

# TIME TELEPORTED: VIRTUAL, FICTIONAL AND REAL IDENTITY

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## Argument

The bankruptcy of the real or its replacement by Time? What is more important, is it Man or Time? Can't man domesticate himself as a usufructuary of Time?

## Development

### 1. TIME TRAPPED

Accuracy prevents the development of genius. Genius has more to do with a life impulse than a deadly strain. Let's remember the famous scene from the movie *The Fly*, in which the protagonist is teleported into a capsule together with a fly, which inadvertently enters the mother capsule. He ends up participating in the intrinsic qualities of the fly vis-a-vis nature and becomes a giant fly himself. Now, when the body is teleported, the substance also leaves its place and, as it were, overturns a more or less Aristotelian order...But what makes time, one of its qualities, is becoming, the fact that it is not something immutable and that participates precisely in the qualities of change, of *Be here*, in a moment, in a time, and being there, there, as they say today *there it is...*

The door of Time is, then, the door of Eden, of happiness and it is necessary to manage time well, at home, taming Time, as in the Muslim Medina, as I will demonstrate below. Because there are also those who do not worry about these dimensions, some live inside time, others outside of it, perhaps in another time and how can one assess what belongs to Time and what is not? Is it the law that will say that, biology, psychiatry?

Everything is clear, between the real and the virtual, time recovered (Savater) is time imprisoned, kneaded, like someone making a loaf of bread...

Then the psychology of the winner, the psychology of truth; you ardently, heartily desire victory, but when you achieve it, you prefer not to lift the trophy, because you feel sorry for the opponent for having lost in your favor, so you lift yourself up as a philosopher, reader of the times, of the cloistered time in favor from the eternal youth of yourself and the Other, while God

is old, you remain young because in a certain way you know how to abstract yourself, without, however, losing the will to win, even if it is for the sweet revenge of proving that you are better than others, that you are the best in your field, obviously, because not everyone knows so well how to reconcile theory with practice, in fact, most of our philosophers are and live in a kind of limbo, juniper, like most sociologists and anthropologists, they never had a break, never took a risk, never fell they weren't even defeated, they are the greatest and everything and in the light of everyone, they go on TV, they go everywhere, it remains to be seen if they will go to heaven... "Thou shalt not freeze Time", read a text by Iturra that I have somewhere in my treasure chest. What does this mean? What's it worth going driven by the logic of common sense and not theorizing? Drummond de Andrade said, "the crystalline ode is the one made without a poet"...

## 2. THE DOMESTIC TIME

Thus, in one way or another, man considers the process of time calcinated to time secured, that is, he is imprisoned, frozen and then released, under the condition of the social rule, more broadly of the social contract, which raises from the outset a series of ethical and ontological questions, namely the consideration of man as a social being, who has to adapt to his time, that is, the social scientist is a man of his time, a man of the middle, while the philosopher lives in accommodation. In other instances and spheres of Being (in relation intimate with Time), projected, dissimulated and beaten by Time and its action. Because Time is invisible, or not even IS, we only see, in Baudrillard's sense, a time as a simulacrum, since it is related to the object body and, in its contemplation, to the subject-spirit. Paulo Valverde, in his Anthropology of Performance classes, talked a lot about this concept, pivotal, fundamental to his anthropological argumentation, that is, the domestication of Time, an expression that is already deeply anthropological but not exclusive to the phenomenon of the human, the house, habituation (of time), of habituation to the house, being in the box and at the same time outside it through complex mechanisms of telematic connection to the real, the outside. Thus, we move towards the consideration of time stretched and shaped on a canvas, on a screen, as in painting and cinema. It is the territory of art, of frozen Time, fixed through the contamination of contemplation, which makes us live more and more aesthetically, fed up with the zeal of the practical and praxistic man and just wants to fill more and more chorizos.

Thus, philosophy is a land of risk, of insecurity, but also of secrecy, the secret that Derrida and, by way of Fernanda Bernardo, spoke of, that is, while anthropology favors certainty (about man), the land of philosophy is, at least in my view, a risky terrain, so I say that the methodology of philosophy should be the ethnographic fieldwork, listening to what the Other says, his speech and various considerations about his relationship with the Other and the World (*Timaeus*). Therefore, Time is an animal that must be tamed, tamed, like a beast, because between real and virtual, it is distorted, because the Aristotelian root of the way we deal with it has been lost and, to a certain extent, Time approaches we get rid of the notion of God, with whom we play in everyday life because most of the time he is oblivious to our survival efforts, to our need and

urgency even to believe in Him...

### 3. RELEASE OF TIME

On the other hand, we have time trapped, therefore, with so much pressure in the face of social cohesion, in which many abdicate their most fundamental rights in favor of the good (as in democracy, for example, see the work of Michel Foucault "It is necessary to defend society"), so in this chapter, psychiatry follows the forces of conservation, and any art project is impossible when it is not linked to a certain rebelliousness and even marginality, to which it is averse, as it has, in in general, an integrative perspective, sometimes even more than the Church itself... Time is so pressed and compressed that it breaks free and goes into madness, crashing into the bodies that struggle in train wagons, subway cars or even buses through the slanted streets of the city of the seven hills.

