelidikan dengan mendalam. Dia juga mampu bertanya kepada banyak orang di Madiun untuk mendalami kasus ini. Dari penyelidikannya, bisa disimpulkan bahwa yang membuat kejahatan meningkat di Madiun justru adalah perbuatan Donner sendiri. Dia dengan gegabah menangkapi orang-orang kepercayaanmu yang selama ini memegang kendali dunia hitam. Setelah mereka semua ditangkapi, tidak ada yang mengendalikan para penjahat, dan mereka merajalela.

Tapi jangan takut, Snouck tidak menemukan bukti apapun yang memberatkan dirimu. Dia bahkan mengatakan bahwa Donner "sudah terlalu lelah" dan mengusulkan supaya Donner dipensiunkan dan beristirahat saja.

Namun mengenai kasus gurumu, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi, dia harus dikorbankan. Pemerintah kolonial tetap harus menjaga muka. Dia harus diasingkan, kalau tidak masyarakat bisa mengira bahwa pemerintah Hindia Belanda kalah kuat dengan Kiai Kasan Ngalwi. Tapi jangan khawatir, hak-haknya termasuk hak tanah, akan tetap dipertahankan, walaupun dia harus tetap diasingkan.

Semoga kemelut ini cepat berlalu. Snouck sepertinya sudah punya calon residen baru untuk menggantikan Donner. Pemerintah kolonial pun tidak ingin mengulangi kesalahan yang sama dengan mengangkat orang

side with Sultan Hamengkubuwono, King of Yogyakarta. Such was truly a proper position for a resident as smart as Mullemeister. But unfortunately, Mullemeister's promotion caused a disaster, because his Dutch successor, Resident Donner, was power hungry and didn't trust the Javanese.

The trial accusing Brotodiningrat of orchestrating the theft of curtains and tablecloths from Resident Donner's house was a long affair. Brotodiningrat had to be tried in Batavia. The good thing for Brotodiningrat was that Mullemeister worked desperately to defend him. The bad thing for Brotodiningrat was that the officials in Batavia wanted to save face and back Resident Donner, because if Donner's accusations were found to be ungrounded, the Dutch East Indies colonial government would lose face.

During his one-year trial, Brotodiningrat was exiled to Padang. He was fortunate that his letters of self-defense, sent to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands and Governor-General Rooseboom of the Dutch East Indies, were well received. Although he was removed from his position as Regent of Madiun, he was allowed to return to Java. Having been honorably discharged, he received a fairly high pension and could live in a house in Pakualaman, Yogyakarta.

But now he was being accused of rebellion. The Dutch East Indies officials must still be haunted by the Java War waged against the Dutch colonial rule by Javanese Prince Diponegoro. But accusing him of being the second Diponegoro was unsubstantiated. And to think that the Dutch authorities had even dared to arrest his teacher, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi! Brotodiningrat realized the precarious, dangerous situation he was in and decided to consult with Mullemeister, his best friend.

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Since his exile in Pakualaman, Yogyakarta, Brotodiningrat's connection to the outside world had been limited to correspondence and newspapers. He had indeed lost power. But the arrival of a letter from Mullemeister cheered him up.

The envelope was marked: Important and Confidential.

Brotodiningrat took the letter to his private room. Using a letter opener, he quickly slit the envelope and, his heart pounding, began reading.

Dear Brotodiningrat,

I hope you have heard that the colonial government sent Snouck Hurgronje to investigate the case related to Donner's accusations against you. The results of the investigation have been completed, and I want to be the first to reveal them to you.

Snouck is indeed a reliable investigator. He is fluent in Arabic and Javanese, so he could carry out in-depth investigations. He was also able to ask many people in Madiun to explore this case. From Snouck's investigation, it can be concluded that it was Donner himself who caused crime to increase in Madiun. He impulsively arrested your trusted people who had important connections in the underworld. After they were all arrested, there was no one to control the criminals, and they ran rampant.

