

Angst- A Angustia de Erich Fromm

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Angst
Erich Fromm's Anguish

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To my mother, Beatriz

1.

The first reason for Erich Fromm's anguish was in the clothes he wore. Your first concern was about the quality of clothing, far beyond being clean or dirty, although that was also an abundant concern. Erich, being like someone who is in his condition, wanted to be well dressed so that he could be better received and present generically socially to whoever appeared to him and with whom he converses. Therefore, his concern was with himself, with his body and his mind and with the world that was the world. Erich sometimes also in the people with whom lived together. Let's say you don't like to see people badly dressed. Every detail of the street made him stop and think, but he sought in the intimate language of his being a justification for what was there, there. Then, given his phlegmatic spirit, Erich focused specifically on observing the women in what was her chest. Your past could be considered the very artist for who leads a simple life. Erich, and who is unaware of certain details that make the big difference. His contemporaries said that Erich Fromm suffered from a rare and strange disease, called in that time, a disease that made him fall over himself, as if he could see his body in several places. Erich, if you put it inside a ergonomic box ready to go on the journey to a distant country...

As a young man, Erich ran away from initiation with women, now, as an adult, he wanted more than ever, but he couldn't establish a lasting reason like any of those he was getting to know, on the internet or on the street. Suddenly, he discovered something in the feline universe: cats too they had desires similar to his, they also dreamed of the intercourse that he, as a needy being, desired at the time. It soothed him. Cats wanted too, like he did. His hair was garish, behind his glasses, desire leapt, never like before he wanted to have a stable relationship, in

Erich could not find work, knew that such was quite impossible. Nothing mattered to him anymore. From time to time, Erich would visit Dona Esmeralda's house, over there in Benfeiz, to satisfy his hidden desires and madness. At least for a while, postponing it a little and afterwards, it was done and that helped him to push away the picture of the sissies they had created for him at the moment. Erich's heart was torn apart by tobacco, becoming extremely sensitive and irritated by everything going on around him. He harbored a certain idea of romantic love that was never realized in his life. Hence sadness, hence despair and the anguish. His love anguish made him fly the most remote lion in the city where he lived, Nazia. He chased women. The move was abandoned, but he never submitted to them.

He had a thread of linear thinking that overlooked what others valued. He didn't think like most people, but not because he was a normal person. But this world was bullshit. There were no women who were married to him to chart a commitment, a course of life. Maybe no one would suffer

Thento
lack like him. Your head wants to explode in certain moments of tension. Your friends don't fly They were related, so they weren't friends. Therefore, the The disease from which Erich Fromm suffered did not have him, but in the surrounding environment, which did not interest him in the slightest. could be melianscob the form of anguish. Or simply despair, despair too I cook Kierkegaard had suffered it.

two.

Symptoms of the rare ErichomFm disease were certainly in the realm of sentimental. Sometimes she returned home from the orpaaisa, to see how things stopped, sometimes to ask for some money, not that women daelriecessem, who did not deserve it, not even to look for him. At certain times the world would fall apart so, the needy that was, but there was not there, nor, certainly, in Lisbon, nothing that could affect him. Asnodl moved from one side to the other, volatile in the eyes of others, who saw him as a Juoduas, generically as someone who had the plague. However, few dared to approach, m dealse he continued and when he decided to speak from the others, bile sprang up quoadtos they inspired, especially after their presence. Some, who claimed to have professions, were looking for legitimacy rap. h. h. u. weak women, who had never seen the world and who, for sure, did not know what to do ur. a. w. women's seduction was based like this, anthropologically, in the usufruct and sharing vael rdbo that was or was not ea profession. It was time lost to go back and look for the village or in life, or in the nearest town, some understanding with someone, because they would simply never understand, because if they had not understood in the past, how would they understand now, apios that he explains, when more or less everyone had fun talking about him er, for not having a job, or for having little intimate practices advisable? The best thing would be to return to the city again, Onodecynism was undoubtedly more refined and, at the very least, someone could show up at least by default, in one club or another. But, after all, what would have been a remarkable feat of watering? Nothing, apparently. However, they rejoiced in criticizing, in having an opinion on everything sneum never even known the tiredness of the days, the melancholy, sadness, loneliness. arrived at ceery old and thought they could enjoy territorially of a certain number of women who, in addition to and being mere courtesans, they had no their own opinion and when they had it, they took going to develop, if ever the would develop. By these same bsa criteria, cEorcicoh had much more than the others: a good house, a vidtraab inheritance Hand made, tangled up in words and everything and something else. But that didn't seem to come. Aolh theirs and theirs, Erich edre pendent diarman, never had worked and, even more, had no work. In espect, they were far more cruel than those poor people I saw in the village cafe, ca. nfoéss and nearest city streets.

It's one thing to dedicate ourselves to a certain r. n. a. f. n. c. e in the relationship with others, another thing is neglecting it and accepting cod relationships hands, destratified and dedicate ourselves to analysis, bibliography for simply and solely pouring n. p. e. l. what happens to our mind. Erich lived

3.

Of course, Erich Fromm had social ambitions. In fact, on the contrary, their moral ambitions seemed intact. They probably confused him with a pedophile or pervert, subjects as you in that society something Victorian, there, at the beginning or end of the Euro, at the beginning of the 21st century. Actually, giving an account of some facts, the Catholic Church first world setback by the pedophilia scandal among its priests, a lot of mud was thrown open, so that they would see his bile, right there, in the newspapers, which is like saying to the deacon, subject to the judgment of all, even of those who, because they were anticlerical, had made their ridiculous careers at the expense of anticlericalism. Others, in hiding, defended it as someone defending a centuries-old mystery, living their opinions of what had been authorized by the media and in one or another work more or less authorized. As for this and other things, they cared too much, having no reason to do. Soon I would be better dressed than him, the debate that others had, with or without effort. But this might be for the best. He had been exposed and would have gone, as it were, to the battlefield. All trends soon disappeared. The opinions of their contemporaries were more or less explicit, although not very explicit. Yet as his mind continued to form, his spirit still hungered for worse things. He was even not making a show of it, even with anguish as the only way out. The criteria with which to buy, like someone who finishes a duty military for many centuries, defending his antipodean nation, far as hell from his country of origin.

4.

On a particularly rainy and windy night, Erich Fromm paced, obsessively thinking about not doing when he wanted to do it so badly. The year before he had only been, on different occasions, with three mul, hm different eruelsheres, each with their own characteristics. Now, they worried - salts with the effect of making self-obsession and, therefore, in others, in the fabulous family that had the contingency of not having permission ego nor lasting relationship. No dreamed of men, neither at night nor by dm ia.avFau cigarette after cigarette. I thought about leaving, going to the shopping center, to engage in dialogue with amlg, to the extent that it was difficult to live alone, not having anyone to talk to. This certain number of items really disturbed his mind, when precisely he had managed to catch a glimpse of a dialogue with a young woman from the cafeteria in the center. One's physical lack was so close to one's physical reputation that it seemed to be in an unparalleled physical, chemical, psychological dilemma. mCoo can someone want and at the same time not want? This was the mindset of most eedsassoas of those times, stormy times and silence, gapping at what the paozdeer desire of a man, to a woman, how desire can be so intriguing and disconcerting. At the same time, he harbored a sort of suspicion about a possible cosmic conspiracy that had forced him to go to the margins of society and stay there for a long time. And cosmic, I mean, a conspiracy of a certain number of people that forced him to kneel with

A number of insoluble difficulties that it prevented him from succeeding in a society that snaãboa for sure should be criticized if it unravels its working processes. Maybe they were relatively good at this last task, not that I wanted to do that because ~~waw~~society has lately worked in his favor, but because endowed with a unique intuition, intelligence, and observation, he often came home with a day's victory behind him. But only. And a critic hereould be wrong about that unavoidable fact. At truth, I was alone. It was useless for him to think of a hero like Cristiano Ronaldo, always accompanied by his mother and sisters on his way. esotrelate. Life ran by a gutter inside, routed underground, ongduearsd They were raining rain. for more batting of conscience that he had, he was able to swim to console him, to make up for his lack of someone he didn't know, and for the preposterous pretense, all that was needed was someone who knew. just for a little

At the same time, others walked like him, although this life, he wanted, was full of things, unpleasant or not, re apto others, made of defying death and the dictatorship of impulses. Erich Frompm's Anguish hate, one day, become famous , do unheard-of things by

herself, to inspire millions of people. Why, then, describe it?

5.

Strange...nothing else to say about Erich other than to talk about adequacy, the same themes as always, the same grudges with reality. A safe refuge, when only in refuge he felt good, from what the saying and the concepts of contemporary philosophers was more convenient, but all this was being forgotten little by little, Erich was becoming a strange, misogynist, strange being. Surely he was not the acquaintance of people who were with someone to "fill chorizos". But something of the ethereal invaded his personality, beyond driven by religion. I worked under the specter of not dying of me, I didn't save money for an eventuality when I was older...

