

Colonial Parasite and Colonised Host

A Manifesto of Colonial Parasites and Colonised Hosts



The Sentence

- 1 *The most terrible thing a coloniser can do to a people is not to kill them, but to live inside them.*
- 2 *A people who are killed are mourned. A people who are inhabited go on walking, working, praying, and smiling, while something else steers them towards the grave.*
- 3 *This is the condition of Papua's colonised elites, and through them, of Papua herself. She is not only occupied. She is infested. The occupation has crossed the skin and entered the blood, the cell, the tongue, the memory, and the dream.*
- 4 *This manifesto names the parasite, so that the host may begin to feel it moving.*

The Puzzle of the Willing Host

- 5 *Look at Papua and ask the question that has no comfortable answer. Why do a people who call their ruler a coloniser send their children to the coloniser's schools, pray in the coloniser's churches, vote in the coloniser's elections, and staff the coloniser's offices?*
- 6 *Why do Papuan parents spend everything they have to place their children inside the very system that is erasing their world? Why do Papuan scholars return from Indonesian universities to administer the structures their own people call colonial? Why do the young speak the coloniser's language more easily than their grandmothers' tongues?*
- 7 *Force cannot explain it. An order held up only by the gun would weaken whenever the gun was lowered. This one is defended, extended, and handed down, generation after generation, by the very people whose world it devours.*
- 8 *An older teacher than history has already answered the question. Her name is nature, and she has been breeding parasites for hundreds of millions of years.*

The Rat That Loved the Cat

- 9 *A single-celled parasite called *Toxoplasma gondii* can complete its life cycle only inside a cat. To get there, it must pass through a rat.*
- 10 *So it enters the rat's brain and does what no army could do. It does not make the rat fearless. It removes one fear only: the fear of the cat. The rat that once fled the scent of its killer now drifts towards it, unafraid, even drawn. The cat eats the rat. The parasite is born again.*
- 11 *This is what the mission did to the Papuan mind. It did not destroy the Papuan capacity for fear, reverence, or longing. It turned that capacity around.*
- 12 *The sacred forest, the ancestral mountain, the spirit landscape, the ceremonies that told a people what was dangerous and what was holy: all were renamed satanic, primitive, the darkness to be fled. And the coloniser's world, the very thing that would consume Papua, was renamed light, salvation, progress, and civilisation.*
- 13 *Papuans did not lose the instinct to flee danger. The instinct was rewired. Now they flee their ancestors and walk towards the cat with hymns on their lips.*

The Ant That Climbed to Die

- 14 *In the rainforest lives a fungus called *Ophiocordyceps unilateralis*. It enters an ant and does not kill it. It steers it.*

15 The ant leaves its colony and climbs a plant to a precise height, where the air and the light suit the fungus. It bites the underside of a leaf, locks its jaws, and dies there. From its head the fungus grows a stalk, and from the stalk it rains spores onto the colony below.

16 The colonial school is that fungus. It enters the child through the open door of hope. It teaches in the coloniser's language, under the coloniser's state philosophy, through the coloniser's history, and it moves the child, year by year, away from the forest and the river and towards the classroom, the certificate, and the office.

17 Education is not evil in itself. It has given Papuans literacy, skills, and doors that were once closed. But this school does more than teach. It decides where knowledge lives, who may speak with authority, and what a successful life looks like. The child it forms climbs into position as teacher, official, pastor, or politician, and rains the same system down on the next generation.

18 The ant believes it is climbing towards the light. It is climbing towards the place where it will become the parasite's seed.

The Tongue That Is No Longer a Tongue

19 In the sea lives a small crustacean called *Cymothoa exigua*. It enters a fish through the gills and fastens onto the tongue. It drinks the tongue's blood until the tongue withers and falls away. Then it takes the tongue's place.

20 The fish does not fall silent. Its mouth still opens and closes. It still feeds. From outside, nothing has changed. But the thing in its mouth is no longer its own.

21 Papua is a land of more than two hundred and fifty languages, each one a whole world: a way of naming kin and enemy, mountain and spirit, season and sin. Bahasa Indonesia did not need to ban them. It needed only to occupy the places where a tongue does its living work: the classroom, the office, the market, the screen, and the pulpit.

22 So the Papuan mouth still moves. Papuans still speak, argue, pray, and sing. But more and more, what speaks is not the ancestral tongue. It is the parasite, gripping the place where the tongue used to be, naming the Papuan world in a grammar built for another.

23 A world that can no longer name itself in its own tongue cannot long remain a world. Hence the title of this manifesto. The parasite speaks with our tongue. Worse, it speaks as our tongue.

The Cockroach on the Leash

24 A jewel-green wasp called *Ampulex compressa* stings a cockroach twice. The first sting stills its front legs. The second enters the brain, the place where the will to flee is born.

25 The cockroach is not paralysed. It can walk, groom, and feel. It simply no longer wants to escape. The wasp leads it by the antenna, like a dog on a leash, into a burrow, lays an egg on its living body, seals the entrance, and leaves. The cockroach waits in the dark to be eaten alive. Leaving has ceased to be a thought.