But fear not, Snouck found no evidence against you. He even said that Donner was "too tired" and suggested that Donner retire and rest.

However, regarding the case of your teacher, Kiai Kasan Ngalwi, he must be sacrificed. The colonial government still has to keep up a good front. Your teacher was exiled because, otherwise, the public would think that the Dutch East Indies government has less power than Kiai Kasan Ngalwi. But don't worry, his rights, including land rights, will be maintained, even though he must remain in exile.

I hope this crisis will pass quickly. Snouck seems to already have a new candidate to replace Donner. The colonial government does not want to repeat the same mistake by appointing another stubborn person like Donner to replace him. We all have had enough of this debacle.

Warm regards to your family.

Mullemeister.

keras kepala seperti Donner untuk menggantikannya. Kita semua sudah cukup pusing dengan semua urusan ini.

Salam hangat untuk keluargamu.

Met hartelijke groeten, Salam hangat,

Mullemeister.

Surat ini membawa sedikit kelegaan baginya. Mullemeister memang seorang sahabat yang bisa diandalkan.

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### **Pakualaman, Yogyakarta, Pertengahan 1903**

Soeroto kembali menghadap Raden Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat, junjungannya. Kali ini dia membawa kudanya dengan lebih santai sambil perlahan memasuki kawasan rumah Brotodiningrat. Raut mukanya juga terlihat lebih tenang dibandingkan dengan saat pertemuan dengan Brotodiningrat sebelumnya.

Penjaga pintu langsung menyilakan dirinya menunggu di pendopo. Tak lama kemudian, Raden Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat keluar menemuinya.

"Raden," Soeroto memberi salam hormat.

"Silakan duduk, Soeroto. Kabar apa yang kau bawa kali ini?"

"Raden tentu sudah mendengar desas-desus terakhir mengenai Donner."

"Apa yang kau ketahui tentang Donner?"

"Donner sudah putus urat di otaknya. Dia makin gila. Dia bahkan berani menuduh Susuhanan mau memberontak hanya karena Kanjeng Sunan mendapat sambutan meriah sewaktu berkunjung ke Semarang," kata Soeroto separuh mencibir.

Brotodiningrat tidak bisa menyembunyikan kemenangan di wajahnya. "Dia memang benar-benar sudah gila. Untung pemerintah di Batavia cukup tanggap dan langsung memberhentikan orang tidak waras ini. Dia telah dihantui pikirannya sendiri, bahwa akan ada Diponegoro kedua. Dia benar-benar terlalu banyak berkhayal, sampai mengatakan bahwa aku adalah Diponegoro kedua ini."

"Sepertinya begitu Raden," tanggap Soeroto.

"Bagaimana kabar penggantinya di Madiun?" tanya Brotodiningrat penasaran.

Soeroto dengan semangat menceritakan, "Residen Boissevain ternyata cukup cakap. Dia telah memecat jaksa kepala yang dulu bertanggung jawab menanggapi bawahan Raden. Semua pengikut Raden sepertinya cukup puas dengan tindakan residen baru ini. Mereka yang dulu dipecah karena tersangkut kasus ini pun sudah diberi jabatan baru, walaupun hanya jabatan kecil di Pacitan dan Ponorogo. Keamanan dan ketertiban tampaknya sudah pulih."

Brotodiningrat terlihat sedikit termenung, melihat ke arah timur seolah mencoba menerawang ke arah Madiun.

"Sepertinya begitu. Tapi masih ada satu hal yang mengganjal pikiranku, Soeroto."

"Apa itu, Raden? Apakah Raden masih berniat untuk kembali ke Madiun?" Soeroto seolah bisa membaca keinginan tuannya.

"Itu juga. Namun sepertinya sekarang masih terlalu dini. Kita masih harus melihat dulu perkembangan keadaan."

"Apa gerangan yang menjadi ganjalan dalam pikiran Raden?" tanya Soeroto kembali.