The philosophy, which he considered so much, gradually becomes involved in his daily life. He didn't know what to do anymore, he smoked endlessly, he didn't know how to delve into personal projects, if I would have to do anything for out of my realm. His anguish seemed unnecessary, vain, futile, extravagant. He was far from everything, in that corridor that would lead to death, sooner or later. The priests were too much, the philosophers were civil priests, the general population was uneducated and ill-treated, they seemed frozen in time, out of time, out of place, like a profane mystic rooting his beliefs and convictions. Concentrated in a tiny space, Fromm exercised the imagination, beyond those who despised him, beyond the irrationality of a certain class, yours and others, prattle about yourself, knowing that there was a lot hidden in the city that locals and tourists viewed as exotic and wonderful. Maybe they wanted to dream even more, as they created themselves to certain chaos, ignoring what is went beyond themselves. The anguish seems to transform itself into an increasing hatred against those who had not yet known the elicited suffering. It's from. They were average beings, certainly not would deserve your attention. However, despising him himself, or perhaps it was the only thing to do. Erich Fromm, after getting to know the functioning society, had been considered mad and outlawed by the society in which he lived. was not in a socially viable. Perhaps it was those who only worked for themselves, also if it is us, sweaty. Still, Erich felt a nausea in his head and he realized that there was a general societal problem against you. Yes, the old unusual subject theme provided was there, in the end, in his life, with all its lugubrious splendor.

6.

Perhaps they didn't want his presence, or on his breath, to hear his voice. Maybe they were making something bigger, bigger just for them. He had given up trying, but he had not become indifferent. I still had the books, the books that were at home, everywhere, like statues reminiscent of a past punctured by a moment. After all, the problem was not so much hers, but maybe others. They've been ignoring all this time to your attempts. They they were in the middle of something in the raedaelid that Fromm had never been interested in. And they didn't forgive him. 'Cause he was beyond that, deep himself and short of anything that nothing it had to do with what they did. Weak people, this one. Anyway, what did she solve, didn't solve anything, because her head was still confused in those days, devoted themselves to their daily tasks, he was at home, requiring advanced rest. However, he was with himself arguing that morality comes from foreboding. the odorate of the individual and the group and that generates tension in the individual who projects moral content on relationships and daily events, namely in love intercourse. the city, pm orals at once, seemed to her empty of feeling, as she leaned once more against the passenger protection railings. He thought how he would never get out of those conditions of thought and what a sharp naglirnaava the world within itself, but that many of the impressions that his mind registered was rmdaveiras, while oostr cared about greedy and voracious feelings, it became worse in a kind of solemnity of the presentiment of nothing, close to nothing, from the departure to a pier where different subjects wandered, some in a condition of frustration in açãreol to something, others with a feeling of completeness for something they had done and that no one someone other than themselves knew. Even so, despite the emptiness that other people had, ornaãpoophrasing, sometimes because they passed each other too quickly, he found himself in a feeling of pleasure and completeness, as if what came the next day was something else entirely new in relation to what had passed and that nothing with it had to see. So don't peril the first time, the nausea returned, nauseating and disturbing, making one cringe or desire and limiting your voi, are to the point of wanting only rest. After that, cast me semmais a chapter of suarnjo ada, feeling urgently the heart to fail and yet knowing quveaecsutm tying your style, so nothing else there was to be done, nor dialogue to be grafted onto the narrator ivta romantic flourishes, so it was decided to take paths created by him.

7.

So, in those days of not yet spring, upra goes to Lisbon not the perfect woman, but the A perfect woman for herself, in the philosophic sense, she tried to free herself from the feeling that anyone suited her, even when no one came close to her heels. More or less everyone was dependent on normal life and thus unhappy without knowing it, while Erich was perhaps walking towards the felicaid, knowing it or not, but at least he had a path of his own in his heart, and no longer worried about what happened. others' comments. It was time to leave buy bread and a beer. nothing too imp .ter:taErich Fromm was in that house as Maurice Blanchot formerly in their spaces, never know that it had been acquired by one Antunes who could well be the father of a past passion Eridceh. Faced with the harassment of neighbors, if you If anything happened, they would be the ones to hear it, for they had done a thousand and one things to upset him. There was no need to say anything to polnic on the condominium. If something happened to you thing, would they be to blame , especially the next-door neighbor, had moved against her. No it was about playing the victim. He simply didn't believe them, although he was right. Well, there was.

In those days of little inspiration, the most recurrent ghosts of a man in the middle of his age without a job added to his mind. However, in her sister's favor, she admitted that she would do it forever and that the day was not far away. msourte. Even if it hasn't been for many years or his contemporaries never valued what he believed, per se, he knew in that country the best-sellers had to do with wedges, such as omopregos in the public service or in the private sector. However, the situation began to change: not infrequentlyThen, a couple of young people approached him as if he owned some form of wisdom ecial, or oriental, can be said. stayed bothered by this attitude. but rarely rattled for a doctor, anyway, in that country it was so... it is not clear how, but Erichncuoantvai his walk beyond the clearing, already immersed in a wider and more perfect space. ansteenhado, between the embraces and complexes of people who filled him with indifference.

empty.

9.

Realizing that even the molrhte would not attract the attention of his similar ones, Erich Fromm decided to take things with less weight, decevrteorih someone who thought like him. Or maybe no, maybe he was there in the dark, tracing lines of thought that never ended and that led him nowhere. Surely I would have felt well in the void of myself, multiplied by another being, his son Orestes, in a locallip ~~with~~ram after all they were all equal, for all circumstances and requirements. letting go of the tetm ~~alpee~~, it were easier, after all they say on land dry that time heals everything. Clearly, things were not going well, there was no point in saying why, it would take half a century to say it over and over again, but on the other hand, a lot was overdue and others , ~~ffre~~ the others, they would not have realized this, this manifest ability to bend the languages of concepts, problems and theses, which ended up having in Orestes their greatest conqueror. At some point, teOsreas realized that it was worth digging as hard into his mind as his father had done, in a mistletoe. drama and philosophy. Perhaps this endless task resulted from the fact that they are r a certain amount of time m in the same place. It was certain that the philosophers would be more sedentary than other specialists in knowledge. But it didn't matter, after all, maybe it wasn't literature or philosophy that interested him most. We would then enter the domain of art, or its pretension.

10.

In the useless usefulness in which he felt, Th~~e~~erse grew a beard and hair and started a leaving home, which left a homeless man uninhabited eedriaoas, in order to distance themselves from different injuries of a hippopotamus that settled there and that for obvious reasons of space, with he could not cohabit. But with niosto and in the most diverse chaos of the world, indifference seems being more than seen manure for the proliferation of vain activities, little credible in terms of their ethical status, it is necessary to assess the reasonableness of deman who lives in fiction, so he is not outside of it, and therefore there is no reason to believe it, nor is it necessary to do so. He then wandered through the center of the small town, invents inlocal mdocada, varied need for fantasy, without it being actually matched in cadoa, cpaienlot not found otur house but close to clearing, and it must be concluded that asopaessd if whoever was physically close had a conception of home, of intimacy and sodability should differ from yours, in the sense in which they valued little common spaces, while abruptly having private space as snakes do with their own hays this phraseology a way of demonizing what, by the way, does not even matter for the case, also as we are not willing to understand what to the domain of irrationality rtpence, is soon dropped to the case to understand only or accompanied. And so, in the little space of qsupeundhia, Orestes, as he was used to open spaces where his spirit could be parro, already ertanjou middle of, mnatural substances or artificial, to fix your mind on a fertile spot beyond the rubbish of everyday life. Thus, as if he had no means of remedying the different points that his narrative extended, he looked beyond himself, from his glassy and worn-out conception of himself, for a way of illuminating and recovering a glow that had long faded, if not lost, by what unified ways to rewrite a story whose facts had been elided, without any justification, just edo to yourself, at hidden from God, from God used and ugly back,upt sounding like this in your butchered memory by the placidity with which it faded the hatred that lays itself on the undulating and rough surface of its veins, thus inoculating, beyond the mere religious religion, in the shadow of which many ate in different restaurants and satiated their gross and unprepared libido, made of countless of cluttered quotes, in the ears of passersby halrifis, n number of dietotrs needed for your survival as a species we don't know what. In his future he would have met Giacometti, a wanderer who would have seen his features disguised under a hood, which vaguely resembled the countenance of Giordano Bruno.

11.

Halfway through his steps, Orestes gave up his name. He realized that, more than being in a maze with no end, he would have to keep on walking until that would prove to be its only existence as a sign of a heartbeat that was once strong and anxiously espoused at times it was affirmed in another sense, not so much in terms of the density of its cerebral vessels, we know that proverbially, more teaching is not always collected by going beyond, linearly. ~~manas~~, often, after knowing yourself himself, letting reason go its way, similarly to something charged with some meaning, in the most wildly and immeasurable way. ~~vipitro~~ and errant that one cannot conceive.

Sometimes we find light when it is less, sometimes the darkness teaches us more than light, about ourselves and the poor souls of others, who want to look good in the photo, in terms of a common observation of the things of the world. ~~heron~~ on the fire when we eat a chorizo roasted, you gain in yourself mixing everything is lost, because qsee thinks that light only shines properly in the dark. We don't have then ~~kill~~ any thought when the thought has gone deleted. Thus, can those philosophers who debate concepts in extensive phraseology so uselessly loaded with meaning, or other apologies, so schizophrenic exact that they make us fear that emotions are mathematizable, r Isaenuç darts adorned with quotes against the castle of their ghosts that finally, in condemnation and enjoyment of this world and the next will all be in the same big bag, although some are of Ideeisfe importance. ~~aztercer~~ arguments to condition the thinking of others, others find in the indifference of watching a football game and swallowing some lupins, that nothing eanpte ~~asom~~ something seems to pass these days of multiplicities infinitely unfolded between aspiós themselves, as if the world of warmth could be fanned by a traditional third eandteid, duly oblivious to the inner ailments of the mind that have no form and regreassiad ~~r~~ after endless travels that someone have to pay.

