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The Doubt

By Joseph Taigen

To Daniel Francisco

ORIGINAL

On the assumption that we always owe someone something and that others always owe us something. This is not about a so-called salvation of the soul but about a justice which, unless we leave offspring, is only realized when the person dies. The point is that at a certain point we get tired of doing good, we postpone our commitment to the dark side of society, perhaps thinking of making a name for ourselves. Working for the name, as in societies where the aristocracy enforced the status of the name by dominating the other, is something that is not dead yet. It even replaces belief in divinity, since in this competitive society there is no room for frustrated, failed, degenerate people. The eugenics that is currently being promoted in society has ancient roots and shows how human nature, what appears to the eyes and ears of the circumstantial observer, can be a two-sided coin: the good and the bad side. We don't intend to draw a portrait of human nature as it is, but of the way it appears to our eyes. It seems that our European society is coming out of a long sleep where diva ruled societies and waking up to a new reality, created by men, a society based on three essential pillars: health, love and money. This society owes a debt to the individual while at the same time giving him individual freedom. Everything seems to be based on the rational management of energy, not on the sentimental management of energy. Love is the banal object of satisfying the most basic instincts, and then, in the author's mind, what Nietzsche stressed was the great object of study of the human being: rumination. Health, love and money, this is what is propagated in the horoscopes, and if we look at it this way it seems that human life is only composed of these three subjects. Human nature is perverse in the sense that it squeezes the individual to realize these three objectives so that he can't complain before society. Well, I say that society owes much, immensely, to the individual. Because as a child it promises him worlds and dreams that can only be fulfilled with health, love and money. When you flip through a psychology magazine for the general public, pay attention to what they, those who make money off the depressed condition of other human beings, talk about: professional success, social-frustration, penis size. For there seems to be something social about it. Nobody can live without the approval or disapproval of others, without others. And there is something fundamental about this. Our identity is constructed in reference to others. There are those who have a greater need for social approval, and among them are most of the psychotic television journalists who ask questions as if they don't already know the answer, seeming to mock the interviewee and the general public. By reading the media, we see how people think, what people really want to know. And the author concludes, in mid-life, that there is nothing fascinating about human nature, it is mechanical like any machine from industrial society. People are given more or less scientific explanations and are immediately intrigued, as if human nature were something unfathomable. No, it isn't, I'm sorry to say, because all his short life the author thought that yes, it was, that people are interesting, but he reached a conclusion and this is that we can't be anthropocentric, otherwise we will atrophy in our functions and all because of our concerns with the problems of others. If they knew what it was like to have problems they wouldn't ask, and in this I also blame the masses of people, more and more. Health, love and money, this is what people want. Is there nothing really interesting in human nature? No, and with this I risk being stabbed by an idealistic fanatic one of these days, or by a conscience-chasing materialist. Before we develop further the question of the three pillars of modern, contemporary, postmodern or experimental society, let's go back to the question at the beginning, the question that gives this column its title. People just don't want to know, and this is called egoism. I think we should reconsider the role of the individual in the societal context without losing sight of the freedoms achieved so far. This text of mine may have

