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# War and Love

'the destruction of sacrifice and literature'

Okty Budiati

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31/01/2021

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”The greatest danger to the State is independent intellectual criticism; there is no better way to hold that criticism than to attack any isolated voice, any raiser of new doubts, as a profane violator of the wisdom of his ancestors. Another potential ideological force is to deprecate the individual and exalt the collectivity of society.” - Murray N. Rothbard in his work entitled ANATOMY OF THE STATE

For a moment, I thought back to the Marquis de Sade for the cruelty of a thought so wild and brutal, a hallucination so dark of horror, something filled with intrigue and secret, as a gift beautifully wrapped on a grand stage. However, at another time, Louise Bourgeois reminded me, that; ”The twentieth-century artist who uses symbols is alienated because the system of symbols is a private one. After you have dealt with the symbols you are still private, you are still lonely, because you are not sure anyone will understand it except yourself. The ransom of privacy is that you are alone. ”

Then, are the artists, intellectuals and literary experts no more than a group of individuals who are depraved?

I reject this opinion. I refuse if work as an expression is only intended for the mode pattern of exploiting human life, even making humans as mass objects for flirtatious intellectuals.

Here Mpu Tantular says sadly, ”Umandya donta carweka” in Kakawin Sutasoma, CXL 2: 4. Not only mythology as a form of contemplation in reading matrices, but the contents of the lyrics to simple poetic sentences in mythology convey the secret meaning of the maze of a work. Thus, ”he who knows others is wise; he who knows himself is enlightened.” which for Lao Tzu was enlightenment of knowledge, a form of masterpiece, something both wild and divine. That, mythology as a masterpiece from every time and nation has become a symbol of a complex language. But there is the wisdom of the creator in placing the individual as the creator and creation.

”What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.” (Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche). As the war in the delusional corpus has drowned the thin embers, raging a storm. Power was recorded in the fragility of paper in the medieval century. A kind of antioch and qanon on the dizygotic twin spiral, but Damascus is still caught in the Syriac manuscripts. Humanity and divinity become a chess map for individual existence. Christ and Ishmael, a kind of virtual at the time of Obidos in the anarchist crisis about the Portuguese Interregnum.

”Deep in the sea  
all molecules repeat  
the patterns of one another  
till complex new ones are formed.  
They make others like themselves  
and a new dance starts. ”

- Richard Feynman

I see it as an eagle formation. The individuals suddenly became giants and scattered. This roar hit my heart. I was wounded in seeking refuge where all that was crushed had bowed to Porusada. The atlas on the inscription stone seemed forgotten, while the slogan remained the slogan. Bhineka Tunggal Ika loses its captain; ”The Union of Egoists is stuck with barbed wire!” Mourning for Modern over Max Stirner.

And at this millennial, the artists, intellectuals, and literary experts in my land as supporters of the world order have neglected the study of the only social coordinate process for the Mataram plain for the risks that are now posed.

Jakarta, January 2021