

My name is Mansorah Ap, people call me Raki and I am an exiled West Papuan living in the Netherlands. For the last 15 years I have worked as a civil servant in the Netherlands under three different ministries. Beside that I am also the international spokesperson for the Free West Papua Campaign.

I am testifying on how Indonesian occupation of West Papua have resulted in the brutal death of my father and how that changed the life of my family and me and resulted in us having to live in exile in the Netherlands. I can't go back to West Papua, and I have to witness how Indonesia is destroying our land, our culture, our identity and our environment. Instead of focus on my family and career, Indonesian colonization forced me to become a freedom fighter to educate the world about the genocide and ecocide in West Papua.

I often start my story at the beginning of a great loss that has permanently changed and influenced my life and that of my family.

Four months before I was born in 1984, the Indonesian army murdered my father Arnold Ap, an anthropologist and a well-known musician in West Papua. I was still in my mother's womb and at the same time my mother, three brothers and I fled to the neighbouring independent state of Papua New Guinea. That's where I was born, in Vanimo and a year later in 1985 we applied for asylum in the Netherlands, the former colonizer of West Papua. We became Dutch citizens and I still live and work there.

The political murder of our father Arnold Ap has had a major impact on our lives. My mother was forced to leave West Papua because there was a risk that she too would be murdered. My father and mother had a good life, they were certainly middle class Papuans. They cared for their brothers and sisters, all of whom they took in our house. But all this stability came to an end, we were forced to leave West Papua and had to call the Netherlands our new home. We could not even monitor or support what happened to the family we left behind, because our Mother, Corry Ap had to learn a new language, a new culture and raise her family of four children in this new country, without a husband. Where should my mother start, I still wonder today? She should mourn in those days, but didn't even have the time for that. She had to feed her children, raise them and integrate them into a new country.

We have now become grown men, unfortunately one of our brothers Mambri Ap is no longer with us. He was diagnosed with schizophrenia at a young age and died in 2020. Couldn't he handle the grief of his father and the Papuans, we suspect so, he's probably not the only Papuan! As I mentioned earlier, the political assassination of our father has had a lasting impact on our lives. I am a proud father of 5 children, but in recent years I have often been away from home, traveling for campaign to make the world aware of the colonization of West Papua by Indonesia, and the genocide and ecocide taking place there. And I am the fourth generation of Papuans in the Netherlands who made such sacrifices.

Instead of focusing on my family or career, I felt obliged to be a voice for the Papuans, who still live in fear and without freedom every day. My father's death, and many other compatriots, should not be concealed. Someone must continue to shine a light on our righteous cause, just as is now rightly happening for Ukraine, or Palestine. Despite NGOs estimating that 500,000 Papuans have been murdered in the past 60 years, out of a total population of less than 2.1 million Indigenous West Papuans, the world does not feel the same urgency. That is why I travel around the world as the international spokesperson for the Free West Papua Campaign to spread the story of the West Papuans.

What I learned from my father's music and his tragic death is how powerful culture and identity is. He made me realize that if we lose our culture, environment and identity, we can actually be anyone, including Indonesian. I realize why he was murdered by the Indonesian regime, he made the Papuans aware of who they are and what makes them Papuan. He also taught us to preserve and practice centuries-old Indigenous crafts. Therefore, his activities were seen as a danger and, like many other cultural and political leaders, he was murdered. The counter now stands at over 500,000 and continues to rise every day.

What we are seeing in West Papua is a silent and slow motion genocide. A quarter to one third of our people were murdered, becoming a minority in their own country, due to the deliberate transmigration policy from Jakarta and military violence. Our villages disappeared one by one, by multinationals hunting for minerals, or rolling out monoculture on the world's largest tropical island. A dangerous cocktail of powers coming together is changing our unique island and nation, not everyday bombs, which makes it clear that a war is going on. But a subtle massacre of our People, pinpricks, which is perhaps an even more violent way, because it remains almost invisible to the world, while all figures show that the survival of our lives, culture and nature is rapidly decreasing.

In the stories I tell, at universities, museums, in the media and other occasions. It's actually very simple. From a Dutch colonizer, we got an Indonesian colonizer. And after more than 60 years of occupation and oppression, many reports show that there is no future if we remain part of Indonesia. Multinationals and the Indonesian army go hand in hand in violating human rights and committing genocide and ecocide. Mountains turn into craters that you can see from space, centuries of jungle become a barren flat plain or mono culture. And unique ecosystems, clear rivers full of life turn into toxic and unliveable environments. Where Indigenous Papuans have lived in harmony with their environment for thousands of years, these are now the frontline areas where the climate and biodiversity crisis is unfolding.

The only thing I do in my story is to make visible all the injustices that occur in West Papua, colonialism, militarism, extractivism and racism. The role of multinationals and the governments that support them pose a threat to our survival and therefore also to that of our unique ecosystem. If we allow this to happen, where will it end? That is why I felt it was important and necessary to

participate in your tribunal and share my story. Because if I and my generation do not stop this horrific destruction of lives and nature, how many more lives and ecosystems will be lost. How many more generations will have to mourn, struggle and make sacrifices! No, it is time we hold the Indonesian government, the companies and their governments accountable. And that we now clearly name their terror, as we experience it, make it visible and try to stop it as quickly as possible! So that the Indigenous Papuans can live in safety and freedom again on the island where they have lived for more than 60,000 years. Where they could drink and fish in the rivers without getting sick. Where they can practice ancient traditions and languages linked to the tropical rainforest, the sea or the mountains. And where all elements are honoured, living, non-living and spiritual beings, and where songs were made about and passed on around the fire through stories, dance or song, from generation to generation.

Let us stop the injustice against the Papuans as quickly as possible and hold those causing this harm accountable.

Finally, I would like to thank the chair and other judges for listening to my testimony and your consideration of these matters and solutions is very much appreciated

Mansorah (Raki) Ap