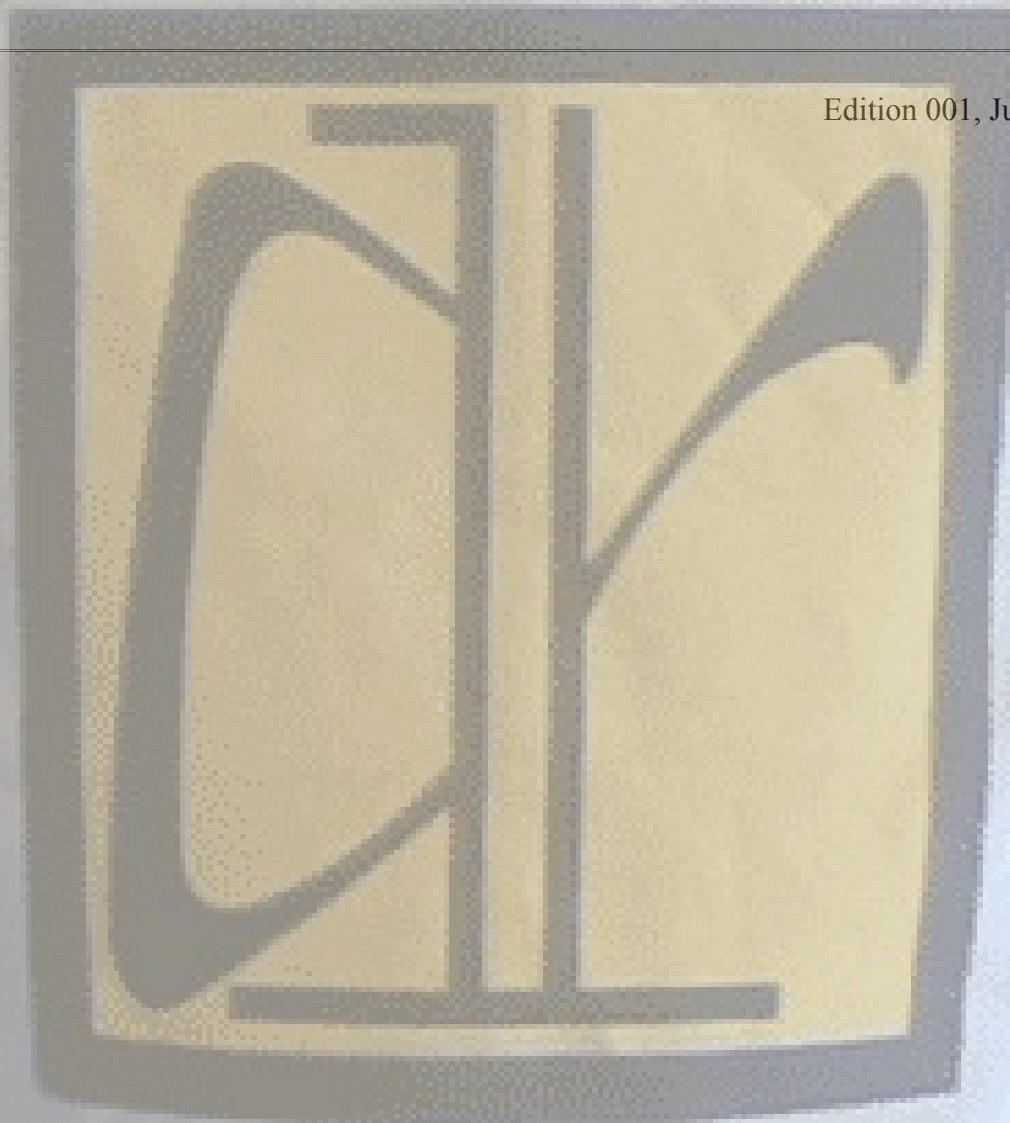


the AFRIZA REVIEW

Edition 001, June 2013



The Review

Absurd Stories That Went... Simply Absurd



Dear Bamby Cahyadi,

We have received your latest book entitled '**Kisah Muram Di Restoran Cepat Saji**', and have had a close-reading session of it, then round it with a reviewing jam afterward. We had hoped that the jam that comes up from the CR is a nice jam session between writer and colleagues, yet it turns out to be a kind of traffic jam that usually occurred in Jakarta at evening time (we chose evening for the sake of blurred out theme that is apt with the sense we felt from reading your latest book).

what's with the traffic jam? Well, it's from the way you arrange most of the stories in this your latest book that's feel stuck in the middle and by the way you justify that 'stuckyness' with an apologetic vis a vis explanatory naration inside some of the story.

