

Sages and Pragmatists: How a certain philosophy is spoiled

Thesis

Is it possible to combine a millionaire's life with that of a sage or artist? In other words, necessity sharpens ingenuity and is worth one more *carpe diem* than doing poetry? In our view, it is possible to have the best of both worlds, as we will demonstrate in this essay.

Development

1.

The suffering, *pathos*, of the artist, is futile and unnecessary? It fits in today's society, a (Western) society of the pursuit of pleasure, *audelá* of any ethical principle, of rape and violence in the streets? When nothing makes sense, by whom to make sense and make sense for what? This is the task of philosophy, which goes on judging, instead of anthropology, which goes on comparing without judging.

It is often said that "the good is the enemy of the great", therefore, we do not have a culture of freedom and overcoming, it is enough that we do what is strictly necessary to obtain a place in the sun, in the shade of the banana tree. One of the authors who managed to reconcile a life of writing with *sweet life* It was Hemingway, but he couldn't take it anymore and killed himself. Between others. Do we then have to make a clear choice between the two registers? How much more so that we don't walk in zigzags? How should life, existence, be lived? When you reach the zenith of fame, something tragic

it can happen, as it happened with some musicians, that is, it seems that you are defying the laws of society and you risk being crossed out by it...

two.

Shall we then make a critique of philosophy? Also common sense, the realm of the popular, can function by reiterating the same, it can spread throughout the wide system of social relations like a plague, between good and evil, but most of the time it is for Evil, because the bad news travels better than the others, the good ones, and this says a lot about the state of mind of the population in general, who come out on the street to say bad things about what they feel like and at home they are saints, or the opposite, saints and gentlemen doctors in street and guitars for beating the woman at home...

3.

Penis envy is the engine, not only of femininity, but of society as a whole, especially adults, since little ones have another type of imagination, unless they are abused by priests. And so normal life is slipping away, how to keep to both registers? After all, there is nothing very interesting in this or in life, which can be both extraordinary and tragic.

4.

If I consider myself an anthropologist, I have two options, to leave this city, or to remain, even as an anthropologist, to raise hypotheses and develop them, and this terrain can be for a lifetime until the moment I forget what I am, when I forget, in the same place, everything that anthropology taught me and turning not so much to a contemporary philosophy but to a new way of doing it, more in my own way.

5.

The way we are socially perceived influences our behavior, our conduct and our speech. Then you realize that something is not going well because they don't care about you... And what you miss the most is not everyday life, but when you get up and feel that there is no one by your side. Then you start doing *pop up theories*...

6.

You then receive criticism from all sides, voices from both sides, when you are at home, on the street, in shopping centers, as if you had taken the place of others whom they called a slapstick, plaster, popular public figure. That is, when you express your feelings, in the city, you risk being unsuccessful and there is a reputation that you are not capable in some areas because you have exposed yourself too much. This, in the city, as in the village, can be a great trap. I also make these reflections as a social actor that the anthropologist never lets himself be too, among other things.

7.

So what defines life, the surrounding existence? It is the truth? The illusion? Don't we like to be deceived by false mechanisms of truth, while Hollywood's recipe for success proves it? Because it goes against what public opinion thinks and creates a vicious cycle from which it is difficult to get out. On the other hand, being different requires a good dose of courage and madness... that's why they say we are crazy, in the light of the Jungian capitalist logic of pleasure and its eternal reproduction in the world.

8.

You don't always want to give the world an answer, sometimes you hate everyone and you just want to disappear and today's world is full of missing people, who take refuge in an ideology, in a physical space far from the one who sees them. And you are lost in your mind, because you have called many things into question, when many have certainties and cling to them because sometimes that is what the world is made of, the reiteration of essences and existences (Lévinas, *From l'existence to l'existant*).

9.

Therefore, the subject adapts himself along the timeline, like a chameleon, because he cannot always be a superman, hence the univocity of the Nietzschean proposal, man is not always, throughout existence, a certain character, although I feel that, for coherence with the social body, it must always be one and the other.

10.

He then becomes a pilgrim of the errant, because it is not a worn-out cassette, because when doing philosophy he found himself deprived of many principles, pride and religious life, enlightened by some authors, deprived of even the simplest of pleasures, which is to have a woman, because a certain spoiled philosophy made her realize that life has no meaning, just like spoiled milk out of the fridge.

