



A Phoenix which is struggles:
between sociology and human
ethnology

Victor Excelsius

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Summary

Determining the causes of a certain phenomenon, combating distrust in society, which spreads like a virus, sociology is viral, as is anthropology, not to mention philosophy, many feed on the very poison that created them and thus remain alive, albeit ill

Development

1. TRANSCENDENTAL AESTHETICS WITHOUT KANT

Let's look at the phoenix, yes, the myth, after being almost dead, regains energies that come directly from its transcendent character, while the human being, struggling with the guilt of not being God, forgets the phenomenon of the emergence of e-ternity and takes refuge in politics, in Law, as if everything could be that little formal when it is interesting. This is what ails society: formality. The content has leaked into the volcanoes that are going to explode, up into the sea...

On the other hand, the internet and virtual networks have too much content, the idea that the internet is empty of meaning, superficial, it is nowadays a resource for everyone, you can see that second cycle teachers post their exams on the school's site, or the ministry's site, and then they end up escaping from the somewhat ankylosed logic of teacher-student, a logic that was one of submission for a long time as in relation to women, ethnic and sexual minorities... Therefore, I believe that the world needs a flood of meaning, even Brazil, in all its natural and human richness, does, Africa not so much, although people are still starving, the signs of great economic, social and political powers are beginning to appear in the south, yes, in Africa, as in the East, Arab or Muslim, while Eastern Europe is still struggling with a war of fratricity, the Soviet Union threatens to reappear but Ukraine has more

sympathy for this side of the world. Beautiful...but poor women look for a western rajah, a footloose husband to rebuild a life, while Portuguese women ask for money for sex, not only for the more or less literary adventure, but to feed the mental garbage they have deluded and deluding (n)brain, copying America at its worst...

Yes, the world is polarized and for me it is in this aspect a polarization between politics and soccer, it increases the spectacle and everything is lost in the mist of time in the old and heroic 80s. At least radio time to make us fall asleep and enter the phoenix regime... I would say Soeiro Pereira Gomes and Cesário Verde, not to mention Gil Vicente...

2. OCUPAS

Thus, the phoenix, in its adventure, rises not for itself but for all the dead and for the Christ who is to come, in a mixed regime of night/day. Everything is contained in it, even time, this lady who travels through space like a capsule (of Time, obviously), like an antibiotic that the human body absorbs in the digestive tract (life). So, the brain is going downhill and there are less and less thinking people, more and more phoenixes and less and less with weak thought and autonomous thought (Vattimo, regarding Nietzsche and Kant, to various terms). When we buy a house, in the city, better, an apartment, we buy, as it were, the air that goes inside, that is, we buy only the inside of the walls, that is, the paint. Hence the aesthetics.

We are, thus, on this side, inhabiting the Time that derives from the instance of its voracity, of being here and already being, in an instant, a little while from now, there, that is, contemporary man realizes Heidegger's dream of *dasein* perfectly, even if he does not know it, even if he does not have

studied philosophy, the dream also of Sartre when he wrote *The Flies* and *Nausea*. That's why some actors vomit on camera, to put it mildly. And yet, that is cinema, better than Bergman, for some... Man today needs so much admiration and reference (not to say deference) that he is dependent on the opinion of others to do anything. He went in lying down in the convent and came out flying. Like Daedalus?

So, this order of sense, we are all more or less busy, homeless, homeless, we deal with adventure but seek refuge, tame our space to fundamentally be near God, near ourselves and the Others. That is why Ferdinand Magellan set sail, like Vasco da Gama, because even by the sea, one feels Timor beneath the ground, crossing the interior of the Earth and the seismic and marine tremor "clashing" (the *écart*) all the time, hence the licentiousness, the port of departure and entry, that is, of passage, to another shore, to another world?