Evident is hereby quoted from the story number 2, '**Bila senja ingin Pulang**' (page 10-18):

"Kisah hidupnya berakhir hampir bahagia. Ketika seorang pelaut asal Inggris mengajaknya menikah. Ia pun menikah dengan lelaki bule itu ... Ia teringat kampung halaman. Ia ingin pulang."

The connection between the first subject (she got married to a foreigner) and the second (a sudden emerging life pulse then followed by an urge to go back home) is somewhat confusing if not forced to be connected.

Another 'stuck on you' moment is boldly sung in the story number 3, '**Mimpi-Mimpi yang Mengajakku Tersesat**' (page 19 tro' 27):

"Mohon maklum adanya, cerita ini terpaksa aku ulangi entah untuk berapa kali dan aku potong di bagian mana pun sesukaku..."

Come on, forcing your way into the readers' mind? That's not polite, mistah. If you cut up those forcing lines, the story might be helped a wee bit. Not enough to make it solid, yet cute enough to barely made it. There you go (suppose to, anyway).

The camel is running without humps for most stories of yours in this book. Especially in story number 4, '**Malaikat yang Mencintai Senja**'(page 28 tro' 36). Readers whom also moviegoers would quickly reminded by the movie 'City of Angel' when reading this story, and yet also feels that this (the story) is the lame

version of it. A bad cover of a popular song. When the angel in the film is fall down to Earth by the great force of Love, your angel is fall just because he loves the evening sun. Maybe there's a metaphor that you tries to play here, but to made an ex-angel dies of suicide? Where are you going actually? You're moving too fast in a blocked scene and leave the readers with a cheesy feeling that need not to be happen if only you put attention to the naration rightly, block per block.

To cut our reviewing short (for we talk about short stories, right?), we conclude that another failing point in your latest book here is that you tries hard to be absurd and gain nothing but a cheap absurdity in return. Your power in storytelling from our close-reading is your ability to captures details of stuff. The way you flourishes the emotional side by putting attention to the background that support the entire story. Not running freely without reservation.

That special ability of yours also forms the emerald stories in the book of 'Kisah Muram...'. Those stories are 'Pak Sobirin, Guru Mengaji', 'Aku Bercerita dari Pesawat yang Sedang Terbang', and 'Tentang Mayat yang Sedang Tersenyum'. It's a sweet coincidence that those stories laid out in order in this book (respectively it's the story number 6, 7, and 8). Those stories captivate the readers' mind quickly and stays there for some times. The reason? The same as what we explain above: The way you captures details and emotional side with a stabile speed and then accelerate smothly without forcing the narative logic pedal. You should stick to that and improve it more in the future.

Waiting for your next work, with hopes of improvement.

The Afriza Review.

The Interview



A very short conversation with Hanna Fransisca

Hanna Fransisca is a very busy person. She's a mother, a wife, a working woman, an active college student, socialite, literature maecenas, motivator, and last but definitely not the least: a poet. Having two collection of poetry book, which one of them ('Konde Penyair Han') had won the prestigious award as the favorite poetry book from Tempo magazine, she had laid her claws nicely in Indonesian poetry landscape. On a warm midnight in June 2013, Afriza Review had managed to slip in her busy schedule to sneak a short conversation via online chat.

AFREV

what is the pleasure of poetry (to you)?

Hanna

it's hard to explain. There's some kind of soul fulfillment, some kind of solitude, some kind of beauty that's hard to explain...

AFREV

Since when you know poetry?

Hanna

Ever since childhood.

AFREV

Is there anyone that introduced it, or... did you found out yourself?

Hanna

The 'Tionghoa' culture is full with poetry, so indirectly I've been in contact with poetry since childhood.

AFREV

I see... whose poetry that first attract your attention and the first ones that you like?

Hanna

Classical Chinese poems. In elementary school there's Chairil Anwar's poems. Amir Hamzah poems. Classical Chinese poets that's legendary: Li Bai, Du Fu, Wang Wei, Su Shi, and the kinds of them...