I have not had much of an echo, but while I am not working on it, I propose to follow and propose some clues that seem to me to be important for those who will later think about the same topic, or at least those who dedicate themselves to social issues. The doubt I am talking about is the individual's debt towards society and society's debt towards the individual. It seems strange to think in these terms, but for someone who has become accustomed to having to pay for his desire, he has no choice but to face society in this way. The author would like to think and understand society as a whole, but perhaps when he understood it as a whole after a while he would have no energy left to act for its benefit. Nor do I want to choose society, an abstract concept in advance and nurtured by generations of more or less specialists, as the target of my criticism, as the scapegoat. Only once again, I want to understand what human nature truly is, admitting that there is a human nature as a concept that guides us in our analyses. When a child is born, the maternal and paternal environment is at his or her side. Those who have this hypothesis take a more or less scholastic course, and time is given for that human being to discover how to get out of this jungle of interests. But should one treat with violence a being whose reason for existing is innocence and receptivity? Many aspects are ignored in the process of socialization, and one of them is precisely the perverse nature of human life in society. Perhaps we should be more realistic and prepare the spirits to deal with the cancers of society, with evil, with those who want to obtain everything by licentious and perverse means. There is no consensus on these issues, nor am I going to give tips on how others can live better. For now - because I do not have the legal and institutional framework to do so. I only have the possibility of writing and this is my freedom. Rilke already foresaw that this possibility of writing is a gift of modern societies to the individual, however, perhaps the task of writing should be considered more as a social activity than an individual habit, surrounded by crude and massive secrecy, like the habit of smoking. And here we come to the issue of rumination mentioned by Nietzsche. It is the reason for the loneliness that pervades our Portuguese society, no matter how much journalists urge people to open up to others. People simply cannot open up, they have no choice but to carry the burden of their secrets until death leaves them completely ignored. Because even telling secrets costs money. Adding to rumination I would say that there is an immense distrust in our spirits. Only the right person can tell us certain things. It is not given to us to expose ourselves to the world, in our weaknesses and needs. Nor is it good that this should happen, perhaps to the detriment of freedom of expression. Because what most people do is talk about others. I have rarely heard anyone talk about themselves, as if they were part of society, as if they took the blame for the mistakes and excesses, the displeasure of others as their own. I rarely heard it. And perhaps we arrive at love, without having yet resolved the underlying question that brings us to this pamphlet, which is doubt. Love, being a space for sharing, loses its charm when we share too much. But when we stop sharing we begin to suffer. Who can turn this around? An enlightened priest, God? There, the presence and urgency of the figure of God in our secularized societies should be something of a new achievement for Western thinking. We should have the ambition to win back the idea of God in our lives. Perhaps then everyday life would be less painful. I would add to this that the Others, about whom we spend all our time talking, writing books and thereby earning money or admiration or hatred, but never the hearts of women, are not prepared to hear the truth we have to tell about ourselves. And this truth can translate as a hell of existence, a ruminating, a mistrust, a suspicion that the whole world has come together to set us up. Perhaps we should believe more in those who propagandize the good works of the spirit, the psychologists. But even they preach what the

priests, who have so much guilt on their cards, simply use other words: they preach health, love and money, overcoming, fulfillment, but they never realize how oppressive it is to exist and suffer. They really don't have the solution to individual suffering. Nor do I believe that medicalizing individuals will bring about any improvement in people's state of health. I speak from personal experience. I also don't believe in esotericism, in witchcraft, which leaves us with the feeling that everyone has joined forces to set us up. However, if they have not all joined together, then someone wants us to be evil. Very badly. And we, believing this, allow ourselves to be influenced in our conduct. How stupid we were! On the one hand you should prepare the child for the hardships of life, on the other hand, you have to protect him against evil, the spirit of Sat" that every person has. Yes, because I have never seen anyone who, having earned an honest living, decides to give his entire fortune to the poor. It would be a great stupidity, it is better to keep expectations until death takes us away and never talk about the real issues that could make us understand the reasons for certain behaviors, social and psychological.

The question is also what we should do to deserve a place in society and the freedom that comes from that place. Being aware of one's place is the starting point for exercising this freedom, which has been won at the cost of much death and suffering. The freedom we enjoy in Europe today must be considered the greatest achievement of modern times. But does not this individual freedom, this spirit of initiative that Americans have lavished on their way of acting, come first and foremost from their knowledge of how society works? Because the individual needs to know society in order to move in it, and everything is involved in this understanding. ... Obviously, I am indebted in this respect to Max Weber. But also to others. My intention in writing this is not to present myself as an original, because I know that there are more people better qualified than I to present proposals. This is yet another reason for me to abdicate my social obligations in this regard. Perhaps the newspapers and magazines are right to emphasize my love. At least we are distracted. Isn't a force like love different from mere sexual desire? Why not exchange energies when what we have conquered is the right to conquer. But, once again, what remains engraved in our minds is the strategy that is required of us in order to realize our love. Love, as the author understands it, should be lived by two people and those who love are happy because they are at the gravitational center of what is human nature.

