

## THE HUMAN RACE

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Situations are created by human beings out of the human capacity, seemingly infinite, for self-deception. Whenever one is doing "good" or doing "bad," it is good or bad within a particular frame of reference or universe of discourse. This remains true as long as good and bad remain antithetical. For they are the necessary defining referents of each other.

All good is relative except that good which disengages itself from a particular situation. This is not human good in so far as its universe is not limited to a particular space-time beingality. It is divine good by definition. It is non-ego involved and non-situational, dependent, and darn near impossible to obtain. On the level of the concrete manifestation, it is spontaneous action as opposed to action with an ulterior motive.

It may be that human beings are capable of divine good; and I do not mean to imply that there are in fact gods running around committing acts of divine good for I know not if there are. Perhaps there is one means for the human being making the only authentic self-referential choice in the theater of all possibilities and that is to choose not to choose. This is the way one extricates oneself from the eternal wheel of birth and death. Yes, and it assumes a physical determinism, the physical universe. In so far as it is governed by laws of cause and effect the logical thought structure of reality is determined. And man is free to accept it at this level of struggle. If one fights the flow one is a masochist in this framework. It is self abuse, ego-involved, sheer bull-headedness with which the gods blessed us. Nature, for example, always equals out the unequal, fills up the empty, topples the top heavy. These occurrences happen, of course, in time, but this is where the social order has its being. Beyond the freedom to enhance one's self or ego in the social-material world is the freedom to do what is right within the natural order of things, the freedom to obey the law which may or may not contradict the social law. The laws of the physical universe are not strictly human.

I have, apparently, assumed a realistic position as well as assumed a whole lot about human intuition. But man can learn to be who he is. In a broad sense, what education must be is the showing of one where one is ego-involved and where one approaches universal understanding. Education is, on the other hand, non-directional in so far as it allows one's particular genius to shine through. In the material world we each occupy a particular spatio-temporal point of view that is called our body. What this one more step in the ever unfolding continuum of reason seeks is a non-spatial, non-temporal point of view which for once and always can say the

truth about ethical prescription—it is non-existent in a universal sense. Good and bad only have prescriptive meaning in the world of the already-determined and in this area they appear on a probability curve of more or less good or bad guesses. “I am what I am” the being of God is reported to have said; and man is the being who has in his power to become god if he relinquishes his power.

It is not until the human being gives up his power to the good will independent of ego-will, that one can love, i.e., see the logic of loving and the ontological place of being. In other words, what a logic of loving seeks is nothing other than that small quiet moment at the center of the universe. It is necessarily neither metaphysically idealistic nor metaphysically realistic. And to say anything more about its metaphysics would be to name the unnamable, an infinitesimal regress. Loving as an intuitive guide is here what I am calling the logic of loving. It is not derived from reason itself but rather is a reason that moral action evolves around. It runs something like this: The theoretically strongest position is the one that makes no claim. Love (as in “the logic of loving”) has the freedom not to possess the material world (the body). Therefore, it needs make no claim. An ethics of freedom and a logic of loving are two different manifestations (aspects) of the same. One concerns the world of concrete action; the other concerns the language in which ideas or thoughts about that world are transferred. What is captured in the original cognitive recognition that I am my own ground for being is that I am my own ground for morality. Reason is empty of motive.

A freedom ethics is basically a golden rule ethics filled in with reminders to remember others, the not-self, and grounded in the notion of empathy and compassion. A logic of loving is a logic based on form and dependent on some mode of phenomenological reduction of the existential-causal world. One’s mode of reduction or objectification or disengagement is one’s own way. The effects of that being in the world in freedom, the freedom of the self-deception paradox, is being ethical. Being in the world in loving, where loving is other oriented and, also paradoxically, self-love, is logical. What is held in abeyance in the first place is the human will where it is particular. What is bracketed in the second is the material content of my logical analysis of any ethical act. The ethics suggested deals with existential action and in practical. The logic deals with our ordinary discourse about the world and is formal and transcendental. These two are united in the formula: freedom = loving = being-in-the-world. Love is non-directional, has no motive.

Most of our being, in so far as we are engaged in the human race to become god, the self-sufficient, omnipotent, almighty, unmoved-mover, is spent in some particular mode of being such as being a man, being a

woman, being a bartender. It is only when that impulsive urge moves one to broaden the cultural horizon that the particular mode of being can be expanded to being human. But even this does not stop us, for we want to *conscious* right out of our bodies, have an aura so to speak. It is in such surges of human consciousness that the human being finds that he is not god but has the power of transcendence, a power predicated on the relinquishment of choice and ironically enough on the realization that one is not god. In other words, we must accept ourselves as not-god before being god becomes a real possibility and one is actualized in the world. Each individual has a function, but try as he may to preordain it himself, he is merely standing on the very ground he is looking for.

In the actualized human being, being-in-the-world becomes being-the-world manifest; inside-the-egg becomes, when hatched, what’s in the egg out in the world. And there is never any first, chicken or egg, for one is always predicated on the other. In this primitive mode-motif of conscious evolution, existential man became engaged in history and recaptures what has been known in the animal kingdom as a stimulus-response relation with the world. But it is one where, when seen formally, stimulus and response become like two parentheses enclosing a specific occurrence. What transpires as concrete embodiment becomes what is witnessed. Or, in other words, I witness myself engaged in this or that particular action in the existential world, but my witnessing from a non-judgmental point of view is itself a lightness. This is the giving up of the material order or what might be called by some high humor, by others, bliss. Phenomenal man, becomes in psychoanalysis or any other valuative cognition, the original ontological ground of his own being. This act, grounded in the *cogito*, allows one to stand as his or her own value ground. It is self-confidence, self-love, love of god, acceptance of others, and a feeling of at-oneness with the world. It is a dividing line, psychoanalytically between inner space and outer space, but a line which in itself only falls off to either side like the knife edge eternal now which shades off into past and future. The line itself is understanding safe in the confines of the *cogito*. If there were a moral dictum it might go like this: I must remember who I am but only long enough to forget it. Some animals can chew their own legs off so as to free themselves from a trap; man is the animal that can commit suicide, destroy his own consciousness. It is his privilege to condemn himself if he so chooses. What the ethics of freedom suggests is that where there is no claim, there is no blame. It is the material manifestation of the ultimate nihilistic point of view.