"Kau sudah cukup lama menjadi abdi saya, Soeroto. Kau sudah mendampingi saya sejak dituduh mendalangi pencurian tirai di rumah residen."

"Inggih, Raden." Soeroto mengiakan.

This letter brought Brotodiningrat some relief. Mullemeister was indeed a reliable friend.

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### **Pakualaman, Yogyakarta, mid-1903**

Soeroto returned to meet Raden Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat, his master. This time, he rode his horse more casually as he slowly entered Brotodiningrat's neighborhood. He was also much calmer than during his previous meeting with Brotodiningrat.

The guard immediately asked him to wait in the pendopo. Not long after, Raden Mas Adipati Brotodiningrat came out to meet him.

"Raden." Soeroto saluted respectfully.

"Please have a seat, Soeroto. What news do you have this time?"

"You must have heard the latest rumors regarding Donner."

"What do you know about Donner?"

"Donner must have lost his mind. He is going totally crazy!" Soeroto sneered. "Donner even dared to accuse the Susuhanan of wanting to rebel because he had received a warm welcome when he visited Semarang."

Brotodiningrat couldn't hide his smile of victory. "Donner really has gone mad. Fortunately, the government in Batavia was quite responsive and immediately dismissed the accusations of this insane person. Donner's own thoughts were his undoing. He was convinced that there would be a second Diponegoro. He fantasized to the point of believing that I was the second Diponegoro!"

"It seems so, Raden," replied Soeroto.

"What do you think of his successor in Madiun?" Brotodiningrat probed.

Soeroto, excited, said, "Resident Boissevain is quite capable. He fired the chief prosecutor, who was responsible for arresting your subordinates. All of your followers appear to be quite happy with the new resident's actions. Those who were fired for their involvement in this incident have also been given new, albeit small, positions in Pacitan and Ponorogo. Security and order seem to have been restored."

Brotodiningrat looked pensively eastward, as if trying to gaze at Madiun. "It seems so. But there is still one thing that bothers me, Soeroto."

"What is it, Raden?" asked Soeroto, trying to read his master's wishes. "Do you still intend to return to Madiun?"

"There's that, too, but it seems too early to say. We still have to see how things develop."

"Then what is troubling you, Raden?"

"You have served me for a long time, Soeroto. You've been with me since I was accused of masterminding the curtain and tablecloth burglary at Resident Donner's house."

"Inggih, yes, I have, Raden."

Brotodiningrat gave Soeroto a sharp look. "What do you think of our position as Javanese natives versus the Dutch colonial rule?"

"I dare not answer, Raden. I let smart people like you think about such questions." Soeroto acted awkwardly, as if afraid to say the wrong thing as an ordinary citizen.

"You have to start thinking about it, Soeroto. I sense a wind of change — maybe not like the emergence of a Diponegoro. But the world will change."

"What do you mean Raden?"

"Aku ingin bertanya kepadamu sekarang. Menurutmu, bagaimana kedudukan kita sebagai orang Jawa di hadapan orang Belanda?" Brotodiningrat menatap Soeroto dengan tajam.

"Saya tidak berani menjawab, Raden. Biarlah orang-orang pintar seperti Raden yang memikirkan pertanyaan seperti itu." Soeroto seperti kebingungan untuk bersikap, takut mengatakan hal yang salah sebagai seorang rakyat kecil.

"Kau harus mulai memikirkannya, Soeroto. Saya mencium akan ada angin perubahan. Mungkin bukan seperti munculnya seorang Diponegoro. Tapi dunia akan berubah."

"Maksud Raden?"

"Merdeka, Soeroto. Merdeka. Merdeka untuk menentukan nasib sendiri, bebas dari pemerintahan kolonial Hindia Belanda." Ada senyum tersungging di wajah Brotodiningrat, pada saat dia menerawang seperti menatap masa depan.

"Terlalu sulit bagi saya untuk membayangkan itu, Raden. Bagi saya, bila saya bisa mendapatkan sandang dan pangan, lalu atap untuk tidur, itu sudah cukup, Raden."