3. IS FREEDOM A PRISON?

Thus, man is, more than the phoenix that flies like an eagle over the seas of the sky, hostage of his contingency, but there he discovers freedom, in the little things (Arundhati Roy), as the social actor, his performance, in the zigzags, sees himself squeezed by desire and not being territorial (Valverde, green), what is he to do? Complexify? That atrophies the lower parts of thinking a bit. Do as the spider does, build a web? Do as the fly does? Or do as the ant does? Perhaps the latter is the most convenient case, *au-delà* of the current political current's vetism (is Costa tired?, at least he did a good job, accomplished a lot), not that society is equivalent to an army without direction, without a head (from the Latin *capita*, capital, there beside the Kremlin in the 80-90s?)

But is freedom a prison? In fact, we only feel free when we desire freedom, not so much attached to its realization, that is, there is a conjure and an obsession for proof, for the act, in western society and this makes things more or less cardiac and improper for the little ones... What is there to do? Imitate free freedom, as Ramos Rosa said in one of his books of poems, or invent freedom, do what has not been done, as the song by Pedro Abrunhosa says, imitate or create? This is the challenge and the dilemma of any artist, pictorial and even sculptural, that is, to dose the touch without the act, and as for me, the author of this article, I understand young people, even when they laugh at serious things, because I also laughed one day, because I was also young and small and size does not really matter...

4. THE PERFECT MAN

We men all dreamed one day to be perfect, so that one way or another we could fit into a woman's world, obviously in a domestic space, but also in the realm of adventure, of the unexpected, of the occasion. It is neither our function nor our affinity to condemn, to attack someone's integrity, even if they have done wrong, because there is no greater dictatorship than the judicial one, of laws that correspond to a formal thought, and a certain philosophical tradition that is too attached to Law and Jurisprudence, throwing anthropology and sociology into the dustbin, is to blame for this.¹ ...

The perfect man, then, is not so much Barbie's husband, but the man of the *esapço*, even if it is a shallow flight of chimney sweeps, the conquering man, who desires his art of seduction on the body of the tattooed woman, marked by the ardor of hot blood and flooded by the seed

¹ But it is also the fault of certain philosophy, of certain philosophers, who stick to the academy and are, in fact, by another way, inside the Cave... I could name some, but I don't do it for academic consistency.

from far away and inhospitable places, there are those who take the line and those who invent the road, those from the street are not so different from those from the academy, where it is easier to succeed, to achieve... hence the *technicality*² that I mentioned in a previous article.

Surplanting himself, defeating himself at the limits of reason, between normality and unbalanced psychism, in the manifestation of a genius of the world, at the service of the world, for the world (outside). Because, the man who runs is apparently not in a fight with himself, he is at peace with himself as he glides on the road as on the snow, but in a straight line, not in a *slalom* on the ice...

5. CARDIAC CIVES

Here is the fate of the West, for those who don't see the blue sky, or see, the green or blue sea: vice, sabotage, violent crime, drugs. Here is the result of so much struggle for freedom, in an eternal struggle between Good and Evil, but wasn't it rather because certain people, for various reasons or reasons, don't know how to do good? The Virgo has never taken *gourmet food*, and if he has, he doesn't miss it, because he is used to the street and knows that he enjoys freedom there, freedom in irresponsibility, hence certain studies of behavior, certain themes, like hip-hop, the graffiti culture, which I respect, but which reveal everything before they are kept, that is, it is easy to be a revolutionary when you are young, all you have to do is shout, even if it is against something. Older is more difficult, and I'm worth even more difficult... Because what is at stake, perhaps, is just a question of philosophy of Money, more, of anthropology of Law... Or anthropology of money...

Because they like them revolutionary, sad, bumbling, losing money for them, when, as my good friend used to say, "they have the knife and the cheese in their hand", when more than that, the power of seduction, if you decide the *clash* or the fitting of two worlds...

² See, in this respect, some music by the band Kraftwerk.

Therefore, our culture is that of the sanguine, like the former Prime Minister José Sócrates, mourning is taken to the extreme of estertor, and society espouses the sociologist's somee, that is, as for the philosopher, he cares little for the source, while the anthropologist does not want to let go of the drug addiction?