The logical counterpoint of all this would run: since I could not beat my father physically, I out-smarted him by denying the world (his world) in its interiority. This is the nihilistic structure of oedipal *consciousing*

and occurs early in life in the form of my first "no." It is the world of strife and a building process. I test the bounds of my own sensibility and understanding. But often, I grow old, all tested out, ultimately my body tarnishes. And then internal psychosis sets in. It is the metaphysical scraping of the uterine lining of the brain, a DNC of ideas. It is very painful and there is no localized pain. I only know that I am unhappy and have no reason for living, and this is when suicide first becomes a beautiful reality and a turning point. The psyche gets trapped in the brain-analyzer and suffocates and dies and rots and putrifies until it is finally expelled by what grows from it as plants grow from manure. Thus, the man who is sick of being sick is not sick and is no longer underground.

If we refer to the line which separates the external empirical-existential world from the internal ego-self world of my own, or that which is mine as opposed to that which is not mine, then everything is a manifestation of the one. Every thought, every image, every deception one has about one's self is a manifestation of the one. There is no self as independent of the external world, there is only ego-self separation. The one is the god that is in each human consciousness in so far as each human is a project to become god. If this were not true, then we would forever paint the abstract, cubic, existential picture of man—one eye, half round, but not a man.

Man is afraid of revelation. He often chooses to see only the shadowy reflection of who he is. His fear is the fear of the nothingness which lies trapped at the heart of his being like a void, or like the air that separates the walls of a bladder balloon. But it is this nothingness that is the doorway to all reality, the darkness within darkness; for the self is really nothing but the infinite and great deceiver set in action to catalize hyperbolic doubt and in general drive us crazy with the question: Who am I? Philosophical thought is psychoanalytic. This would be the end of the story if consciousness were localized in the brain. But, as it is, it is the whole body that *conscioues*, the psyche is pervasive. When the body becomes a transmitter and receiver of messages of the cosmos, it does not disturb the flow and harmony but is integrated. To question whether something is right or wrong is to disturb the moral order of the universe. This does not mean that self-examination is not in order. It is in order when it is in order, and this only the individual can know for himself.

The history of philosophy is a battle fought on the ontic ground of reality. Its landscape is rocky. Each advance is a further claiming of the territory of ideas. Sometimes man can be seen in the ecstatic unraveling of a series of puzzles, puzzles about reality. These are glorious times in the history of ideas, and man is proud of his contribution to his race. In its

broadest aspect his race is the human race. In its narrowmost aspect his race is his own struggle with time and making his mark in the time allotted him. Man is a being-toward-death. This analysis of man is valid in man's innermost aspect. It is an exploration of the realms of inner space and internal time-consciousness. One where everything I do is tantamount, where the "I" is the existential meat-flesh of existence, one subject to physical abuse and ultimately suicide.

I have seen such existential men on the banks of rivers, fixed in a dumb stare, contemplating the flow of the river, fixed in the flow of time. They are captured by the inevitability of one's own death. "Why should I do anything, choose one act over another, if it all comes to naught, anyway?" they would ask.

Man is a being-towards-death until he transcends his own death as a fixation to limit him. Then each moment reclaims itself.

On the other side is the ultimate extinction of the human race or of the world. The bomb has made this a reality. It is the outermost aspect and when I compete with god for the position of judge of my own consciousness, I always stand as minute particle, inconsequential and irrelevant. "Drop it," I can tell him (the competitor) "and be." But this, another judgment. The ego is not immediately dispensable. It takes years to get one, and ridding oneself of non-spontaneous involvement is like chipping away the old Sisyphean rock bit by bit. At the end there is nothing to roll, each situation is a gestalt, each action a reaction.

Why does the human being insist on war. Fear is the great motivator. I must be first, the reasoning goes, so as not to tarnish. I can resist change. But going and coming are the forms of reality, late and soon, getting and spending, and the bioptic biped man, sees his nose, a near-sighted venture when the philosopher has told us 2300 years ago that we have foresight. Look beyond and there is form and this is the stuff that reason is made of. We creep out of a hole, see our shadow and run back to the cave-chain image reality of self-deception. Why? The human animal is vain. I do not know that I am not the only person in the world. Give me all the analogy you may and I will still resist, and will never learn it until faced with the most blatant situation of human failure. If never met, I will continue to deem myself infallible until death.

I reach out, extend my grasp, eat fruit, spread my consciousness, to the far corners of this spaceship earth—but only at the pain of failure. I grow old; I grow old: I have seen them all already. And when I tire of the infinite deception of free will, I may, if I choose, find those brief glimmers of the light of the sun through choosing not to choose for me, the this here, the self; let go of that and choose this, the form, the ultimate negaté! It is here I both lose and gain control over the mighty and warring

creature man, lose the self and gain the world of simple being. Its hour came round at last, and the race of the human being becomes part and parcel of the cosmic world order, another way of growing.

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