



A Conspiratorial World: When Reality is undemocratic

"The only thing we can be sure of is uncertainty"

Zygmunt Bauman

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Argument

The philosopher continues to write, to philosophize, and can do this because he has a guaranteed salary at the end of the month, so he is in that bubble *ad aeternum*, while the one who runs on the side has to beg his family for money to eat, smoke, and do philosophy, which benefits everyone. Portugal may well be the most unfair of countries, this is my thesis.

Development

1.

Sometimes everything seems to conspire for you, in a good or bad way, in a good or bad moment. There are many advantages to pessimism (Scruton), but there are also disadvantages, as Cicero would say, it is good to keep in the middle ground, to dose emotions, to be moderate in everything, as I said at the end of my first book, *The Tight Curves*.

But it's impossible, because in the race, which is almost always an obstacle course, in the race of life, there is always a certain pessimism in the background, and the soul is either euphoric or depressed.

2.

Still, you are misunderstood, people are clinging to their little issues and not understanding your behavior, your understanding and you politely don't insist, if they want to persist in the error, it's their problem, Christ there was only one. But there are saints who followed him, thankfully....

3.

A lot of things, a lot of shit, as they say before entering the scene, before discussing a thesis, is coming to the surface of the Church, which does not understand the body, I say more, does not understand the Devil and the separation that is due between sacred and profane in a societal, ecclesial context...

4.

Then you look at yourself and see what you like, rather, you like what you see, a guy who is overcoming many, some, traumas, from childhood but perhaps adolescence, a guy who remains sexually active and attractive to women, because it is the sex you prefer, even if you are gay or queer, which is not the case, but there are always abébias to be had. Is this Philosophy" Yes, in a way, between the gap, the crease and the wicker of the vine from which the grapes and the wine, be it red or white, are taken. So you feel, at a distance, your father in a song you don't remember, you feel your mother's heart beating in you, inside you, for you perhaps, listening to "Mama" by Phil Collins, after "I'm Alive" by Celine Dion.

5.

The mind is like an engine, it has injection and piston, it admits diesel or gasoline, as the case may be and there is what a Queen song suggests, "thorn between the levels"... Our intervention may seem shameless, but it is for the good of writing and other things, it is not worth worrying so much about money, it will come, and so will your beloved, all you have to do is wait, I know it costs, give in as it hurts less, accept it, if it didn't cost it wouldn't be worth it, so find a good hobby, even if it is Tetris or chess, which you abandoned some time ago...

6.

Remember what you once said in the Metro to two English women, "it's not so important" and as they hadn't heard, you repeated it, but in a different way, that is, "I'm not so important"... they laughed with relief, as if England were Portugal and vice-versa, two countries a system and then the French come up, let's see, the Spanish are going the same way, they even imitate us in certain things...

7.

You feel disconnected from the anthropological community, but you don't have to be, you will never stop being an anthropologist, it's in your blood and besides you are also a philosopher and writer, nothing too much to describe a society that goes world, subjects

that, instead of the moral world, are evolving on the social scale and that you are seeing, you are pointing out...

8.

When you can see yourself, you are on the right track, you even get a laugh, apart from the criticism of others, in a sense, they cannot hurt you anymore, because you have a bed of anti-reflex, and even if they get in, the criticism, you are a sponge and when squeezed, everything comes out...in the name of writing, philosophy, free thought and free association, day or night...

9.

Even so, in your altruistic philosophy, you have time to listen to religious programs, when the TV is without sound, due to a technical defect, due to will oscillation, and you produce, you produce a lot, without knowing that one day you will become famous, even if no lady visits you, it is a form of expression, so go on, in a metaphysics of the here and beyond the Tagus?

10.

Is this philosophy? I don't know, I'm not in an academy, but I think it is, without a shadow of a doubt, philosophy, because I always come to a more or less metaphysical conclusion about behavior and speech, and after an almost lifetime of writing the most diverse things, I continue, still without the jogging, insisting on writing, when I already need a therapist to guide me in the dawn of social power?

11.

The subject struggles then, with the most diverse desires, between intrusive thoughts and dual personality, but that's part of it, everything must be relativized, between systole and diastole, because no surgery was needed, and that would even turn us into a superman, characters that you are for some of your students and it's Nietzsche's fault, who knows why, someone explain this in Portugal, which is your methodological context?

12.

And you are worried about the minimal images, because you have a problem with reality, you also have a problem with the truth, and yet you go on your way and when you lower your head, various perceptions of the minimum appear, as if you were Chinese or Japanese, in exchange for individual psychic well-being?

13.

