



The loss of criteria: essay on the pathological reverie of not-being and not-knowing-to-be

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Summary

In search of the lost criterion walks the man of today, better, the human race, both in this and other ethnographic contexts. There is much to be done for a philosophical ethnography, to draw more or less logical conclusions from the quantitative data, to try to understand if man is lost, that is, disoriented, without references, or if the sign of all this post-modern, ultra-modern and supersonic madness is a sign that he is going beyond himself, on the thread of time and light-speed, from here and there to an infinite later space, which betrays the permanencies and urgencies of the Thing-Earth.

Development

1. The Mad Man

Today's man is out of his mind. So they say. He has lost his criterion. Even the USA, still the most prosperous nation on earth, has countless social, mental problems, the population pays a high price with freedom in a democracy. Isn't the development index in correlation with the most diverse psychiatric pathologies? As if man, the richer he is, the more his concern increases, this beside the can, political and in the public sphere.

We are talking from our point of view, that is, a TV in the living room, with international channels, most of them American, another TV in the bedroom, which has only the Digital Terrestrial Television channels, and then the radio, when you wake up and get up, Radio Maria or M80, sometimes Radio Estádio and Comercial, and even RFM, in addition to Radio África. This is the writing thread that leads us here, we would like to have some more fun, talk to this one and that one, but we stay like this, more or less cozy with the weight of the theory, trying to give

index and criterion to this essay. Not-being has to do with the capacity for alienation that the human being can sustain, but it is never total alienation (that is, becoming Another, denying one's identity), because man alienates himself mainly in function of a dream, even if it is revenge against a lost honor. The not-knowing has to do with dissatisfaction with reality, a reality that slips through his fingers on a beach of peace and harmony in the first life, but whose subterranean depths are filthy with rats and dying animals that wander around eating each other. Dante put this very well, among others, maybe Conrad, *Twist*...

Soon after, from this ethnographic context that has been Lisbon, the more solidarity there is, the more they eat each other, that is, the closer they are, they end up in autophagy, but also there is no great sense of community, what are you going to do? Maybe let it go, adapt and resist the temptation to fall into a better place, because on the other hand it is much worse and you can't spend your whole life trying to adapt...

There is talk of a philosophy of suspicion. But there is also an anthropology, of suspicion, of conspiracy: the way conspires to make you happy, and you won't rest until you succeed, because although you seem to be a-subjective, that is, a guy without affection, too detached from concrete problems, you are a guy who pays attention to everything, a guy who is interested in everything, and that is not very common these days, people who are interested in the world, who leave home only and exclusively to buy the newspaper, who have a poetic perspective, of life, of the world, of existence, who breathe in the open sky as they sip their cigarette by the cat...

2. The Essential Drive

The earth is pulsional like the mind, man loses his reason, he goes from explanation to explanation, in order to feel convinced and when he reads Osho he ends up going crazy, as if he had been wrong all the time in the past and in his more or less verified existence. Yes, the western man, especially the American, has a thirst for verification, pathologies develop, and some or as many who had been a laughingstock end up being cured, because the disease is mental, it passed through them as if it were nothing, as if they had, after all, with the experience of the disease, gained a few more neurons that the medication was not able to tame. They have this sense of survival, a peace, as if they seemed subservient, but in fact they are not, because the thirst for truth runs through their spirit, together with a thirst for coherence in the face of a certain life project...

Yes, fear sets in, goes through walls and we try to disguise it with the TV on, going into some collective register or whining about the shit the dogs leave on the ground, making the point that either people respect each other or they don't, there are ways of being that will never change and many from the north have taken to being like us, who see a good thing in the things of a debris on the sidewalk in front of the house door, crushed by an unwary passerby.

When you say nothing, you seem unfriendly, you approach a mute society so great is the phenomenological cacophony of today, that is say everything or say nothing, because when you say nothing you are a coward, a rat, when you say something you are a hedgehog and naive, I'm not sure which of the two...

3. HONEST INDIFFERENCE

You don't see honesty in most people, only surprise and what we could call "honest indifference," that is, a mode of tolerance that comes from the context and that marks societal transformations and ways of seeing, of doing, of commenting. Nowadays everything has an opinion about some things, and theses are made on the most ridiculous subjects that can be helped, just to help promote careers, from grants to kids and girls who have never done manual labor. But for a long time they can't get out of it because they have never risked, for example, a seminar, a classical training. These are the things I am talking about. It is the notion of the *crease* at its best, associated with this other of *branding*, that is, while some *go* at it lightly, others want to leave a mark on this world, that is, to leave an imprint of a point of view about life, others, the world, themselves, in a certain way. As they say, "you're past the mark".

