Bridget Jane Kelley Mr. Henderson Intro to Philosophy H 10 March 2023

## Dog Knees Pees on Rich People's Carpets

If you think your bag of fricks is empty, you are lying to yourself, or your standards to truly have your bag of trucks empty is extremely low, lower than every teenage girl's standards for men. And somewhere out there is Utah mom, a millennial self-proclaimed minimalist influencer, Spareribleigh, and her beige and linen Instagram aesthetic, her Stanley cup obsession, and her exploited children, Bodacious Onion and Tu Morrow, and all of them can suck it because Diogenes is the real minimalist. Stoic and Cynic philosopher, Diogenes of Sinope, was born in four-hundred-twelve B.C., and he didn't give one single ship (please, what did you think, that would swear in my Philosophy paper? This is Weymouth High School, show some fucking class).

Sinope was a wealthy port off the southern coast of the Black Sea, however, Diogenes was banished from Sinope after some bad advice from the Oracle of Delphi, and some shady mix-up with their currency, which I like to believe is the equivalent of modern-day day tax-evasion. After being banished, he found himself in Athens, as a slave, under the name of Manes. Now, I am not sure which is the real tragedy here, the fact he went under the alias Manes, or the fact that he got caught evading his taxes.

Nonetheless, Diogenes was not exactly fit for the slave lifestyle, so he escaped the first chance he got, leading to his long-lasting career of being an absolute menace to society. It could just be a coincidence that his name sounds like dog knees, due to his strong belief that humans should act more like dogs. Diogenes believed that dogs did not care, they went along with life, they were not materialistic, they did not envy others, they just lived. Diogenes was all about all you need are your needs, he did not care for other people's opinions or society, he especially hated the rich, in fact, he hated the one percent before the one percent even existed. An impeccable quote from Diogenes himself states, "In a rich man's house there is no place to spit but his face" which is pretty calm for a man who would defecate and pee on said man's carpet as if he were truly a dog.

Personally, I am not sure which was more important to Diogenes, living life for himself with little to nothing, or peeving off Plato. It is reported that when asked to define man, Plato responded with "a featherless biped". Diogenes' response to this was taking a plucked chicken to one of Plato's lectures and throwing it at him. If that did not make it clear, I'll spell it out for you Plato and Diogenes were not the best of buddies. Diogenes believed that dogs lived in the present, without anxiety, and that human beings live artificially and hypocritically and would do well to study the dog. While he is not wrong, some people tend to question if he took his cynic values a bit too seriously, because who takes a fat dump in the middle of a marketplace? Yet, I think that just means he was ballsy, maybe a tad unhinged, but nonetheless ballsy. Plus, that is nothing you won't see at a Walmart nowadays.

I remember in middle school I used to try and act like I did not care about people's opinions of me, and seeing some of the things I wore to school, said, or did, part of me wondered if I truly did not, because why on God's green earth would anyone who cared, do, say, or wear any of that. The real problem, however, was that I did all of that because I cared too much and sometimes I still do. Diogenes, however, did not care at all. I may not have the same level of a bag of holy rolly pollies empty as sir Diogenes, however, I will say, there is one trait, one absolutely powerful and magnificent trait, that I share with Diogenes, and that is the fact that we are both complete wise-donkey butts. And as much as I would like to say the real phrase, I fear I am unable to because apparently, it is not "school appropriate", and because it is two-thousand-twenty-two and everybody is woke and soft, I am unable to defy that appropriation without possible wasting my time in Karen Monahan's office explaining why there are profanities in my school paper. I could argue and say I swore to prove myself a stoic like Diogenes because if this were his paper, there would be an f-bomb in every sentence, although I am not that ballsy. However, my point still stands, I am in fact, a jerk at times and I absolutely love it. For a lovely example, one time Mr.Faria had his Starbucks Chai Tea Latte, all I could manage to muster up half awake at eight-thirty in the morning was "You're such a little white girl". Now that is nothing compared to Diogenes, but again, you must be safe nowadays with a cancel culture. So no, I have never thrown an unplucked chicken at any of my teachers, but I still have all of senior year to do so.

I can also connect with Diogenes' core values which are to live like a dog. Now I have never peed or taken a steaming crap in the middle of the Boston Commons, most thankfully I am not a furry, however, I do believe dogs are inspirational. And I mean real dogs, not like Poodles and Chihuahuas, those dogs would freak out if God forbid they chipped a nail. However, I love dogs, they are effortlessly adorable, and they will look you dead in the eye as they poop on your new carpet, then hold that eye contact as they proceed to roll around in it. They have absolutely no shame, and I believe we need more people like that, more people who genuinely do not care, but live life because they were chosen to live it. I strive to be more like Diogenes, except for his lack of hygiene and new modern-day laws that prevent me from peeing in public, because apparently, it is "human indecency". I fear that without a doubt if Diogenes existed in the current times he would be a registered sex offender or worse, an influencer. Thankfully, I will never know if that is true.

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