But Nietzsche didn't feel guilt, he raged on religion as something not very honest, sincere, a bit with the hypocrisy of some psychiatrists today, in which the mind is in the open, in mutual autopsy, as Nélia Dias would say...

14.

And here I wake up in the morning, having a hard time getting up, with a big erection, my glans almost glued to my belly, I find this strange, I'm just deprived of the memory of other times when I did things on my knee, let's say, I would go straight to the physical part, when in my adolescence and youth it wasn't like that, I had a head, even at ISCTE and Nova, that is, I'm looking for a certain balance that was lost somewhere in the 35 years, a little before this second millennium?

15.

And all this is Philosophy...let Fernando Pessoa say it, I have the idea of walking some of his steps, in the illuminated climb to Chiado, as well as Teófilo Braga, in the ethnographies of anthropology, Fernando Namora, Alberto and the older Cesário Verde and Sebastião da Gama, not to mention Alexandre Herculano and Mário Viegas...

16.

Yeah, I've decided to ask for nothing, nothing more, not to complain, I just want my daily life back, even if it's lonely, even if it costs, even if I don't have coverage and pats on the back. Because this is Philosophy...

17.

There is a kind of incomplete happiness in all of this, in seeing the kitten getting the street wind through the window. Yes, more, there is something American in all of this, even in the suffering, in the animal will to copulate in various ways, as if the Frenchman knew how to wait, as if he valued everything, even a clean and smooth sidewalk, the Portuguese sidewalk, for that matter.

18.

Is this Philosophy? Is it not that, before and after desires and senses satisfied, between dreams and difficulty in getting up from the range, as if a crane were needed? And this is the thread of our prose, philosophical, for then

19.

You find yourself in that social situation, you could, through reflection or mere imitation, be in another, much more advantageous one, because, after all, you know how to value your circumstance, accidental or provoked, turning it into gold that makes you happy...

20.

Halfway through, you get extremely tired, with a strong headache, but you keep going, it's a dead end, and even if you have to turn back, you do it because, after all, you don't owe anybody anything and you still have your way to go, maybe in the name of a philosophy, an anthropology, that nobody talks about

because it tires, the truth tires, and it is not given to one at once, but unequally distributed to all?

21.

If you have the opportunity to be happy, don't let that possibility slip away, even if you are an engineer or an architect, happiness comes essentially from professional fulfillment, little more, life is a passage, not an instance of power, even if many (not few), think the opposite, that one should amass as much money as possible, without living life, without having an act of generosity without making a moral judgment...

22.

And then you get used to housing, you like to be at home, you could be in the middle of a Timorese tribe, but it's here, in the middle of the urban tribes, and I'm sure you don't do so badly, because many people respect you because you respect them too?

23.

So, in that sense, what is the mechanism of interest, what connects us to the world? Aren't we already connected, even before conception? Because there is something of environment and physical and social environment, also in us, in our neurons, neurons...

24.

And between these two forms of discourse, of understanding things and of behavior, walks the man, busy being a father and we respect that because we also wanted to be one day and that broken link is somewhere in the past, where we don't want to go back.

25.

Dreaming is not that impossible, nor as out of the box as it may seem, you keep insisting with your technique of the crucible of daily understandings and dialogue and you wait for the happiness that will come, all at once, all at once, in a flurry, that will culminate and contemplate you with good and joy, because life lends itself to that, you make a remission to existence and consider yourself happy although tired, it's normal, it's the weight of responsibility for the things you have done and undone...

26.

Mental fatigue comes, philosophy gives you that, feeling tired, stretched out, contemplating the pains of the world in the name of literature, nomenclature, democracy, and more outward signs that you are still able to work, now that you are no longer retired on disability. Let's just say that, apart from a few small debts, you have a clean record...

27.

And so, you're eager for Time to pass, for what many call aging, it's Time passing you by in Rossio or with you in Rua da Betesga. One way or another, you keep going, because as the people say, "to stop is to die", even after you dreamed about the little Bay of São Pedro de Muel, while the Muse were playing, the first part of the concert was by the Gift, where you heard the theme "One Summer".

28.

And your theoretical claims fall to the ground, you stop being alarmist in relation to reality, that is, wanting everything, many things and even the attention that many don't have. Hence the pressure, the tension, in the subway, even at home, because you are always looking for something, and you have stopped drinking coffee, and tobacco is evidently rationed, when there is still some to drink.

29.

Sometimes you can't stand it, so much effort, so much delivery and you are not being recognized as a great writer, because you think you deserved it, that it would be an unfolding

logical of your production. But let it be, you don't always do things with a particular sense and intention, peculiar, God will bring everything in due time, as well as Love, you are a little unaware of that and that day, in the Metro, you could have conquered a girl who was looking at you interestedly waiting for your yes and you went back home, because you wanted to do and finish this essay... well, you are almost succeeding...