To elect money as a God who permits everything could be the beginning of the end of Western civilization. The worst thing is that this perverse element, which replaced the exchange of traditional societies, is adopted even in these societies with time. Human life becomes worth very little, because it is under the criterion of value that it is valued. This pamphlet is not intended to be a philosophical or sociological essay. We intend to show how the individual is indebted to society if he hypocritically fails to meet its requirements: to align himself with an educational system, a religion, a club, to live in health, at least on the outside, to make money, because money brings everything, it seems. With this, the author does not want to confess his surrender to a god who enslaves us, quite the contrary. The principle of man's liberation is realized in the overcoming of oneself, by fulfilling an individual destiny. Love is nothing but a compensation for this whole path. It seems that love cannot be free, but something with which society compensates the individual. This is the way people talk. Some individuals are more blessed by the luck of love than others. Happy is the age when we want to grow up as adults. Happy is that age because it is there that we make the discovery of love, the love that we keep for the rest of our lives. I was 15, I won't let anyone say that it is the most beautiful age in life. Health is something that seems to reach, in relation to money, an absolute value. At that age of 14-15 I was truly healthy, and I thought: I'm going to use my health to help those who are not. However, with time

I forgot about that intention and I'm not saying that I was exclusively concerned about myself, because I dedicated myself to very altruistic tasks without receiving any money. There are many who dedicate themselves to the public good and receive little, such as teachers and general practitioners. The social hierarchy is poorly conceived and I believe that I am not the only person in this opinion. The art of making money is more and more rewarded. ... this is what America teaches us? Yes, because the Soviet Union can teach us little. ... in this we are influenced by the richer countries? M- influence. We should look for our own strength, our own way, in our own energies, it is not good to copy the mistakes of others. Or is there some force that brings the bad with the good, like

economic development? In fact, the only fight I think is worth fighting is the fight for social justice, equal opportunities, the equitable distribution of wealth. Am I thinking wrong? Is this not what everyone is looking for? What everyone longs for? Maybe not, maybe we really do live in a jungle, in a hell where the poor will always be poor and the rich will always be rich. There is something wrong in the world, and I think it is the claim to power that everyone has, even unto death. The question of power has already been discussed by me at some points in my writing. If not everyone wants power, everyone is secretly seduced by it and when they see it in their hands they are surprised at the wonders that it can do. I do not claim to have an opinion about anything and everything, but the truth is that it seems that everyone has an opinion about something, so why shouldn't I? Along with the freedom of writing that I have, I add the freedom of not being understood by my contemporaries until now. I hope that the case can change. I am only describing the world that I see and the way I see the world, a concept of life that I have built up over the years. I also thought I was eternal like all young people, but I absorbed the best that society seemed to have, but that wasn't enough. I had to suffer for believing in myself, if only in myself, and by following a path that I believe is very violent for the mind, I have kept in my heart the strength to still believe that life is worth doing something for. I would like to talk about doubt in a positive sense. Doubt towards others, involvement, because it seems that it is not normal to die without doubt. The problem is that when we want to make our dreams come true, we contract debts. As a matter of principle or education, some people are not used to having debts and can hardly stand the idea of owing someone some money. This is how my mother taught me. That is why money is so important, it is simply a yardstick that we can use in human relationships, but it is not the only one. In friendship relationships, there is trust, so the question of doubt is still there for ethical reasons. However, as in all things, the more we think, the more we screw up. Premeditation would be the third concept to add to that of rumination, which we took from Nietzsche, and to that of mistrust. But we don't want to give this pamphlet too sick a tone, we just want to follow the course of a thought that we are given to have, the awareness of being part of something and this awareness is the very reason why we exist as people. To go out and forget everything and everybody might seem easy, but in reality it is the most difficult. Because there is an installed mistrust in human nature that is predominantly rooted in the social aspect of human life. For this reason I have to imply that I am a layman in the matter of human relations, in spite of so much verbiage. I have had my own failures and now I can only laugh at them. The reader will think that I am doing everything I can to make myself hated and known. Well, I say that I prefer, after so many years, to be contemporaries rather than defend ideals and analyze human nature. In reality, it is not human nature that interests me, but fulfilling something, some destiny, some logic. And I suppose that this can only be achieved through daily life, through the exercise of an individual freedom that respects the other. Because, even so, having arrived here, I agree that I have done too many things alone.