26 This is the sting delivered to the Papuan political imagination. Papuans may vote, govern, petition, organise, and debate. But a fog has settled over one possibility: a future beyond the system. National unity, development, special autonomy, and administrative dependency are not only policies. They are venom. They narrow the horizon until the walls of the burrow look like the edges of the world.

27 The cage is complete not when the door is locked, but when the captive can no longer imagine a door.

The Crab That Raises Its Killer's Children

28 A barnacle called *Sacculina carcini* invades a crab. It spreads through the crab's body like roots and seizes the source of the crab's future: its power to reproduce.

29 The crab can no longer bear young of its own. Yet it goes on behaving as a parent. It grooms, guards, and tends the parasite's brood as if it were its own. It spends its whole life, all its labour and all its care, raising the children of the thing that has stolen its lineage.

30 Every Cosmobian people has a womb of continuity: language passed from mother to child, ceremony from elder to youth, land-knowledge from walker to walker, memory from the dead to the unborn. The parasite does not tear this womb out. It redirects it.

31 *The time that once went into ceremony now goes into administration. The energy that once went into teaching the land now goes into examinations. The devotion that once raised a Cosmobian child now raises a citizen, an employee, a congregant of someone else's order. Papua is still working, still building, still investing in the future. But the future she is raising is not her own.*

32 *This is the most tragic labour on earth: a people working day and night, with love and sacrifice, to raise the children of their own extinction.*

The Ant on the Blade of Grass

33 *The last parasite is the lancet liver fluke, *Dicrocoelium dendriticum*. It passes from cow to snail to ant, and must return to a grazing animal to complete its cycle.*

34 *So, as evening falls, the infected ant leaves its colony, climbs to the tip of a blade of grass, clamps its jaws, and waits through the night to be swallowed by a grazing sheep or cow. At dawn, if it survives, it climbs down and lives as an ant through the day. When evening comes, it climbs again.*

35 *The ant does not feel commanded. It feels nothing foreign at all. The climb is simply what it does. The parasite's will has become indistinguishable from its own.*

36 *Here stands Papua's colonially formed elite: the governor who administers the coloniser's programmes, the pastor who defends the coloniser's doctrine, the educator who delivers the coloniser's curriculum, the intellectual who thinks in the coloniser's categories. Most do it sincerely. Most believe they are serving their people. That is precisely the horror.*

37 *Domination reaches its final form when it no longer feels like domination, when the climb up the blade of grass feels like leadership, duty, progress, and faith. These are not traitors in the simple sense. They are ants on the grass at nightfall, calling their people to climb with them.*

Six Parasites, One Body

38 *Do not imagine these as six separate plagues. They are one invasion seen from six angles, living in one body.*

39 *The mission rewires fear, and the school walks in through the door it opened. The tongue is replaced, and the imagination it fed shrinks. The womb of continuity is redirected, and the elites raised inside it administer the whole machine. Each operation prepares the ground for the next.*

40 *Papua carries all six at once. A single Papuan life can hold them all: the child who fears the ancestors, climbs the school's leaf, speaks through the parasite's tongue, cannot imagine the door, raises the system's children, and grows up to stand on the blade of grass, calling the young to follow.*

41 *This is not an occupation of territory alone. It is an occupation of the whole machinery through which a people make their reality.*

The House That Falls From the Floor

42 *A people's world is a house built in storeys. At the bottom lies the land itself, the first archive. Above it is the reading of natural signs. Above that come memory, then language, then the oral tradition that carries a people's story through time. And above all these rise ceremony, sacred space, writing, and knowledge.*

43 *The parasite does not need to burn every storey. It needs only to break the floor.*

44 *So it began with the land. The Grasberg mine tore open the mountains. Transmigration filled the valleys with strangers. Logging and plantations stripped the forests. A mountain that was a genealogy became a pit. A forest that was a library became a concession.*

45 *When the land is broken, its signs cannot be read. When the signs cannot be read, memory loses its anchors. When memory fragments, language loses its meanings. When language weakens, the stories have no voice to travel in. Each storey inherits the wounds of the one beneath it, until the whole house leans, cracks, and falls from the bottom up.*

46 *This is cascading incapacitation, and it is why Papua's destruction is so quiet. No single blow is fatal. The house simply loses its floor, and everything above it slowly comes down.*

47 Here is a warning to every Papuan writer, artist, and scholar, including the author of this manifesto: a book cannot hold up a house whose floor is gone. Literature on the top storey cannot save a world whose land, tongue, and memory are collapsing beneath it.

The Living Dead

48 The parasite's life cycle has a final stage. Its name is ontological zombification.

49 It does not mean that Papuans lose intelligence, consciousness, or dignity. It means something more frightening: that a people have been changed so completely that they can no longer recognise that they have been changed at all.

50 In that condition, the colonial order no longer feels imposed. It feels natural, original, inevitable. The ancestral ways no longer feel stolen. They feel irrelevant, embarrassing, backward. And anyone who tries to bring them back is greeted not as a healer, but as a disruption, a threat to the only reality the host now knows.