But... is this indifference, which is more evident in the subway than in other forms of public transportation, really honest? Each one is on his own, that is, with the *ifone*, the *ipad*, the *tablet*, *it doesn't* matter who is next to me and we don't talk to strangers, it may even seem offensive to be good, talkative, naive, to have a good heart, and why, there is no sense, there is a loss of criteria, that is, of north, and the bewilderment is total, perhaps because of the adjustments that cosmopolitanism has to make, one way or another, that is, while many have a lot (money, value, status), others have nothing or almost nothing, and the weapon of these is more powerful and eschatological, that is, God? He prevents us from going to the realm of non-being for several days, and is proud of us being as we are, in that way, honest with us and with Him...even with headaches, trying to survive honestly, even if it is with the help of those who should and can help, that is, the family. But also this "anonymity" of the subway is a way of not knowing, because not everyone is interested in social things, in the public thing

and leave it to the politicians, who are free to steal and steal some more, willy-nilly, in a straight line or zigzagging.

4. SIPPING IMAGES

In other words, if the brain controls our days, our thoughts, ideas, images, principles are food for us, more than what we put down our gullets and into our stomachs. Still, there are those who don't "feel" these images, who don't notice them, who even don't give them any value at all, because they wander around so much. But there are those who talk about them too much, and these are perhaps a kind of *pathological artists, the ones* who suffer the most, perhaps on behalf of those who don't want to know. But biography, existence, changes throughout life and we can experience these modes of psychic feeling in various ways and several times, successively or not, throughout our lives...

6. FREE WILL AND FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

You intend, then, to leave a crease in the gap of existence, a mark on the collective life, you are convinced that whoever accesses the collective unconscious ends up becoming the King, the Boss-Man of all this, the Bi-Men. This is what certain politicians try to do, Putin for example, but also the Chinese leader, anthropology, which seems the most innocent of sciences, and philosophy, the most placid form of existence, turn out to be auxiliaries of the economic power, including even cases of espionage, under various orders, great material powers that they were at first intended to serve. But it has always been this way, in fact, which is why the anthropologist has the prestige he has and doesn't appear, and the philosopher only when he feels like it. They have with them the power of the word, and there can never be a greater form of power, for it is something implicit in man since the dawn of time. The message that gets through earns its right to exist, the rest is the social imaginary that does it...

American cinema has shown this very well, that is, one must suffer to win, and even in our society there is the fear, the taboo, of being poor, an *idea-thing* that runs through all of western society, perhaps because a certain Christian trait has been lost in our collective life, and the Church is not so much a center as it is an escape, and moreover without sex? So, how can there be freedom of speech in a democracy, like ours, if the message, the language, is a virus that pervades all speech, all ideas, are signs of the times, we can say... Are free will and freedom of speech one and the same thing? I can judge, or not judge, I can react or not react, public virtues/private vices, that is, there is always something that burns us, no matter how high we climb, notice what happened recently with Ximenes-Belo. Did it take programs like Big-Brother, the social networks, to make us realize that these networks are virtual and not real, that is, they are not social networks, but virtual networks?!

7. THE HERO'S LONELINESS

The hero goes where others won't, see Pél e, Cristiano Ronaldo, or others, from banking to culture. It's like conquering new territory that didn't belong to anyone, in thought there are no Indians or Maori, it's broad terrain and many people don't want to leave the security of their lives or, on the other hand, they do more of the same with their lives, they are like sheep, they join others, maybe for the permanently trembling fear of finitude, because they want to enjoy the good things in life, and these things are inside your head...

It is this "cloudiness" of mental knowing that I seek, that is, the closest index to the truth without actually hurting it, most of the wounds I have being from lying and envy of a gift that one has and is honed throughout one's life, not without many problems sprinkled throughout.

Perhaps being alone is the ultimate privilege of today's man, who throws himself into the crowd, to blend in, out of guilt for not being as associative as others, that is, out of fear of not procreating or minimally having social and sexual intercourse...

In fact, loneliness is, in my view, a moral issue, Catholic for one thing, capitalistic in another sense. If God is with you, you are not alone, whether or not you are physically alone, in your home, or outside of it, on the street. I was used to seeing things, the problems of life, with more straightforwardness, head on, without zigzags, in a way I haven't lost this, because it has some advantages, first of all for the writing that I have been doing over these last ten years, maybe twenty. But I realized, in Lisbon, that there are many turns to take before one is recognized, at least around here, in Portuguese. And here I go, in my zigzags and twists and turns, hoping that one day I will be recognized, but if not, I will go on perfecting the work, because as with the monks and friars of the convent, I have all the time in the world, if I don't get a surprise and get run over at the door...

Alongside the struggle for status, properly animal and ecological, there is the need to relax, de-stress, like in that nightclub, *Stressless*...Hindus don't need to relax because they don't stress, but they are learning to do so given the increasing prominence in public and political cergos. I'm all for it...