Thus, anguish takes hold of the philosopher who lets time go, because he feels orphaned and lacking in something that he does not know what it is, but he suspects that it is both affection and recognition from his peers. While some are navigating this more or less anodyne period of time, wealthy, far from an idea of gratuitousness of thought, conniving, corrupt, permissive, insensitive to a certain type of suffering, mainly psychic, others are really worried and end up being those who are more at peace with themselves and with others, because to have peace you have to give a little, not a lot, so that you have peace to do your task, your prayer...

Again and again, you imprison time, compress it, to tame it, when its action only works in your favor when you release it, when you exist beyond gossip, in a full and flat life, ignorant of the feelings and accidents that your own biography illustrates.

In this way, you are in a vain existence, in the vain of existence and there you remain because you prefer the cloud of non-knowledge to the pornographic democracy of knowledge that explains everything but that in fact is worth nothing, for you and yours.

#### 4. TIME STRETCHED

The stretched time is that of the cinema, that is, of the screen that can be transmitted to the other, in which the transmitter is the author. There is nothing very important in this, in fact, psychiatry defends art but it is not a knowledge, it is a knowledge of the comfortable, of conformity with the social order. The same for anthropology, sociology, philosophy. They are nothing more than that, to repeat themselves, to venerate themselves, that is, a verb to fill as my mother used to say. And fill what? Chorizos, Lord...

Time is, therefore, stretched out on the screen and it has little to do with eternal youth or immortality, there is no such thing, that is, someone who is remembered, by a section of the population, ends up forgotten when it suits them, that is, , when lose value, values. So, the forgotten man decides to spend time, after being tamed, imprisoned and released to the social reality of everyday life, he decides not to care, because the world is fuller of people who care than of people who don't care and worry is more evil than care, because it includes an attempt to change Gold, the World and itself, beyond and beyond the given, making the acquired a way of life, life.

Because the secular man of the century thinks of taming time, when the man of the sacred, the *homo sacer*, knows a way to happiness, to another way, he delegates to God the way he stretches time to at least feel the happiness to belong, to be a part...

This is in the context of a binary world, because there are other options for life, other forms of reality, in addition to law, obviously with a broad anthropology, which is not only social, but also Christian, solidary, open to the Other and even philosophy has much to learn from that one, because its discourse, too rationalistic, ends up tiring the mind of the analyst, the thinker, because its attitude is forced and necessarily dispensable, because the man of today, what fun, escapes from social tasks that sometimes are so ridiculous that they end up escaping the action of some gall fairyicity, that is, the man of today is good at making burgers, in this post-industrial society, he wants his car, his job, his wife, women, because society is made for him that way, to fill chorizos...O worse is when the philosopher shares these same ideals...

Obviously, at the Church level, the more you do it, the worse you are, the more genius you are, the more marginalized you end up being, whether because you're a Nerd, or because you no longer have the perfect body. With women, they like silly types, without great intellectual itch. This may seem obvious, unphilosophical, but it mirrors the reality in which we live. Just spend two minutes zapping the television...

One way or another, you end up being marked and the great success you have only discriminates, only discriminates against you and in Portugal, unfortunately, talent is not always rewarded, you have to spend years and years working outside the system to be able to implement the your system.

## 5. IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME

We seek to recover lost time or childhood (Savater), looking more at the content than at the form, because form enslaves and time is lost, time and the opportunity to live in a regime of “I don't want to know” are lost. as my nephew says about many things. Because you were fulfilling and being aligned and you ended up a theoretical revolutionary, you were calm when you were young, too calm, in your little cup and now you want to have fun, let the time go to the wind, not that you seek any “appeasement” of something that never was, that it didn't happen, but because you need to feel good about yourself, between philosophy and social science, between poetry and literature in the narrative style... of what is done here and now,

So, while some Portuguese intellectuals boast of having arrived somewhere, I go to the Church when nobody is there, when there are no celebrations, to thank my God for the inspiration he gives me to do philosophy, anthropology , literature. And this is also a way of living time, of surfing in time, sportingly, without big complexes or strange probabilistic possibilities, because it's quite simple when you believe and realize that it's just a clod of earth in this universe, a particle of sand on the beach where He walks by your side. Yes, I converted again, but even so, I believe little by little and more and more, as I believe more in my relative possibilities of feeling, the transcendent and the immanent, since none survives without the Other.