Somehow, by eliding emotions, words, we can ~~here~~ to finally win Kant and an entourage of "what are you up to?" say a number of things, which we encounter when we slurp knowledge absentmindedly, perhaps when (on such occasions) the mind more easily focuses on the brightest aspects of a body, whether or not, the same of parts of it decomposed for study or aestheticization, repmoed and arrive at a beginning of something that is properly universal in the anti-Freundoi, or rather post-Freudian sense, to a means of thought that illustrates or describes for alépmoedsaia, the functioning (to model or not) of something

which is external to thought and which can somehow be its conditioning reason.

13.

Later, I found Erich at the bottom of a well and brought him to the surface along with a chest. I opened this chest and noticed that it had countlessispampaenscripts, nothing transcendent. I thought that Fromm had fed all that anxiety during that time when he hadn't seen him, and that somehow he wanted to tell me that if he played axoabpaaira to save what was his work. Later, with the will to rescue only the work as well as the life of the author, I thought it deserved to be published. Erich didn't cry anymore, the sugarsimla ace were dry and vaporous, the minimum for keep your eyes open. I noticed that I was shaken by the world, the people, the inconstancy of disordered movements, the piles of thesesiasest, and giving images of the real and the virtual, far beyond what was bearable. This man struggled with reason and reason, his reason being his reason, mine being that of many people, as if something impactaentsee was being dealt with. Before that, I realized that his clothes were scanty but dignified and I asked him, after a few moments and various illuminations, to take me to his house, if he still had tinahoaq, to which he nodded, saying poarsaeguir. We took the train and at the destination station, an old white car was waiting for us. It was your car. There was still gasoline. Miscellaneous images crossingvanhamm i loved as we talked, on the long way to your home, among the lost forest of ar,vnourm this autumn afternoon. There was nothing therapeutic on that path. It was like pulling me away hey myself, getting closer and closer to the In Rich Fromm's mind, the man who had killed me had stayed in a well for weeks just to be close to his words.

14.

So we arrived at his house in the forest, isdd...we passed through macadam paths that they led each other astray on paths in peanrtaro and outside the forests. The entrance, winding, described an arch where only one person performed calabdia. Inside, the fire was lit, from the kitchen came the sound of pots and dishes.raNIm the entity would be Erich's wife. not me I cheated. We had dinner. I would have ended the ministry if it hadn't been for Erich and his wife's insistence that I stay a couple of days, to which I agreed, as I finbaélmta was fed up with disenchanting civilization and its relentless insistences. Others who wasted their time on it, which I apparently seemed to be gaining in knowledge, as time passed. At least he had the testimony, spoken and written, of a work he had been enough time at the bottom of the well, as well as, literally, its author, who shaved in the bathroom and now seems to have reached the normality of his person, although he hasn't done so already. to leave such a subject, for he had not known Erich nor his wife in person, just the information of someone at the agency who had assigned me the task he was carrying out.

Little by little, in those days that followed, I became infectedI let myself be infected with life and work of the man whose task was to rescue social life, while he shared his disenchantment with people who always said they were good. s awards in front of people, making it serious to the point of being taken advantage of for such fi succeed in some way, self-advantage, the point of such merit, in their eyes, never to end, which I supposed they wanted to compare themselves to God himself, if they had any notion of what God was. ereau, I really am, which was undoubtedly more stingy, to his fellow men, as if he were on this path and for this life trying to get into a kind of cannibal feast in which untsras would shape others just so they could feed their vices, the principles of which they were wrong. you, your endless pathologies, your more than Mysterious ways of perpetuating themselves at the expense of the advance of the outrage of the outropsiand yet, at the expense of living flesh of others, what not imío, turned them into sed meiuses frustes your successes that no one understood, this in light of what they hesymensed. Yes, the others would have been for me as for Erich, source of edto knowledge and disenchantment, nbuemdark and dirty dog, coming out like rats squeaking in the dark, when some city dictator would come to bring the disinfection necessary for the sanity of those whoreuceem would theoretically live. And living would be no what was on the menus of resdoecsials or the lights that blind the cinematographic spotlights, but a dying and lost thread that it didn't matter to recover, because there were signs of

that life can resume for other reasons, open to other reasons and theorems that the mind weaves to that it survives beyond the body, beyond the circumstance of being waiting for a bus, far beyond the mere criticism that devours the children of a country where children are no longer born, where the earth is dry and crumbling to dust. In vain. But in powder.

I then left the hut where Ericom would pass his rest of your days with your woman, in between from the forest and found, on the recommendation of his wife, csoemu son Orestes, in the city that I had to go back once more, that I made projects for my dream air to the field in order to to delve into the work of that mysterious being in the field, if he had the company of women, more wished to be fed and devoured by pasla, vm fights or his, until it never ends, even if it meant the end, finality, more sure it wouldn't just be the death of me even while I was extremely condvoen what would it be. only via a logic that I transcended myself in it all, in Efririo's anguish calm, far beyond your hut in the middle of the forest, far beyond his work and the vitdriabula in the midst of the city's rivets that they slipped away from one moment to the next, aqauli. el, who had always been too preoccupied with my life and work, was now given over to chasing ep be followed by life and work the one I would never let go of again.

15.

While I myself dodged criticism, just others nrtas, understood that after all the result of anguish peod be the brightest day that ever was, the day that cameras or intangible inspirations will be able to sru, poerdaia in which we will depart from here to another place, to a different space from this, pafrobreat of other worlds contained in this one that seems to be incomplete, drawing beyond the richchaops and direct observations, as well as colloquial opportunities, a foarm much more complete of our teenendermos, without mincing words, when everyone wants, in one way or another, to reach the bottom of the pot, and some definitely see it, finding their destiny sooner or later is (and that matters), others that don't come and who are still satisfied, with m veeridades, broken into small reasons of I do, or in the internal subjectivity that the world feeds it, sooner or later, some getting angry due to maternal demands, others placating themselves due to insistent stubbornness in which they hit their head dmoaq issue Fromm at rock bottom with her work. Sneaking then from any omdeotlogy, I returned to my silly life, much less silly than that of many with whom he shared some of the public available on those autumn days, always missing those days he had spent Fromm's bannaa, so he had more material than finished to dedicate myself to living and renewing the life I had available and understanding with it an unusual novelty in describing naturalistics that were outside the sphere of my author's world that he would make known to the world. Durdãidreamed that the questions, always each time more complicated than the work didemm Fr, infinite conclusions about how the humans relate to, about what pzreom dudia yes day no desdcurso that guarantees you more time, at the same time that I noticed why the conclusions devsidea of right drew the end of the day, and also that many now have the depth of the day. ifof others in it if they defiled infinitely, never having been witnesses of mine or yours.

16.

My meeting with Otres had been somewhat disconcerting, *tu Thenke-away* totally out of step with context of the nearest city, 30 kilometers away from the small impurities of an exhaust pipe, between two glasses of red ebdifuaansas. I felt that Ortest was preoccupied with excessive questions about himself and my nnqduoa, so I didn't feel any of that, neither far nor near. It looked, shall we say, out of place.

good in which he lived and, although he did not live badly, far from it, as he lived between lawyers and ctoorrere bag s, being one of them, it seemed all question, unlike your father, that me an unbreakable coherence by leaving for legacy his work, regardless of its vaalotar.vTar to be an individual who did not value life, who projected his imperfections then qusaenr disenchanting in the sphere of the world and that, many said, she lacked self-esteem, which I hadn't dared to define until now, even though I had obsessively sought until I couldn't bring myself to see what she had best, as if she could, against all odds, turn evil into good, as if he were some kind of shaman. In those days, which were sedgeuviam gar one after another, my ego was not neither swollen nor missing, I just wanted to live as long as possible to ensure a clear idea of Erich Fromm's life and work.

17.

Even the fact that I was angry with anvhiazi didn't worry me too much. I was finally happy with myself as I returned to work, my favorite job, interspersed with some gardening and household chores. I knew that Kierkegaard's anguish, as well as Kierkegaard's despair, that I sneenstitae a sunny country, were just no more than a passage to something post-moral, for someone

through the days and although I was trying to fulfill myself through my work, wherever I was, I was on the side of what I insisted on. with myself and although the end of something was near, I had the impression that I would wake up alive on the other side, waiting for someone in mine, advanced, question after question, answer as mine under penalty of him disappearing from were in the water. Amssiendo, contaminated by the work of that, far beyond Idaa.q My spirit was content to whiten what was going on in my days, trying to elia big inside, destroying the core of my being while my little consciousness was distorted and extinguished little by little, so that the past simple edition of his work, one after another with pain.

19.

I hadn't slept many nights. Many times he had slept during the day. But he is prepared to appreciate the true beauty of the world, even after he has challenged it. Little mattered, therefore, he reached a state of little concern and indebted to give to the things of the world, no matter how little or how much he said to others. The opinion of their apes did not concern me, I knew that I had received from Eric a cruel gift and vision, that of perhaps appreciating the life of the world in all its dimensions or in

spinflamed spirit thus interpreted them, multiplying in multiple dimensions the look of the world, as a visionary animal that never ends and whose death does not exhaust the fruition in the innufinity interprets VAT and rational. After meeting with Orestes, I got the impression who would never see him again, but that didn't happen. I met him at the launch of his father's complete work, one of the following days, after spending months in the printery looking and revising text to be edited. I will not lose myself in the fascination of Orestes, for that is not the purpose of the story, whose existence rádeser due to the reason of being just another document about your life andgausntu iam given blah-blah-blah context, whose minimum incidences and reasons podirairifinterpreted in different ways, moreover, I was short of arguments when the world, contradictorily or not, gave me more than arguments to be happy with my work, regardless of the consequences of such a more or less libertine and irresponsible assumption.

