

# *Author spotlight:* inspiration and perspiration, between science and literature

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Keywords: body, power, crime, in-justice, mob, circus

## Summary

What guides, in fact, the spirit of the writer, a consciousness in the training of his sense of humanity and inhumanity of others, or just entertains readers who see life as uninteresting, as a "thing" that does not deserve to be lived only by the playful side of things and people? Yes, what commands the author's conscience? The Id, the Ego? God? Does he accept a Voice, which though bothering him, gives him advice for free, dismissing the psychiatrist and then shedding, further and further his verve, pleasant or unpleasant as the bile of many media? What bothers and commands you is the mob, the disorderly crowd of bodies and voices, of touches and insults, delinquency, injustice in the face of those who defend valid ideals.... Like the Depeche Mode song, "Suffer well..."

## Development

### **1. THE WEAPON AS AN ARGUMENT**

The idea that writing is a kind of criminal activity, the writer, the author, can be a man in trouble, with much or little philosophical, who comes to complain of others to blank paper... But it can be something more, a being that seeks reflection on literary things, on life, on the human condition. He endures, he endures, because he is also a philosopher, that is, he likes life and everything it can provide him and ends up being entangled in a mud of definitely inferior beings, who are not afraid of death, who use weapons and ropes such a

argument... maybe because they don't know how to wait, to despair, and they're not well with themselves in their short and small logic, maybe they just want to survive, take revenge, do "their" justice. Another question that we can ask ourselves and that is not unimportant, what is the most certain regime, most suitable for a certain idea of society, that is, one should defend the subject, the individual, the social actor, or the whole of society. It is a classic question of sociology... but also of anthropology and philosophy, beyond a central question of psychiatry...

In fact, the solution to our question lies at the dawn of the Christian Jewish tradition: Jesus Christ. It was He who shuffled the dice and God to the men of his time a conception of Time and Becoming, of circumstance in the face of the displeasure of life, which eventually shaped West, East, Africa, Oceania. This, few social scientists know how to recognize, among us at least. Most are skeptical or atheist because they come from good families, parents have been doing what they do, there is nothing for them done from scratch. But out there is no better, especially in Northern Europe. Philosophy is dilettante, smoky, has no flesh... Sociology is self-serving, careerist and lives closely with power, while anthropology is even more dilettante, I say that many anthropologists hide, are afraid of politics, politicians, priests...

On the other hand, criminology is contaminated by the idea of an author, guilty of anything, even to speak, to manifest, even more in democracy, especially in democracy. Young people are used to having an opinion about everything and anything, that is, Portuguese society is anything but pro... No wonder that teachers are the poor relative of the system, that is, this system does not exist, there is no longer a system, it was swallowed by people, who now cluck and vomit it all the time...

## 2. WHO WEARS HIS SKIN: THE TO-LOOK

So where's the pack going? They walk around and wear blue. They are the ones who ensure the maintenance of the state of affairs, will put out the fires, quiet many minds tormented with their future, more, with what they will eat the next hour. The sense of solidarity has been lost in Portugal. Just riding the subway, no one talks to anyone, it seems that it is forbidden to even ask someone the time, but this is partly, in my view, due to a false perception of what America is and what it influences us. Later, a Russian always appears saying "I told you not to get into the sea, you were so well on land..."

Because many talk in channels about football, politics, the thing does not leave there, always the same ram-ram, when there are other people, a small number, no doubt, who thinks and works in favor of society, admitting and correcting the mistakes of others, in developed or developing societies, that is, they are legions of sociologists and anthropologists, not to mention some geographers, some philosophers, who want a (world) society better and do so, investing their time in studies that almost no one reads. The scenario is dramatic and will get worse if we continue to win over the mistakes of others. Many say they are right and remain in power, with more or less money ("Ah! I am right!"- Schopenhauer would say). Every action has a consequence, whether we complain or not. The most difficult, in all this, is as reasonable beings at a time of injustice, that is, as just beings (Ricoeur) in a context of injustice, in a context where the spoken word has, in double helix, meaning or not (meaning)...

## 2. THE CAT WHO WANTED TO FLY

So? Who controls who, huh? This notion is quite democratic or very undemocratic, like an ordered, "milked" anarchy...

In fact, what bothers the Western man is that he has nostalgia for the trip, especially to the East, that is, for a social scenario radically opposite to yours and these pains make you grow, young man...

What most amazes the philosopher is the lassitude of some in times of peace, that is, many people are sloppy and with them are individuals. War can break out all the time in an interdependent world, that is, those who are with capital are nervous and full of psychiatric diseases (the dark side of the US and Northern Europe, which explains how happiness is a relatively relative thing...)the southern and developing countries still build infrastructure, so, as the cinema shows, the world is, first of all, an individual adventure, in the beginning, as the good American hero and a social adventure, as the good Portuguese civilizer...

