



# Divide and rule: the autonomy of the western mind

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## **Summary**

Has the Subject disappeared from the philosophical discourse of post-modernity, immersed in a sea of references and saturation of the "I"? Don't we live in a world of expectation fabrication that leads to the management of that same expectation, that is, the consequence of anything that is sought, that is provoked, will be the frustration of having won, that is, nothing is enough for the man of today, not even the privilege of having become God, a god...

### **Development 1.**

Divide and rule. From early on, western man realized that, in order to analyze the phenomena of nature, through science, he would have to decompose its elements, that is, separate the components of a given phenomenon and analyze them separately, that is, even with the problems of the mind and philosophy, this is what happened, from Galileo to Copernicus, Tico Brahe and Newton... Even later, Einstein did not lose the mania... We are, therefore, under the reign of the divided man, under the sign of the autonomy of reason and the separation of the sciences. But there is interdisciplinarity, something to do...

2.

Dogmas become accessories, man is the director of his own film, which is his life. If the Western mind wanted to be autonomous of a tradition, even of its corporal, cultural component, where is it headed then?

3.

Where, then, does the integrality of man dwell? Is the spiritual not conceivable with the sexual? Why the dystopia of beliefs and volitions? What has become of this disintegrated man who tries to recompose himself, through the journey, to find an Other in himself? Is it not because he is already, from the start, the Other, an Other in himself? While some devote themselves to social life and see in this magma the happiness they think they have by possessing and commanding others, others live alone and are happy, like the Wise Old Man and the Eagle... Others are like misanthropes and avoid contact, perhaps because they have other plans for themselves and for others, much more worthy and meritorious, more notable and important...

4.

Many have no acumen or capacity for the social contract, because of responsibility or something of the sort. Others embark on commitments that they do not fulfill. Others wait for the right time to take the step, even if it comes late and the realization for the as a couple couple kind of has to be done in a hurry, already after the most important thing has happened. These are choices, life is so multifaceted and diverse that one cannot properly understand why we do or do not do certain things, why we take a step forward or a step back. To this extent, there is always room for reflection, for consideration, while some think too much, because they like to think, the brain being the best erotic organ, others live under the sign of the body, of the two heads...

5.

Yes, the life of the body, while it lasts, that is, sociability is properly associated with sexual exuberance, this shows us the world of spectacle, whether in Hollywood or in the Bairro Alto, to sociability and therefore it is an approximation of certain cannibal rites, therefore profane, where the boiling of the human magma comes out and then islands and continents are born... Jean Duvignaud talks about this in his various books, written in the 80s of the last century...

6.

That is why I argue that life, biographical existence, even in carnal terms, is a candle and not a lamp, for some it is the two things superimposed, for others the filaments of the lamp are too fragile and soon break, causing the person to go into darkness. And why do I say it is a candle? Because we are lilies in the wind, a puff of bad air can bring darkness, and even electricity can be cut off at a moment's notice. The two regimes are of immense fragility, so there is still time for us to be conservative and appreciate the world, nature, others, while it is still time...

7.

When you lose your friend, a loved one, something is missing in you, something that has left for another dimension, as if someone has disappeared from your presence. The individual is not only himself, but also his own, those around him, he influences and is influenced, that is, social life, it doesn't lend itself to great singularities, just go buy the newspaper and you're already socializing, but some authors insist on the era of individualism, its end and its beginning, I'm not sure to what purpose. For me, this is not a given, the individual being is not a monad,

It's pieces of others, protension towards your fellow man, mixture,  
The Educated Third, as Michel Serres would say, Mestizo Philosophy...

8.

In post-modern living there is a management of emotional expectation, that is, it is much more interesting what happens before sex, even if it doesn't happen, than during and after, and then we will have to repeat it again and again, we are all more or less teenagers, a time when nothing happens and we sublimate day after day, and the social contract of marriage appears as the safest and most socially accepted way to channel the greatest of energies, the sexual one, and if someone gets in our way, we may well get hurt from that intrusion. For life, for the rest of our existence...

9.