Thinking for myself was the mistake that freedom gave me.

Deep down, perhaps he is neither Catholic nor Protestant, perhaps he is even anarchist and libertarian. In any case, the reflection of these words will be made by the reader. As for love, we must first define that we have several types of love between man and woman which interest me. We have the love bathed in religion, which does not allow adultery, taking into account what the Church says. We have another kind of love that gives freedom to the person we love, because nobody likes in the first instance to be betrayed. However, we have observed that bodily betrayal means in most cases separation. Is it all about the sexual act? Actually, at this point in life, it would seem so. People respond to appeals, and there is no greater appeal than the sexual act. Only those who are not attracted say otherwise. God's call may be more important to some, perhaps it is to most. However, I will write for a minority who do not feel especially gifted with divine blessings or inspiration. It is not my role to speak ill of God or the various deities, but perhaps after so much time I am, like others, trying to get to know Him better. In the end, perhaps that is the question. We have the Other and we have God, and if we do not want to see the Other as God or God as the Other, perhaps we are misinterpreting the things of the world. God does not ask us to be this or that, only to be. Is God our parents? I am inclined to think so. Disobedience is something we can never understand or practice. However, it seems to me that everywhere we lose our way and drift. ... do we need another element to make us think differently? To be - God? Could it be - the Other? Could it be the love that we have always sought without knowing it and that has slipped through our fingers like sand? Finding a direction is also the purpose of this book, and we do not intend to be a more or less pathetic critic of the world around us. When you destroy, you have to build, you have to understand. That is why I am not an anarchist. I intend to use the elements, the data that present themselves to my mind and which are not mine, but are borrowed, to transmit something, perhaps a truth, perhaps a word for those like me who suffer from not loving, from seeing their rights curtailed. I cannot forget that in other countries the situation is much worse. We cannot hide, but neither can we show ourselves, otherwise we risk losing our physical integrity. Will we become chameleons in the desert, in the jungle, returning to the primitive condition of having to fight for survival? Because this Darwinian question sums it all up, although it does not explain everything. It sums it up because it tells us that we have to have individual initiative, keep the best for ourselves, at the risk of getting into a crisis and living ill. It is better to be sick with love than sick for our own image. The Darwinian question does not explain everything because in sequence we are social beings, who get along with each other, who fight among themselves. This idea does not mean that we have to kill someone for what he is, however, we should defend ourselves against what I believe is an intrusion into our own freedom and identity, we should fight for everything to free ourselves from unhealthy reasons that justify our social climbing. Personal identity is defined by education, by behavior. But too much curiosity kills. It killed the cat, and it can kill us. ... we need a lot of emphasis and care in education, otherwise we will be left with the guilt of not having guided others well. It's not the guilt that matters, but it's really the Others, once again. In this respect I am very catholic. Before the middle of life we realize that we may be wasting time and mental energies and we reserve the right to express our individual freedom in an irresponsible way. I recognize that this may be one of the errors of our time. In this respect, however, I am a Protestant. I believe that man is in control of his own reproductive destiny, but man without divinity is nothing more than a shadow seen from afar on the face of the earth. These thoughts of mine can be found in Alain Touraine's latest work, which I will refer to later. ... the return to how to integrate diversity, the role of sex in our lives, and the role of religion in societies. Things about which

I have always reflected, in my life and in my work. There is nothing new in this work, perhaps, but the clothing is new as is the one I present in this pamphlet or possibly essay, as my ideas are not new, only the formulations are intended to be original, as if we were putting new mathematical equations on the table.