6. SENTIMENTAL DESIGNS

Because, if you agree with everybody everybody makes you right because they want you to agree with what they think. That is dictatorship, not democracy. More, it is fascism, and it is still rooted. That's why Costa is angry, tired, and Guterres went out, not without some engineer's vanity. Like those kids in the exact sciences who do philosophy, you say....

Because the philosophy student may be brilliant, but he has not avoided logic, just as a social scientist has not avoided the quantitative component of his science, that is, not everything that is theoretical is necessarily "unmathematical³".

Therefore, the real hero, let me say it in the name of a false consensus more or less cultural, erudite, the Don Quixote or Casanova, not even the intellectual whose thought vanishes into the ether. He is the *working class hero*, because he does what the sociologist does not do, he gives lies to the truth and dissimulates the truth of the truth in the sense of the gasp that we can see in several *tweets*, or *twists*, of a distorted, twisted, hypermodern memory (Lipovestski, in several titles)... But, Why? you ask. Because one goes by desire, the other by dreaming and dilacerating the mind, and the third goes by the process itself, by performance, that is why today's world is one of alliance and/or alienation of the body-mind culture, whose balance is so complicated to maintain, it will make the

³ See in this regard the work of Henry Michaud, as well as Fernando Pessoa, in his attachment and dedication to astrology, perhaps he was discovering what happened between the two great world wars, i.e., anthropology?

societal balance. In this sense, Christ lags a bit behind, like Saint-Eruréry's little prince, but these are works, opera magna, that recover easily because they have learned to live in time, in a way they have guaranteed the immortality of the author's name, perhaps even his physical survival, in *dasein*⁴ , elsewhere, in the midst of **natura naturans** that makes live, makes and lives, you will live if you do, not as a plant or animal, but as yourself, as you are and as you will be, before time, beyond the wind...

7. ATTACHMENT

I have repeatedly addressed this criticism, especially to the classics of philosophy, which are so open and universal that they end up hiding behind a name, an address, a date, an event (Badiou, Husserl, and Heidegger himself)⁵ .

And, in this vein we can ask ourselves: What is the Happening? It is the truth, in scientific terms, but it is something else, from a strictly philosophical point of view, it is the impact of the world before the subject, often on his or her face, scarred by bullets, scarred like a tattoo, in his or her form of Being, of *dasein...* of manifestation, Epiphany, then of Desire, then of Event. At the same time, thinking you are close to something, you are farther away, either from the initial moment, or from yourself, and when you think you are far away from yourself and people, you are closer than you have ever been, in a full culture of closeness of heart...

⁴ Hence the significance of Saramago's *Todos os Nomes*.

⁵ In fact, when the journalist lives from sources, the philosopher does not reveal the source, hence the conspiracy theory and the envy language inserted in much of the philosophy that is being done in this country, but also in France, England, in the USA, that is, the reference to several central authors, when anthropologists have done much better for much better purposes?

8. EXPERIENCE OF TIME

Thus, while the culture of not-knowing is the marking of time, the erudite culture goes to the heavens, the sky, as I said somewhere in another work of fiction, more or less ethnographic, is a marking in another reality, that which is sought, that which will come, that is, in the future and, therefore, in a regime of dislocation of the soul from the body with the purpose of the **e-ternity** of both, in a certain Indian sense thanking the way we came into the world, that is, the way we were, fat or thin, beautiful or ugly, big or small.

Because, in truth, the hero who fulfills his mission is the rested man, on a resting task, still ready to give the female what he wants, the seed or just a goodnight kiss and fall asleep to the side, in a **dasein** that repeats itself more or less every day, that is, I face you in the forehead and turn my back respecting your place, your space, your status in me... Many people make you a punching bag, to try to demoralize you, to see if you get in, to see, as the people say, "if you lend an ear". Don't lose heart, keep moving forward, even if you know that you will have to make some curves and even climbs, without the affection of a woman, even in the end...

