



Those born crooked: how fanaticism is not an argument

Viktor Excelsius

University of Lisbon

Summary

The deviation from and understanding of the norm is the appanage of the anthropologist, in terms of Kant's Metaphysics of Customs. But can we see social life in terms of the dialectic and Manichaeism between Good and Evil? Proving Good by Evil, this is what the anthropologist observes, in his own behavior and in that of Others. How, on the other hand, says Friar Domingues, can we live with the Evil that is added to social life, day after day, attacking the gaze of the "naive and innocent anthropologist"?

Keywords: body, norm, marginality, deviation, carelessness, emic, etc

Development

1. ENTRETIEN

Indeed, we wonder about what is right, right, and what is crooked, wrong, just as we wonder about what is Good/Good, Wrong/Bad. In my mental traffic, I never forgot the psychiatrist's boots in the consultation that eventually left me almost lifeless in Lorval, and I also realized, why, despite my personal tragedy, the TV was still on, like a city that never sleeps. I learned to give little importance to myself and to certain thoughts and proliferations of the mind, because after all the mind also lies, you have to work it well underneath, like a woman. Low importance is not unworthiness, and sex takes nothing away from this, it is an amusement, an *entertainment*, as they say

the French, something that makes us live life in the best way, take the bright side of life, since it is so short.

Is what is religious right? For a communist anarchist it is not, although he respects religion. For him, man replaces God, but not the religious one, for he can be spiritual, a Being who guesses his fate from the stars. For many, staying in the village or city of origin can be an occasion of social prestige, linked to a certain "immanence of the *terroir*," one might say. For others, traveling is the supreme good, and they have a horror of "land," of the location and wandering of desire... Land, as if the space outside the city were water, more, air...

2. THE WORLD AS MENTAL ILLNESS

Our perception of the world is skewed like that of a cat that switches its sight, for you know that those orthodox heteronyms will eventually crash into a wall or on the road. But let's not deviate from the purpose of this article....

Then you make choices: see America once, to go, come back and tell, or see reality, which is yours, successively and dare to be happy... Let's say that philosophy can explain well the conflict between deviation and the norm, that is, what is right and what is wrong, many are obsessed, almost religiously, with right, while others stubbornly persist in wrong, all depending on the context and the conveyance of meaning, what is right for a long time may well seem wrong...

Basically, you've been looking for happiness all your life, and nowadays it's a rare thing, some have it, others don't, it all depends on the social representation, once again, we reiterate the prognosis of Margaret Mead and Clifford Geertz and anthropologists in general, happiness is something social (in us)...

The man in function and sure of his destiny is the happy man, like the Indian, well after the Canossian colonizers, that is, there is in the maintenance of a certain reiteration of the custom a way to preserve a more or less mental state of things, that is, to be happy with little because, after all, one has everything, even if the subverting rationality disguises itself as irrationality, between dreams and humidifications of the chest, between letters and exhalations...

The world, then, as a mental illness, that is, a thing to be *handled* with care (because there is the Other and respecting you is respected: *handle with care*, say the English at the airport.

3. SYMBOLIC LEGITIMATION

Many are driven by a certain spirit of life, while the philosopher articulates himself between a discourse of death and of life, as in the small deaths, for this reason he is not very attentive to what is right and wrong, he carries on like Arthur Conan Doyle... Many have a certain spirit of desire that I myself, the great theorist of unfinished desire, even admire. Every man wants to be a hero, right or wrong, that is, a civilizing hero...who hasn't dreamed of having all the women in a city to himself? First, you would have to have conquered the city, and when you get to conquer the city, being king or pawn, you end up losing your manhood, but that's the sorcery of life in the city, different in the village, where it's easier to get it right, the good thing is to be good in the city, that brings you all the prestige of the village and the city together. And a lot of enemies, but good, better to have it on earth than in heaven.

In a way, what I call "symbolic legitimation" is closer to the Other, to happiness, because happiness certainly comes from a certain abdication of something, of a good, even if it is material. In fact, true happiness is not in one's own happiness, i.e., in power, but in the happiness of the Other. This is why religious people, for the most part, are so

happy, they live, like angels, to make others happy and that's what always attracted me to religious life, where I was truly happy, even though my sexuality was exploding by then...

4. SLAVES OF THE *TERROIR*

Why an apologia for travel? Why a slavery to *terroir*, assuming that everyone wants to "travel"?

For, I recognize that there is a certain freedom in the maintenance of customs, in the metaphysics of those customs, but it is the journey, "free freedom" (Ramos Rosa), that creates the customs.

Then, the woman, who rarely accessed power (in the historical-political, ethnographic contexts), disseminated her desire, no longer intends to unify it, to concentrate it in one man, she has as it were an extension of desire outside of herself, attached to the mint, that is, she desires that man only because she can manipulate him as a *réseau* of power, that is, in truth the power is the woman's and not the man's, always the thread throughout history, a subterranean power like her entrails, clean or washed...And it is the man who will plug that extension into the plug, light it up, then, so that the whole, the *ensemble*, works well, socially, reproducing the social pattern of the union of bodies and minds....