51 This is the zombie: not a corpse that walks, but a living people walking another's path and calling it home. They work. They pray. They vote. They succeed. And they no longer feel the parasite moving, because the parasite has become the shape of their thoughts.

52 Now a new parasite has arrived, faster than all the others: the screen in every hand, mining attention, memory, and identity itself. What the mission took a century to do, the algorithm may do in a single generation.

The Parasite's Greatest Victory

53 Hear the sentence at the heart of this manifesto, and do not let it pass quickly:

The greatest victory of the colonial parasite is not killing the Papuan host, but teaching the Papuan host to mistake the survival of the Indonesian colonial system for the survival of the Papuan world.

54 Every time a Papuan says, "At least we have roads now," "At least our children are in school," "At least we have a seat in government," and believes that this is the survival of Papua, the parasite has won another night on the blade of grass.

55 The system survives. The offices survive. The budgets, churches, and schools survive. And Papua herself, her land, her tongues, her ancestors, her ceremonies, her memory, quietly dies inside a body that is still walking.

The Living Channels

56 Yet the parasite has a weakness, written in the same law that makes it so deadly.

57 If the house can fall from the floor upwards, it can also be rebuilt from the floor upwards. A child who learns the ancestral tongue regains the stories. The stories strengthen memory. Memory returns the people to the land. And the land, restored, holds up the whole house again.

58 Everything depends on one question: are the living channels still open? Is there still a grandmother who speaks the language? An elder who knows the ceremony? A walker who can read the river? A mountain not yet turned into a pit?

59 While even one of these survives, however broken or fragile, Papuans can still remember that they were once whole. When all are gone, they lose the very instruments they would need to recognise their own captivity.

60 That is why every Papuan elder who dies unrecorded, every language that falls silent, every sacred site that is bulldozed, is not only a loss. It is a channel of rescue closing forever. The clock is not political. It is generational. And it is running.

The Counter-Parasite

61 No people in history have driven out a parasite by arguing with it. The ant on the grass cannot be talked down by a sermon about ants. The elites cannot be shamed into health. What heals the host is the restoration of the architecture from which another kind of thought becomes possible.

62 Where the parasite rewires fear, Papuans must restore reverence for the ancestral world and learn again what is truly dangerous.

63 Where it steers the child to the leaf, they must return the child to the forest, the river, and the elders, as teachers equal to any school.

64 *Where it sits in the place of the tongue, they must speak the ancestral language at the hearth, in the garden, and to every newborn child.*

65 *Where it stings away the will to escape, they must dream the forbidden futures aloud until they become thinkable again.*

66 *Where it redirects the womb of continuity, they must take back their time, their labour, and their love for the raising of their own children.*

67 *Where it sends the elite up the blade of grass, they must restore the ground from which leaders can grow who climb towards their own people, not towards the mouth that waits to swallow them.*

68 *And beneath all of these, they must defend the floor of the house: the land, without which nothing above it can stand.*

The Question

69 *For sixty years, Papua has asked how to remove the occupier.*

70 *That question is necessary, but it is no longer enough. An occupier can be removed from the land and still live on in the tongue, the school, the church, the elite, and the dream.*

71 *The deeper question is this:*

How does Papua drive out a parasite that has learned to speak with her tongue, think with her mind, and love with her heart?

72 *The answer begins with feeling it move. A parasite that is felt is already losing its hold. Psycho-Cosmocide survives on one condition: that the host never notices. This manifesto is written to break that condition.*

Feel It Moving

73 *Papuans, stop and feel the parasite moving.*

74 *Feel it when you fear the forest your grandfather loved. Feel it when you are ashamed of the tongue your mother sang in. Feel it when you cannot picture any future but the one you were given. Feel it when your life's labour builds something that will not belong to your children. Feel it when you climb towards success and call it serving your people.*

75 *Do not hate yourselves for carrying it. The rat did not choose the cat. The ant did not choose the leaf. The fish did not choose to lose its tongue. The parasite is skilled, ancient, and patient. But a human being is not a rat, an ant, or a fish. A human being can wake up inside the infection and refuse it.*

76 *Let every grandmother who teaches a child one more word of the ancestral tongue be a counter-parasite.*

77 *Let every elder who carries a ceremony across one more generation be a counter-parasite.*

78 *Let every Papuan who stands between the bulldozer and the sacred mountain be a counter-parasite.*

79 *Let every Papuan leader who climbs down from the blade of grass and walks home be a counter-parasite.*

80 *The parasite believes it has already won, because the host keeps walking. But walking is not the same as being lost. A body that remembers its own tongue can force the intruder out of its mouth.*

81 *We will not die smiling. We will not raise our killer's children. We will not climb the grass. We will take back our tongue, and speak with it again.*

The views, words, and ideas expressed in this manifesto are personal, reflective, and diagnostic rather than declarations of settled truth — a reading of the human condition through the Psycho-Cosmocide lens, offered to provoke thought and questioning rather than to close it.

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