



You can think, but you can't think: how they keep you from getting to the truth about yourself

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Argument

An expression says it all about psychology. A doctor I once consulted gave me the Roschard test. Faced with the images, I began to fantasize, to see animal figures in the various doodles, more or less incoherent. I came to know later that I had a mythomaniacal, fabulous personality. I could have denied it and said "they're just scribblings", I would have gotten rid of the psychology and the accusation of not being well psychologically...

Development

1.

Reality is a fraud, the more honest you are, the weaker you feel under the weight of truth, with or without religion. It's one thing to do everyday things mechanically, without thinking, but it's another thing to think about anything and everything and remain paralyzed before the world. However, the anthropologist carries a great weight between religious devotion and the things of the world. Only the things of God can save him, that is, become a missionary himself, charged with a mission in the true sense.

2.

One of our theories, advanced in previous writings of ours holds that man becomes good when confronted with death. But this may not seem representative of the population, nor even of Hollywood movies; there are people who become even worse when faced with death and finitude. But there are those who become good, better, and it is on that gauge that we should focus our attention.

3.

How should life be lived? Is it worth living? Is happiness man's goal, being sometimes more foolish than laughter, when most people do not reflect? Some people put themselves in God's hands, suffer, make sacrifices and become little or, on the other hand, too attentive to the things of the world. This is worth paying attention to, because if we spend too much time wrapped up in news, we lose focus, we stop living a life that should be lived and doesn't even need to be lived.

2.

Yes, it is a struggle to make sense of, it requires effort, compromise, sometimes humiliation from the one we least expect. Then, the old folks, who takes care of them when the children, in their eagerness for fulfillment, are far away in heart and geography?

3.

Yes, we are asked, what moral authority does the author have? This author? The same authority as any human being, perhaps the authority of being forgotten, ignored on the margins of society, tolerated, even, when in reality no one can hurt him anymore?

4.

Then the criticism that hurts your ego, because not only are there people who don't like you but also because certain people don't see the good in you. But you get used to it, or you get a reflector, instead of getting into the Other's game, who say that you are beyond repair because you don't have a car, a good job, a good wife. Between common sense and philosophy

speculative there you go, trying to forget certain remnants of the world that do not give in to your attempt at interpretation. These are the small perceptions (José Gil, *A Imagem Nua e as Pequenas Percepções*), "details without the slightest importance," says the song.

5.

The ritual, therefore, generates a fissure between the subject and the world, a demultiplied world where the subject gets entangled, the contemporary subject, now that he has so much offer of happiness, instantaneous and perennial. But even so, he doesn't feel happy, not knowing or suspecting that it is the lack that once made him happy. With little effort, we are entitled to a cheap view of the world, to the very North European conception that everything is easy in our lives, that is, only with effort something can be achieved, that is, the world is patent to our eyes, to our analysis, all we have to do is walk in the right direction and in this, in this conception, a certain psychology or even a certain religion, which present themselves as a panacea for human problems with their theoretical models about well-being, quality of life and personality, are also very much to blame. But it is not anthropology that will help either, God forbid.

6.

What remains, then, in the subjective mind and in the collective unconscious? The American myth of the hero, the Greek myth of the Olympic man, the Roman myth of the gladiator (see the movie of the same name, where the hero is called The Hispanic), the myth of the Portuguese and Spanish discoverer in the Americas...Brazilians still miss this, and maybe that's why they always return to Portugal, to the land of their roots.

7.

In a nation-state context, what then are the limits to free speech? Or are there no limits? Is it the Other? And if the Other harasses me, what do I do? Do I shut up and snarl away with my tail between my legs? In fact, protest has also become not only legitimate, but also a regulator of social life, in this Portuguese context. But, in truth, if there is, what are the limits of freedom of expression? And are there, I wonder, different limits, according to the various types of social actors? These are all questions that I am thinking about, but I believe that while in other countries there are no limits to creation, encouraging a certain "open" way of looking at life and the role of the artist, like in the US, Canada and to a certain extent in Brazil, while in others the artist has to give an account at every opportunity of what he says and does, of what he produces as an artistic work?

8.

Sometimes, the analyst realizes that there is a culture of lassitude, that is, the more one does, the worse it is, while some care, others are not even there, as they say. Therefore, it all depends on education and the way each being sees the world, some are full of conflict, others are in the clouds, and dictatorships increase this possibility of being socially. It's not by chance that the happiness indexes point to northern Europe, while America goes from 8 to 80, as well as Portugal...