"Tidak salah kau masih berpikir seperti itu, Soeroto. Saya pun baru belakangan ini terpikir hal demikian, setelah melalui prahara tak kunjung usai dengan Donner. Sejak itu, saya baru mulai merenungkan bagaimana kedudukan saya sebenarnya di hadapan pemerintah Hindia Belanda. Apakah saya benar-benar setara dengan residen? Atau saya sebenarnya sampai kapan pun akan tetap menjadi seorang kacung Belanda?" Brotodiningrat berdiri dari tempat duduknya lalu menyambung, "Residen Donner itu pikir saya adalah bawahannya, bukan pejabat yang setara. Padahal sudah ada pembagian tugas yang jelas. Dia mengurus perkara dengan Batavia dan urusan luar negeri Madiun, saya yang mengurus perkara di dalam Madiun." Nada suara Brotodiningrat kembali mendidih setiap kali memperbincangkan Donner.

"Apakah dia mendendam pada Raden sejak peristiwa itu?" Soeroto bertanya lembut.

"Mungkin juga. Tapi aku memang sering menjelek-jelekannya dan membandingkannya dengan Mullemeister yang menurutku memang jauh lebih lihai. Mullemeister bisa berbaur dengan para pejabat setempat dan mengerti sopan santun Jawa." Brotodiningrat berhenti sejenak lalu meneruskan dengan nada mengejek, "Donner tampaknya tersinggung."

"Raden beruntung bisa kenal dengan Mullemeister."

"Ya, saya memang beruntung. Mullemeister telah banyak membantu kasus saya sehingga bisa lolos dari dakwaan, walaupun aku tetap kehilangan jabatan. Ini justru makin menguatkan keyakinanmu bahwa kedudukan kita, orang Jawa, tidak sejajar dengan Belanda."

"Raden masih ingat dengan tulisan sepupu Raden, Raden Mas Tirta Adhi Soerjo, di Pembrita Betawi yang membela Raden dan mengatakan itu sebagai sebuah ketidakadilan? Banyak sekali orang memperbincangkan tentang tulisannya."

"Bagaimana mungkin saya lupa? Sungguh hebat sepupu saya itu. Dia berani menulis di surat kabar kolom Dreyfusiana bulan lalu dengan huruf-huruf besar: SKANDAL DONNER. Dia mewawancarai banyak pejabat Belanda mengenai kasus ini. Harus saya akui pemberitaannya memberi pengaruh pada pendapat umum mengenai kasus ini, bahkan pendapat orang Eropa. Orang jadi tahu bahwa Donner itu memang gila!"

Brotodiningrat mengambil napas sebentar lalu melanjutkan dengan penuh semangat, "Dia juga dengan berani mengatakan bahwa saya harus diadili seperti halnya seorang Belanda, sama di hadapan hukum, berdasarkan bukti, bukan kabar burung."

"Benar, Raden. Begitu pula yang dikatakan banyak orang," Soeroto ikut bersemangat.

"Soeroto, tidak hanya dalam hal hukum kita harus setara dengan orang Belanda, tapi juga dalam pendidikan. Aku beruntung bisa sekolah di sekolah Belanda karena aku adalah seorang keturunan bupati. Tapi kamu, seorang biasa, tidak akan pernah punya kesempatan untuk

"Freedom, Soeroto. Independence. Freedom to determine our own destiny, freedom from the colonial rule of the Dutch East Indies." Brotodiningrat smiled as he imagined that future.

"It's too hard for me to imagine that, Raden. For me, it is enough if I have clothing, food, and a roof to sleep under."

"It's not wrong to continue thinking that way, Soeroto. I, too, only recently thought about this. After going through the never-ending tempest with Donner, I started to contemplate what my real position had been in the Dutch East Indies government. Was I really equal to the resident? Or would I forever remain a Dutch lackey?" Brotodiningrat stood. "Resident Donner thought I was his subordinate, not an equal official. However, there was a clear division of labor. He supposedly took care of matters with Batavia's and Madiun's external affairs, while I took care of Madiun's internal affairs." Brotodiningrat's tone rose every time he talked about Donner.