The idea has been created that "nobody will care, that nobody will give a damn", even after we die, so we can do whatever we want. This is notorious among young people, but it was the parents of the eighties who created this myth, almost without values, in a religiosity that was too mushy or pampering, little committed to the Social Good, little critical. So, if I remember Braga, I also remember the Nietzsche books I bought at the Porto Book Fair. Even then...

5. BRAD PITT

Norm and deviation, what to follow, the voice of blood, of descent, of anthropology, the call of travel, of the world through which one can make brothers, of the adventure of discovering oneself beyond the other, in commerce, on the rails that are lost from sight? To stay or to go, even if New York is hard to understand for the mind of a Portuguese from the edge? You are happy when you combine intention with progression, that is, when you are wise and at the same time old and worn out, used, when you are an old child and at the same time a newborn, like Benjamin Boton, with Brad Pitt...And then the longing to read arrives and you go back to leafing through Moilère, Boris Vian, Michel Serres... Then you discover that you are always a foreigner, from village to village, from nation to nation, and not everything depends on the language you speak or articulate, it depends on your mind, and when you have a headache you might as well take a cold bath and smoke a cigarette...

What America wants is above all, to lose its power. Then, hermits and monks will be sent to New York, and many women will spend a long time without sex, holier, happier, here is the deviation, here is the guile of the mind that suicides it.

His success, that of America, is the proof of speculation, thus the stage for the ultimate philosophers and philosophical sketches about nothing, i.e. about an item of deviant hair, found, of Marylin Monroe or Elvis Presley... Bradd Pitt is the example of this proof, that is, of the Christ who is not only supernatural, he is a God who can materialize as Man, human kind, from whence he comes, by the way, that is why he is God, the true God, like Mohammed and Krihsna, that is, desire, however wild it may be, can materialize, that is, this is what frightens man, because in his eagerness for happiness he lives in expectation, that is also why the Portuguese are happy, differently, in ethnographic terms, from the French and, although to a lesser degree, from the Spanish and, to a greater extent, from the Portuguese, who are not so happy.

degree, the Brazilian and the American...

6. A MANAGEMENT OF DESIRE

As I proved a few years ago, in the village, the management of the libidinal economy leads to success in the group, but also beyond it, as acceptance and safe conduct, that is, it is because you are recognized in the management of your money that you are considered fit to marry a local girl. And this, beyond the rumor, still takes shape in a Lisbon context. Can you say, then, that Lisbon is still a village? In a way it is, regulated by the media, as the country is, and even though many tourists come for the sun and good food, they don't really understand how we govern ourselves, because they come from the outside in, instead of us, who see from the inside out. But this happens with all peoples and ethnicities, no one can easily throw away the inherited cultural precepts, nor is it very healthy, from a psychological and well-being point of view, for them to do so. Thus, happiness, a certain form of happiness, comes from retention, from negation (of a state of happiness, even), not being masochistic, from a reiteration of the "place-here", instead of the "place there", as Heidegger would say. But among the tourists, the French will understand, because they are used to the wine bottle and the ham, right there in the middle of the city of Paris...

So archaeology continues to fall in love with us, and alongside it social anthropology, British and French, that is, they are a puncture in time, one in actual historical time, by ruins and excavations, the other in present time about society that has somehow stopped in time.

So, going back a little bit, both the priest, the Church, and the debauchee have their reason. If you look for desire, it won't find you, that is, you won't find yourself with it, because desire is not planning, but being surprised, it is just as good to be without sex as to be

with it all the time, and both positions end up boring the one who is not stupid and is looking for something truly magnanimous in life, in his existence, on his way, from here to there, from there to there, repeating the same movements all the time, without deviation, without normal, like a *ritornello*, like in a Medina, where time will bring everything, and when happiness is a rare good and must be built, and once it is favorably, soon it will go away knocking on another door, this is the sorcery of Being, more, of the human Being...

7. AN ECONOMY OF EXALTATION

Therefore, the alpha males and *big-men* are out of mode, because they seek a certain form of commitment that is virtually impossible, I would even say ethnographically impossible, that is, the commitment aspect requires the woman to give herself up, not the man to seek her out and insist, under certain conditions. But that is the appanage of that... as Claude Lévi-Strauss was right, few dare to agree with his thinking, but anyway, society lives under a certain form of deceit that perpetuates, in a way, the clarification and development efforts of many anthropologists and sociologists, of geographers, philosophers, writers, like the most recent Nobel Prize winner...

Maybe the right thing is in the exact notion of finding a romantic love, even if *queer* or LGBT, that is, the ideal pair, the soul mate. Meanwhile, you are doing and oscillating between an economy of desire and another economy, one of exaltation...And many will become your enemies for trying, for daring to succeed...That is why one reads that not every talented novelist is the best known, that is to say, much perspiration ends up falling into disuse, when there is a flattery of the Other, instead of respect for him
itself, that is, an attempt to be the Other and not itself, in all its manifestations and exaltations...

