



LODGED IN THE CITY, FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE
WORLD: THE RADICAL SOLITUDE OF THE
HERMIT PHILOSOPHER

Viktor Excelsius

University of Lisbon/IESL

Summary

Here, then, is the urban hermit, doing what Claude Lévi- Strauss once said, and which is the purpose of all anthropology, that is, to strange the familiar, to familiarize the strange. But if we lose the context, what else will save us from imminent social death? Between forgetting and remembering, here is the design of the binomial-social-individual.

Keywords

media, emic, etic, strange, familiar, domestication, secret

Development

1. INSTANCES OF THE DISAGGREGATED SOMEWHERE

One day I made a retreat in Palo, in the Serra da Estrela, near the city of Covilhã. There I realized that, in a certain way, the need for integration excuses anarchy, for example, of violence, but also of thought. Many philosophers are to blame for thinking anarchically, like many French and Americans. We are in another phase of thinking, but we are already getting there, in thinking as chaos, disorder, attack on the Other's integrity of thought..

That time is coming, and it's not the fault of certain foolish thinkers here on the mainland, accompanied by media directors, who most of the time throw pathetic parties and confusion on the screens, almost all the time. But the actors act this way too, perhaps because they are depressed. Maybe they should learn English, French or Moroccan Arabic... Yes, the Portuguese, to overcome isolation, have to walk more than others, think of the Azores and Madeira... but maybe that is their destiny, to announce a sense, a certain sense of Being, of Being, even when, in times like these, Being is glued to Having. Yes, it is necessary to believe, to believe that soccer is not so disconnected from life and that, in a certain sense, life is a game and we are all, in some way and according to our conscience, elements and actors of this game.

2. LET THEM PRUNE: HOW IT IS TRUE THAT SEX NOT ONLY WEARS OUT BUT IS THE GRAVEYARD OF CAPITALISM

Yes, I defend the right to be wrong, to not have a politically correct opinion about anything and everything. In a sense, Trump makes sense, is correct, as is Bolsonaro. For then, after having been in the ranks of the Left Bloc, I hold my own on the left as a staunch and cheerful Catholic, when I could have more blessings if I went to the oranges, that is, I have found my political balance, even after having given some reason to Chega. Someone had to say this, because we are saturated and bored with political correctness, it's on TV, it's in the newspapers, it's on the internet, on the street, in the supermarket, in the coffee shops, everywhere, everyone is being too nice, more, shrinking their cupidity and impudence, that is, it's not only in the north that there is shamelessness, in Lisbon it is more pretended and dies in a corner of the room or in the middle of the sheets of a whore house.

Basically, we are in a more or less pacified world, except for the various wars in Africa, besides the one in Ukraine, and we are lucky to be like that, and it is because of human nature that we are what we are and that we abuse so much happiness sometimes. But it's the vigem that determines everything, when you travel, you know how to judge better, relativize, accept, and that makes you a happier, less schematic guy. That's why, as far as I know and see on TV and internet, on the tablet, as I hear on the street, America is lost, it lost itself when it confronted the truth of itself, that's why Americans travel so much (maybe as much as the Portuguese to that Europe outside), because it seeks what they don't have yet, They feel the *emptiness*, the *lack*, the *miasma* and the friesta of existence crying out for them elsewhere, in a Dasein that is both emotional and delirious, and therefore necessary for Existence and the persistence not only of memory but also of each one's history, mine and yours, mine as

observer and yours as a social actor. The priests of the Catholic Church taught me, although in a specific context, that of the formation of priests, that sex not only wears off but that it is addictive, nowadays it is said that sex eats more calories than a half marathon, but if you are addicted to it you end up addicted... The priests had a point, for a mind like mine, full of cupidity, sex can be something very tormenting, exhausting, even deadly... but if we go too long without doing it, we end up crazy, more so, crazy philosophers on top of that. That's the truth I stand for, a point of balance that allows us to curb America and the American....