30.

And you continue to discover **déjà-vus** and realize where you went wrong - you could have given yourself to someone, given yourself to someone, and that someone would have been Catarina, whom you really wanted, or Susana, of whom you have the fondest memory and have even looked for her online and everywhere possible, She would have been your wife, and you would have had others, like Magdalena or Lily, who did you a lot of good, but escaped you don't know how and after all this time still waiting for Cinderella and that gives you, this search, health and well-being...

31.

I have already approached in other places, existence as a circus, *ritornello*, repetition, incessant ritual in the face of the sacred and the profane, when the two concepts are confused, something strange and at the same time wonderful is generated, because the pagan nature of man makes him do things, monuments, buildings, roads, and we remember Jeshua's 40 days in the desert and the way he was tempted by the Devil?

32.

Neurosis bites the spirit, thought after thought, fraction of thought, particularity of the real, and brain print instead of digital...you leave a mark everywhere and, like Pessoa, your Being sticks to everything that is world, of the World, being beyond that touch because you are the one who bought the glue there.

33.

Time chases you, you are entangled in yourself, you care sometimes, in the sense of doing something fast, building work, writing and thinking, solving

problems, other times you care little because you think you've done enough, but it happens for a short time, that worry, that prey, like Mary, to get up and rush out the door. So it's wrapped up in you, as you take a sling, like David against Samson, and throw time ahead of you, beyond the banal, to project yourself beyond it too, and it walks ahead of you, as if it were your slave...

34.

The secret to a long and fulfilled life is perhaps to strive to do that which gives us pleasure, enjoyment, and how hard it is to achieve! Many get into unbridled competition, perhaps by imitation of the American model. But... there are other models, such as the Swiss, the French, the Norwegian, which can also be adopted in a social economy regime. And then there is the Portuguese model, the one that does it best and leaves everything to the last, that finally knows how to enjoy the sun and the gastronomy of this corner of Europe. Brazilians recognize this, a certain value in the soil that runs in the veins of the people here...

35.

Some people like the comfort zone to produce (texts, symbols, manufacturing), but some like the risk of being outside the box, when in this mode the return home is much happier than being like a mouse in its box all the time. Because the weather, the wind and the movement can change and you have to go in the air of the currents, of the vogas (of Bogas), go behind and on the other hand In front at the same time of something interesting...

36.

Then you discover that finally, after so much struggle and recess, you are inside what has been called the "collective unconscious" and you let yourself be, quietly, as if it were an airplane trip, because, after all, you want to get to the end of something and, as the family doctor says, "you're not hurting anyone..."

37.

Yes, there is still before your eyes, something that prevents you from seeing clearly, sharply, as if it were a veil, a milk, a cataract that is getting in your sight and you continue to struggle, to struggle with ideas and words, being blind you would also do a certain thing, a certain philosophy or hermeneutics.

38.

And then, as if you go back to your mother's womb, to your grandfather's back, to that small place now but huge during childhood, where you played with others and had your friends. Now, everything is lost (and transformed), you come alone and have words as company, "words don't know how to love," says the Silence 4 song, and you believe in this as if you had never had faith and have it again, if only in yourself and in the God who feeds your spirit and your flesh and keeps you "on this side" of life.

39.

Because you believe in sincerity, in honesty, finally, and philosophy, somehow, is not so assertive and it took you out of your mind, as if it gagged you, between reason and unreason, madness and normality, strength and weakness, you knew that you had to slow down one of these days, because you want to live, more and more, not in absolute terms, but to do certain things that you like to do, and so you are going to grow up and see things in the world with more prudence, even to avoid getting burned in the eyes.

40.

Yes, philosophy is like a cancer, it can kill us as well as bring us a new and second life, even if you are a hedonist, you were never as perverse and perverted as you feel at some times of your day, as if this perversity and perversity is constituted as entertainment, as a reason for interest in the ecstatic movement of the mind and perception, much to blame for your upbringing and the environment in which you developed as a child, until you reached adolescence, when you locked your sexuality away with keys to a trunk in some attic of the world, some world, and thus discover the Ariadne's thread in all of this and become young again and

realized, although with white hair and a tired body, but still with the vigor for much love, if love is a thing of the body and not of the mind...

41.

And so you are, between the sacred and the house, the permitted thoughts, some that have something to do, others that have nothing to do with reality, but if they don't, it is because, by opposition, they also have something to do. We return to Spinoism as the panacea of doubt, as the elixir of human intelligence, so often trapped by science some times and religion others, because they are not always intertwined with each other, even if a certain social reality shows the opposite...

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