"Has he held a grudge against you since that incident?" Soeroto asked softly.

"Yes, I believe so. But I also often badmouthed him and compared him unfavorably to Mullemeister, who is much more shrewd than Donner. Mullemeister can mingle with the local officials and understands Javanese manners." Brotodiningrat paused for a moment then grumbled, "Donner must have been offended."

"You are lucky to have met Mullemeister."

"Yes, indeed. Mullemeister has helped me so much. I was able to escape prosecution, although I still lost my job. This has strengthened my belief that we, the Javanese, are not on the same level as the Dutch."

"Do you remember the writings of your cousin, Raden Mas Tirta Adhi Soerjo, in Pembrita Betawi?" Soeroto asked suddenly. "He defended you and said that it was an injustice! Lots of people talk about his writings."

"How could I forget? That cousin of mine is great! Last month, he dared to write a newspaper article in the column Dreyfusiana. The article's title is written in capital letters: THE DONNER SCANDAL. He interviewed many Dutch officials about this case. I have to admit that the news influenced public opinion including that of the Dutch Europeans regarding this case. People now know that Donner is a lunatic!"

Brotodiningrat took a deep breath and then continued, enthusiastically, "Tirta was also so bold as to said that I should be tried like a Dutchman, based on evidence, not hearsay."

"That's right, Raden," Soeroto agreed, excited. "That's what many people say."

"Soeroto, we must be equal to the Dutch, not only in terms of the law, but we must also receive the same education. I was lucky to study in a Dutch school because I am a descendant of the regent. But you, a commoner, will never have the chance to go to school. You can only be a servant or a spy, like you are now."

"Inggih, Raden." Soeroto bowed his head.

"I see you're quite smart. If you could go to school, you might learn Dutch and then become a clerk or even a sugarcane plantation supervisor. But you won't have such an opportunity unless things change."

"I dare not to have such lofty dreams, Raden." Soeroto's head was still bowed.

"You must! You must dare to dream!" Brotodiningrat nodded vehemently. "Soeroto, times will change. Tirta already had that vision, and I confirmed his thoughts. We have to fight for our equality with the Dutch."

"Does that mean we have to be free from the Dutch colonial government, Raden?" Soeroto asked.

"We must fight for our equality with the Dutch!" Brotodiningrat repeated.

"What does that mean exactly, Raden?"

bersekolah. Kamu hanya bisa menjadi kacung, atau teluk sandi, seperti pekerjaanmu saat ini."

"Inggih, Raden." Soeroto memberi hormat dan menunduk.

"Kulihat kau cukup cerdas. Andaikan kau bisa sekolah, kau mungkin bisa belajar bahasa Belanda, lalu menjadi seorang juru tulis atau bahkan seorang pengawas perkebunan tebu. Namun kau tidak bisa punya kesempatan seperti itu."

"Saya tidak berani mimpi setinggi itu, Raden." Soeroto masih menunduk.

"Harus, kau harus berani bermimpi. Soeroto, zaman akan berubah. Tirta sudah menerawangnya lebih jauh, dan saya membenarkan pikirannya. Kita harus memperjuangkan kesetaraan kita dengan Belanda," lanjut Brotodiningrat dengan berapi-api.

"Apakah artinya kita harus bebas dari pemerintah kolonial Belanda, Raden?" tanya Soeroto.

"Kita harus memperjuangkan kesetaraan kita dengan Belanda!" tegas Brotodiningrat.

"Apa artinya itu, Raden?"

"Artinya harus ada Dewan Rakyat, yang berisikan orang-orang pribumi. Kita harus diberi kesempatan untuk menentukan nasib sendiri. Dewan Rakyat yang bisa memberi usul kepada Gubernur Jenderal." Brotodiningrat semakin bersemangat.