9.

Therefore, society lives under the sign of polarity, it is a binary society, where the idea of opposites attracting each other is reiterated by the mass media and other colors, other shades, are not admitted. We should add to Margaret Mead's proposal of apollinic and dionysian societies, another idea, raised by our most recent researches, that is, the

narcissistic societies. In fact, never as today is there such a cult of the "I", even when the Other collapses in front of you. Even a certain religious practice seems hollow and meaningless, that is, it is for English to see, as people say, status and social prestige. Never before have there been so many opinions, so many commentators, about everything and everyone, while anthropologists are not called on TV about anything, in this they are closer to the friars and monks in convents...

10.

In the face of narcissistic egos, how will the group behave? Here are certain social and popular revolts, petty crime has increased, big crime too, society is increasingly violent, and the lack of sense of certain journalists, or even the almost pornographic exploitation of certain cases, people, senses, feelings and situations, is felt almost daily. The conceptual poverty of certain programs, of certain journalists who perpetuate themselves in their positions, just because the country is small and nobody does anything, is disheartening. Hence the totalitarianism as a response, Chega, and the development of a huge and long discussion about racism, about what should or shouldn't be done, building the airport here or there, while some don't even want to hear anything about it others say it should have been done in the 1960s of the last century...

11.

As strange as it may seem, calculation prevails over good will and generosity, never before has the subject been under so much pressure, never before have societies been so pressured to be good through the equal distribution of wealth, where the law functions as a panacea for an arbitrary and chaotic feeling. What anthropology and Fernando Pessoa prophesied in his expression "First it is strange, then it is strange" has come true, in other words, almost

Everyone thinks they are anthropologists without knowing it, because they make the familiar strange and the strange familiar, as in "Alien" and the alien contamination of the protagonist, Sigourney Weaver.

12.

The doctrine of the hegemonic male is processed by repetition, reiteration of his masculinity, through the figure of the boss, of the boss, even if he hasn't even done the 9th grade, which is where everyone usually fails. This is why the anthropologist is discouraged and his knowledge is exclusive, not sensationalist, that's why he doesn't show up, because the program management is full of requests, also reiterative, for more popular programs, more fun, series, more and more, *ad nauseam*, leaving the LGBT almost invisible and making the same TV as a stage for the affirmation of a certain dominant masculinity, which is usually in the sentimental imaginary of almost all illiterate women.

13.

He lives that instant, the edge of the instant, because he knows that everything can end from one moment to the next. And in this jungle of senses and symbols, he tries to survive, to continue something he had started before, to take interest in the world again, to start over when others are already finishing, to run, to smoke less, to be less sedentary, even if there is no money for a pass for a few days.

14.

While for some what matters is literate knowledge, in the context of Western society, for others it is popular knowledge, that which they handle and which is confused with technique, a technique of the world. While the philosopher sees this distinction, the anthropologist not so much, being on the side of the

illiterate people, therefore, on the side of not-knowing, since the illiterate is perceived as someone connected to power or finance. Basically, it is the Heideggerian question of the "at hand", under its most varied metaphysical dispositions in "Being and Time".

15.

For this very reason, interdisciplinarity is only done for show, for exclusivity, for prestige or money, few are interested in ideas as ideas, their interest is, above all, political, that is, it has to do with certain situations of interest in knowledge, that are convenient or not convenient and, since one is inside the academy, one can say whatever one wants about the world, because one has the authority to belong to an institution that no one censures, even if there is petty internal competition, one goes on speaking ill of the world and of society, one goes on rising, being comfortable, inside the box, on the way from home to college, because one belongs to a tribe and nothing matters more than living under this shell, this umbrella. Hence, the world "out there" matters little, because those who want to get away from them and their bitter criticism, go to the convent and assume the authoritative voice of another institution, the Church...

16.

So what about freedom of speech? Should it have limits? Or should it be configured as a *free freedom*? Just as in freedom, in health, when I discover that there is no cure for my illness is when I really start to do something... Because I recognize myself as insignificant in this universe, while others, no matter how much they shout, will not stop being so, insignificant in the cosmic, comic sense...

17.