He had once been told that human nature didn't matter. Now he understood why. The simple fact of being born was an act of debt, for the simple fact of being born he would have to pay for his existence all his life. Moreover, they said, with money that did not belong to him. This condition, added to others, made any employment relationship impractical and any social act odious. Existence now became a form of affirmation, there was no such thing as society. Any thought was dangerous, and religion was right about this, often thinking, speaking, acting, can be criminal if we do not fit into the prevailing social rules. However, this human being existed in supernumerary and abstracted himself from all problems, but the simple act of peeing had to be paid for. If everything has to be paid for, even the satisfaction of desire, how is it possible to build anything? If we incur expenses for the simple fact of leaving home, of going to work, how can we earn more than what we spend, that we lose? How can you build something without making mistakes? In fact, at the beginning of the 21st century, society demanded more and more from individuals. On the other hand, the freedom of the individual was fostered and intelligence was applauded in the service of the spectacle, of the glorio of the crowds, of success. Always partial, this success was always partial. Sure, things were related in some way, but wasting time (and nobody pays us to study the relationships between things in the world, ideas and acts) to understand these relationships wasted the time needed to act. How should an individual who is thrown out of society at an early age behave? And if he is judged and thrown out for being different and if no one takes responsibility, how can one not consent to the revolt of this individual? How can one conceive that he is incapable of any form of violence while keeping intact his worthy desires for fulfillment within society? These questions were raised at that time in that small country without anyone daring to defend them. They were written about little by little, day by day, without being discussed in colleges and academies, and on television programs. They existed in the mind of a person who was simply continuing on a path. He was not lost, as many said, but continued on through the forest, clearing a path. One day he might rebel, one day he might tell someone about the ideas that came to him as his children, a long time might go by without anyone noticing that, after all, someone should have recognized him as having a certain form of talent. But no, he would certainly remain destitute, waiting, despairing, knocking on every door until someone opened an opportunity to show him that after all, everything they said about him did not affect him in the least. This would be his great revenge, to keep going, to keep going until he discovered something of his own, lost since he was born. But he knew who had helped him. And yet, what were these people doing? Some were already dead, others were simply living, in solitude or not, but many, at their own expense, were well placed on the social scale, of that he was aware. So, if human nature was perverse, this being had the revenge of being the most perverse of all. ... of course, he respected its integrity, in a perhaps unequalled form of egoism. But aren't selfishness and altruism two extremes that touch each other? In spite of everything, this being was learning to live, and in one way or another, was a witness to the vulnerability of human life. That it is no use making many dreams come true, feeding many dreams, because in between there are others to whom attention must be paid. The next day, the next minute, the next instant, a roof could fall in, an earthquake could strike, no one really knew what nature or the divinities were doing. And that was just as well, because one day he might be lucky and survive to tell his grandchildren a story.

The days continued to fall like the curtain of a stage. The debt remained, for we consider that it is contracted at birth. But is debt only monetary? We certainly have an emotional debt towards the world. It doesn't mean that we have to give ourselves permanently, but it is something like the Big Men of Melanesia, who have to distribute their goods to everyone and have the most in symbolic terms. It may be the aim of any man to leave no doubt for his successors, and they begin to see that this is one of the practical purposes and commitments of life in society. It seems to be the fate of many families to have ancestors who left them poor and they had to rebuild their entire future on the order of the economic factor. Because one of the commitments of a life seems to me to be not to leave debts for others to pay. Only in this way will a group of generations be able to grow economically and in other ways. The debt we are talking about is a debt of love towards the world. The author of these writings fled from carnal and normal love to settle into a dimension of aesthetic, mystical, altruistic love, without the proper initiation into sexual life. Then, more than ten years went by before he understood how we should give ourselves to others with our bodies, and how slow and painful this process of understanding was, because he had not been initiated into the arts of love. Now he understands that true love is that in which two bodies give themselves to each other, why not two souls, in a frenzy of desire that sums up all their existences. This is the debt we have towards the world. And if we manage to find a faithful companion, all the better, because we do not expose ourselves to the risk of the diseases that some in the Church say are God's punishment. For there is nothing more beautiful than the union of two bodies, whether for procreation or simple pleasure. There is nothing more therapeutic and more awakening to our senses and honesty. Because every act of love is honest. But love is something that is felt, not seen. Where can love be seen, then? It is in the lovers that proliferate in the streets, in the young people who are initiated into their arts and who thus fulfill a destiny. There is nothing more important to do while we are in the world. Not politics, nor money, nor positions, nor religion, nor conquests. Everything is mixed up in love and yet we feel it when we are in love with the world and with people. There are other forms of love that are not limited to Casanova and Sade. There are as many forms of love as there are people. There is a time in life when we want to try everything, other times when we create tastes and select the women we want to date. Other times we look for a special one to accompany us into old age.

