

In the Promised Land, global and *illuminated*, the No-Man's Land, without centre nor spotlight. In the daily *The Garden*, the reverse of the place of pilgrimage.

Here we are now, emptied, disenchanting, objectified, aimless.

Pilgrims of rationality and of dealienation, of the historical conscience and of objectivity, of profanation and of individuality, of science and of prospection, of freedom and of transgression, of plurality and of civility.

Children of the lights, of the euphoria of reason and the interdiction of melancholy, which has desacralised experience and transmuted the real. Which has dissociated the sensitive from the knowledge, which has withdrawn Sense from things and incarcerated it in the individual, so as to swiftly reject it from logical propositions, to banish it from speech and deject it in daily life.

The reverse of pilgrims. Pilgrims of the disenchantment of reality and of reason, lost of belief and conviction, radically alone, left to their psychisms and narcissisms: with no philosophy to substantiate their culture, with no thought to substantiate their notions of subject and of certainty, with no objectivity to substantiate their doctrine and construction, with no reality to substantiate their experience, and with no God to substantiate their existence. Pilgrims of loss.

Pilgrims – thing. Emptied of imagination, depersonalized and massified, insatiably and vainly pursuing strong and truly interesting experiences, under the illusion of feeling and trying everything, in actions drained of intentionality and thoughts numbed in consumption.

Blurred pilgrims. Spectral. Without the other, the difference of the other, the dialogue, the encounter. Self-absorbed in the void, where only the body is left for the pilgrim quest for an aim.

Daily pilgrims. In the night-filled light. In foreign lands. Us.

Rui Mota Cardoso, 2007