For, the poison is the cure, the antidote comes out of the same animal that bit it, in this case a snake. So there is not much to escape, between a minimal sociability and a global one, which slips into political science and Law. Between being right and not being right, the philosopher intends to circumvent the obstacle instead of tearing it down, because he recognizes its epistemological existence in the face of the whole that is the scenario of human relations, with advances and retreats, betrayals and fidelities, with both having to do with the morality of the thing. Therefore, religion, which, if it doesn't have proposals about sexuality like psychology does, pulls up the search for meaning in collective existence and in the conceptual realm, especially through a more or less complete and systematized explanation about finitude, death, and suicide.

18.

Therefore, the good philosopher is neither contextualized nor content with basic explanations about life beyond death. Does life, the life of the social actor subject, extend itself by other means? Does the body reincarnate into another spirit or is it simply resurrected, like Christ's? What is certain is that many lay people deny God as they deny life, which is why they do so much crap. The Catholics? They just whisper a little too much. But at least they have an explanation beyond the *durée* (Bergson), that is, a scato-logical explanation of man's future and destiny. So he must be good, have good conduct, even if he likes sex too much, and it takes up a large part of his day, not to mention the night. Thoughts, just thoughts.

19.

These, in short, are the mysteries of life, the wandering oscillations of Candide or Narcissus, through his visceral interior, through the surface of his skin and of his feelings, of his thoughts...what color are the thoughts? And do they smell like something? How can you physically define a thought, a concept, a set of ideas?

20.

"Better is Impossible," the movie said, the author has to taste good for evil, has to suffer in his body and in his psyche the karma of having words to write, to describe, reality, the subjects, the world, the cosmos, the planets and the loneliness in and through them. So if this is a pathology, what about the others? Obsessive, repetitive, reiterative thoughts that need to repeat themselves to ask permission and go away from the mind. And, after all, isn't the form of thought just the form of the mind, the heaps of neurons, the brain tissue? Does he who thinks root, even philosophically, his thought in something material, concrete, immanent? It is the mind-body problem, yes, because the one who thinks, in our view, is the body, the spirit starts from itself but does not look inward, but outward, like a film camera?

21.

The less it seems, only God, the crucified Christ, can save the anthropologist, wrapped up in a myriad of tangled papers on cultures, only He can give him a little oxygen, even if only after one more cigarette. The God he always denied, sometimes because he was an atheist, sometimes because he was bourgeois and liked exotic curiosities present in other cultures, sometimes because he did the anthropology stuff just for sport, because he had the luxury of doing it, of doubting Him, and He, who is more than the voice of conscience, the voice (of blood) of the self, even if he didn't know it, was

there waiting for him, listening to him, even in the hours of greatest agony, and when two pairs of footsteps walked side by side on the sand of the beach, he wondered why at a certain moment, there was only one pair of footsteps, that was when He picked him up...

22.

Therefore, happiness, like truth, is not something easily discernible, it can be present either in a sexual scene or in a religious and mystical rapture. For others, happiness is just having money, nothing more, and the soul thus sells itself to the Devil. For the writer, it is to have an offspring of readers who increase his vanity and theoretical vacuity. There are many who end up only knowing fame after they have left this life, even without slamming the door with a bang. The great fear of our times is actually, in my opinion, loneliness and what to do with it. It always has been. The person who never felt it, even as a child, realizes sooner or later that he or she has lost something, that is, to be happy is to be in a state of in-happiness, that is, inside happiness, inside the box, because when we are in happiness it is by antonomasia to a state of emptiness of the previous soul...

23.

Perhaps in sickness you can get a clear idea of the world and its constancies. Maybe when you are happy, which doesn't last long, you will also perceive the movement of the world (Jackson Browne). Maybe you even need to do more field work and farther away, so that you understand some things, Sartrean recesses, things of the world, brief illuminations, because the sun of the day blinds you to the routine you reiterate because that is the only way you can be happy, repeating, repeating, always the same song, always the same song, like a Ravel's Bolero...

24.

And time flows, you no longer try to explain it, you know enough of it. You try to live a certain quality of life and still read the world, as a philosopher, as an anthropologist, if this is of any use to anyone, to make anyone feel at least happier, comforted from their pain, from their tears and sorrows, in some way, the ultimate reason for things is in that, to know that you are alone and to know that you are not, when in reality, as I said before, you are never really alone...

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