Yes, life is waiting, attentive waiting, it is passing time, through time, without anything happening too much, too late, that is, even anti-aging treatments only delay it, it is not easy to have to face death, when we live surrounded by it, all the time, if not in our house with the little deaths, when we leave home and the more we see the things of the world, the more death lies on the dirty dog floors to fill our patience, and so we choose to forget, to live for ourselves a wandering, metaphysical existence, and in fact we all do philosophy, we are immersed in the realm of symbols and signs of an almost eschatological nature. Christ fixed a lot of things, but also hindered a lot, the freedom and responsibility of man to be himself, God-enabled. The eternal struggle of man with his master, in the dichotomy that throws him into slavery, when that is not what he wants, but he is also not brave enough to affirm his transcendence

in power, so he lets himself go, with his head between his ears.

10.

Therefore, the Western mind is an open, arbitrary, anarchic space, no matter how hard one tries to implant democracy, it always has escapes and in fact, every man wants to command, that is the supreme freedom, to command, to have material power and only Christ was in the desert, with the roll of saints, like Charles de Foucauld, trying to live the land instead of the land, in abandonment, in contemplation of what nature gives him. How then, in the Western mind, can the Greek heritage be reconciled with the heritage, already documented, of other cultures, most of them illiterate, from Africa to the Amazon? Because in the Western mind also coexists Orientalism, because Western man is in transit, in a constant and continuous journey, because he has ceased to be who he is in the name of a certain age of being human...

11.

Yes, this man searches for the lost link, in the time when there were no cell phones yet, when computers did not yet have internet, through the songs of *The Verve* and *This Mortal Coil*, in the adoration of Elisabeth Fraser, trying to stay afloat, even if for nothing, as an author, when literature is already far away and hopes to achieve something with the essay of these essays, to extirpate from the mind something that is oppressed, compressed like a ZIP file...

12.

So why doesn't the philosopher have intercourse? Does he want so much to avoid contacts, sexual, social? No, the human is his object of study and he goes carefully, because besides being a philosopher he is a social scientist, so he goes slowly, so as not to do any damage, because he is a potential sexual volcano, an abstract flower that is late to manifest itself, when almost everyone else goes for the easy way, He would like to make a social contract and has already been further away from doing so, see in this respect some writings by Ferdinand Tönnies, Max Weber and Anthony Giddens, *The Transformation of Intimacy*, especially.

13.

While some cling to power, even knowing that they will not be able to stay on their perch for long and even though their transparency will bring them profit and almost insane, obscene profit, given the condition of the majority of the population, others prefer to be rats. Or, on the other hand, the rats are in power, that is, they weave ways to attack the other in their physical and psychic integrity, through drugs, corruption and other things, making the little people believe that crime and theft pay, worse, generating in them, especially when they are not educated, the idea that intellectual work is more than useless, unnecessary and much to this contributes to the Hollywood industry that, in this corner of the world, is prominent in audiences, to speak of television and social networks.

14.

Then the philosopher gives it all up, comes into his own, and leads a life as an urban hermit, cultivating the things of the spirit, fed up with lurid and unbalanced, bad, ill-intentioned, untrained people. Thus, his wisdom is no longer within reach and available to the city, because, in a way, no more resistance and good will has been betrayed. It is harder to be alone, but it is the only way in exploring this planet, without great connections, without great commitments. And this also keeps him away from public and political life, from appearing, from the fight for status, because he is tired and saturated of there always being a link, a relationship between something, two or more terms, and he finds himself in the death throes of modern-capitalist society, under the sign of conquest, instead of being prey, he becomes hunter...

15.

But he keeps the atmosphere of seduction in his life, because his heart is as good as Rousseau's good savage, after all he is *Victor*, from Aragon and François Truffaut, so he goes beyond, his favorite terrain is still the city, which he walks on foot and knows like no one else, he goes to one or another disco and doesn't have much success with women, where he lives, in a neighborhood in Lisbon, he is seen as a bit of a nuisance, a cheerful plaster, but he likes it that way, he goes out in the morning to buy the newspaper to see what he is going to do that day, and he predicts that all this, all these hesitations and fears, are things of the mind that, like things in the world, must be seen from a distance or even with one's eyes closed...