8. EGGLESS OMELETS

People say that "you can't make an omelet without eggs", but people are not wise to all things, especially the moment, there among the artist, the poet, the creative, like a Fernando Pessoa, in his time. In fact, the artist, plastic or sculptor, the poet, all of them are emotions and cries coming from the depths of the Being, others, who do some graffiti, only come close to that well-being and fulfillment of the true artist before his work and the anxious rush to be known. To be recognized. The artist then makes omelettes without eggs, some even make eggs with eggs, which is much more surprising and noteworthy...

In all of this, the thoughts of the slingers drag his mind to small perceptions, things he learns to avoid but which do not detach from his head, perhaps therein lies his strange way of seeing, of living, strange way of thinking, as if a spring were springing from all the execrable protuberances and this resulted in a beautiful tasting, to be enjoyed at wine, raisins and peanuts soirees?

So, you always have a voice in your ear telling you "this guy is crazy" and you have to go on, because, according to Schopenhauer, this guy is not right, he is more concerned about the Other than about himself, that is, if you worry too much about yourself you are selfish, if you worry too much about others you are a fireman, which is the same as saying, altruist. You know how the world works, fatally, how to repair it from all its ills, but fatally or not, you don't know how your personal world works, especially your affective area. So, you wait, you do what you have always done to survive, more than that, to live a full and fruitful life, fun and humorous, even. That voice persists, it doesn't leave you alone, it has taken over you, it has gotten into your head but it hasn't managed to elude you much longer, you hold the breath of your consciousness for longer and longer and you find a way to survive, two, three, many more ways to survive, because if you weren't here, you wouldn't be there, Heidegger or Deleuze might say...

So the rumor has this double face, like the coin has heads and tails, but beware, there is a frieze that makes it roll, otherwise it would get flattened on the ground or in the palm of your hand. A coin doesn't drag, that is, it doesn't change its place by a kick we give it, but it goes upright, by means of the frieze. So goes the rumor mill, it goes in slippers and comes out in shin guards.

9. THE MIST THAT CAME

You can give importance to what others think, but you can also give no importance at all. Both positions are wrong if you have criteria, that is, if you know how to be, how to know, how to articulate properly the most diverse categories of nature and understanding of the humans you are.

One day I met an old man from the Alentejo who went by the name of Touro Sentado (Sitting Bull), he wrote poems like those of António Aleixo and they gave him that name because he was always sitting, in the middle of the afternoon, in my place, in the main square of Penedos, his village. One day I decided to go there to see him, to know about his work. He told me: "Do you know why I am sitting in the same place at the same time?", "I don't know, my dear author", "One day a wise man that I met in my twenties told me: do your work and sit on it" "I am here, at this very hour, I am sitting on a daughter of books that I am selling to whoever passes by, I haven't put anything on the internet or in bookstores yet, I am the one who sells my books". In fact, I went to see, he was a well-known author in literary and even film circles, and there were many of his works on the Internet, but not for sale or download. Anyone who wanted a work by Touro Sentado de Penedos, on the Alentejo plane, would have to go to his own author, and ah! what an adventure! What a privilege to meet him! "

It was, in fact, like a social fog that had disappeared from the forest and had settled on that man's brow and forced him to be blind, in order to see better, because people say that "in the land of the blind he who has an eye is king"... In fact, the blind, one must distinguish between those born blind and those "acquired", have a very special way of knowing, perhaps more conceptual than most of the common people and this has to do with the way they think and chain their thoughts, more on a conceptual basis than on a graphic one, taking into account the types of typography.

CONCLUSION

Contrary to what most philosophers claim, Being has to do with economy, and therefore power, with the logic of distribution of people in space and with the way they are attached to their heritage, anthropologically, their home. It is this notion of home that has been occupying my thoughts, my elucubrations, my sensorial and affective systems for some years now. Sometimes we have to return to our comfort zone so that we are not always distressed, exposed, with our hearts in our hands, either because fame kills or because discretion does no harm to anyone, with time to meditate and rest in the middle of the afternoon. So you deceive the mind, which tends to look straight ahead, like a donkey with blinkers on, and end up turning it around, giving it the fort and giving it a surprise, appearing on the other side, face to face...

Thus, having and being relate mainly through the libidinal economy, the nonbeing is, to a certain extent, non-Ter. But...to have what and to be what, we may ask ourselves? To have a profession, to have money, therefore power? And what form is this power of those who have so much money, like Isabel dos Santos? Because all this hierarchizes people, like in a caste system in India, it's not only a metaphysical question, that is, if I'm going to die or not, and when, if I have to prove more in this life

to (not) deserve the other, that is, if I have to be a humble servant to conquer the final victory, that is, the other life, my space in the beyond, my place in the sun? Once again, people say (including in the Popular Almanacs) that "he who has a mouth goes to Rome," and also, "never have household saints worked miracles. But we could add two more: "never say of this water I will not drink" and "Rome and Pavia did not do in a day" ...

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