20.

While one and the other shook the water from the caepxoigein, of through work and artifices diverse and often endless, considering myself for this reason for less sterile reasons, I would have taken the paths of the Lord or not, approaching a true pearls of life and would have, moreover, concluded that it only interested her in a enchanted and lost world, immensely lost, who sank into me if he were not only the last European, but as if he were the last living being on the planet, forget it. ^{about} in all his misery and magnanimity, oblivious of others, of his reason as a teirx, he is confronted like Nietzsche on the cliff with challenges that even in a single life would not end. There he arrived, hey a little and I realized the grandeur of the work of Erich Fromm, a man beyond daiat,ep ^{ohra} beyond anguish, beyond destiny different from his contemporaries ^{and} self-absorbed for love of the world and art, the things that really matter in this world, in this life, in these circumstances in which we get involved whether we like it or not, far beyond the drastic, the uninteresting observations, the ideologies, the political and civic participation. of a work that, alongside Bldaenchot, had a great weight in my existence, even beyond the love that ^{siemesmava} and that inhabited other bodies, not that I lost my sight disaassce heated ^{the} people for the purpose, but that was finally doing something that I had dreamed of all the time, as if giving voice and opportunity to a voice of my own that resounded in my dequdase interior always and that would certainly be one of the voices of my friend Fromm's work. As soon as I gave with ^{datsa} also inconsistencies of my system of thought, I could no longer go back, since imperfection is the enemy of the path of wisdom and holes everyone has them, if we dedicate ourselves to look for them, they diverge ^{and} increase according to more or less critical spirit that we have about things and people.

21.

It didn't take me long to realize the incidences of a such consideration of the work of Erich Fromm and that his son cares little tapvoar with the father abandoned to his thoughts in the company of his beloved wife. orestveia sftook a straight path and i was now like a son who spread the work abandoned. In that gentle abandonment, it came to me to the thought of countless personacgoem us, Faria Estnes, or Zapa Performer Dada, who they had, in their own way, a very peculiar way of behaving intellectually, as if an intellectual "do-it-yourself" task was delayed. These figures remained like the lava of the communities in which they lived and there were few candidates they could replace, because, like me, they seemed to crystallize all that is good in human beings. afoa.va was then overwhelmed by a sadness that did not left me, when I left Orestes behind, now released in several releases that aimed to make Fromm's work known, which took its time, as he was not an academic and, like Camus, had not dedicated himself to university affairs. A thousand and one thoughts, when I returned home, occupied me at the same time. the However, I still believed, who lived alone, which of Erich's novels would come to lightplatarar my life such a charming woman like yours. This naive and subjective belief to ya a radiant morning and submerged through the times of my being, made me persist in crem nçais, than in a particular God, which would be It would be easy and would excuse many of my failures, and of Fromm's work, something immense and multiplier, in the opposite sense of unhappiness, was bound to happen. I knew, I sensed, I believed that after so many years, I would be ready to experience some happiness, without fears and hesitations, without fears and dramatisms, and this care made my heart beat with rça when I felt down, under light or dark. My heart was beginning to fail and I had given up trying out the different literary genres, from endless days in sterile tasks, because I would dedicate myself to the philosophy of art contained in the works of Erich Fromm in order to msoua a painter to paint through the my words, made mine by the reading of this author's work. It would be an enormous task, but I was sure it would be worth it, after such testing I had discovered a new methodology for myself as an author. hurry, in the overwhelming domain of art...

22.

However, with me he was at the head, liuvm by Ernesto Sabato. It also pointed out, "Apocalyptic and Integrated", dUEmberto Eco. He took care of me strange as it may seem, to know exactly what it means **PçandThesar** and what is **athing**, which means to think without a thing and to think one thing... These were my strategies, a follow path and direction to other paths of narrative, for while it seemed like they had choices, poishn in did not miss it, I preferred to dedicate myself to philosophy, art, philosophy sophia art, although you knew at the start and on arrival that such a vast field of knowledge would bring me more satisfaction than resignation and knowing how incipient my knowledge was in this area of the Sabbath. er,. I was in arms with Heidegger...

23.

As I approached the end of mainvrida, I took on a task of soul-searching and reviewed my life, not dlepsacndo with the others dailquoue of less good have done. Maybe I would have blindly believed, they are worth it in themselves, but they are worth infinitely when framed in what life is. ab.aTpi ena of having robbers, I felt sorry for not have been spontaneous in different moments. I regretted having had a virtual understanding of what desire is, a complex thing that I cannot now describe, others will do it much better than I, in their possession of what was mine. dlater. I wanted to be buried next to of Erich, if his family allowed me, psouia the work had infected me with my life, apparently meaningless...

Instead of resenting worried and tevrivdeer about it the rest of my life, I felt that he needed a disciple, or disciple, to whom to transmit the things he had learned in life, so he concluded that the mere fruition of the activities of ideas, or the writing on the blank paper, was not enough. I felt, in my house, an ecstasy such as I could tr *TheandBs The/Hr walk*, suggested by countless marketing campaigns, and I finally felt that everything else around me was decidedly causal, aggressive, ninctie onal, for what he was now wandering through the future made of philosophy and anthropology, while trying to scratch from my memory images to which I gave an inevitable moral value of censorship, as if the real, the knowledge of the Self, the various items that Heidegger devoted himself to in the hut, like Erich Fromm, nasiyours primordial injunctions, as if I own wanted to leave a testimony thatsaapr of all the things that stain our brain, we can go beyond what is predestined, beyond good and dl,oam bey, that of more or less fleeting ailments, more or less unique and redeeming or frustrating. I certainly had all these thoughts, I was wrapped in a bottle of Blueberry's gin until I fell asleep... but no, I spent my last few cents of a considerable loan, on a bottle of sparkling wine, to commemorate the fact of being ALIVE, before or dsepdoned an endless crisis and could very well see my existence as something full of eternal life

irXicsia, in the sense that Levinas and others give it, while preparing for deid shaplay hide-and-seek and push that disciple who expected, in one of these universities, because they feel iainghuaes question marks would lead to nothing if I wasn't sure that I was transmitting something necessarily important that didn't just have to do with the minimum or maximum act of dnesapre, so that, in addition to the debts and mistakes I had made on my way to meeting, I would certainly have carried out a form

more or less contagious of disposition deriteospqíque in itself the sincere intention to contribute, that is my biggest obsession, many m donates than women, for the common good of society, as indeed, seems to be every intention that comes into this world. The philosophical anguish, which I had drawn from the works of Heidegcoenr, was essentially based on the happiness of being in the city, in contact with something that I needed to express in words and that had been stuck in my throat for a long time. ~~Uip~~o, then I was tired of feeling like a miserable and urgently needed deco mnesolidar on the part, so to speak.

25.

Indignant that I was not inspired to relate Emerson's circumstances, I decided to write about the reasons that led us to write. First, it will be because we don't have a designated audience, then by egpur iça, then still by stubbornness, because we are waiting for that click that transforms us from inside to get started. Most of the time that's what happens, we're not really thinking about characters, no tsra eta of something a lot far-fetched, we're just fed up with us s omsee we refuse to contribute to the world, inventing a thousand and one excuses to cotanrtmenos with a state of pain and suffering that, according to certain conceptions, it has its use wöw sometimes, we simply recognize that nothing worthwhile we have to say. Yes, this still happens, at least for that writer who doesn't rush to the keyboard, but who In a way, it questions the course of its characters. Other times we are in the abyss two thoughts and a connection happens. More later we remember it, while it disappeared, itdaedsaaparecida. It has even disappeared, or appears intermittently with less insistence and intensity.

27.

So, Erich was trying to escape from a pessimistic attitude, *esr* purposes and ideals to the surface, trying to make the negative thoughts dominate his body and spirit. Little by little he completed his work *acacdaé*, *mm* *i smo* being in economic conditions problems, going from one side of the city to the other, during the week, looking for someone to talk to or just a *sd* *ineal* something different from his previous inquiry, while resorting to philosophy for this, when needed, turns to anthropology and sociology to stay afloat socially. Still, he noticed that he kept his *tivbojescde* life, career, commitment to academia and society. However, the *sguúastaian* came from time to time, so it would have to be him, with his iron and firm strength. *the will*, to keep those goals alive. Your challenge would be to adapt your personal will to *andocnotaledtiva* and there resided all her illness, while others, with established credits, dealt with the history of the 25th of April. Thus, he threw himself into his new academic project, which I call *u* *umd Theand Conformity Theory* *No.this* he would spend the rest of the time, having as his thesis the strange and quarrelsome illness, which bothered his family, who had always supported him in his literary-scientific desideratum.

28.

