

Anti-Identity and Self Defense

'my home is my broken heart'

Okty Budiati

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"Those who plead their cause in the absence of an opponent can invent to their heart's content, can pontificate without taking into account the opposite point of view and keep the best arguments for themselves, for aggressors are always quick to attack those who have no means of defense." (Christine de Pizan) - Then how am I supposed to start all of this while the meaning is distorted and stuck right in the shine of Ken Dedes' calf!

My birth became a reality for life's misfortunes. Where my existence as a way of anarchy on the way back to myself becomes a form of the complexity of a formless world. I'm some kind of trapezoid replica. The fusion of Hanacaraka is filled with question marks on life's incomprehension about the fragility of the increasingly fragile torso cliffs. Is there the loudest voice besides the madness of a child looking for his mother when the only place is the nonsense of national identity and gender?

"From childhood's hour I have not been

As others were I have not seen

As others saw I could not bring

My passions from a common spring

From the same source I have not taken

My sorrow I could not awaken

My heart to joy at the same tone

And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone "

(Edgar Allan Poe on ALONE)

I still question three things that torment my breath the most:

Is that a human?

What is individual freedom?

What is acceptance of war and love?

In reality, I have to continue to struggle to accept myself as a creature with attachment feeling disorder and undergo brainspotting therapy, which is so draining. This labyrinth seems to be patenting me as a cursed human where humans with red eyes and words have killed me insistently as their victory feast. The individualist anarchist again has to stand on the brink of defeat, even within anarchist circles.

I'm estranged from childhood memories. I'm knocked out of family memories. I was manipulated from household memories. What kind of world is this ?! Isn't the cult of atonement enough for the barbarity of the aristocratic past sins? When this sadness grief as my way to go home.

At one point, decades ago, between me and Batubulan, Max Stirner colored my life like a new rainbow: "I only have been the unhuman, am it now no longer, but am the unique, yes, to your loathing, the egoistic; yet not the egoistic as it lets itself be measured by the human, humane, and unselfish, but the egoistic as the unique." "I thought back to Blavatsky; "It is an occult law moreover, that no man can rise superior to his individual failings without lifting, be it ever so little, the whole body of which he is an integral part. In the same way no one can sin, nor suffer the effects of sin, alone. In reality, there is no such thing as separateness and the nearest approach to that selfish state which the laws of life permit is in the intent or motive."

After hanging myself at the end of the year in a melting romance, I was as empty as the early world between Kebyar Duduk and Bedhaya Ketawang. The psychosomatic breakdown of ballerinas created for grim darkness. I was knocked, crushed and squashed - "in space no one can hear you scream; and in a black hole, no one can see you disappear." (Stephen Hawking)

"I miss dance and poetry"

Jakarta, February 2021

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