3. THE OBVIOUS AND THE OBTUSE

Between the obvious and speculation, I pursue my investigations, knowing that not all of them are speculative in the least; they have a contextual, scientific background, certain and certainly more accurate than much of what is written at the moment.

Considering the figure of the hermit, he lives in the city, metaphysically projected into his own individuality, fed by the shadows of the social world to which he belonged, like the one who was not born blind and saw many "things of the world". You want, as a young man, to access the core of the collective unconscious, but when, as an almost old man, you get there, you want to turn back, because you are confronted with the ghosts that betray the mechanical solidarity of society, of the city, the vertigo toward evil in all its forms, from domestic violence to the simple envy that comes from a lack of study and reflection. Thus you easily go from the obvious to the obtuse - a certain Camus would have said all this as early as the last century, but many more authors proliferate and you go on your way, in a certain languor, in a certain anxious calm, ready for another day, on the street or in the cafes, with the lack of the daily newspaper, you go on your way now knowing that you have always been doing metaphysics and you even consider yourself content with this realization?

You are going, little by little, or, as they say in my hometown, little by little, remembering your friends, in the end they have all left at different times and even though the house smells like death, you try to disguise it with a faint *stick of* good smell bought from the Indians, or better, the Bangladeshis. You are home, in fact, you are really home, in the multiple sense of the word, and so you continue, even more so when you realize that the girl from the building across the street, who also writes and studies, has come back, maybe to see you, duckling or not, wishing to be with her not knowing how to do it, like the porn videos that happened the day before you got lost once again. Nobody wants to get lost from the world, nobody, but some end up getting lost from each other and founding a new order, a religion, a church, maybe to entertain themselves from the madness that is on their heels all the time, biting their heels and preventing them from walking normally, dragged down by sins, faults, guilt.

Of course, while some want power, others don't, they don't even fight for it, they let themselves go, they just ask for a breath so they can be happy, their mind is so complex that it assumes their mental confusion and nothing wrong, after all, is wrong with them, they are just loved in another time, or unloved, because the world has become a den of many animal species that call themselves human?

4. THE PLEASANT PLACE

More often than not, the local, the one who has chosen not to travel, ends up suffering more ills than the one who does travel, ends up developing more putrid pathologies in his brain than the one who has traveled all his life and who sees things and people with detachment, detachment. But is this really the case? What is different between a Nietzsche and a Derrida? Weren't they all men? Why are there so few women philosophers? We are still, after so long, as Latour, recently disappeared, said, "barely modern"... And then you realize that your task is inglorious, that you are constantly being shouted at and criticized in a fight to see who is right, and it is those who have the least effort and illness and do the most complaining, when many just want to forget the drift of this world, in the face of the insistence on patronymics, on heritage, not being short-sighted but not even having the care to look up and realize how insignificant they are? You live, thus, in the midst of petty, bickering people, when you realize that you are the one with the pathology. Then, they call you old and crazy, but you keep yours, the opinion and the conviction...

This gives rise to reflection, they just want to disturb you, because you always end up being right, and still it doesn't give you material sustenance, but you carry on, sometimes as a mouse, sometimes as a lion, most of the time as an eagle that flies into the sky and flies away to freedom, as in a prisoner's playground...

Then, you realize that they have failed you, that pathology is and always has been social, that psychiatry was a trick, a disguise, a circumstance and a pretext to ruin your career. You are you against the world, when deep inside it believes it will save itself at your expense, when you are just a man like the others, just a man, hungry and in need, like all the others, but while you know how to go back to the starting point and prove a hypothesis, others mess up and even

They get prizes for it, incentives of all kinds, and still they have the cowardly courage to think they are Catholics. The house then becomes a trap because you know that you are going to be condemned, those actors in history that everyone remembers because they need models, passwords to enter into a certain regimen of performance that gives them strength to live a little longer. Basically, in my opinion, the only criterion of this society, if there is one, is that life is defended; you can do bad things or great things, but life and its maintenance is the most important thing. But not everyone is aware of this, not everyone realizes it, not everyone knows how to think out loud or, for instance, open a Bible...