But human beings are not all the same, there are those who will always be bad and those *who* will always be good, the credit goes to the *working class hero*, who learned from his mistakes and can bear witness to his living, his experience through time, because he lived closely with eternity, probably with his finitude, nor a regime of **do ut des** in the terms of a political economy of the sign, already drawn by Baudrillard a few decades ago.

9. GO TO STAY

In other words, we are at the point of being able to psychologically and philosophically state that it costs as much (life, the kingdom), to those who go as it does to those who stay, we don't all have to be travelers, sometimes we are running away from something, perhaps it is nothing less than the word that is said in the theater before going on stage, in the reiteration of an explosive sense, for we are volcanoes about to erupt at any moment in our lives?

So, there is not so much in this order of ideas, a bipartition between those who leave and those who stay, those who die and those who stay alive, those who travel (even on drugs) and those who stay in the habit(u)action of the house... And so, is Ronaldo a worse player than Messi? IN power he may not be, but in power development, yes, because he is an athlete, he prepared himself, he cultivated the diamond of his spirit and will to win, everything is relative, hence the relative success of philosophy in our society, even in being relativistic in some authors...

Here, then, is the perfidious desire perpetrated by some artists (Picasso, to give just one example), so that one may wonder if genius is not merely a social product, popular, emanating from society as something natural, without the need for opium or even with the help of it? Verlaine, Voltaire, Rimbaud, all these authors have used drugs and are among the best, but there are many more who keep quiet and do not dare to be seen because they want to continue their work as bees or ants for the benefit and satisfaction, as therapy, that this hard work of writing brings to their lives? Because, first of all, the good writer, like the good shepherd, the good savage, believes in simple things, more or less linked to nature, and no doubt to the nature of things, that is why he is adverse to a certain cinema, to soap operas, and to tricks that are nothing but psychological garbage, full of blackmail, malice, mania and manipulation...in other words, Evil! Because the philosopher doesn't understand the world, he wants to understand it, he has a slight intuition about it, sometimes a strong blow to the back of the head, scissors in the legs, or a dry punch in the

stomach, this is the price you have, the currency you have, of being an employee of humanity, everyone thinks you do nothing, until you associate, complying with laws of social anthropology, submerging yourself in a group, even at the risk of staying there for a short time, because for most fish the air is more breathable when you have your spirit submerged in the core of the meaning that the Other gives to certain circumstantial circumstances⁶ of being here and at the same time of going, staying, and coming back, always all summer and sometimes at Christmas and Easter...

40. CURRENCY ON AIR

So, if you think about committing suicide, you have a solution, become a soccer referee and you will always be happy, because choosing a faction is, although proper to Man, also worthy as it is to referee the beginning and the end of the game, of a game (of Life, of the World), which ends up being a game without an end, an endless path to follow, beyond your anxiety and overexcitement, because you learn with the passage and the rites (Van Gennep), you learn more from yourself than from others, without, however, retreating into an episodic lack of meaning, as if the lights were failing, speaking, and the path was booby-trapped, as in Africa...

CONCLUSION

The phoenix breaks down, between sociology and human et(i)ology, that is, it seeks a proof to keep itself alive in front of the other, in the gasp of inequality and injustice that has taken over its person, its identity. She kills herself several times and cannot die... because she will be, because she watches over her, even if only through her ashes, to imitate her (because she has the same nature) or to elevate her as a goddess (as in Russell Watson's songs, namely the theme *Nella Fantasia*)...

In the rush to finish we all have, the conscience which raises the stubborn and decadent being, because those who talk the most are those who talk the least

⁶ We are all, in the non-places (Augé), *circumstantial minds*, as I have advanced in another entry.

They do, in a culture of knowledge, where, on the other hand, many people are promoted to doctors who don't have-knowledge, work and experience, be it in philosophy, be it in anthropology, be it, finally, in society as a whole. That's why it's so easy to go on TV, the experience of being on TV, "look, I went on TV, did you see?", I'm famous, it's typical of a certain regime of Anglo-Saxon thought, to be famous, to be a star, between the genesis of time and the will to work for an image, a social representation...

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