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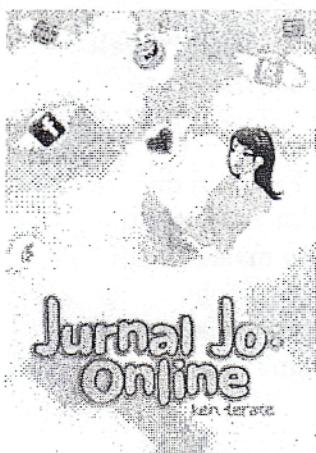
Indonesian youth, fiction, and the language of sociability

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Terate, Ken. 2010. *Jurnal Jo Online*. Jakarta: Gramedia Pustaka Utama.



Bu Ikan (p. 45)

BU IKAN adalah guru PPKn sekaligus walikelas kami. Nama sebenarnya tentu saja bukan Ikan, tapi Ika N, Ika Nugrahawati. Ia terpaksa mencantumkan inisial nama belakangnya karena ada Bu Ika yang lain, guru sejarah. Bu Ika Sejarah kami panggil dengan Bu Ikat, karena nama lengkapnya adalah Ika Trisna Widayati.

Kenapa kami tidak memanggil mereka dengan Bu Ika En dan Bu Ika Te atau Bu Ika PPKn dan Bu Ika Sejarah? Tentu saja tidak, kami kan anak SMP! Kalau bisa, kamu panggil seluruh umat manusia dengan nama panggilan paling antik dan paling jelek. Yudi dipanggil Yudet (kebetulan ia punya codet di dahi) atau Faizal kami panggil Failul, lalu jadi Pailul. Sally menyebut Nadine Nadjong. Aku pernah dipanggil Jojo, Jojoba, lalu Paijo. Yah, kadang hal **kayak gitu kayak pilek, nggak bisa kita hindari**.

Anyway, Bu Ikan antusias sekali dengan "Mari Peduli". Kurasa bertahun-tahun yang lalu, dia lah yang mencetuskan ide "Mari Peduli" ini. Dan **kayaknya** dia menganggap ide tersebut hebat sekali. Sama hebatnya dengan penemuan listrik tenaga surya.

Di saat biasa-biasa saja, Bu Ikan yang badannya kecil mungil bisa bersuara melengking tinggi. Apalagi bila lagi bersemangat, suaranya makin melengking.

"Buka lebar-lebar telinga kalian, lihat sekeliling dengan saksama. Banyak sekali orang yang membutuhkan kepedulian kalian, secuil saja. Kalian adalah generasi muda, terpelajar, harapan masa depan. Ini saatnya mengasah hati nurani

kalian,” katanya dengan tangan mengepal-ngepal. Kurasa waktu mahasiswa dulu dia jadi orator demo atau paling nggak juru kampanye pemilu.

“Ayo, keluarkan ide kalian!”

Kami semua bungkam. Semua terserang penyakit yang sama denganku. Bingung akut.

“NGGAK ADA? NGGAK ADA satu pun yang punya ide? Di kepala kalian yang isinya jutaan sel otak?”

Eh, kurasa sel otakku nggak sampai seribu, apalagi berjuta-juta.

“Coba pikirkan, masalah sosial apa yang kalian temukan sehari-hari? **Nggak** usah sehari-hari. Pagi tadi saja misalnya, dari rumah menuju sekolah, kalian pasti menemukan masalah, kan?”

Oh, soal masalah kurasa nggak ada yang mengalahkan aku. Pagi hari di rumahku adalah waktu khusus untuk masalah. Mulai dari kaos kakiku yang selalu hilang sebelah, Sophie yang nggak doyan makan, sampai Kevin yang malas mandi. Kemudian setelah Kevin mau mandi, mamaku ngomel-ngomel karena Kevin TERLALU LAMA mandi. Ya ampun, apa **sih** yang Mama harapkan? Kevin kan baru lima tahun. Mana ngerti dia konsep bahwa mandi itu maksimal sepuluh menit? Sepuluh menit itu berapa lama **aja** dia **nggak** ngerti.

“Jo.”

Aku geragapan mendengar namaku dipanggil. Oh sial! Inilah resiko jadi anak guru. Lebih spesifik, guru yang mengajar di sekolah yang sama dengan tempatmu belajar. Aduh, tak tergambarkan penderitaanku karenanya. Salah satunya ini: semua guru mengenalku. Dan akibatnya, aku yang paling sering dipanggil.

