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ZINE



by
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This zine is made with mixed purposes of

- 1) sharing feelings-thoughts
- 2) keeping me sane and creative in the barren lands of academia
- 3) documenting my PhD processes through other ways of making (non)sense.



JUNE
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Photo in cover page by Adam Doering
taken in Mon Ikeun, Lhoknga
November 2022

a future farewell poem to academia

I give you poetry
But you refuse to be poetic

I give you stories
(From my mother tongue)
But you refuse to be told

Explanation, analytics
Hunger
Theory, methodology
Ontology, epistemology
Nothing

I give you a dance
But you refuse to be free

(Cengkareng, 30-11-2022)

fatherhood is/as resistance



*Anti-clockwise:
Favorite playing spot in
Waturung; reading
Isabelle Stengers
together; interacting
with dodombot and
ainela in Delha.*



Sent on Feb 22, 2023

Hey Hazel and Adam,

Hope you are well wherever you are.

Just want to share both of you some field reflections..

What are methods? What is ethnography? What is interview?
What is observation?

In Lhoknga and Watukarung, I began to doubt all those names. They don't seem make sense to me anymore, and I started to do a more chaotic methodology: a mix of (not always planned) encounters, paying-attentions, and respondings only to stories/questions that get me.

Ethnography, for instance, does not sound right anymore to me. Maybe because I respect a lot ethnographers like Hazel and others who stay very long in a place. If I call mine ethnography, I betray my very idea(l)s of it — of course I know there are maaaany kinds of ethnography. Mine is more a slow research, where I can lay down a bit if I want to, never hurry, although at the end there is always an element of rush (typical of neoliberal academia we are in). This kind of research allows me to care for my body and soul, and hence those around me. This slower process, not necessarily ethnographic, also allows me to ponder (quite literally being still) on questions that haunt me, not always rushing to seek answers.

email from the field —————

My ideas and ideals on interviewing have also been shattered. Twice in Lhoknga my supposed-to-be one-on-one interviews were interfered by other persons, who joined the conversation, shared their thoughts, and made the interviews more nongkrong-like. What is inter-view anyway? One interview, even, was started with one guy and ended with another! (It was because the first guy had to leave.) How poetic interview can be! Maybe it is not an interview I was taught in methodology classes, but who cares.. those in Lhoknga most probably won't care too about the name we use to call such conversations.

And, participant-observation? What does that even mean? To me here in Watukarung, passing by (traveler-like) and 'staying for a while' (numpang tinggal sementara) have formed better methods to my storying. I do observe yes of course. But participating? In what? How? I don't know maybe I am just preferring a lazy-person observation and paying attention: just sit (or stand), look, and listen carefully. Yes, often I needed to talk (to curiously ask, prompt, or comment), but that was it.

Lastly, and shortly, 'storying' seems a fitting way to call all these processes, doesn't it? A writer doing fieldwork. I don't know really.. maybe it's just another bullshitting around.

Anyway, I stop here. I write this in my phone.. in a supposed-to-be morning shower. My wife is asking, "why so long?"

"I am in the mood of writing," I reply.

Cheers,
Pitor

email from the field —————



SHIT RESEARCH: A COLLECTION OF REFLECTIONS

*During my first days in Dunedin,
I restarted my old habit of
writing reflective notes.*

1.

The weather is so damp and cold here in Dunedin. Actually a fine weather to write, and read, and think, and blabla. Gloria Anzaldúa liked it. I also liked it.

Dutch fall and winter gave me a melancholy to put words I previously could not imagine. And to arrange them into proses I never dared to write. You put a glass of wine or beer into the equation, and you arrive at a Kafkaesque literary heaven.

I remember Ayoas said to me one day. "I read the pieces you wrote in Holland. They seem more poetic, don't they?" Maybe.

Wageningen in fact gave me a different language, a distinct writing style. A style and language I cannot repeat while sitting in my rooms in Depok, Jogja, or Dunedin. Jakarta gave me a particular style, too. Maybe Dunedin, too, in the future.



Is it then a matter of season? Or, of place? Or, both?

Next to me, Rajesh is busy corresponding by email with the Irish immigration. Why do we dream of other places? Why don't we stay in Uttarakhand or Yogyakarta, in the familiar warmth of mother and grandma's hugs? It's always a puzzle: why travel there and not there? Why Wageningen? Why Dunedin? Why not?

We will go to Naresh's house soon. I would like to learn which kind of houses is best for a non-Kiwi family living in Dunedin. I am afraid of Lelani experiencing the coldness I experienced in my first night here. I want to keep her warm.

The weather is still so damp and cold here.





“I have not yet unlearned the esoteric bullshit and
pseudo-intellectualizing that school brainwashed
into my writing.”
(Gloria E Anzaldúa)
