

GROWING YOUNG

Review on the text 'On the Value of Not Knowing' by Rachel Jones

I agree with this text.

Furthermore, I want to **be** this text.

Living is like being tired and I am a worn out soul. My fatigue lies in the belief of being clever and logical, forethought and thoughtful. My understandings are chaotic or conceited and I can't respond to them except by growing restless. I am bleeding with knowledge.

It is truly exhausting to crave explanation.

It scares us to meet the untold, it feels like we would be empty without our knowledge and abilities, being unexperienced is similar to being stupid.

In this crooked life it is a necessity to give in to the unknown, if you don't you might be considered old fashioned or dead.

You see, I have outgrown my intellect.

To follow the stream of the strangeness feels liberating (do tell if I am being too dramatic) but at the same time as a rejection of the instinct. Out intuition lies within the known, to travel with the familiar, we desire comfort. This comfort is our difficulty, it makes it hard to leave.

For Nietzsche, such unknowing is not simply a lack or an absence of knowledge to be filled, but a condition of thought and life.
(Jones, 2009)

The secret of creation does exist in the foreign.

This abnormality is what inspires me. Though sometimes I can't stand the strength of inspiration.

The so called lack of experience gives me hope. This state of constantly being surprised is like growing young (in a good way). But I would also say that not knowing what it is like to know would not be the same (for example a child). Honestly for me it seems that to be open to the strange in its strangeness is a very different experience when you've undergone the sense of understanding than to have this same experience without any formerly contrary feelings.

Nietzsche describes the strange as 'un-at-home in the everyday', which not necessarily but could be a reference to the uncanny, in the Freudian tradition '*something strangely familiar in an unsettling way*' (Freud, 1919). Which is considered one of the most frightening sights. Even more than just encountering 'something strange', putting the strange right next to the familiar makes us quiver with fear.

Learning to see things as strange makes us un-at-home with the everyday and thereby restores it as a place of marvel, where we might become different or other than what or who we are. (Jones, 2009)

So why are we so scared of what we don't know? Why do we feel like we have to push away the unknown just because it is nameless? We all have a common timidity. Something we've partially lost through growing up, our wonder maybe, opposed to the familiar which we blindly trust and use in an everyday manner. We seek to make the strange familiar and / or avoid the strange in it's whole context (Irigaray, 1987). To live fearless would mean mingling with the unknown.

To overcome this fear, we have to let go of what makes sense.

And be free to connect to the unidentified.

References:

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