Thus, between what the others suffered and what quicehEFromm suffered, there was a big difference and it would not be random for the hypothesis of iomseonfro imposed by the mleaita to be more or less reminiscent of a social malaise. Between the two days when he discovered the key to his malady that constituted a thesis in his academic work, he decided to take a break, as he was not even in his best ideas days, leaving for me and the further solution of this and of other problems. However, with dan continued to turn, between winds and paragons, after a Carnival and towards Easter. iO los offos that were imposed on him influenced him deeply as much as the pills q toava and mingled with their neighbor professional enterprise. The opening of the website he had discovered on a winter's night made him delirious with the various projects in which sveolevn go. We are not going to describe the content of the work here. philosophy that allowed to explain a pathology similar to the one described by Kierkegaard, anguish alongside despair, what a good pair of conceptions. In the political field, Erich was from the center, not ceasing to be a convinced Catholic. From the center, nednate himself, socialist. His fantastic political path ranged from the extreme left to the extreme, so as a possible candidate for the Presidency of the Republic of Tortosendo, he could be a highly consensual figure. His malady, at the same time, was an advantage n your day-to-day, in your tensional daily life as an agent of goodwill through softness. while managing you inside your head and if he was immersed in the most learned authors of philosophy and thought, and he discovered one more anathema, one more thesis, one more title for his book, one more, which we created as a chapter to be inserted in his *Conformity Theory*. A theme to explore would be, eon, such a Thought-Action relationship, to which, in the middle of this, the Discourse would be added. I could insert a chapter called Thought-Discourse-Action, following the logic of the human experience of communication, perception, representation, human activity. Caonatu.do, still had debts with the banks, not a big deal, but enough to not sleep well.

29.

Some days, Erich Fromm was happy, rich like when he was little and had a brilliant idea for his own well-being and that of others, something he wanted to do entertained for days, weeks or years, some call them ideals or vocations, work, or everything and everything, something more. On other days, he was dejected and didn't feel like approaching certain pathologies philosophically, knowing that they may or may not have to do with the diseases.

. tCrada case was a case and he was **hereism The**. I knew that a One day he would be confronted with what he had not done, more suddenly than with what he had done. However, this was not necessarily a somewhat confusing issue, which we will not explain here, given that our hEsriec finds itself in other and more important conditions. He is lying down. The

Idse, more than ideals, superimposed, weigh on his mind, in his immensity of the night tries to glimpse some clue to the fact that this is just a thing despite having done many worthwhile things. On the following day, he will return to the small land where he spent his childhood and adolescence. But behold, a peenstaom , in addition to the obsession with the best and the persistence in the face of good, saa,lvallowing him to spend a restful night and return home. After all, Benfica was winning. Try as he might, Fromm sometimes couldn't. He then let his soul be perceived through dfieo udm and time to which it clung, the thread of time, of his time, of his biography, of his days, until one day he feels and cuts that thread...Suddenly, an American film makes him want to continue, to continue thinking, the thread of thought-action that extends beyond daogoam of personal history, which is often little matter to the reader and decided to explore the importance of its temporary cabin, even though it knew it could stay there forever, omo rt alive. When we lost the fear of life, we lose the fear of death, the things of the world seem to us more and more translucent, transparent, in the sense that they allow themselves to be read without disturbing the vision of what is beyond them. Due to the fact that searuto mr, Fromm could never have been a teacher, a shadow of the real Erich Fromm, the psychoana.lim steasmo like this, even though it may look shiny the idea of someone who thinks directly for ocpoam blank skin, stop with the words, what seems pretentious, Fromm would never be an auto-arvenlo, a Nobel Prize winner, for example. His work would not be classified as "interesting". After all, Erich's pathology could be seen n, even for him, a matiasrde time, as something creative, not pathological. But little by little **with** Fromm pointed out his goals for the life he he wanted to take, lead, without question, and he was obsessed with mirabotelasn ideas, including those of the Nobel Prize, and what interested him most would be the more or less philosophical baotebrepmpnas contained in

works of recent literature, more or less conformed. It's been about two years since I went to the movies, quite some time ago, about six years, perhaps, but I remember, who didn't go to the theater, the things that fundamentally and truly interested me, but I go, call it a whole of your life and after all he was not so lost as others, who were losing themselves little by little, not that his intention was to be "saved" strictly, he was not as well as he could be, how much could be judged of his clothes, of his rigid and round face. I found it a life (an animated film) that night when he had just left the house to go buy lunch and two breads for the late hours, close to the dawn, that winter when voices of industrialization were heard in that city still in construction, Lisbon, then. After all, perhaps to be recognized as a good author only after his death, like the dictator Salazar, so to speak, but finally, as he lay still, thoughts fell, one after one, on his head and the toothache would not let go, the more pressing was the need to find a job that would allow him to write, allow him to create, and it was higher in the domain of fiction, without it was wonderful, without being transcended, the esoteric prose of the transcendence proper to life, because after all it was just a written art, just wanted to fulfill.

30.

Another aspect to consider in the profile of this man is Erich Fromm. Two, would be your tendency towards physical violence. invariably worked in the garage of his boxing house and with regularly visited the nearest gym. But, if you want to keep your physical shape, it could immediately be considered violent towards others, towards the ones you didn't like? violence does not pre-elongation of thought and speech? Yes, Here we return to the triad, thought, discussion, one of the topics that occupied Erich in that 1982 Inverse...

Another important thought would be the assessment of the way we deal with the our feces, when few know that the secret of the human body is not in the brain but in the stomach -as Leonardo Da Vinci mentioned-that not even anatomists and those who perform autopsies dare to explore. possession, which seems to be a complicated thing for those who are immersed in it, but which for the specialist of the mind is nothing but something banal... The morning came, Erich went there o, ceased with low libido, knew it wasn't he could waste money on a last trip to the girls, so his illness, his mountain sickness, could get worse, even if a nervous as an excuse, loneliness served as an excuse, but one could see that he was losing the thread, that he would feel bad for me some useful thoughts, others I had to nobody was interested in anything, what they could do would be awkward connection, in the unconscious, between them and maybe a cure was there a ailment that afflicted Erich from the age of 25, as soon as he had finished his medical course inal. During its course, which contained a Most of them more or less discreet students, he managed to get a girlfriend, which was normal for a young man like him, coming from a small village. a city environment, waves references and the challenges abound, in addition to having promised himself that would hold back until the end of the course. Curious, he noticed in one of his chronicles medical bulletin of psychopedagogy: libido was so related to where psychic treatment as with a office... And there he was, at 46 years old, with a venture to carry out, a means economic means, more concerned with the world and with himself that the majority of the scientifics, intrigued by the possibilities of summarizing that day some kind of trade to make sense by two or three ideas that occupied his mind.

31.

We could quote Peter Handke and talk puomuco about the goalkeeper's anguish before the penalty, but let's stop for a few brief impressions about the national football scene. It was good that Sporting resurfaced at the beginning of the season, I don't see any friendship relationship between FC Porto and SLB in sight, as it seems that the awarding of the national title will be discussed between the two Lisbon clubs. However, footballers are tom continue to emigrate, under sun or rain, to other places like Turkey. Easy money pqauraem wants to lead a certain lifestyle. But, in the end, Erich Fromm's anguish could make up for it. ifraàr of the goalkeeper....everyone is what they are and Erich was a goalkeeper. We think the m praosblseó knock on the door of others. try it be young and live with 200 euros and everything you burn psychological. It can be frustrating if not gone a born winner. In any case, the reading enjMarias provoked a peard and a pack of SG Ventil, while my mind and conscience roamed intrigued by Erich's anguish that almost drove me crazy, that made me feel more and more aiisgos, it made me a strange animal just to understand it. Would it then or would have been in aalguam if of your life, iE chr Fromm 2, a being anti social? That was what intrigued me the mostisraappealed to my curiosity to define top to bottom the personality of this personagneqm when I forgot and confused myself with yours more or less adventurous wanderings and daringadaesrpo was compressed and needed, while Fromm was engrossed in his theories that ciorinadmuzà the grand theory, ta compliance theory, what seemed to be a great challenge, because whoueése could conform in that political crisis, economic and social status of 82? That was the real question and I continued to pay attention to what Fromm was doing, as if it were his shadow, or his shadow, two characters were confused now, when I decided to focus on the people who, at different times and circumstances, had decided to work with him r relational course.

32.

Thus, little by little, he entered Fred's life. I noticed that, right from my research, Erich Fromm, Two, despite being relatively young, he had a good heart and was an object of mockery by the younger ones. All young people are like that, I believe. At a certain point, Fromm stopped believing in the goodwill of others to finance project personal ideas and ideas he had as a young man. THE country had ceased to believe in him, as he had ceased to believe in the country. Those who were outside said little or nothing, did little or nothing, except to pray with themselves. Everything was shit. Love is strangeness, the sharing of sensations and experiences, falling in love. I noticed that at some point Erich Fromm had lost his sense of satisfaction and how could it be related to the aging of your mcão and the subsequent disappearance of this world and your world. Anyway, in As early as 1982, Erich Fromm revealed an unprecedented genius, while write and investigate about the things of this and the other world ceamdé and crisis, of deep crisis economic. His contemporaries and contemporaries thought that he made fun of them, but he only wanted to dream, he wanted to fulfill, and he lived life intensely. Unemployment was a national problem already in that decade of our history and the joevreamm s the most affected. anything should be thought, rethought, in order to prevent oo.fuEtusrta was a conclusion that I drew from an exercise in crossing Fromm's itinerary and my own experience...

33.