11.

You knew what you were coming for, a certain unlicensed knowledge is what predominates in your neighborhood, in your nation, in fact every human flees from something, from some idea or thought, from himself. It's like a privateer running away from the lion or the hunter's rifle in a Canadian forest...

12.

Then you feel tired of social life, immersed in their respective relationships, you don't know if you're still doing philosophy or already a form derived from sociology, through Simmel. But you persist, you open a beer, the last of the day and light a cigarette, you walk from one side of the house to the other, knowing that you will not be able, even on that Saturday, to go to the Lux to have fun, or to the Gunpowder Factory. And you let it be, you let it be, restless even after you've had a nap and realize, once again, that, more than once, you're alone. But...you are never really alone, you have your thoughts and if you were fine a short time ago, you can be back in a little while (time).

13.

No matter how hard you try, a smell, a simple smell, can ruin everything, your desire not to die never makes you careless and in fact you don't live for appearances, but for a way of life that has little dignified, close to the tourists, mixed with them after a while, until you look like one of them to certain places, because your gray hair goes beyond blonde...

14.

“This is how the doves of cruelty fly”, as Vítor Oliveira Jorge recently said, we are all more or less alienated and others self-absorbed, betrayed by some trust in the social world, investment in public life and others by distrust, because there is an image to manage and, in a way, this is, for these people, more important than the Church, religion.

15.

Therefore, when you no longer have the talent to be intelligent, you use another type of strategy, that of force and you insist, pushing, knocking on the door waiting for someone inside that house to open it.

16.

And what do they say about Socrates? That got in the way, because there's always a part of the population that conspires against you, your thoughts, that hinders your entry into certain mental and territorial domains, that doesn't care about you or good morning, on top of that you still they send mouths like “go to c...”

17.

In fact, Ortega y Gasset already described the mobs, the masses, as having their own disordered form, sometimes with a view to an end, sometimes anarchically, tearing down everything that comes their way. Making an analysis of a mob in motion, such as LGBT supporters or demonstrators, police officers, etc., can seem like an inglorious task. The police themselves are good philosophers, some are those who do not take drugs, as they are faced with the most diverse of situations,

aggressive or passive, namely domestic violence and road accidents.

18.

That afternoon, I decided for the first time, at the time of that day, to pull the yoke back, that is, to review my own conception of society and the articulation between subject and itself as something mechanical. There should, I supposed, be something more dynamic, less immanent in this relationship. So that's what I did. I took a break, half an hour, before I started, better, continue, otherwise, to write this article, which was intended for a vast audience that I didn't even know, I wasn't sure of some who only write for a restricted audience and specialized. Was he taking a shot in the dark?

19.

Then I realised. Man is in a constant struggle with society, either for fame or for the desire for status, everyone wants to climb the social ladder, but here they are, few know how to deal with power and become authentic children with a chucha in good, like the current Putin. "A fighter", the Russians would say. A dictator, say Westerners.

And how does this fight go? Through advances and setbacks, but the subject does not give up, wants to be accepted, wants to demonstrate that he is capable and this, this perspective and perspective, plays an important role in the distribution and redistribution of women who, even with acquired rights, remain imbued with the old logic. the housewife, the husband for life, essentially, as I said before, because the Church does not know how to deal with feelings of a sexual nature, which it considers sinful and futile.

20.

Between football and church you take your days. You believe in the redeeming power of one thing or another, and the reminiscences of your youth in the convent are wrapped in a piece of junk lying in your brain and prevent you from seeing, from glimpsing, what was good, what happened, what was to come. happen if something of what happened hadn't happened. The philosopher from the newspaper O Tempo, on the way to college. The wet sandals. The desire that burst through your teenage body, when you hadn't even had a girlfriend. You will have had many soon, it's just a moment, it was only a moment until you were out of there, from a dream that had no continuity. But you still dream today. With that or other things. They make you alive and aware of what happened, in a certain phenomenology of becoming,

21.

There will always be that, that duality between subject and society, through work and family, friends and home, domestic animals that, we don't realize, will be our heirs when we kill each other.

22.

