



## The naive philosopher: between mockery, discrimination and admiration

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## Summary

The philosopher is the scapegoat of hyper-modern times, he is ragged and penniless and yet they pursue him as if seeking in him the reason, the explanation for everything and anything else. While some spread themselves out in the academies in the knowledge of the authors, others walk the streets in search of an ultimate reason that makes people live, that gives them hope, while most politicians are corrupt.

## Development

### 1.

We look to the superheroes for the hero in us. It's easy to anchor ourselves in them and lead our actions by theirs, by their sayings and mannerisms. More difficult is to lead a life for ourselves, by our criticism and rationalization, but there to pride goes a step. The knights' world has moved into virtual reality, and that which is virtual is real, because it has existence in people's minds, that is, it corresponds to something that legitimizes itself in the mind of the reader, the viewer. The philosopher, on the other hand, is a man concerned sometimes with some things and sometimes with others, sometimes with the fundamental and sometimes with the accessory, he coexists with death, with a cigarette, with a cup of wine, and yet he gets away with it, stays alive, free from all social constraints to devote himself to philosophy, whatever that is...

But why is the philosopher so admired and at the same time mocked? Because he occupies a different part of the brain than the others, he looks for explanations and admiration in everything, like Fernando Pessoa. Somehow he enables himself in another time, his soul is not of this time, of the moment, over his knee...

2.

He achieves a forward escape into no man's land, an inhospitable place where he finds nothing but his consciousness, that is, it is the Other's territory, thus he is an invader, a hero-civilizer of a certain form of meaning. He has to fix everything and anything that is out of place on earth, yet is or is not of the earth, he therefore moves along paths that were never laid out, while trying to cement each conquest in his ascent, his climbing, just in case his arms and legs weaken and he ends up falling towards the ground....

3.

Here is the philosopher with his interest in social life, he does not surrender, he resists, and despite having spotlight voices on him, he insists on carrying on his social life, on taking an interest in more or less communal matters, in a regime of bravery and resistance, so it is something more than a human imbroglio, it is a living, thinking bug, between action and e-volutive, e-volutive reason, between real and virtual, between thought and action.

4.

His head is a great ball of wool, full of characters, like those of a great writer, but the accompanying gasp is more and more fruitful, deadly, and he ends up being mentally alone, that is, he himself is the agent of sabotage of his philosophy, more than the CIA or SIS...

5.

Then there is the moral conflict, similar to that of the theologian, to that of the anthropologist, one being sacred, the other profane, that is, they wander between a register of the flesh and another of the spirit, just like, on another level, any layman, any human being, who is not so bound by the asceticism that decarminates the Being or surrenders to the passions all the time. Thus, the spirit is hostage to the flesh and its sentence is to have to conform to the world all the time, suffocating the spirit that looks upward, which tends to evaporate...

6.

The pure spirit thus seeks pure thought, and today's philosopher drags himself along the bangs of society, deviating from the center, deviating, drifting, producing his theory with burps, in a world where meaning is lost on a dark street, on a sidewalk blurred by dogs, in Chinese stores that have everything and anything else. There is a division between home and street, but he feels himself in the street at home and at home in the street, when the top of his flying thoughts are uncovered, in the modest understanding of the world, of things, of the relationship between them, and of the reason for living, the foundation...

7.

The more he knows, the less he knows, his Being is constrained by certainty, because he has learned social sciences and knows how society works, that is, he knows but does not want to intervene, it is unethical on his part, so he lets the world live without him, without revolting, as if he were a plant that grows in front of himself and returns to consciousness when asked, when the world that receives his seed is more or less solicitous?

8.

The flesh sustains his spirit in the days of this world, but the spirit wants more, it wants what the flesh does not want, and so his body is divided in the social body as a sacrificial victim, the dilemma persists and will last all his life, as long as his spirit is (being) flesh...

9.

So there is something wrong in the human, that is, something that doesn't feel right, is it his head? The philosopher therefore wonders how a body of flesh and bones, of vessels and nerves, can comprehend rum spirit that leaps out of it at every moment like a salmon at the waterfall, that is, if the mind is intended to detach itself from the body, what will become of the body, more, what will become of the mind? How to solve this dilemma?

10.

In fact, we have indeed come to a conclusion. The solution to the riddle is not in the head of the man, of the philosopher, it is somewhere outside of him. The solution is a woman, the woman, especially nowadays, when two beings are joined together in a flame of love, anything ceases to have its luster after a short time, it gives the idea that everyone wants more or less immediate encounters and doesn't want to commit. Thus, man needs to find a woman to found in himself the balance between mind and body, between flesh and spirit. So he inquires and searches for the meaning of life in that inquiry, in that speculation about the other that anyone like Kant would do...

11.

So that the man, in order to always be proving that he is a man, has to go around with this one and that one, in exaggeration, until he finds the one that is right, for a parcel of time, and as soon as he finds her, she runs away, because there is something maladjusted in that search, unless he ties her up, makes a tie, that is, enters into a social contract by marriage, in the name of an image of social representation of what he thinks his society wants...

12.

Therefore, the philosopher, among inquiries and abominations of the social, even if he is also a social scientist, seeks in the body of another the surrender that he does not make to social and community life, that is, through love, to return to the crucible of happiness of himself, if only for a short time, because if philosophy was once prestigious, today it is no longer so, or at least not so much, because in a country of ten million there will be about fifty thousand lawyers, while philosophers will be about ten thousand, if that,

while anthropologists hover around two thousand...so this is where you see the weight of the philosopher in the social game...

13.

Afterwards, the philosopher is sick with loneliness, he doesn't need enough of the nasty criticism from the fishwife, the fishmonger, and the butcher, the butcher, both of them work on matters that can be eaten, so they have a vote on practical matters, on the practicality of daily life. But that doesn't mean anything, there is always something to speculate about, and it's a good thing that there are those who do, because it's easy to do it from the news, but difficult to generate theory around the big ideas...