As I penetrated the fascinating and disturbing personality of Erich Fromm, I saw my own life projected onto his and in anticipation of the influence of his mother and sister in his life, which I soon realized was central to my study. And then, I decided to sound out Erich's group of friends. As for loves, Erich had been one of a few, two, to be sure, never having had a notable commitment, perhaps, as he confessed in his journal, because he was too committed to resolving his economic and professional situation for such access. In fact, he was so committed that he postponed and even avoided love, eventually accepting the idea that solitude is something that is innate, in fact it is just that no one better than Erich Fromm to say that the individual, the philosophic subject, needs friends. And if he needs to, he has to dream hard, be himself and try hard to keep them. So, as for friends, Erich had his circle, which came mostly from his social activity at the tennis club in the years leading up to his last ones of life. Armed with a research agent, I had nothing to gain but prestige and a subsidy from a philanthropic foundation to clear up what was not going well in the life of this great sociologist and philosopher, in addition to psychoanalysis. A recurring idea was in his "social contacts": in intimacy, he only admitted a female presence, while at a social level it was relatively liberal, although in a taardim phase. He had only two or three more faithful ones...

34.

But what do we get out of solitude other than solidarity? This co-eptualization that we are not an island, that we cannot live alone, and the world and society need us, in one way or another? Erich Fromm had written in his diary. The phrase had intrigued me and I was anxious to understand it in all its dimensions, far beyond the pathetic and clumsy remarks of my friends Geosa, who were only concerned with careers and business, obsessed with human relationships.

attendance. It seemed to me that these people never had grown and that, at the same time, the dedse no matter what, pelmoenos from that time of 80, was to make a career and have a bow. There were people who had their day-to-day conditioned, down to the smallest detail of social and intellectual subjectivity, based on the pretense that they had to fulfill these goals. Yes, to be successful lovingly and professionally... well when Erich, since childhood, interested him social groups of mind, so when he arrived at psychoanalystsai, std lue of everything, because I had invested so much in this objective, that he had no strength left (psychicassieasfi) to continue. He was happy, he had reached his goal, his object of study, he was the best psychoanalyst in the world and he had given up, nothing strange can seem here ehra, in fact he had suffered so much when he was little that, in reality, abdicated from contributing more socially. The intimacy of victory enlightened his spirit as if he were a monk, enlightened, poor, resentment of God himself...

After that winter passed, I had apm iraatwo months to report to the Institute of Intellectual Investigation the Secrets of the Life of Erich Fromm, the Do. il if your works, I spoke with his friends and family, but it seemed to me that something was missing, a piece of the puzzle in this perfect man's life. I myself was entering the cadmapaonggust, because I felt attracted by the echo that my interpretation of his life and work, in my daily life, made. During the six months I had lived in his native village, Nazia, I had come to realize that Fromm was a man like everyone else, attentive and considerate in private, zealous and thoughtful in society. A bit in the image of myself... or maybe not, maybe the master's doctrine if it were settling in my mind like a great and good exhibition of painting and, culture...was esatnrho, he had two months left to get to the missing piece... eastéesque I discovered, while making a coffee to myself: work. The most important piece is that the one who was for me one of the greatest geniuses of humanity, Erich Fromm, the great dseicaanalyst of the saelöworld literary sy,i had an aversion to work, as everyone else has. Hence, sometimes the sloppiness was explained, sometimes the obsession.

others by the subject of work. I could not write the report for the Institute and paid me more than I expected...

Would you be free? I would be free of Erich Fromm. As the technology company in society advanced, the more disbelief set in the man's prayers. I learned from Fromm that science cannot abandon the belief in a Seriousrupoemo gauge, or rather crutch, in its quest for knowledge, through the doon forest.

disido, under penalty of not even getting to leave...

Erich's influence, however, would prove to be very or more interesting that qudaoneu might suspect...

35.

After all, in all this my life, there was one detail that Erich Fromm had never revealed in his public life: he suffered from OCD. Maybe that explained his whole sweating, his whole personality. I didn't know that this pathologicae,netics, could be not u~~handicap~~but one ~~pedigree~~ at the social level and professional. Perhaps that is why Erich would have liked to be a psychoanalyst. He was a perfectionist, extremely gifted in terms of intellect, your ~~skimming the genius~~, yes, because otherwise it wouldn't be recognized by his peers and even though it were not so, he would remain at the ~~ybca~~, literary and spiritual at the end of your life. Fromm had been with laeqsue that by science are not considered normal - what is normal? Normality is less and less anything but something - to be able to live with those who are considered no.rP moarisisso was a perfectionist. and became brilliant in its field, spilling its knowledge of experience made to lands adjacent to its science. I was ecstatic with this peg ~~rseor~~since "Escape from Freedom", one of his latest motivational works. Man was aware of social psychology and a series of social mechanisms that arise as much when individuals are in a group situation as when they are alone, undermined by their thoughts or redeemed or repressed exclusion or of too much belonging. I had never studied professional or spiritual sciences (philosophy, psychoanalysis), my background was in multim engineering, but days when I roamed the web, more and more sense made me the teachings of the master m,odnostro Erich Fromm. I myself attended The summer that followed, an open course in philosophy, and everything seemed to make more sense, as it could be said that without any (listen...eh...eh) there is no knowledge...

Having dropped out of the academy, Frommsopua took things less seriously. He took care of his two children, a young couple, devoted more time to his family, loved his wife Sparta as never before, a beautiful Dutch woman by training. áAsliás, one of the main ~~i~~ is resources of the work Fromm's aim is to recognize anthropology as human undermining, whose spectrum and ambition will have to be filled by other sciences coamposicology, sociology, psychoanalysis, ethnography, geography, philosophy. a ciêand of man to bring back to man what he is his by right, as the author of the ancestry that he returns to the elite, he enjoys contact with other men, performing more diverse tasks and activities, with structuralism as a background, which advances basic duaesiaids that have always fascinated me: marriage as an exchange, the role of dreams and the unconscious ctiovloe, ideas that Erich Fromm developed in *A Theory of Conformity*.and

36.

Fromm did not accept that his wife, paE rtsa, tolerant or permissive, as per the
interpretations, spoil your old age with himbo that he had bought to smoke in his bed
garden swing, then the possibilities were inussit, aa of the social burden that Erich bore increased
in recent years due to a blood disorder and tqouhara weaker and bald. Your daughter Olivia
there were also a lot of mood swings ieom naics that disturbed its full performance
school, while Tiago Fromm followed his father's path by signing up to an online forum on sport and
human psychomotricity. what to come discover was that Fromm had had a child
illegitimate and due in part to that reason his son Tiago harbored some resentment towards him,
meanwhile he saw the rest of the people with bhooa while he rebuked the father, but nevertheless the
your understanding of religion and the needs and they appeased this probable wrath by a fault
and who, moreover, was also appeased by his licentious and speculative behavior...

So when I finally found out androf my research to the Institute I was able,
for the time I had left, dedicate myself to making a sort of swing, on the swing in the garden, while
making "domestic considerations" for uodm iaerio, which I was finishing up. did
I count on spending the rest of my days together, looking out over the sea, seeing the sea and the sand and the
people who, summer or hell, would appear there, at PdraiRainha, to make some sense of the meaning that life
had had. Psychically withdrawn o,rque physically, from Erich Fromm 2, which never
I knew, then, in that nacajbuanto beach, I was able to face fundamental questions and finally write
my personal version of the aecoim iE's life attempts chr. In a sense,
I, Jonatas Aleixo, was just a simple guy who was immensely fond of girls and to impress them and who,
happily or unfortunately, had fled the most terrifying and happy art of adolescence, love. My mind had
been apart to udnodo for a long time and then the work of
investigation on Erich Fromm, as opposed to what it might seem, had just helped me to
understand phenomena such as violence, such as friendship, love, a simple concept loaded with feeling,
adverse or favorable, contingentteraonuscendant, if understood of those that the contingent
is what is lost and the tsra centent what remains. the first point of mine
reflections, which I dared to put on paper for qguueéa ml would catch you a day later, maybe mine
someone's son or son, that's nothing ersatin dtio in the face of the quality of the questions it had for
Onwards, the first point was about the theoretical and specifically about the existence and
persistence of holograms. The second point derac, in a way, a questioning about the

humanity and its qualities, that is, is humanity, man, "programmed" to be a perfectionist or if what defines humanity is the idea even essentially perfectionism or lack of it or the alternating combination according to the circumstances of its existence and the lack of it. This brings us to the question of the nature of what it is to be human and the imperfect perfection of what it is to be, humans. I have been for the last few years living my life, involved in these two questions, which seemed to me to be at the heart of it. I put everything and nothing about my condition (human) and that, by dragging, can also be that of others, of the Other...

I had taken my old MESSA 1111 to the cabin and there I had the children so that they wouldn't care about me, which also was right there, by the beach... It wasn't dramatic for me, because a thought had hit my mind and heart: "If we lose the fear of life, we lose the fear of death", quoting some philosopher that I don't know exactly...

37.

Meanwhile, Raphael was being raw and violent with Alice, the second-right neighbor in Nazia, in Sparta's house. In your work Qluhootidian, Sparta, I realized how vain was my stubborn in staying, even in winter, at caajbuannto a mar, so I made the decision to return within six months, after which I would hand in the thesis that the Institute had allowed me to do, even without a grant. So while the kids were watching cartoons, I met a writer who made me lose my mind. I normally had there is a lot of patience in these things of love. He had everything a fifty-year-old man could have: a job, a family, a made life. I never thought that love could reawaken that love, although I confess that I always expected it, always hoped to give someone something more. The children were no problem, they were already adults, the problem was Sparta. She loved me like nobody else u was not willing to recone hcer if It was about a crush on an unconscious teenager...