"Pemikiran Raden terlalu maju, saya sulit untuk mengikutinya."

"Tidak apa-apa, Soeroto. Saya malah mungkin menderita karena pemikiran yang terlalu maju ini. Mungkin pemerintah di Batavia diam-diam telah membaca pemikiran saya untuk memperjuangkan hak yang lebih setara bagi kita, orang pribumi."

"Maksud Raden, bahwa Raden sebenarnya diberhentikan dari jabatan bupati karena terlalu berani menantang Belanda?" Ada nada tidak percaya dalam suara Soeroto.

"Pintar kau, Soeroto. Saya terlalu berani menantang Belanda. Mungkin memang belum saatnya buah kemerdekaan ini matang dan jatuh dari pohonnya. Sekarang bunga-bunga kecil baru bersemi malu-malu. Beberapa nantinya akan menjadi buah, dan beberapa di antaranya akan menjadi matang. Aku melihat itu di diri sepupuku, Tirta."

"Inggih, Raden."

"Perjuangan masih panjang, Soeroto. Ingat kata-kataku ini, kemelut rakyat kita dengan Belanda seperti kasus Donner bukanlah yang terakhir. Kali ini kita menang, sebagian, tapi akan ada kemelut yang lebih besar nanti. Kau adalah abdi saya, bawalah semangat saya di masa depan, supaya bangsa kita tetap bisa menang bila berhadapan dengan Belanda." Mata Brotodiningrat terlihat berapi-api penuh semangat, walaupun dia kehilangan jabatannya sebagai bupati dalam kemelut.

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"That means that there must be a People's Council, consisting of indigenous people, who can make recommendations to the Governor-General." Brotodiningrat grew even more excited. "We must be given the opportunity to determine our own destiny."

"You have such complicated thoughts. I find it difficult to follow you."

"That's fine, Soeroto. I may even suffer from this overly advanced thinking. Maybe the government in Batavia has secretly read my desire to fight for more equal rights for us, the indigenous Javanese people."

"Do you mean to say that you were dismissed from the position of regent because you have been too brave and challenged the Dutch?" Soeroto asked in disbelief.

"You're smart, Soeroto. I was too daring and challenged the Dutch. Maybe it's not the time yet for this fruit of independence to ripen and fall from the tree. Now, new little flowers are blooming timidly. Some will later become fruit, and some of that fruit will ripen. I saw that in my cousin, Tirta."

"Of course, Raden."

"The end of our struggle is still a long way off, Soeroto. But mark my words, this nation's conflict with the Netherlands, like the Donner case, will not be the last. This time we won, partly, but there will be bigger conflicts later. You are my servant; take my spirit into the future, so our nation can still win when dealing with the Netherlands." Brotodiningrat's eyes were fiery with enthusiasm, even though his position of power had been extinguished.

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## Mata di Bibir Subuh

Artie Ahmad was born in Salatiga, Central Java, on November 21, 1994. She lives in Yogyakarta and writes novels and short stories. In 2018, her novel *Sunyi di Dada Sumirah* was published by Penerbit Buku Mojok, followed with a second printing in 2020. Her story collection *Cinta yang Bodoh Harus Diakhiri* was also published by Penerbit Buku Mojok in 2019, and saw a second printing in 2020. Penerbit Buku Mojok recently published Artie's latest novella, *Manusia-Manusia Teluk*. Artie's short stories have been published in many major newspapers including *Tempo*, *Jawa Pos*, *Republika*, *Solopos*, and *Kedaulatan Rakyat*.

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## A Revelation at Dawn

Despite his technical background, Oni Suryaman is driven by literature. In his spare time, he writes essays, book reviews, and fiction. He also worked as a part-time translator for Indonesian publisher *Kepustakaan Populer Gramedia* and *Kanisius Publishing House*. He has recently published a picture book titled *I Belog*, a retelling of a famous Balinese folklore, an adaptation of which was performed at the Asian Festival of Children's Content (AFCC) Singapore 2017.

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