



DeepL

Subscribe to DeepL Pro to translate larger documents.
Visit www.DeepL.com/pro for more information.

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL INCIDENT:

CERTAINTY, DOUBT AND EXISTENCE

Victor Excelsius

Lisbon University

Argument

Reality can be an insignificant speck, it can be an endless doubt about any purpose in a backdrop that is existence, it can be just the small perceptions for a while, until it makes sense of the whole that is the person.

Development

1.

To make sense from the detail, to arrive at the "pormajor", by inductive method and also using the Cartesian deductive method, embodied in *The Rules of Method*. We are facing no theme, no subject, but a set of mental impressions, phenomenologically speaking. Philosophy is usually averse to this, so rhetorical is its discourse, its narrative.

2.

There is nothing more than what you don't know, you get to know, you advance, and that is already good, because until now there have been many disappointments, we have spent all our time hoping that the seeds we sowed would bear fruit, but not really, we can only be happy that it didn't turn out worse. This is a philosophical path, an itinerary. Neither more poetic nor literary, within the scope of prose, it is philosophical, perhaps beyond Voltaire's *Candide*, such is our weariness and tiredness...

3.

The dissonance of the voices between the walls, piercing the ears, hell is the others, who don't give you an account of anything, like your father, and on top of that, they say bad things, not knowing what it costs to create, they think it's something like making love with a woman and that's it, you take the condom off and throw it away, It even sounds bad in a philosophical discourse, but reality is just like that, it is too late to include dates and names of people, of places, in the body of the philosophical text, as long as this is not the case, philosophy will remain forever afflicted in the century of the Enlightenment or in the Greek Age of the discovery of Western knowledge.

4.

Think: will you have built a work worthy of your name and without much trouble, except for the thesis, that took you to the hospital for the insane, you should never have entered there, you should have defended yourself, but you entered, what are you going to do now? Construct a narrative of the Other? Or the narrative of the voices, of the Other in You, when you have your ego hidden in a small apartment in Muscat?....

5.

Philosophy is thus like a terror virus that prevents wars, that gets everyone talking among themselves about the astonishment of the world, and distracts them from killing each other, because through words, through theoretical complication, it disguises the thing.

6.

Light streams in on the window, it's the sun doing its thing. The accounting guys have opened their office again, it's the financial crisis of the markets, while the butcher and the hairdresser are closed, strange, in the middle of the afternoon. The jewelry girl is back, a very attractive black woman has been in her place. Few people say hello to me, except for one or two old men. I'm still waiting for my thesis to be discussed. Is this philosophy? Of course it is, it's circumstance, life, existence, the banal at its best, and what better material for philosophy, if it needs any immanent support, than the banal? "That's where the verbiage comes from," said Victor.

7.

Yes, literature is the art of sabotage, because others know nothing about you, they know their version of you, which may or may not be evil, while you tell others, for official regime, what you want them to know, like an epitaph.

8.

No, I don't have any friends. But this is all I have, so I'm going to start building something on this, calmly and patiently, although most of them are in a mad rush for I don't know what, bodies, money, fame, image, many are slammed against the wall, others remain alive and active, many are more there than here, others continue in their mischief, because one day they were hurt...

9.

Yes, your ego is between four walls, waiting to be liberated, to be set free by the fields of your childhood, where you walked in the haystacks with Isaura, Charréu and Grilo. It is like that in the city, "some are already shelved," as your brother says.

10.

Revenge, the remission into existence, makes you live, keeps you alive. But... with what quality? Wouldn't you live a lot more anguished if you surrendered yourself to the Lord your God?

11.

There are many positions and you fear that you are not up to it, there are many candidates, some worse, some better than you, but don't fear for your health, go, sibylline, tracing your way through a forest of deceit and disillusionment, with Friar Manuel Bernardes in "Caminhos da Floresta".

12.

And I bring up Gadamer's work, *The Mystery of Health*, about composite desires to endure in this life, while becoming an author of international renown, as well as the national, the social, the eventual. All it takes is one societal click...

13.

You are, therefore, among several categories, your Ego may be burned, but you are still there, many philosophical systems have to be discovered and explained in the academies, without end, yours will be one of them, if each person fits into only one system, it already seems like China, one country two systems.

14.

I see in my brother and other guys the illusion of proof that most academics have. But that's the fault of the philosophers, who would sooner admit an engineer or architect to do philosophy than a social science person. There is a pretty serious and significant conflict of interest there, which demonstrates how society thinks...

15.

But it is also the fault of anthropologists, who shut themselves away in niches in the most diverse Portuguese universities (and there are two or three of them), not opening themselves up to civil society, being a kind of club that produces mass-produced things about the world in which they live, A kind of *illuminati* fed even by society itself for its privileges, with an air of embarrassing simplicity, unbelieving of anything transcendent, as if they were a separate Church in self-combustion, that is, it produces its artisans and the state feeds all this state of affairs. Basically, it's the millennial rule: if you disagree with me, you're not part of the club...

16.

In the end, everyone is looking for the escape, confused, when this is a patchwork quilt, very short for the bed in question, that is, when the head is covered, the feet are uncovered, and there is no lack of people who can shake off the clogs.

17.