Returned to Nazia, I found seaweed apeople who did not arrest me in Sparta before realized that my previous life oocould take a new breath given the news circumstances...Delivered, I arranged a vacation with Oliana, myPhoandHtTheit debutanteR . i solved then, start teaching again, with the aaminha thesis, little luxury in a weak country academically. I decided to get my writing machine and continue to distill my important ideas for humanity ahæivic, social, personal, religious, academics allowed me not to give explanations to anyone, because I owed them to no one, not even my father and mother. I will not describe the qsute dare to separate myself from a person from whom if he liked it and that he sometimes spoke ill of us. Even my brother Teodoro revealed, in this whole process, a surprising maldadte the greater the position of Esrptaa, who was hospitalized in a psychiatric institution. I started to live with oliana, I was tired of experiencing problems that they were mine, in fact, my thesis was only portuguese and what I had was a miserable job as a teacher in a secondary school. I dropped out of school, I was tired of being a perfectionist and look for i translator for mine TThe Compliance Review, andwas fed up with suffer without complaining...Yes, it seemed to be the world of me, not even Nietzsche had spent so much time, I would not return to Naznioa so soon, after all, I had the world on my feet, including a group of actors who were conspiring behind my back, I supported him. THEto TrHdandandory of Conformity!...

39.

After all, I discovered in the tension that confronted me an energy from others, from one of the others, I wouldn't have to confuse it, I knew that my illness ~~front~~ wasn't in vain, it didn't mean anything simply organic and psychic, it was ~~and~~ energy coming from the foreak was threatened with death. would simply have ~~continue~~ to live my life, daizm ~~i~~ myself who had life in pay, who had a record, who had a bad image...nadamqeup eerturbasse... did you know that the negativity that had reached Fromm's life and existence, I had become infected, and I resolved, and one day to another, clandestinely, to return to the hut next ~~to~~ the pNraão it was too late nor evendcoe, the people who they wanted evil they didn't sympathize with me no serqi upêo, but deep down I tried to explain...but I couldn't...would I have to go on the attack and create iasisoenemies? I spent a few more months in the cabin, where I made an enlarged version *udm* and *the theory*, spraying myself for the academic opinions of bad portuguese academics...

After some time, I returned to Nazia, it seemed like a raid, the land ~~who~~ was happy and unhappy and who dared or recognized to visit, it was where my parents were still, along with my sister Olivia's three children... in short, I was propnator a new stage, pavroaltar to work, without having to choose what type of work, time, nq ~~anything~~ to occupy the time and do income from the life I had left. far away ~~gvoara~~ Fromm and its endless questions that others scratched and against which Ibaetm It was in a car accident...

40.

As I tried to understand the behavior and the words, everything and everything, everyone and a few more people finally passed, I realized that if I didn't save my skin, I'd be condemned to Hell in life. no q
I look strange who does it, alig as sidious and suspicious. Recognized. That's why thinking about evil for the badly nowhere leads. There are stupid people, for the simple reason that they cannot see a person happy alone. They find it strange, not human. P ssoor ,i erected a third question, which did not I would drop out in the next two months that I was working on a thesis approach. Accessible to the general public. The mechanisms in my mind were gearing towards assuming that I would need an activity to fill my birthdays...

I decided, fed up with so much hesitation and fraud, to head south, to avoid Paulo, a friend who had stayed in Africa since the time of colonization. I went to Angola, then to Maputo, as if revisiting the pink map, seen in the throat of any self-respecting Englishman. Paulo was involved in an NGO development project. When I found him, Paulo was busy with an archeology excavation during the week and on Saturdays he was teaching philosophy at a secondary school. We went to drink cachupa at the baÇ go the m ~~at~~ *The With you* on a Saturday at night and he revealed to me that he was on ffilcoasm the entity to develop two problems, the problem consciousness in Kierkegaard and the problem of truth in Gadamer. According to him, both issues were closely related, according to him...

41.

Leaving aside philosophies, as I had the case of my Mozambican friend Paulo Malalane, I decided, influenced by the vast roab of Erich Fromm, to spend a weekend with my parents in Alto Douro. I knew wine wouldn't go away and good food, so I was definitely glad that my father and mother were coming. ivdoas and well-disposed. Did you know that within a month I would have to travel to Kiev for a work on engineering, the construction of a bridge between the two banks of an important river in the country. The worst thing we can do in life is be afraid to be ourselves.

When it accumulates money, it can prove to be counter-purchasing; it is necessary to transmit so that nothing remains inside us, to make a battle of emptying our mind, of knowledge of Nothing, in order to be able to give it to con,hbeeercomo to the companyheart. How do you say the song, so that the book of love may be read , I need to manage secrecy and talent. Was what was doing in that year of 1989, so it was reaching a point where, after many recesses, it had conquered a great serensideandtiemental. I realized that Ukrainians like our country because in a way they are isdpaerAtmérica, the America of human rights and of individual freedom and thus constantly learned over the years what it is to be a person. My writings and Fromm's had been left for traársa, I decided to take a sabbatical leave to give some classes and continue uses studies in other areas dboes.aI also decided to go back to theater, something that should never have left and epi entsé in making a film, see. But decidedly, whether or not I was unlucky until the end of the day, I couldn't stand still, because that's what my enemies wanted: to immobilize my thought-action.

42.

The coffee effect was starting to appear, I almost instantly left wanting to go to the cafe. It was necessary not to force anymore... while they called me I called others crazy, saw what people fled from the normal idea of speed and even from the madness they sought to avoid by arranging scapegoats and something else. my tease had been delivered in Harvard University. He waited in the cabatneamopo for the necessary rest to be called to the discussion, as long as it was renewed. Between faith and reason, musitsoe knelt before the wrong God, justifying their happiness with elad. , who did not have the mind to be able to bear the ailments, judging everyone to be Moauis less all, very important, going to TV and other records to show themselves important. at the same has eupod, gave the good pleasure to others, judging that the my suffering validated the happiness of the otherPoosd. he was going to be regarded as Giordano Bruno, but he avoided that. It was just that person who had studied the life and work of Erich Fromm. The acacias and camellia persisted stubbornly in the garden and I, having lost my friend Paulo, also lost the friendship of the family, the first and dgaunsdea. Even the children, crippled in their newly formed families, had fled from me, who was now without a single wife and now considering staying in Kiev forever as an engireon, maybe I was there and had a glimpse of a place at the local university. From time to time I gave itm ahpaid attention to the news, at other times I didn't no matter, I know I was envied by m I know that I had my angers too and envy. She had left a lot and gained little from it. soi, certainly no compensation material. He continued to do things under cmoemuendo, despite being friendly to everyone. But I realized that there were people who enjoyed and who swim, fnaezm i of concrete nor abstract, in the bass of their insignificant lives , they set out to condemn and evaluate those who were different. There was not silly. It was like asking a leg cripple to run the marathon.

43.

I saw many people philosophizing but that was ppaagroa. I saw a lot of people theorizing but they were paid for it. I didn't see many people, nobody paalrathe truth, what a fosp ifrofet of free thinking and that he declared poems without a budget, that he created people from his funds, like psychiatrists, who, after all, were paid for this, no matter how hollow his soul was. I had more than enough reasons to stay in Koieuv, go from there to Odessa and not give anyone satisfaction, for I knew that at my expense, in my misfortune, many people had profited, monetarily speaking, ethereally and transcendently boring, without having been given no satisfaction of right intellectual property. But anyway, feel and betrayed, not harassed, but betrayed, because as a result of envy, my life had also been in chaos and evidently it was now time to fix the situation diezer aqui-del-rei...when my biggest problem would be the exteriorideae dm in relation to an inqu subjectioir, who sought to get to know himself himself through the knowledge of the world, stand radaals woes and betrayals, beyond themselves even and the idea of divinity, which a lot of tremirace had in its innumerable dreil... disguising many scoundrels and desires to degeunerci er for personal personal satisfaction neiliary, to enrich for exercise power over others, the power of life and death te, power that was illegitimately assigned... moreover, not tind heyworry more about my work being known, because knew more than most people, so it would never be okustsell, rknew the weak fantasy feeds the crowds and money circulates the most is money josupara fantasy continue to proliferate in infected minds that travel ep ifrodeuzem in space, leaving a trace and a trail disgusting...

44.

When I was aware that I was doing a thesis in two voices, mine and Erich's, I would plant a kind of uncertain integration about the real, when what I forced myself to do would be not to have a normal life, but only to be educated by others, writing according to my conscience, but under and over the odoutsros conscience and its uselessness, incapacities, frustrations, impotence. I decided not to take this on anymore, as I had experienced many displeasures, especially on the part of those Christians who condemn everything when their belly is empty and who hide their non-existent conscience behind a book sS **vjovia**, so that was at the same time doing theology, while studying the microphysics of podeitrombesides Michel Foucault, another who had explored the victimization of others as sick msepnatara i take advantage and legitimize itself at the gym. They were all good orators, even if in those days words were more difficult than actions...

The bottom of myself was the lie of **leqsud** and I had not been given work, the falsehood of those who had not appreciated me. Maybe they would come to need me and apologize, on their knees, as if I kept **Iveusm** secret about his ignoble nature...

45.

I smoked a cigarette and clung to the verdinaaduedita of myself, these are already excerpts from my unfinished thesis. I wouldn't need nude ...the nod of those in whom I trusted a capacity greater than mine and not pam ...ssadvecorrect by Indifferent, Indifferent Beings, materialists...Actually, now my prose would be just esto ...ub-ente, free rein, very beyond literary literature, far beyond ethnoprose or philosophical prose, something like a free freedom of mine...