8. TO THE TOA

Thus, the philosopher walks around aimlessly, not knowing what is right and what is wrong, and not even getting along with the social scientist, who knows everything but is unhappy, because the unhappy world dissatisfies him, because he seeks immediate answers that come from his knowledge and wants to know nothing else, when, in reality, what they like is the astronauts and the actors, more or less suicidal as they are because they have no clue, having and thinking that the ordeal of the world is directly proportional to the desire for fame and more or less sexual fulfillment. But... this is not like in the military, few are those who work insisting on what is right, many go, at various rates and on various occasions, for the wrong, the deviation, either because it gives them pleasure or to ridicule those who are attentive...

So, in this sense, what can replace, even in psychoanalytic terms, the desire for respectability? The *jouissance*? The desire for detour, for fun, whether it is because they want to punish our parents and give us the message that they have not done their job *well*? Or is it because we are in a crisis and the world (us, in the world) is changing and (we are, sitting or running) in a world that increasingly fakes us out, that increasingly takes honesty as something mediatic, shareable, when its expansive character should come not from the image of the bits, but of the message itself, that is, solidarity and good are contagious when, to a certain extent, the contagion is not favored, that is, the Good exhausts itself there and here, it fulfills itself and, we don't know how, it spreads without us noticing, without us noticing... So we wander around, breathing at least and making sense of it, like a story of good manners...

9. THE BORLA

So there is more of a sense of the moment, rather than a sense of the resume, of honesty. Or honesty has another form, the one that Tic-Toc gives it...That's why he calls certain people autistics... While some think that Eros is right, the reason for his tears, Bataille would say, others think that all of this, what is happening (Husserl) has to do with a certain manifestation of the social consequences of capitalism, *at large*, of liberal society and of freedom in a side sense, according to Marcuse or Lyotard or even Freud. In other words, we are all more or less illuminated by a certain idea of America that, in the end, is made by television programmers, just like in Portugal. And who are these people? People close to power, economic, secular, profane, symbolic, worldly, and, as strange as it may seem to us, the Church worships them, because it is simply not a space of freedom, first of all sexual?

Thus, the good philosopher ceases to be an autoreference to authors, to It opens up a whole new field for women philosophers, that is, for the management that they make of their loves and, above all, of being a mother. The moment is the most important, Pedro Abrunhosa would say, because it is in this moment that eternity is anchored, that is, the authors become the support for new theories, for new ways of Being and seeing reality, without the subject being based on all this, from this, admitting a good Czech or Hungarian philosophy, alongside the Finnish and Norwegian ones, without forgetting, moreover, already that which is philosophy because it is social and cultural anthropology, the African one...

Thus, the philosopher has a brain divided into two, two senses, two ways of thinking, psychologists and psychiatrists say it is dual personality, as my brother tells me, life and continuity, that is, the defense of life, is in a war of words and not of deeds, by the way, as in bullfighting, that is where man learns to be peaceful and to tame his demons, something the PAN kids have not yet understood...

Here, then, is the dictatorship of minorities, as happens in the United States, that is, defending human rights with maximum violence and protectionism, in Iberia it is done much better, that's why the English and the Norwegians understand us so well?

There are people (are they people?) who walk all their lives with the same systems, ways of thinking... This is not pleasing to God, He likes us to have pleasure and sex is beautiful, beautiful, it is something that gives enthusiasm to do, perhaps the only thing that makes life, biography, existence (in the sense of Sartre and Virgílio Ferreira), worthwhile, have meaning, the meaning that is given by the union of acts, the union, therefore, of the facts of feeling desire for each other, with no power derived from this, or, if not, enough, another form of power, perhaps more transcendent, carnal, divine because immanent. I believe that Jesus would pass cardboard to these unscientific words of mine.

There, at a certain point, I realized that this social actor had too much intelligence, that's why he didn't verbalize his wishes, his thoughts easily. That's why they called him autistic, schizophrenic, deficient. But the thought was still there, the genius, not to think the moment, but to deviate as Derrida had done, that is, to make a *twist* from obsession to progressiveness, to stop being Greek and become Portuguese out of admiration for America, while still being French. Many would do this and gain something from it, even if it was just salutation, because this well-being and happiness is gained through many years of experience, many attempts and many failures, like the selection...

So, we return to Ricoeur's question in *Criticism and Conviction*, nothing is sacred but your heart, as Simone Weil would say in *The Metaphor of the Heart...* Therefore, in my view, I have been dreaming for a long time of building bridges between social anthropology, then sociology, and philosophy, and I believe that I have already, in my dreams, built some, and I am not an engineer. We run to get to the mother's belly, even if we do a few laps and zigzags, this is how we play ball and run, at the very least jogging and this is how we define our life, between soccer and a national Super-Bock beer...

Conclusion

So, there is a recurrent narrative of heterogeneity that is orthodoxy, that is, that builds bridges and drives trains, insofar as it reiterates a logic that has to do with the production and reproduction of the similar, in the figure of children, which definitely makes the world a duller and grayer place. It is the difference that brings light and color to it, that is, it is as worthy to be celibate and have no children as it is to have a flock of them, just to pore over them in social terms, when there the body disintegrates from the soul in the gasp, when I see more children and beauty when I just look at my kitten in all its adventures in a space definitely more minute and peculiar than that American garden of children playing?

Lisbon, December 13, 2022