We go through most of our lives looking for love and when it knocks on our door, we are left with no hope.

At times, it seems that we want more, that desire never stops. What has become of passion, of love to which we give ourselves without conditions? Perhaps this is the passing love, the one that does not bear fruit. Perhaps something new lies ahead if we cancel an existing relationship. With love we have understanding, never pity. We have compassion, we feel empathy, we feel what the other feels. We are told that passion doesn't last a lifetime. Love lasts two lives. It is patient and generous, it knows how to wait. It knows how to share. Only time can tell if a passion can be experienced as love, but often the need to create children can bring about love. Sometimes we feel surprised? Is this a form of love? When we are suddenly faced with a situation we did not expect, love can be called into question. Can love be called into question? It doesn't exist independently of what we do. When we stop being admired, then true love can begin. A mother's love is different from that of two persons who are completely independent in terms of consanguinity. The more you love, the less you know how to love, love is a learning process. Another necessary thing to talk about is the future. Whoever is not intimidated by the misfortune that is going to be around you, with human suffering? Our lives are influenced by the environment in which we live, and we are not always willing to live with it. But when time seems to run slowly and we are in agony waiting for our life to turn around because we don't want it to.

We dream of living the life we live and are afraid to live it. When this happens, it is because there is something dramatic inside us that needs to be repaired. But we are not machines. Even the dead times we have to be able to look back with some complacency and see the present as relating more to the future than to the past. This can be the key to making us, wherever we are, feel alive, that feeling of being alive and that our life, regardless of what we decide to do with it, is important. If we stay still in our house, if the environment is too still, we wither, we become bugs, animals. We need contact with other people, to travel, to know other places, to know how other people live. This is perhaps the beginning of all our survival as human beings. Without love, we are nothing. Without having those we love around us, it is not true love. The wait has been long for me, I have sacrificed many days of my life waiting for the right things and now I can't go back, I will either fulfill what I am waiting for or change direction. I am aware of having been stopped in time and space, of not having progressed as a person. Is this really so? I created a fear of moving forward, I rejected the space in which I live because it seems too familiar. Now I understand why I went to Greece, why I went to the seminar. ... an enormous desire not to be here, to be, by counterpoint, somewhere else, in a constant trip, who knows, in constant presence in another determined place, who knows. I would like to travel, but I have to work, you can't always do what you want, I think that's how it is with most people. I would like to travel and this is one of the most necessary things, but I can't depend on my father's effort and sweat to do what I want. I believe that I can still be happy, otherwise I would have conformed and given up. How so much time has passed and yet so little! Now I want to hold on to time and I can't, I have to give myself up to time. ... that is the condition for happiness. Another necessary thing is work and consequent remuneration. When there are no contacts, there is hope. When we are not in contact with the outside world we suffer. Time passes and we are dependent on other people's reasons for working. You're letting time go by and this gets you down. There comes a time when we have to recognize that love is extinguished. Then we give importance to new forms of love and hope that one day the wind will bring us new love. The most amazing thing about the things of the world is that not everything is love. Hatred coexists side by side with love, and envy makes us say bad things about each other whenever an opportunity arises. Women don't escape in this respect either, they seem to be the first to speak ill of those who are less fortunate and are not at all afraid that by spitting upwards the spit will fall on their foreheads. The provincial academics are the first to hold out their hand and the first to slap us with the other. ... this is what academism lives on in Portugal: competition, envy, chapel feeling. Nobody wants to lose their job, even if their ideas are corrupted. I don't see the university as something open and healthy, but as something sick, as Agostinho da Silva saw it. The system is organized to favor the interests of those who enter academia, and I myself am left with a self-taught path, but I will not make the university my target. Yes, there are certain academics who like to trample on and make fun of those who do good. They get no response from me, only my indifference. Most academics want to publish, even if they are detached from the world and events, to build careers and are afraid of simple lives. They are all full of games, intrigues, interests and tics. There is nothing like the freedom of not belonging to any university, it enables us to see things in a healthier and truer way.