AFREV

Wang Wei, is there any poems of him that still linger in your head right trough this moment?

the interviewer is fond also of Wang Wei poems, so came those sudden question.

Hanna

Yes, there is, but in Mandarin language...

before we had the chance to ask her to recite the Wang Wei poem, she suddenly ask us permission to leave the chat because she still has to work on her campus paper and so we part. Every effort to continue the conversation later on are block by her busy schedule. So we realy appreciate this short opportunity that we had.

The Poems

KENANGAN, KINI, KEMUDIAN

Karya: Udo Indra

Masih terbayang saat pertama kali melihat
Gambaran hidupmu di layar berpendar,
Berdenyut, dengan irama degup jantungmu
Seirama degup jantungku.

Sebentuk kehidupan dititipkan...

Kala kau dilahirkan, bagiku
Adalah semesta pengalaman baru

Mengalami nafas yang lebih berarti
Dari nafasku sendiri;
Sehingga aku senang terjaga dari tidur
Hanya untuk memastikanmu bernafas teratur.

Mengalami hidup yang lebih berarti
Dari nyawaku sendiri;
Sehingga tiap tetes keringat sampai darah
Rela kuberikan, dengan satu-satunya penyesalan
Adalah karena tak mampu
memberi lebih dari itu.

Lalu kau terus tumbuh apik sahaja
Langkah-langkah mungil menata cita.
Setiap kau jatuh, jantungku mengaduh.
Setiap kau terbentur, hatiku pun hancur.
Tak rela bila sampai ada luka
Meski hanya sedikit saja.

Kemudian tiba waktumu
Melangkah menjemput ilmu.
Kuantarkan kamu sampai ke gerbang
Kau beri salam, mencium tangan
Lambaikan tangan sebelum masuk ruang
Kelas untuk menerima pengajaran;

Terpujilah kesempatan mencari
Nafkah di lepas malam hari;
Sehingga aku bisa mengalami
Berkah itu setiap pagi:

Mengantarkanmu,
Bertemu dengan para pahlawan tanpa tanda jasa
Mereka yang setia mendidik penuh kasih senantiasa.

Terkenang, suatu saat di tahun pertamamu
Pernah aku terlambat menjemputmu
Kemudian bergegas sambil harap-harap cemas
Kala sampai, mendapatimu sedang bergelayut manja,
Terlindung dan nyaman dalam pangkuan ibu guru;
Menungguku datang menjemputmu.

Aku punya banyak keberatan pada sistem dan guru
Tapi melihat pemandangan itu,
semua keberatanku gugur
berganti dengan rasa syukur
Ucapan terima kasih pun terhatur

Terima kasih berlipat kali
Karena telah menjaga bidadari kami.

Tanpa terasa, waktu berlalu
Beribu naskah telah kuketik sampai pukul 3 pagi
setiap hari
Beribu angka pusing 'lah dihitung ibumu tak henti
setiap hari
Untuk membiayai hari-hari itu
Hari demi hari yang, alhamdulillah, penuh dengan
Kebahagiaan dan kebanggaan.

Sampai juga melihatmu bertoga
pakaian wisuda mungil dan make-up dadakan.
Sampai juga di hari kelulusan.

Wajah polosmu merona,
demam kemarin hari terlupa,
Matamu berbinar kala bertanya:
"Apakah aku juara, Pa?"

Aku bilang: "Untuk apa itu dipertanyakan?
Kamu telah dan akan selalu jadi
Seorang pemenang bagi kami
dari hari pertama kamu dilahirkan."

Maka semua pintu, jendela,
kursi, meja, juga
sekotak krayon beragam warna.
Jadilah semua sebagai penghargaan;
Plakat yang takkan pernah tergantikan.

Citeureup, 20 Juni 2013, lepas tengah malam.



Dalam rangka memperkenalkan puisi ke generasi penerus. Udo Indra dari Afriza Review mempersembahkan pertunjukkan membaca puisi di sela acara pelepasan Murid RA Ar-Riyadl pada tanggal 21 Juni 2013, di kampung Pasir Ipis, Citeureup. Puisi di atas adalah puisi karyanya yang dia bacakan pada kesempatan tersebut.