Among the various criticisms, the one that, with the most ruthlessness, caused the greatest damage to me and then came from the priests of the religion I profess: "He is interested in everything but does not commit to anything". In fact, first of all, there are several forms of commitment and, on the social scale, we only go as far as they let us go, unless we insist and continue to insist until the obvious, until we get sick. Then, maybe I think that this is the role of anthropology, to be interested in everything and not commit to anything, although that happens when you do work of

field. These criticisms rain down from all sides and pierce my being like arrows. I cannot remain indifferent, I begin to have little inspiration to continue anything social... Has Nietzsche suffered more than I did? And Giordano Bruno?

23.

In fact, certain men, in their eagerness to win, do not realize certain things, certain details, such as that "giving up is not always losing, it is establishing other priorities"... But no, there is a thirst for conquest, not everyone read books, not everyone does *rappelortuning*, not everyone wants to race every day or road races, not everyone, but there is criticism and there will always be, because it involves morality, a judgment of value against the other, a non-acceptance of the Other, that is, when the criticism is destructive.

24.

Yes, today's society lives under the event, the performance, a phenomenology of happening and is not concerned with other hypotheses, with the non-happening, unless it is a police crime... While some analyze the scene of the crime, others are already in another dimension of their collective psychosis.

25.

These last two years felt like an eternity. They passed slowly, perhaps because of the suffering we endured. First it was COVID-19, then the lack of work, a girlfriend, money, a car. But even so, we continued to make the essential journey, between Riachos and Lisbon and we were producing more, much more than expected, building new social, psychological and philosophical theories. in this regard

I don't draw any conclusions, in whatever order, because I'm still feeling its effects, I'm still not lucid enough to draw conclusions about it.

26.

I am fascinated by physical activity in general and by the military record in particular, because it goes towards the physical and intellectual perfection of the human being, to fulfill a mission, the relationship of the individual, the soldier subject and the group, in favor of society where many are lazy. Therefore, there are those who challenge your senses and your body and be recognized for it. But... does it make sense to protect the national territory? It never made so much sense like now. threats? Drugs, trafficking in women, you name it...

It is in this sense that I see a philosophy that is too relaxed, spoiled. While some starve for ideas even in their respectable 52 years, others eat feasts of verbiage that never ends. But it is known that power is not forever... Today's radio promotes this, this relaxation of couples who need to have children to fulfill themselves socially, in a sea of affection and comfort, while far away, across Africa, hungry. They don't go hungry, because there is the Food Bank, but they beat women because this pattern has been transmitted from generation to generation until today.

27.

In a sense, freedom comes at a price, you have to give up anything you like to get there. And when you get there, you have to fight for it every day, to maintain your way of life. It's like that with the soldier, it should be like that with the intellectual, instead of walking around Bairro Alto showing off a closet of authors in a life of excess. And, in a democracy, how far does our tolerance go towards the most diverse

life models? Should we close our eyes to everything and anything else, in an environment of terror and criminality? The classic sociological authors tolerated the remnants of crimes in societies, those in northern Europe banned crime, and what do we do? We take the subway and, on top of that, we are friendly with tourists, as if they were superior beings who come to enjoy our sun, our food and our women, in an environment of laxity that irritates the most sensitive, patriotic and educated...

28.

Then chance and necessity. "Curiosity kill the cat", they say as a cinephile adagio. In fact, we need this constant measurement of the world, in the face of the world and philosophy, a certain spoiled philosophy, does not contemplate this modality of knowledge, that is, there is only the subject and the reminiscence. Anthropology makes this assessment.

- "Look at this one", said the girl in the *mall*. Who knows, he does his job and doesn't and struts around, because the desire to become the best in his sport is superior to the desire to respond to all the criticisms, which, by the way, always have an explanation. So, does society as a whole have an explanation? A sociological explanation will be all right, but philosophy? Yes, there will also be and we have already brought some lights to increase the focus on this issue, the issue of national identity, in the nation, of race, in any case.

29.

That's why love, which caresses and dilutes the negativity that they want to put on top of us, either through direct wounds or through oblivion, even in the face of such a small and recent ethnographic context as the city of Lisbon. Many envy awakens our work and we have not had

consolation or pats on the back, we continued our work even with days of hunger and bad sleep. But we continued.

30.

In fact, any anthropologist, no matter how perfect, always has an obstacle. I don't go alone to fight, I have my brother with me, who is my model of behavior and thought, even in social life, and my sister, my mother and my father. To them I dedicate an essay, written without rain and without sun on an afternoon when the Russians continue to destroy Ukraine.

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