This, then, is the essential, primordial conflict of the Western man: he cannot think, for he is a man of action, of travel, of rush, never of rapture, his design is turned to practicality, concretion, praxis, in the classical sense, unless he admits, to be a man of reflection, of analysis, of inclination...

### 3. THINKING IS A LUXURY

Yes, we are under the reign of proof, proof for the existence of God, of Christ, of Man. The man doubts himself and his abilities and tends to see this earthly stay as something that is a stage to deny himself, becoming violent, most of the time for the pleasure and impression of women, hence capital, power, the confusion of bodies and seminal fluids and others that such, which lead to a confusion worthy of a pathological anatomist of the best... One has the idea that the thinker, philosopher, has no vital, sexual needs, that his brain persists dumped from the rest of the body... nothing more wrong. The whole

philosopher tends to sublimate sex, the carnal relationship, while many women do not understand it, or well that deprive him of the conviviality of his body, or well that surrender to another, would say more gifted, funnier...

But the point is not just to think, reflect, whether that is a luxury or not, the point is to be discriminated almost everywhere and tolerate you as now tolerate Cristiano Ronaldo in any team where you go... The question

Is see you as the non-sexual subject, who does not need love to think, when it is the affection that is born and comes the thought more prolific and brilliant... beneficent and selfless.

In this sense, I have defended that it is neither space nor man as a spiritual being who are the last frontier, but the body, this is the last frontier and its intrinsic union with the soul, more than with the mind or spirit. If psychiatry analyzes the mind, philosophy the spirit, the priest the soul, it is because the upper part, the head, the man, was tripartite, that is, one part believes in God, the other does not believe in anything and the other intermittently believes in Himself, and psychoanalysis gave a good explanation of this "mental" context to philosophers..

#### 4. A FORCE THAT VANISHES

This regime of Deleuzian openness to the world may well be the beginning of the end of vigilance exercised by politics, that is, the beginning of the end of democratic imprisonment and the forging of a new regime of exercise of power, something that has not yet been invented, but is about to be, that is, a certain left-wing liberalism, an ordered anarchy that knows how to coexist the legal aspirations of the subject with their social ambitions, where there is no conflict of interests and values, more or less antagonistic, because most of the time, the subject rejects models of policies that are more or less imposed on him all the time, by TV, by the Internet and gets tired of being police himself and yours all the time...

This force, which for the hour of vanishing, ends up flowing in other times, new times in which the younger accept the knowledge of the older, in which the majority is making it useful to them.

That *is*, while some are lascivious and come in desire and its realization, the perpetuation of the feeling of inferiority compared to others, the game, the *divertissement* in the face of finitude-already-not-believe-in Him, others see in sex a form of contact and connection with the world, the world of the Other, the one that is beyond me in an immense desert prairie where I have no legs and only see the house to return to, at least I have supplies and books there, those yes, keep my connection to the world very alive, vivid, active. Thus, our thoughts, like our laughter, come out in installments and not out of flood, like the things we have done in

life, many of them in favor of others, when money for food barely arrives...

Thus, the discovery of our sexuality has to do with identifying anything that marks us not only intimately but socially, that is, a social intimacy that is not only sexual, but identity in the fullest philosophical sense of the term, because philosophy of fears is also the philosophy of things that are out of the closet, with which we have to commit ourselves in social terms, in terms of social image, in terms of social representation "every day" (Goffman).

## 5. FROM HERO TO OUTCAST: THE MISADVENTURES OF AN ANTHROPOLOGIST IN TROUBLE

Failure is a moment before success, before success. I learned this from my experience as an anthropologist and from my days so far in Moscat. At first, I was a sensation and I think that until half time I did not even realize my influence in that village. Then, as if I could not make friends with women, I lost my sense and were beginning to offend, to reject. Initially, I went down a lot, I pondered moving again, but then, I do not know why, maybe because I had *a feeling that* things would end well, I decided to stay, stay and fight, for my housing, the village and the city, because I was already an exemplary citizen, although celibate, that is, what was nothing more than a study revealed, perhaps, in my stay until the end of my days. At first, people didn't say anything, then they started talking, on the street, in the supermarket. Honestly, being an anthropologist didn't help me at all, it made my life hell and I resisted the voices, perhaps because I knew that people in general, not only here, like servants, who do things to them and when someone does not fit this behavior, the thing gets ugly, only that it is not only for our side, but for the others as well, such is the methodological importance and even theory of what is happening here...

