

Anti-Copyright



Libertine Monologue Correlation Imagination

'who slips and who is lonely'

Okty Budiati

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The only medicine that worked the best for me was crying when consciously and readily, to be exposed to the memories of the past, especially childhood. The question is: "Is crying a weak human behavior?" - "I may be locked up for the sake of the liberty of the people; I may, under sentence, incur the loss of the right to bear arms." ~ Max Stirner on *The Owner: My Intercourse - The Ego and His Own*.

"when solitude has risen
life resemblance manifest
sound of the wind audible
whispering from sunyata"
(*Anima Mortuus*, 2021)

I, as bedhaya, am not an anatomical composition of the body with universality that is controlled outside of his own body. Bedhaya is nothing but a matrix on 'meta-maya' in parallel worlds. An achievement of a wild and silent journey between self and anatomy in a complex mathematical dimension.

So, crying is not a sign of individual weakness. This is my personal, my spiritual form. Those who have argued that 'crying is whiny', to me they are like clone-robotic, *The Society of the Spectacle* for Guy Debord: "Starting out like a condottiere in the service of use value, exchange value has ended up waging the war for its own sake."

The Union of Egoists who had lost the anatomical spiritual essence of divinity. God is to them a kind of nonsense, and they have been proud to be alive with arrogant thought-transforming dogmas. They are environmentalist reflections of Zarathustra's echoes of 'God is Dead'. They are forms of Gods who will easily judge anything outside their body, beyond their experience, outside their soul.

Something that is body language, kinetic reflection language, somatic language, is a sign of weakness for them. This is such a joke! The stage of life is filled with comedic tragedy over the chemical vibrations between paralleled cells of compounds: "The pinnacle of the individual's sincerity in the mundane, the utmost is the birth of the soul over his own life," while the cliffs of the war of individual life are right out of breath, where the cornea spontaneously paints the waves of tears. This is where the essence of time is like an iceberg, to me personally.

I am not the possessor of flames like Naga or Durga. I am not a Shiva who dances to the world. I am just a tiny particle of the bedhaya mystery struggling to train my anatomical functions to be able to function properly, the anatomy of the three worlds. "Frege has the merit of finding a third assertion by recognizing the world of logic which is neither mental nor physical." - Bertrand Russell.

"To gaze at the river made of time and water
And recall that time itself is another river,
To know we cease to be, just like the river,
And that our faces pass away, just like the water."
(*ARS POETICA*, from *Dreamtigers*, by Jorge Luis Borges)

It could be that the dramatic activities of the libertines' monologues become their respective books of madness. No one will ever be able to understand where and where the entire individual travels. A 'dramatic monologue' about 'crying' and 'tears' while hugging oneself reads as narcissistic. "Sometimes I want us to fall, like rama-rama falling from branches, before certain death." (*PASTORAL*, Goenawan Mohamad)

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