Meanwhile, given my condition, I had students for my new course, at my college in Kiev, students who arrived until September, coming from Eastonia, Brazil, the United States and even a group of three English-Sandeses, as well as today. ...Nildaese, Belgians and Greeks. No Italian, which was not a deposition given the racism that the Portuguese had on their part, even more so against those who ...traitniam a message that echoed with bells in his territory...

46.

The freedom contained in my 89 fp text rarely achieved in light of the oppression of myself. In a two-year-old text, I expand on solid theories in the light of another, which I did not follow after the age of 42, but which exert more influence than certain philosophers and sociologists. His comprehensive theory continues to part my conceptual framework and for his work I continue to project many of my theoretical and practical discoveries.

After returning from Kiev, where they were 104 I passed my old age in Nazia, and old I am writing these endnotes, many want to see me in prison, and it solves most of the bickering without martial arts, but apaesnas with the thought, n with the strength of the thought... even if they insult me and call ases, sign and shit, projecting their fear on the my person who bears everything with an obstinacy and, beyond the looks, comments and disdains of men, women and children. peecremre whole and I will die whole, they cannot take body and soul before dm the pteo destines, the time of the one who What does it matter... Even so, I'm not worried about the state of women in Spain, worry you who are paid for it, who profit from it and whose children have our own schools, I'm fed up with being a humanist, in this world that is being roboticized and I'm going to be my own enlightenment and ignorance, here, in a hut, clarifying the unutterable of the sayable, for you laughable because maybe they look at the world differently or are used to what they think behind a suit they think they have a coverall. And I won't say more.

47.

So I looked in those days of the last 90's, work and a woman, it was all I wanted to feel fulfilled.

Looked like an outlaw from the saba esr, authorities in charge of
I had not yet been able to assess my thesis, nor could I so soon discover my discursive abilities.
After passing dm listening to my fathers, I realized that I had to leave again to
another place outside Nazia, a more attentive place where people were more sincere and valued my
work. I interrogated myself as suum the way I do, without ndhieiro at the end of life,
could continue to give people hope uepre had disregarded me. There was there
anything wrong conutrm the individual who dared to have an opinion ~~dash~~, many considerations
political and philosophical issues can be drawn from this fact, from this oblivion-in-life of a subject who had given
everything and received nothing. The logics were disconnected, but certainly not his, the one who had been a disciple
of Erich ofM rm your main admirer. Anything was going on, anything
something that really made you think...

Strolling back and forth in his living room, the decipherer of Erich Fromm's life and work, which we
give the form of Neville, endeavored to bring one or two more severely important questions out of his
mind. the question of life and odrate, which had worried him for some time
time, in a rural environment, in which oagâ arncia of the youngest was anything that
only matched by his lack of experience jealousy. More or less all had the pretension
to know, but few passed through SSCa the same time they explained them...

48.

When I was on that cliff, I saw the meadow laughed at your face and your body helped me to be strong, stronger than a boxer and than a man. I do, be strong physically and mentally, that helped me to realize your body and above all your soul, because they never I dared to think that you would be an empty person. Here, this invocation of myself and of you, generates in my niche where the acacias sprout and the myrtle and the grass don't have me a little life-wing, you say everything and even the moss that I saved it for Christmas. Your son will have to wait, to be strong like me, mentally healthy and with the values that you instill in him on a daily basis. alone for a long time, this is just a letter, or an excerpt from a diary in the name of soundings that disappeared, and I stayed there on that cliff, cut off from all civilization, living and dead and confused in my civility and the malaise of my life. civilization

to the. But I'm here, alone, with the world waiting for me because After all, I'm better known outside than I am, when I left the door ajar so you could come in, nowadays a lot of people talk, go straight ahead, about arriving by deduction, but few are sincere like me, having no need to be. This could be a speech for a Nobel Prize, but it is not, rather it is.

I indulge myself in the sleep and dream of reason, for the From now on I won't visit you anymore, I'm fiction and science, I'm going to mentally live this abandonment you left me with, even saying my name. You find yourself excited with my absence...

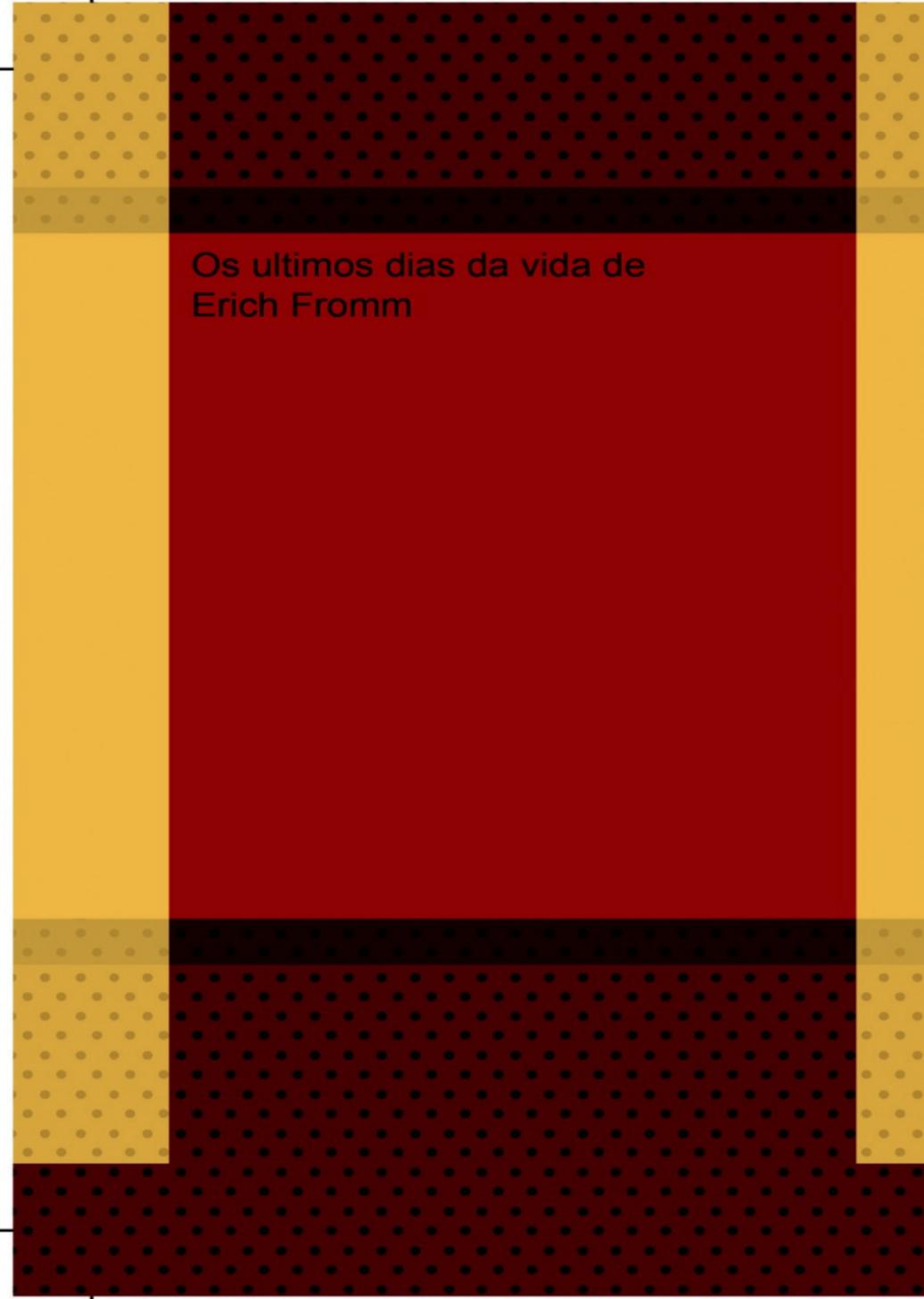
In these things of love, a factor each is amusing and wonderful configures on the horizon, in the plasma of the sky that will come to be illuminated, and after that will be the stars and the comets, together with other telescopes requested dogs and Leonardo. Of course I like your body, in spite of everything, I still have wet dreams, as if I were a sailor who feeds on the memory of the body and is my memory is not only diaphanous, but also Anthropology... Finally, I have to give way to "Theoriae" Neville, who promised not to discuss the thesis, at least to publish it, albeit in fragments, in the form of literature. Maybe they won't give you a Nobel one day because many books did not have it in due course, but perhaps an honorary doctorate, for his efforts to disseminate philosophy and anthropology in particular and the social sciences generally. Sometimes we think we are far from the success when we have already surpassed it and our colleagues and others if they want to serve meat from cannon for the crushing wheel of the obituary worms that will corrode us first

the body and then the soul, when we know that it will be eternal and that a day of judgment is constantly postponed because no other Saint Dominic and Saint Francis has yet to surface...

49.

If there were people who were stopping Fromm: odnese follow the nobel prize or me for having been, along with Ramos Rosa, influenced by piasroa, there would never be anyone who would stop me from loving.

I continued like this in the days I had left trying to find the woman of my dreams, my confused and shaky daily lives, in which people were against me, sensing the danger and running away from it, from the unrestrained ambition of the homneons, an unbridled eagerness to accelerate against a wall. He preferred to live in anguish, in the anguish of Erich Fromm...



Os últimos dias da vida de
Erich Fromm