## 6. TIME FOUND

Because reality has an essential rule: if you challenge it too much, it ends up turning against you and no matter how much academic merit you have, invoking your theory or the theories of others, it ends up turning against you. So here is the full meaning of the cloud of non-knowledge, which some cultivate and thus experience a feeling of unheard-of happiness, unattainable by those who have too many possessions, because, after all, they spend all their time busy maintaining or expanding them and it is not concerned with the fundamental, which is the Being. Beyond Belonging, of course. Time also has to do with this and it is not only due to the moral aspect, as Saint Augustine showed, but also due to the cosmic, cosmological aspect, of the insertion of our Being in a wider scope than mere society, the group or even the family, we may venture to say.

You could, of course, have done fieldwork in the most diverse latitudes, understand geography and demography, go to TV as an expert, but... you let yourself walk, between your village and your city, which is increasingly the your village, only in an impersonal way, because you are doing well and a lot of envy arises, maybe you do more than many doctors, professors, doctors or engineers, architects, lawyers and without much affection of a woman you continue to do theory, trying to live off of memories of childhood and adolescence that shoot through your mind like bullets, not only at home but also on the street, anywhere, words that are tattooed on your body and that are not tattoos, tattooed on your soul, because words won't let you, they don't abandon you, because you make philosophical sense of it all, because you know that, in a way, you were a pioneer, you started a lot and you paid, you are paying, dearly, the price of having been and of being different, even though Being, even though Belonging, to yourself and to some of the Others, as to Christ...

And in this scientific wonder you lead yourself, at the same time you are led, by Him and by the others, and you have what you chose after all, so you were free in your choices and that is a way of reconciling yourself with your past and facing the future, the future of Time that comes from then on, with pride and head held high.

Therefore, you also learn to respect your body, your spirit and although you are deeply tired due to the lack of results, you persist, you continue, not knowing what is coming, what will

happen after you are no longer here and you forget that essay on Nietzsche because you are already quite confused and your forte is not Nietzsche, because you don't even have initial training in Philosophy. The life of time is made of that, of options, of a wagon (to wander) called *Carriage 19*, where the *Passenger 19*...

From my experience as an anthropologist, working on the ground in different places in Portuguese territory, I realized that there are more people who destroy than those who build, just as my old man built houses and houses in the village and even outside it. This is the evil of today's world, between real and virtual, people have a decontextualized mind and, amazingly, most of them feel uncomfortable, because they lack faith, spite, respect, for the things that are fundamental . This is how America became a strange, inconceivable, semiologically elementary country, because animal, prone to instinct and greed, these considerations would be too philosophical for an anthropologist, used to being permissive, but who is so to a certain extent and in a to a certain extent, because it has an ethics, a statute, a design, if you like, different from other professions,

## CONCLUSION

We live in the plastic age, the seas are full of plastic, money is plastic, food is plastic. Man has manipulated nature but he cannot deceive time (which passes) and as much as he wants to do so, he can only knead it, like bread in a wood-fired oven. Yes, that's it: now there are no more wood ovens, everything is fast and time, even cosmologically, has run out, we live in the rush of urgency. Times are different they say, there is (more) time, for nothing and nothing...

So what is Time if not both a physical and a spiritual phenomenon? In pharmacies you don't sell Time in a Bottle, but there are already time capsules and literature is full of examples of how man tried to deceive what is both a fiction and a certainty, yes, time that makes and undoes everything and in the end It's worthless, as the song says...

Thus, I refer to a writing of my own, "The Philosopher's Social Function", which does not intend to catalog the philosopher but, in a positive and optimistic way, to perceive that there is an open and wide field of understanding and action of the philosopher in the life of cities and, why not, of villages, more and more, alongside the anthropologist, the sociologist, the historian, the geographer, the archaeologist, the sociologist, because everything boils down, after all, to the understanding that everything is reduces to the social, that is, to what is shared, in the public as well as in the domestic sphere and, to a certain extent, time is, not only like man himself, but also social, that is, it is a phenomenon that escapes , through the fingers like sand or topsoil, is something that involves, that evolves, that is both beyond and below, that both precedes and is a consequence, being beyond even individual and social life, which we have not yet been able to foresee as a species that is already beginning to be in danger...

Life instinct and death instinct coexist in a tiny space, positive and negative, one and zero, analog and digital, friend and enemy and so on, systole and diastole, give and receive, up and down, right and left, outside and Inside, that's what anthropology studies, the relationship between man and nature and the gods, but philosophy and sociology too, the relationship between beings in a certain sphere of time, the time that escapes and that in the end is so fatal and cruel as fate, that is, it is confused, in some eyes, with God himself...

Time is thus, together with space, an essential category to understand man, the social actor as a design and design of mystery, in his relationship with God and with other beings and, in an

artistic sense, time is what we do with him in confinement or openness of our existence, time is, therefore, more openness than confinement, because confined, the man who conceives of time ends up withering and with him his vision of time, since, absolutely saying, time is itself Man projected into infinity, in its contingency, in what is most absolute and eschatological in its tendency towards new possibilities of feeling and existing.

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