16.

Yes, the mind is the camera, the eye is the camera, that is, we live under a regime of predominance of the visual, to the detriment of the other senses, such as smell, stronger in an Indian civilization, touch, we all feel too much one from the other, one from the other, we feel too much, instead of taking the middle way, cool head, Roman empire...

17.

And, because we are dependent on each other, we feel, we cannot help but feel, or else we will be forever cut off from each other. So, there is a complexion to Belong, as I have already said somewhere in my writings, a compulsion to belong, to increase the magma of human feeling in the big and small geographies, in our home, forever or in the time of our life, one day or another, in one way or another, that is, neither reason nor intuition, but feeling, this is the verb that best defines this time of ours and in the light of this feeling many wrong things are done, when exaggeration takes over the agent. But... calculate, reflect, for what? To what end? Don't we know that we love when we really love? Why then escape this feeling, since the philosopher feels it, sees it with the eyes of the soul, that is, he is the counterbalance of the social structure, that is, the anthropologist is not only the scapegoat but the major social agent of his community, having left participant-observation to take the reins of a power that societies and groups did not yet know, which is that of the wise man...sapiens!

18.

In desperation, in the gasp of himself and his Ego, the subject bends over himself and contemplates his bottom, a dirty bottom: here is humanity, here is the navel of the world wedged into itself and the mind stops being itself, stops lying and reveals the perception of human nature in its condition of not-having-home, that is, when you have home somehow you let the world not be your home, because you are in a matchbox, fixed, because the mobile is the car with which you go about your daily business....

19.

The fold, then, that you saw before you and that you imagined in the back, is now the fold over yourself as body, corpuscle, that is, you are folded but not broken, because you end up rising more from there, distanced from Yourself, in the space around, in radial terms, in the beyond of what your sight reaches, projectal, objective, as I have said on another occasion.

20.

But the conflict remains: you believe in Him, but He doesn't tell you anything about your body, you give yourself His at Mass, and little else, when you know that He's piercing through your every pore, you just don't want to acknowledge it. Sex? It is something that is not something, it is good, and in time it will come, because you know that you have made yourself available, you have been more or less available, despite the deaf ears, and you have a project, and few have that, they just go with the wind in the bursting of the nuts in summer, without having the opportunity to reflect properly, to think in-depth?

21.

And the philosopher rests. Not everything is that interesting or brilliant, in other words, even sex is not that interesting, even when it is done with emotion, therefore, neither so philosophical nor so sexual, everything in its own time, everything to a certain extent, while many are out there writing their works and biographies, the home-grown philosopher is staying overnight with his faithful Farp, aspiring to other lives, other thoughts, perhaps unknown to many, but with the awareness that he could and will be able to do better, much better, all that is needed, after all, is a certain amount of patience, even if most of the time he looks like a pain in the ass, because after all, his pathology, though not serious, gives him a lot of work and the moods replicate themselves throughout the day, which is more like a life, a way of the century before the dominance of a vaguely religious, mystical feeling.

22.

That image, of the Deleuzian fold, brings fear with it. And the vision instills in you this fear of what happens, the fear of winning because it is social responsibility, so you get used to losing... until one day, the day when everything will come by dragging, by flooding, and your life will make sense again socially and you will no longer be a social stillborn, of whom nobody knows or even wants to know.

23.

Because you're used to losing, you don't care. But, because you're used to trying, you keep going, always going forward, in your mind punching, because you know that there is ahead, as with the others, there is always something, there is always sea and sand, if only dripping between the fingers of one hand...

24.

Because knowledge, science, is always piercing something, like someone who removes a cataract from the eye, that is, it is this rupture that causes pain and even loneliness, the greatest abandonment, when at the same time it is fruitful, that is, it has to turn with a breakthrough, a growth disease, anything that takes man forward, and so the world leaps and advances, as the song says...

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