5. THE CRACKLING OF CRICKETS

Deep down, you may think that all the work of a social science is inglorious, that it is nothing but rhetoric, like philosophy, but that is what saves us and I have always believed in anthropology, even in the bad moments, even resentful of what they did or didn't do to me, when deep down I have been quite outside the box, if that is what it takes to do something valid, worthy of recognition. Here is the desert as an "ampleur", as an oasis, the city as an oasis, stage for the most diverse events, where morality sneaks up and hides in the most unsuspected places, when in a rural context everything is more or less patent, "simple"... It's not because you don't do anthropology that you don't feel your thing, you don't feel the people, the human condition, as Professor João Leal used to say. In fact, one suffers and then feels, more, with distance than with proximity, this is in a way amoral, which doesn't immediately mean negative, immoral, in other words, it is complicity, the chirping of the cicadas and crickets that hisses through the cool wind of a hot summer afternoon among the fields.

The success of literature and philosophy, more or less literary, is in this burst of radicalism, as if it were necessary to dramatize instead of de-dramatize, which poetry does very well. Anthropology will never reach power, because it is nothing but the immense power of the word and, therefore, more power than power itself, because it is the dismantling of that which is obscene to power, that is, it is under the decontextualized scene of the exercise of power... Here, then, and for me, is the anthropological scene, which is also called anthropocene and which, in my view, is a fix for everything to stay the same, that is, all anthropology is contemplative, and for the public image, it should have something eminently pragmatic in its practice... What about philosophy? What is the social role of the philosopher? While some see relationships in a closed circuit, as "divertissement" *ad nauseam*, others see in the obtuse a form of freedom, that is, the capitalist system has potentiated the

escape from the norm, that is, the entry into a crazy and hallucinated world of the hallucinogenic gasp of running, of achieving (to be noticed), of accomplishing (movies, conventions, congresses), when in truth what there is more of in the present society, is the lack of dialogue of man with man, and the self of man with god has increased, because many take refuge in convents, where there is some peace and.... the vows, because someone always desires something. And he who does not desire enters the failure of Being, projects himself suicidally at the end of himself, and his body ends up being handed over to the media beasts in an authentic media carnage, better said, in a perfect psychofoda...

6. RETURN TO THE END OF THE END

Man struggles before the precipice. It is just a game from a well-known TV show, a game that simulates life and at the same time loses it, because while some seek an assertion in the face of reality, others seek an escape, this is the radical difference in face of other more balanced or more violent times, under the sign of faith and unreason about the body, about flaws, faults, and never the vain of existence that are found around here, in this hypermodern time of crowded supermarkets, of the easy life of letting go, when the unrecognized merit is on the side of the metaphysical subjectivity of the author: someone has to do the dirty work....

The lack and absence of letters is the assertion of individual power over the power of the group, when it is less formal, or informal, when it doesn't even exist and we all walk around aimlessly, some waiting to be recognized for what they did or didn't do, others eating and commenting well and abundantly all the time, watching each other more or less, in a full scenario of lack of intellectual honesty...

Thus, here is the drive for the end, for the ending of something, as if we were all mythical beings in search of a radical victory over ourselves, our Ego, and over others, as if collective life were this *rite of passage* that never ends, no matter how many Pandora's boxes are opened before the horizon of the lost and of pessimism?

Thus, happiness is a criterion, it is something more and more rare, many are driven to suicide, others are racked with guilt, others still feel nothing, either because they were in France or in the war in Africa... Everyone thinks they are worthy of anything and everything, like sparrows in the nest, that is, they claim everything for themselves, selfishly, in a supposedly democratic society, whether or not they have done something for it, when in most cases, they did not know how to take a step backwards. So subversion is possible, it still exists, and it is what saves not

... only the subvertor, for the Other, who doesn't even realize he is being saved, so he lets himself be, nor thanks him... Because there are always and there will always be those who think they are better than you, if only for dreaming, working, fighting for a more egalitarian world...

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