Far be it from us to victimize ourselves for not having achieved certain things. Certainly, if the

If we had succeeded, our speech would be different, or there would be no speech at all, we would drown in the words of others. But our mistakes were due to a lack or excess of heart. We wanted to test the resistance of a human being exposed to the things of the world, who

Many find it trivial, how far the spirit of curiosity, the science of living, of learning as the days go by, could go. ...we were adored, now we are hated, we don't know where we are wanted. We still walk on our heads as if making sense within the four walls that the world has. Sometimes we feel that we are too big in the place we inhabit. People don't say anything to us, they don't recognize us. Others, when others speak loudly, we withdraw and feel uncomfortably small. We will certainly be looking for our place, in the Aristotelian sense, in the sense of being globbetroters of thought and space. But it pains us to see time passing and not be able to do much but quietly await our deaths. ... this is what defines human nature. At a certain moment we are aware that we are waiting for death and that others are waiting for death, like they wait for a train or a bus. What hurts us is that we don't love anymore - and we feel that the world is escaping us and we can't embrace it. What hurts us the most and makes us bite our nails with nervousness is seeing attractive young women with ugly or old men. You get a sense of injustice, of anger. We learn how to love, if we ever loved, and I don't want to brag about it. It is not that our heart has become hardened, but it has grown tired, tired of waiting for love, for the right woman, and at some point everything has fallen apart. The worst thing is that this feeling of disjunction does not bring any bonanza or luck. ... it's true that there are others like us who have lost touch with others, but in all of this, as in other things, we are selfish. We want our health, our retirement, we want to last over time and curb our impulses. In the name of others, of course. We have lost the hope of building a long life close to those we love who are not members of our family. Some people are far from their families for a variety of reasons. And there are those who are close to it and cannot love it, more than platonically. Maybe it had to be that way, life is an uncertain succession of repetitions. In the biographical sense. There are as many paths as there are people. Perhaps it is worthwhile recognizing the richness of this. That the diversity of life's paths, of people, the cultural and psychological differences that I often talk about, is an asset, a means to, not a limitation.

In any case, we all have a debt of love towards the world. This debt began with belief in a deity, or deities, evolving into the monotheism that prevails today. What few dare to notice is the relationship between gender and religion, and this is a question that runs through my whole life. Many are concerned with religion but forget the sexual function, many are concerned with sex and sexuality and seem to forget their religious component. The life that is in us in the form of sexual impulse is something very powerful, I would even say spiritual, and it is by combining various items of human life that we intend to describe it. In the light of religion, great and small sins have been committed, capital sins, venial sins, sins of the flesh and of the spirit. Where will humanity go? There seems to be no logic in today's world, and if there were, it would not be my mind that would be happy to discover it. That is why I speak of doubt in the sense that we all have something to build, materially and spiritually. My purpose has never been to build an economic empire, I say personally. But only to be enough, to leave a work of thought so that it can be the continuation of something and be continued. ... this is my greatest challenge. I have encountered several obstacles, but when the gift of writing developed, I kept it for years on end, as if it were a secret, not counting on the fact that others would be interested in my writings. Well, it is time to put an end to this entanglement, so that you can feel that words, like images, count. There will always be someone who will read them, and yet only God can take away my pleasure at writing words, at acting in thought. In vain I sought from others a correspondence for what I was saying. I have vainly tried to make friends in academies and among writers. I am an exile in my own country. But

