

The Diogenian Unbarreling

Could it be that each and everyone of us is somewhat of a beast retaining a different nature? Could it be that some of us still retain a nature that is rather wild and others are more domesticated and comply more easily with various forms of governance? Could it be that under this dichotomy the usual left and right, democratic and nationalist dichotomies are useless?

My feeling at times is that our will to be subjected to certain decisions is not really a matter of our social upbringing but has something more to do with the inherited connection we have with the natural landscape. I am experiencing this quite profoundly and can relate this feeling in particular with the decision of for example small and civilized nations not to comply with the civilized decisions of the big nation states to fully lockdown a country in view of a pandemic.

The small state somewhat characterized by a natural landscape refuses to hinder the freedom of its people. Its people in turn would refuse to be hindered in their connection with a natural landscape they still retain in their genes, they still live in a daily basis despite having to perhaps spend their existence in a small office space. This is just a feeling I have, a feeling which has nothing of an ultra-nationalist and supremacist mindset, it is simply my stark opposition to any form of governance prohibiting to go to nature.

I can be limited financially as I already do to myself. I can be limited in many other ways, ways that I anyway enforce on myself possibly because literally like a Diogenes all I need and I am contended of is the possibility to be exposed to nature. Yet what happens when a great emperor comes standing between me and the solar nature and do not offer me anything but has the proposition of locking me up in my own barrel because of my safety?

I already live in such barrel always with my head out fully breathing the surrounding air and yet now the emperor tells me and tells my offspring to lock us, he tells us that he will provide us with the actual resource to sustain ourself. Thus from the small opening where once the barrel poured its wine now a most medicating wine is dropped in, nature and its solarly can be only experienced via the hallucinations of this wine, via all the mediatic messages it contains.

Are we really to allow to be barreled up and stocked up within the governmental depots, all sorted and checked? Isn't this actual amassing of all these barrels within a social confinement the one cause of our rotting? As long as all barrels like apples are fine all will be fine but what if some start to rot? Aren't we all going to rot? Is it the care

of governance to ever more seal our barrel and keep us like splendid apples from the outside most tasteless within?

The large social experiments that are taking place do not go against a left or right ideology, they simply go against our being in nature and the possibility for single humans to be able to recover the sort of diogenian self-contentment for its solarity alone. I believe that this self-contentment is but the solution for a human rapidly burning out its natural resources and now setting forth to be self governed by a quasi-scientific based algorithm meant to optimize life.

Perhaps the fundamental question I would like to ask in this essay is whether or how, once we discover in the precariousness of a barrel exposed to the most solar nature, how can we maintain such state without the risk of a governance setting in to tow it? I think that as this may happen, our barrel like a fruit will grow in accordance. As some berries sets spikes around their delicious pulps we might set to do so ourselves, contented souls most defensive of the outside, introvert and narcissistic.

Yet our barrels, the philosophical barrels of self-contentment only require some sort of protection, they require to filter the surrounding, they cannot be sealed hermetically. While the philosopher in itself may decide to retain within himself his observations, to mature his precepts after long reflections, it would be deadly for him to be caved in a most sealed and controlled environment and in turn it would be deadly for society to come to lack the oracle they now believe to have found in the figure of the scientist.

As the technocratic approach of following relative scientific truths turned absolute by the very criteria under which the proofing experiments were conducted, as this socially imposed approach will be pursued and applied to entire populations, the philosophical oracles, the ones who could have provided the ethical solutions to political dilemmas, these oracles will perish, suffocated in the new authoritarian regimes.

Perhaps only those philosophers who were able to escape the new regime may have the power to create in exile a counter-regime a form of resistance which does not literally oppose to the regime but provides a strong alternative to lead a numbed population back to the recovery of their own nature. At the very core of the philosophical teaching is in fact a scorning of death, death being only a day in a lie in which we have all being dieing day by day. The being exposed is but the core of philosophical practices, certainly unlike the established social philosophers siding with scientists locking themselves in their secured offices and privileged positions.

What I mean is that when the premises of taking care and cultivate our own philosophical nature come less it is time to react, to unbarrel ourselves, flee the social

lockdown and in our stoic example of living in the precariousness at the margins of the totally secured social depot we ought to give the numbed social individuals an example of a life exposed also to death. Only in such exposure we can gain the semi-divine faculties to transcend even such worldly crisis.

Diogenes barrel was but the leftover of a lucrative trade, the container of epicurean liquid, the wine inebriating the population and yet it was readapted to host the complete opposite substance, a most cynic philosopher observing and in its very being, in its very symbolic life within an unbarreled barrel bring somewhat of a discomfort to an increasingly commodified society. As it is now political power itself enforcing us in a most epicurean commodification, as even the homeless folk is sued and cleansed from the roads and we are all put back in fresh new and sealed barrels ready for the next trade, fully tracked and sold like dead souls with data values, we ought to truly consider the breaching alternative.

Perhaps the only alternative I can think of is to let our barrel empty from within , keep it in the social depot only for accountability but be ourselves elsewhere, perhaps living in the very dump of old and broken barrels which will necessarily develop, perhaps building out of these very broken barrels our new precarious yet philosophical reach existence preparing to host humanity after its collapse.