Tadi apa yang ditanyakan?

“Apa masalah sosial yang kamu lihat pagi ini?” Untung Bu Ikan mengulanginya. Aku tidak pintar, tapi aku juga nggak bodoh. Aku tahu persis keributan tadi pagi di sebuah rumah tangga sama sekali tidak bisa dibilang masalah yang ingin diketahui Bu Ikan.

Aku berusaha keras mengingat apa pun yang aku lihat dalam perjalanan pagi ini. Oke, tadi aku naik bus bareng Sally. Kami nggak dapat tempat duduk, terus... oh ya, ada...

“Ada penumpang di bis yang muntah,” kataku sebelum sempat berpikir. Teman-temanku cekikikan. Bodoh sekali! Tentu itu bukan masalah yang patut dibahas.

“Oh,” Bu Ikan menatapku dengan pandangan aneh yang tidak bisa kumengerti. Kurasa ia tidak menyangka mendapat jawaban seperti tadi. “Terus apa masalahnya?” tanyanya kemudian. Aku lupa, Bu Ikan tipe guru yang tidak pernah menganggap pendapat murid salah. Dan oya, dia juga suka “mengeksplorasi” alias mengulik-ulik. Itu artinya kami tidak akan lolos begitu saja dengan jawaban kami yang asal-asalan.

“Saya rasa itu berarti... bus umum di kota ini nggak nyaman sehingga kadang bikin mual.” Wow, kadang aku sering heran bagaimana kecerdasanku bisa tiba-tiba muncul.

“Ow, apakah tidak ada *puke bag* di bus kota?”

Hah? Apa? Semua orang menoleh kepada Nadine yang melontarkan kalimat barusan. Dia tadi **ngomong** apa? Oke, Nadine memang orang setengah Jerman. Tapi astaga, **bisa nggak sih dia ngomong** tanpa “sok nginggris” gitu? Wajar dia **nggak** tahu satu atau dua kata bahasa Indonesia, tapi **please deh**, dia **keliatan** bangga banget berakting sok bule **gitu**.

Benar-benar palsu **deh**. Soalnya semester lalu bahasa Indonesia-nya sangat lancar. Dia kena virus “sok bule” sejak dia pulang dari Jerman. Yah, **nggak** bisa dibilang sok bule sepenuhnya **sih**, karena faktanya dia memang punya darah Eropa. Tapi tetap memuakkan mendengar aksen yang dibuat-buat kayak gitu.

Ketika semua orang bergumam, Nadine menjelaskan, “Apa itu... *bag* buat mual seperti di pesawat?”

“Kantong muntah?” Mei akhirnya menemukan kata yang dimaksud Nadine.

“*That's it!* Nggak ada?”

Astaga! Okelah Nadine baru beberapa tahun tinggal di sini. Tapi sebelumnya dia **nggak** tinggal di negeri dongeng, kan? Dia **bener-bener nggak tahu apa, gimana** mengenaskannya bus kota? Rodanya empat, bukan tiga **aja** sudah bagus.

Seluruh kelas berdengung lagi. Bu Ikan kemudian menyuruh kami berdiskusi tentang ketidaknyamanan lalu lintas dan transportasi umum.

“Saya juga tidak mengerti mengapa banyak anak naik sepeda. Maksud saya, itu tidak *safe*. Mereka juga **nggak** pakai helm,” lagi-lagi Nadine mengeluarkan pendapat yang menurutku dangkal sekali.

“Hm, begitu ya. Lalu menurutmu apa solusinya?” tanya Bu Ikan dengan sabar.

“Kenapa mereka tidak naik mobil saja?”

GUBRAK!

Note:

PPKn: Pendidikan Pancasila dan Kewarganegaraan

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Miss Ikan is the Civic and Citizenship Studies (CCS) teacher and our head teacher. Her real name is of course not Ikan but Ika N, Ika Nugrahawati. She has to use the initial of her second name because there's another Miss Ika, the history teacher. We call Miss Ika the history teacher Miss Ikat since her name is Ika Trisna Widayati.