I don't mean this in a negative sense. I don't hate my country. I just want to not look so much to the past and not be a perfectionist in terms of conduct. Because it is no use. The flow of life is passing me by and will leave me one of these days to belong to another being or to return to the infinite from whence I came. We simply don't have to strive to be perfect or holy. Things happen, they pass by us as a blessing. The good does not have to be the result of mental effort, much less physical, it has to be something spontaneous, because we are born with certain personality characteristics and it is up to us to develop them or not. I have said elsewhere, in another writing, that if we possess the key to sexuality, the world can be much better governed. If we control pornography the world can be better governed. So as to avoid avoidable sorrows. The great error of mine, as well as of some others, was not to have given myself to the flesh when it was required of me to do so, and so I would not be here theorizing about this. Perhaps I had other ideas. Perhaps I did not think that we have a debt towards the Other, society, God, the neighbor, whatever we want to call it. But this is going backwards, talking in terms of the past. Yet it is in the past that we anchor our present and project our future. Perhaps, as a writer, I should wish someone ill, hate someone, kill someone. But all this would be very little in view of what I intend to do. I don't intend to kill God again, after Nietzsche and so many others have done so. No, I intend to give proof that he exists and to give new proof, as I describe and name in another of my writings. There dwelled in this being a hope and a goodness that were not compatible with today's competitive times. He also wanted to be too right, but I think he missed the mark by trusting men, women. After so much repression of desire, he spent years of deprivation, developing a lonely sexuality. Smoking and the frustration of not having a job brought him down, and now he lives like an abandoned dog, without friends, without success, without a job, without a wife or children. His days are a blur of sorrows and tiredness takes over his body and soul. He drags himself between home and the nearest cities that apparently have nothing to offer. He is charged with a debt for existing, for desiring, for being inventive and doing things differently. Now, like many who have fallen by the wayside before him, he does not consider himself unhappy at all, but rather sees in the days that pass a new breath of fresh air to live by thinking, looking for small solutions to what is happening to him. The debt he is constantly charged with is having to maintain social relationships, and this has a cost. Everything in life has a price. Long gone are the days when anthropologists thought that society could live by giving and bartering. Today nothing can stop the power of money. What is contemplated on this path is the possibility of writing and love for writing and reading. However, these are non-marketable activities to which we do not give the first importance we should give. We give importance to infrastructures, to the raising of children, when life is not thought through properly. For the author, this life was overthought and early on. He has lost his manly powers and can now devote himself to his greatest pleasure: writing. Perhaps now someone will listen to him, for the mistakes he made that many call sins, for the childhood he put his mother and father through, for having waited for a love that never came, on the condition that he believed in the world and that someone would believe in his dream of a normal life. He did not ask much of this person, this social actor, but when you are young you do not think about the future; you live the present and only the present matters, the consequences do not matter, the projects are mere sand castles. If no one appears to protect them, they are carried away by the **waters of** the sea, the rains, or simply trampled upon. A doubt I have for others may be the doubt of the word, the word spoken by M-rio Viegas or simply in a coffee shop, as one speaks as one's thoughts flow. What I would like to see happen one day would be for there not to be any doubt of the individual towards society, for children to be able to grow up healthy, but anthropologists say that we cannot avoid

conflict, that it is

inherent to human nature, but I believe that we can manage it if we look more in Portugal at the social sciences. In this way the country can grow by integrating minorities, and truly grow in economic and cultural terms. And this Portugal is so offended by the erratic life that I have led, simply because perhaps I wouldn't have the audacity of others, but I love life and it is at the cost of this love that I am fatally drawn to error, revealing a list of weaknesses that make me a human being. This world of mine, made of cigarettes and thoughts, intruded by certain people, can last an eternity if I don't do something about it. However, I have the impression that there is not much more I can do. I am not going to run after ideals as I did in other times. Perhaps I will even get a job that will tire me physically and make me feel invigorated day after day, until I can justly be remembered as a man who existed and tried to be Portuguese. Life is not that complicated. There are three, four things that matter, as astrologers say: love, money, work, happiness. However, I would add friends, who have helped me with their words of enthusiasm to lead a life that was predestined to be spent in a psychiatric hospital. However, if this did not happen, it can still happen with my consent. Readers may wonder why I cannot talk about people other than myself and my duplicitous men. Perhaps because I am self-conscious and set myself the task of changing the world. This has been so until now, it will no longer be so. This being the case, it seems that these words sound like something new has been discovered. No, there is nothing here that has not already been discovered. We are only reporting the way in which these things, these items of human life, influence us. Would money solve all our problems? We would pay off debts, give money to friends, throw parties. Certainly, life without money is of no interest, nor do I claim that money is a perverse invention. All the advantages that the invention of money and value has brought to the economy of nations are well known. This essay is coming to an end, without fully proving that to exist is in itself to incur a debt, that is not our intention. We wanted to point out that the individual's debt towards society is as important as society's debt towards the individual. It is up to us alone to alert to this relationship and that money is not everything in life, it is not an end, but a means, here the invisible hand replaces the maquilievalism.

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