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Welfare and Misfortune

Temple as in Lost Anatomic Code

Okty Budiati

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Time has brought me back to turning the freeze, inviting me, contemplating something about a mirror over chaos and destruction, the *innerlijke conflicten*.¹ About the arc getting ready to drop into every part of anatomy; a fragile body that is collapsed even more.

I thought about the *koninklijke landmacht*.² It is *deja-vu* in the contemporary, as in repetition, conveying a series of phenomena about a story that I have never understood. When was it begun, and where was it to end? Even so it is a running story as history. I just understand that there are stories that aren't completely finished.

I only understand that there is a delusion of romance that is still infused within neo-feudalism. Truly human mental impasse stands, taking refuge in the futuristic architectural imagination. I live in a country where the people are still primitive. Humans as unique beings with their individual personas are pricked with millions of values as invaliden people.

“It is true that the affirmation of individual sovereignty is logically precedent to protest against authority as such. But in practice they are inseparable. To protest against the invasion of individual sovereignty is necessarily to affirm individual sovereignty – as individual sovereigns have we any constructive work to do, though as progressive beings we have plenty of it. But, if we had perfect liberty, we might, if we chose, remain utterly inactive and still be individual sovereigns”. (*Individual Liberty*, Benjamin Tucker)

Understandably, *if we had perfect liberty, we might, if we chose, remain utterly inactive and still be individual sovereigns*. This emphasizes the choice of humans to become a social part, to become individual existence, and how it will not be separated from the perspective and thinking that will shape its character as ethnographic code, as a characteristic, as an anatomy in seeing their psycho-social. A social order colonized in politics by fostering feudal practices as the ghost of ancient bourgeois tradition. This is grossly disgusting and, of course, utterly silly over silliness.

¹ *Innerlijke conflicten* (Dutch), means *konflik batin* in Bahasa Indonesia, or inner/internal conflict in English. It also alludes to the psychosocial term during in between moment of the Independent Revolution of Republik Indonesia, World War II, and the Cold War, as a moment of identity crisis. This inner conflict is assumed as a code for counterculture during those years, so I used post-Freudian theory and perspective for the conflict issues. It's mostly about *trust* and *mistrust* issues, and surely, *love* and *peace*.

² *Koninklijke landmacht* (Dutch) or Royal Landforce. The rise of neo-feudalism is a continuing historical issue, stemming from the Serikat Islam (SI) conflict.

I imagine how the nerves of the human brain such as visual matrix engineering work as a hammer to choose between being a wise capitalist or being a greedy capitalist. However, just a few days ago, I had a serious conversation about current social conditions, that “it's all about DNA, not the brain, if you analogize this network framework into your point of view, biological anatomy”, said my friend. I'm speechless... It could be, it's all about matrixity, but I still feel like an individual who has many flaws, even regarding knowledge. I'm not going to lengthen the alphabet for the world *matrix*.

Crack'd across into numberless fragments.
The Prophetic wrath, struggling for vent,
Hurls apart, stamping furious to dust,
And crumbling with bursting sobs, heaves
The black marble on high into fragments.

(The Book of Los, by William Blake).

And, in Jakarta, it is approaching to anchor into another darkness, into another crack, into another silence. “Society often forgives the criminal; it never forgives the dreamer” (Oscar Wilde). Likewise, a new culture of recognizing oneself about the phenomenon of estuary-origin, *planting incense sticks and sprinkling flowers all over the ground to invoke a blessing by arousing the corpses of old thought, until we ourselves forget, that revolt is not again about the axis of icons other than revolt yourself* as for the comatose society.

*At the artificial islands, anatomy of love and peace, destroyed...*³

Jakarta, February 24 – 2021

³ This relates to my belief that life is sadness or sometimes a beautiful painfulness.