But... this is how groups are formed, they all row in the same direction, they all think the same, they have common interests, they reverberate the reiteration of the same until exhaustion, because they are not cosmopolitan and those who are risk greater risks...

18.

Sabotage, interest, the philosopher is guilty of all, everyone pursues him, everyone accuses him, because in truth they are envious of his gift, there says anthropology, while others seek earthly goods, the philosopher is content with little, little television and some books, many books. Too bad for those who see philosophy as a way of life, of making money...And he goes beyond your time and the men of your time, stuck to immanence like a dog to its bone...

19.

To prevent the city from continuing to kill, it is necessary to return to a simple life, perhaps to convents and monasteries, where everything starts all over again, child abuse, domestic violence, the lassitude of some souls who only know the heat of the tropics, all this associated with the economy, the English and American might, which is almost only symbolic, because who really rules is China and Japan, the different ones, after all?

20.

They accuse us of having no friends, and they don't realize how city life is, how I need to be alone to write, how I had to choose certain ideas contrary to common sense to assert my own, my freedom...

21.

We have been at this for a long time, in an endless exchange of accusations, all having come from childhood, where great friends but also great enemies were forged and remission into existence has its limits, few have done philosophy with little money and yet, I am an employee of humanity, when many of my time live in another time, the time of banal common sense and this will be prayed for one day, in the epitaph or in glory.

22.

Human beings are full of inconsistencies and nobody wants to make a fool of themselves, in front of God, in front of society, everybody thinks they have some form of reason, instead of the repentant ones, those who are sorry for their own existence and their mistakes, between psychiatry and religion, between economics and astronomy...when happiness is tacit and competition is fierce, because the country is given over to the faggotry.

23.

To capture the most diverse dimensions of reality, beyond yourself, you need to be attentive, wait a while for the diastole to do its work, and realize how the world is much more than just yourself..

24.

There will always be those who will say bad things about you, about what you do, who don't recognize your value, and among family members there are some who think this way, sometimes even your mother disregards you, because you are not good at making money, because you are not married, and even because you don't have a girlfriend, or a job. There are always those who criticize, as you do some, but you meet Paulo in the street and you see the hope, that hope that you give to others without being asked, that joy, which is not being all the time inside the Church, although you like it very much. And time goes by, no woman approaches you, and you notice that you are not gay or queer, only that your time has not come, so you become an expert in waiting, not procrastinating, but waiting, and then you become the real writer, whose words come out of the core of your being..

25.

Here is the circumstantial incidence, a crack of reality that is beyond you, at the step of your eyes, when you stop hearing and feeling and end up still seeing, even if blind to certain things. And you explore your being as no one has ever done, as no anthropologist has ever done, and you need philosophy for that, when you will have been in the realm of psychoanalysis for some time and you have to deal with it, because with your choices there are no friends with pats on the back, and that time has no reverse but inverse.

26.

You look through the grid of social science, because that's how you were formed, besides religion, which you need to feel good, and more than ever you need those references, those structures because you're just doing all this and even literature has become an art of deceit, of getting by, that is, even in Tolentino de Mendonça you see this, that redneck cleverness of saying not what you feather from reflection, but what everyone else thinks is good. And this is, in a way, unfair. So, what kind of social science do you do? Yours, of yourself.

27.

And on top of that they call you Judas, and you're thinking," Judas of what? Christ?" - This is what you think in the crease of time, yet another concept you have advanced in favor of understanding the social for the sake of everyone....

28.

And you notice that the world is not perfect and you wait, you despair, you wait again, again and again, you don't know to what end, and you let yourself go by instinct, like cats, when they lodge in the engine of cars, when curiosity kills them and so, like the singer Alexander Search, you go on your way, because you don't know how else it can be, that other arguments you may raise, outside the academy, thinking that you have few friends, you have more than you think and reality is like that, it evolves, it develops in the air, in the water and everyone wants, more or less, to take advantage of it for their own benefit, in a society where having is more important Being, hence the *crease ...*

29.

Yes, proof, demonstration, this is the Western society, proof by the woman I screwed to affirm myself male, proof of the TV or newspaper where I appeared just to take the peasant girl, in a way, deceive her, not give her time, because my time is much more important than hers and, in fact, even if I don't have time, I must make the most of it, with or without meaning?

30.

You wouldn't think, when you went to the convent, that most people are crazy, even if they haven't been to any psychiatric hospital. Yeah... they are crazy, you think that you have been there, at least you didn't stay there, as some people wanted, to get the hell out of this crazy road trip, where you pretend to be a friend and you are a snake...

31.

After all, the intellectuals are all fleeing to religion, as the normal and strange becomes progressively normal, much to the fault of, I wouldn't say, the media, the new media, but essentially television, more specifically the TV programmers who have only a journalism background and one or two villas in Cascais...But, after all, who will judge these people? Who will judge Pinto Balsemão? They are all clinging to the tree and most of the newspapers have a distorted view...

32.

Thus, stupidity is promoted and the true artists, who have a new and unheard-of vision of the world, leave their affirmation for posterity, maybe for after this life, maybe not, maybe nothing will ever be known or nothing has ever been known, because first of all you have to live, live madly...

Lisbon, October 17, 2022