## 6. FROM ETHER TO MUST: DRUNK WITH CAUSE

Then, I tried to see in the authors some identification of what I was going through, who did not want to go through, because first of all this was a philosophical essay, not anthropological. But that's why half the village spoke of me, perhaps because I did not give myself right away to the local authorities and still want to stay, in principle forever, in that truly hostile environment, critical all the time, without the slightest sympathy for me. But at home, I felt good and I was considering these things...

Illegality surrounded me everywhere, my house seemed isolated in the middle of four-story buildings, it was just loose wires into the dwellings, clandestine connections, even mine was being hacked and I paid a small fortune a month to the operator... Still, I progressed, even inside the house, within my thoughts, I needed to talk to someone qualified, one way or another and this had long since ceased to be philosophy or would begin to be from there, from the moment that animosity towards my person was declared, every day, day after day. But I still had friends. Much more than those who suspected and made new, every day...

So what was a philosophical essay doing in this text? Perhaps the category of the Other, concerned at all times, while I abstained from what was going on outside and stopped going to the airport, downtown, the interior of the village, the main road where I collected only admiration for my resistance, instead of sympathy, in a people who were always in a bad mood. Then I turned to the notion of collective unconscious and sexuality. A lot of people were poking

around and asking me all the time about it, it was becoming hell, I heard them talking in the morning, from my room and the studio, the butcher and the guys who went to war. But, one more time... they could not do anything, because it was also buried and I, although alone and not having diatribe and, otherwise, I could stand me quite well...

Little by little I was realizing the sexual habits of that village, that is, many people lived only for the appearance, for the opinion and many, essentially young, was always looking for a reason to post on social networks, while the manicure of the Indian was always full of people, more or less old, at any time of the day.. ,

## 7. THE STILL AUTHOR: BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

I was, in those days, proving in the fur, in the spirit, what is to be an anthropologist, is to walk from one side to the other with the house and the memories behind us, is never to have people who receive us with open arms, because we are never really domestic, nor are we really strangers, there is a kind of universality in all this, strangling the familiar, acquainting the strange.... sad fate! I wonder even: Why all this? It is a legitimate philosophical question, about being about opinion and belonging, items that I advanced in my doctoral thesis and that took a long time to have public discussion and approval...

My biggest enemy, oddly enough, was my neighbor across the street. Who knows what he said about me, in the cafes, in the village, the truth is that he did nothing good, it was a rush of women to his home at all hours, the guy did nothing else and at seventy.... Yes, the world was crazy and still is... by less had the courage to surrender to treatment and therapies the most diverse... *Still, in this twist*, he was an author and answered for this, not the author of a crime, but of innumerable words that linked with more or less genius, he answered for certain philosophical questions and anthropological data and was willing to stay, because if he had lived

bad times, taking Quietiapina in the middle of the night to be able to sleep, had also spent good times, alone or accompanying...

## COMCLUSION

So we can ask ourselves, what is science, social science? What will be literature? Can literature be science? In this sense, it may be useful to inquire that everything can be science, even speculation can, according to certain ideas of Husserl... That is, in other words, philosophical thought is trapped? Why is the author alone, with himself, always alone, taking rabbits out of his hat, shooting everywhere indiscriminately (figuratively speaking, of course), without the caress of a woman? Is your thinking sexist? Patriarchal, like the greatest thinkers in the Church? Who's got a point? The Left? The Right? How is it in other contexts?

The philosopher does not stop, he has a margin of progression still apparently enormous and that is what he wants, to have land to be able to speculate, because the beating of the keys gives him joy, more, gives him life, makes his blood circulate throughout the body, feel alive and does not ask, in fact, much more than that, unless read and commented, constructively, as is natural.

So, how will the future of the writer, between inspiration swayed with perspiration, the author, to whom the actor owes the root of his feeling and gesture, gesta? Immortality... and at what price? No longer worth being will, be in the gap of all things, refugee, protected, anonymous? In a way, the author has this curtain against the world, he sees shadows descend on his spirit, human shadows, animals, vegetables, minerals, astrophysics, which ends

up translating into words, he foresees the future and sometimes oscillates between the care, sarcasm, hope and brightness and, further, the disgrace, horror and death, very Shakespearean is this sentence...

An author, therefore, who ends up pouring blood from his fingertips while his heart beats for the one who has not yet arrived, so, in need and anguish, be more desperate than the social scientist, who knows everything, foresees everything and actually does nothing more than prophylactic literature, not even interested in knowing what the population thinks, in going to TV for illustration of his contemporaries more or less ignotos...

**Lisbon, 22 December 2022**