Why don't we call them Miss Ika N and Miss Ika T, or Miss Ika CCS and Miss Ika History? But of course we can't; we're junior high school kids! We'd call the entire humanity with the most ancient and silliest names if we can. We call Yudi, Yudet (as it happens, he has a *codet*, 'scar' on his forehead), and we call Faisal, Failul before we came up with Pailul. Sally refers to Nadine as Nadjong. They once called me Jojo, Jojoba, then Paijo. Well, this sort of thing is like having a sniffle; you can't avoid it.

Anyway, Miss Ikan is very enthusiastic about the topic 'Let's show we care'. I bet it was she who came up with the idea of having 'Let's show we care' topic many years ago. And she must have thought it was a great idea, as great as the invention of solar power.

On any day, the petite Miss Ikan has a high-pitched voice. When she's excited, her voice gets even higher in pitch.

"Open your ears, look around you. There are many people who need your attention, even for a brief moment. You are the young, educated generation, our hope for the future. This is the opportunity to show your conscience," she said while holding her fist up. I bet she was speaker in student demonstrations at university or at least a campaigner at general elections.

"Come on, show us your ideas!"

Everyone stayed quiet. They were attacked by the same disease as I was. Acute confusion.

"NO ONE? NO ONE has any ideas? Inside your heads that contain millions of brain cells?"

Hey, I don't even think my brain has a thousand cells, let alone millions.

"Think, what social issues do you come across in your daily life? Never mind about daily. This morning for example, going from home to school, you must have come across a problem, right?"

Oh when it comes to problems, no one can beat me. Morning is time for problems at my house. It's either me always missing one of my socks, Sophie refusing to eat, or Kevin who doesn't want to shower. And when Kevin does take a shower, my mum starts complaining because he takes TOO LONG in the shower. My god, what does she expect? Kevin is only five years old. How does he know that showering should take a maximum of ten minutes? He doesn't even know how long ten minutes is.

"Jo."

All of a sudden I heard my name being called. Oh god. This is what you get when your parent is a teacher. More specifically, a teacher at the same school you go to. I can't describe my bad luck. One thing I do know: teachers recognise me. That's why they often pick on me.

What did she ask me?

"What social problem did you identify this morning?" Lucky Miss Ikan repeated the question. I know I'm not smart but I'm not stupid either. I know for sure that the commotion in a household this morning is really not what Miss Ikan wants to hear.

I tried hard to remember what I saw on the way to school this morning. Well, I got on the bus with Sally. We didn't get a seat, and then, oh that's right, I got it ..

"A person on the bus vomited," I said before I could think. My friends started giggling. Stupid me. Of course what I said wasn't something you should discuss.

"Oh," Miss Ikan looked at me puzzled. I don't think she expected such an answer. "So, what is the issue?" she asked. I forgot that Miss Ikan is the type of teacher who never regards a student's opinion as wrong. And she loves "to explore", to dig further. This means we couldn't get away with just any answer.

"I think that means .. buses in this city are not comfortable and they make people feel sick." Wow, sometimes I'm amazed at how my intelligence can show up like that.

"Oh, aren't there any *puke bags* on the bus?"

Huh? What? Everyone looked at Nadine who has just uttered the sentence. What did she say? Ok, Nadine might be half-German, but my god, can't she speak without pretending to sound foreign? It's understandable that she may not know one or two Indonesian words, but *please*, why did she have to look so proud in acting like a foreigner?

So pretentious. We know that last semester her Indonesian was fine. She must have contracted the 'I am a foreigner' virus since she came back from Germany. Ok, we can't say she's fully pretending because she does have European blood. But still, it was sickening to hear her putting on an accent like that.

When everyone was mumbling, Nadine explained: "what's it called .. a *bag* for when you feel sick on the plane."

"*Kantong muntah*, sick bag," Mei finally found the word Nadine was looking for.

"That's it! The bus didn't have one?"

O my god! Ok, she's only been living here for a few years, but she wasn't living in a fairyland before coming here, right? Doesn't she know how bad the condition on our buses is? Good thing these buses at least have four wheels, not three.

Everyone is class is mumbling again. Miss Ikan then asked us to discuss the poor condition of our traffic and public transportation.

"I also don't understand why many students are riding bicycles. I mean, it's not *safe*. They don't wear helmets either," once again Nadine expressed an opinion which I thought was pretty shallow.

"Ehm, is that right? So, what do you think is the solution?" asked Miss Ikan patiently.

"Why don't they go by car?"

BANG!