

On the Replacement of Belonging

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“With enough time, even the lonesome anchorite gets tired of his own Self. No one is there to only by himself be happy. For the sake of some reason, Man wants to achieve happiness. The promise of lands where butter and honey flow, the love of state and family, or the affection of one genuine --all make the Man giddy, full of joy. To these he thinks he belongs to, he has nothing else.”

“Humans, no matter who, die just as alone as they were at birth. So associates Man death by him being in no company —good or bad. Runs away from all that makes him himself and seeks refuge in the other. Fear it avoids, fear of the void of the impending death it calls cold and alone. Imitates the other —the man. Sees the loving it does be reflected back on him by those others around, thus he learns to be loved for loving. Makes this the Man belong to the others. He feels as the love he gets is solely from the people he associates with; not from him himself. Longing he thus feels, to his beloved ones, being addicted to the senses devoid of the fear of his loneliness.”

“Man cannot dance to any music but his own, for only he claims to dislike the melody of others. Then he rejoices in his fast from joy, calls it virtue, him! To suffer beneath the crushing depth of his woe becomes his self-proclaimed happiness —realizes he nothing of the lies he speaks to himself with. He then has the audacity to call the talented dancer a heathen, a defiler of idols. He despises to see his false idols be brought to a great flame and burned to light massive feasts with music of all beats and melodies. The rays of the fire dazzle the eyes of any who would fain stay together in the shadows of their dark caves, their eyes adapted to the depraving blackness. As a prophet of a coming new, brave world said, ‘We live together, we act on, and react to, one another; but always and in all circumstances we are by ourselves’(Huxley.2018).“

“Massive structures it builds in the name of its idols –for Gods he declares his idols to be, the Man. In masses they congregate, then prostrate they on the feet of the statues they built; pledging themselves and their lives to them. Runs away the man from himself in this way. The incensed air he breathes and the chants he recites make him one of the many, an other to himself. Verily, loses the man his Self in order to belong to the superfluous ones. For his god he is in want to kill himself, yet fails he still to do so. He puts himself in a walking coffin proclaims his body dead. Says unto others that there is naught to be done in this world; not to dance or rejoice in food. If his god didn’t teach him to dance, then he doesn’t want to. They who have failed to dance think the music but a vain distraction. Yet if their self-proclaimed gods know not of dance, how could they! Spake the Zarathustra once, said that he’d only believe in a God who knows how to dance(Nietzsche.2011).”

“As with everything, nothing can stand against aging. Even the greatest of olive trees die with but an infestation. Such with the old Gods. ‘Sic semper tyrannis’ proclaimed the bourgeois as it swung its axe to the idols of the old world. Destroyed all that belonged to Man before, and thusly Man belonged to —with its axe. Made newer, modern centers of worship, the bourgeois. Used the Man, already accustomed to holding their head down, to do its bidding and serving in its newly hallowed grounds. Thus, rebirthed the idols —the revolutionaries. Made the new yolk that Man was now to serve under. ”

“A monster took the Man by their already yielding neck, and pushed it further; ensuring to itself unquestioning obedience. Yet the yolk by which the monster holds Men is made soft, as to make the Man ignorant to it. For the monster knows it is impossible to oppose something that which isn’t firstly known to exist. Men at times look up, seeing the monster above their heads. Call it not God, those being held down; because they did not put the monster above their heads themselves. So ask they the monster what it’s called. ‘The State’ —answers it. ‘I am the people’(Nietzsche.2011). The people hear thus and think; I am the state, for I –am the people. Yet the monster hears these but lends them not an ear, because it knows those who think themselves powerful, have not the power to do anything. In spite of this said one of the people, one hailing from Frankfurt, that ‘Religion and nationalism, as well as any custom or belief however absurd and degrading, if it only connects the individual with others, are refuges from what man most dreads; isolation’(Fromm.2017).”

“The Man gets sometimes tired of kneeling before those above; however knows it not instead to go higher before the ones already standing tall, to climb atop trees and mountains to look down on all that made them bend their knee. So, the Man looks only forward while prostrate; seeing his peers and fellow others. Decides the man thus to rebel against the existence he put himself under —and in the place of Gods and State, starts worshiping Men. A greater belonging he feels to his fellow Man, due to them both enduring the same scorches from working beneath the same sun. Rebellion boils in his blood; because of all the unhappiness he has been afflicted with. The man’s maladies have come from his bent, kneeling posture –unbeknownst to him, so he releases his pent up defiance using love. Loves the man, blindly and illogically, not in accordance with the plowshare he is bound to. He feels a sense of belonging the most at these times, for he has not felt it truly ever before even if he had thought of it otherwise; because all he had known before was given unto him. He for the first time creates, makes love exist, and so is exuberant. As once when the man from Frankfurt spake, he said as such: ‘Love isn't something natural. Rather it requires discipline, concentration, patience, faith, and the overcoming of narcissism. It isn't a feeling, it is a practice.’(Fromm.2022). So thusly, when man conquered love, he also conquered himself.”

“A great dawn-time waits for you, friends. Over vast seas and lands shall you too find your place, where you belong to. Your love shall boil, it shall spill over all attempts to hold it in. It shall know no bounds once it does. So let your love flow over you, friends! Let your desire for being loved come back as your hand reaching out; to love! Thus shall ye pass from the long dark nights of unquestioned servitude into the golden glow of the rising sun.”

Thus spake the great fool, the Ape of Zarathustra; on the gates of a town dear to him named the Pied Cow(Nietzsche.2011).

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