14.

Therefore, much is expected of the philosopher, he is given the authority that is not given to the politician, that of ultimate causes, which in a way is parallel to the task of the Church and the place of prayer in the life of the common-sense everyday man, that is, there are many devices to be happy, but then why aren't we happy? Because there is this dilemma, which is not only present in the mind of the philosopher, but in the mind of the common-sense man, that is, the whole Western civilization is here very present in its civilizational infirmity, that is, in the public condemnation of sex, or at least its tolerance and the production of brains that are more or less spiritual, while some know how to look at it from the other side and become witty...

15.

So now people are starting to talk about mental health in the media, because public opinion recognizes that the subject is important and that it is necessary to fight against the taboo of mental illness, which has always created confusion and isolation in people. Was it for lack of God? For lack of faith? Maybe, in part maybe, but the root of the matter is much deeper, that is, modern man is in crisis, his mind is a puzzle, and in fact, in practical, mundane terms, only those who have money and power are happy, because it has been agreed, in the context of a greedy capitalism, that everyone has to be successful and for that to happen, have money, prestige, power. The new media revolve around this idea, that is, the BigBrother, **I-see(you) and you-see(me)-you and we** all know about each other, when there is no room for secrecy, discretion, restraint, prayer...

16.

So you wrap up in the same package Spinoza and Hobbes, Sade and Don Juan, because the world asks for it, the mind, the world gives it, the mind gives it, it produces more and more thoughts from the root of capitalism, of urban life, from the gasp of explanation that man needs about everything, to be able to continue, hence psychoanalysis, psychology, everything is legal, legitimate, in a democracy, just not for the thing itself, but to avoid worse evils, that is, it is necessary to uncover the pot once in a while so that it doesn't explode, so that the food can be well cooked.



17.

But in this line of thinking, who will be right? The man of the moment, of Jet7? The philosopher? The more one talks the less one knows, the more beautiful the wrapper, the worse the content, and the content is in convents, universities, public libraries. So, read for what? It helps combat loneliness, gives our lives a sense of project, of usefulness, of meaning, while social life is divided between parties and catering, because somehow people, for the most part, have lost the meaning, at least the sense of what existed before...

18.

It all starts by the age of eighteen, because before that we don't understand much of what we are doing in this booth we call social life, this stage that portrays our glories and miseries, pains and condescension. Many think that pleasure will last forever, others shield themselves, like sacrificial victims, in the existential pain of wandering existence. Romantic love happens around this time and continues to manifest itself, following a little Kierkegaard, until the age of 25, only then does man begin to implant his system of life, ethical or unethical, beyond any value judgment that may appear, it seems. If we don't live a great love by then, maybe we will never be able to live it again, because sometimes it is not provided, sometimes we are running away from it all the time, maybe because the perfect woman for the social contract doesn't appear, maybe because our relationship with others, society, is not the best?

19.

And the philosopher repeats himself, over and over again, in an incessant rhythm that tires him but at the same time gives him a sense of what he is doing, reiterating ways of thinking and feeling, because he is perhaps faithful to his God and to those who are dear to him and he establishes himself as a "writist," a writer artist, and his life, his biography, becomes an exercise in style, He does not confront the great dogmas, whether of faith or sentiment, he goes between them, as between the raindrops, exhorting forms of satisfaction that are more or less psychic some, more or less physical others, in order to obtain the affirmation of the entity with which he relates, in order to establish an identity that is anything but coherent with certain established principles of society. And who tells you to be like that, to say it like that? One is not sure, perhaps his eagerness for explanation, explanations and more explanations, for himself and for others, in order to be able to respect between the chinks of Being, of social Being...

20.

His terrain, if it even belongs to him, is unstable, full of doubt, of doubts about everything and anything, and if once his pride rises up, soon after it collapses before the gasp of conscience in the form of loneliness, more than physical, psychic, and then he needs facts and more facts to satisfy his mind, his verve his condition and continues to seek, to demand, explanations and more explanations, reason is clogged with questions, but he continues, perhaps under the promise of a Christ who will reveal Himself once again, in a second life that is attributed to Him and that the philosopher thinks he can also live in full manifestation of meaning?

21.

Then there is the Nietzsche syndrome, that is, the syndrome that success is not everything, does not bring everything, and that sometimes happiness is to be sad, melancholy, in this gasp fad, that is, melancholy is a way of life and we don't all have to be heroes, even if it costs a lot less than it sometimes seems...

22.

No, the secret of a happy life is not only in the body, in the flesh, nor only in the spirit, although the Church says so, it is rather in a certain form of balance in the face of the altimeter exaggeration of our lives, that is, moderation of the tendency to exaggerate, downwards as well as upwards, that is, the Portuguese is changing, due to many communicational and evidently also commercial exchanges, our way of being is closer to artificial intelligence. Will we then stop having feelings? What role is reserved for emotion in our lives in the future? How can we combine it with reason, with faith and dismay? Why must everything be binary? Just as we seek a world that is not black and white, like *film noir*, we also seek a world of smells, and that insistent headache, those images that repeatedly massacre our minds, may have been nothing but growing pains...

23.

Therefore, we would like, by way of proposal, to insert Leibniz's notion of monads for the social sciences, that is, for the understanding of society as a whole and of groups in particular, as well as some ideas of Robert Owen. Man is not without feelings, as the philosopher is not, as the social scientist is not, and indeed, we increasingly believe that the philosopher is not and never will be

a social scientist, no matter how much they push you into it and no matter how much they say that the social scientist understands everything about society, because there is always something that escapes us and that can only be grasped with the instrument of faith...

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