

The post-pandemic mental health by COVID-19

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La salud mental post-pandemia por Covid-19

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Never has there been any talk of mental health as it is today, it took a worldwide tragedy, such as the COVID-19 pandemic, to turn a look at something as old as the constitution of de facto civilization.

The social formation of the individual is more than a matter of company, it is a matter of survival, the human being - in order to preserve the species, decided to group, live together, submit to rules and normal created for the maintenance of himself, the best translation of this fact was the consideration that anthropologist Margaret Mead made when being questioned about the subject, or we'll see:

“Years ago, anthropologist Margaret Mead was asked by a student about what she considered to be the first sign of civilization in a culture. The student expected Mead to talk about clay pots, hunting tools, sharpening stones, or religious artifacts. But no, i'm not. Mead said the first evidence of civilization was a 15,000-year-old fractured femur found at an archaeological site. The femur is the longest bone in the body, connecting the hip to the knee. In societies without the benefits of modern medicine, it takes about six weeks of rest for healing of a femoral fracture. This particular bone was broken and healed”.¹

If we perceived how fragile in a world where one was devoured, in a matter of minutes (some relation to the current world?), there was no alternative if they did not unite, form groups, take care of each other, did not imagine that this decision would save them from extinction, but extinguish them as individuals.

At its beginning the concern was exclusively the survival of the species, this lasted almost two thousand years, until then civilization cared little about what consequence this formation affected them mentally, mental health was never a reality, in fact the human mind, the being as it is, was not a reality, with psychoanalysis began something extraordinary: the discovery of the unconscious, the discovery that the human being is not governed only by what civilization imposes on him, with this new science it was possible to perceive, in fact, the resistance that the human mind makes to this model seeing the human being beyond what can be seen.

The surprise of this discovery, not generalizing, transformed these resistances into pathologies, each with its definite labeling, everything that the human mind revealed that was not common in the environment, was pathological (or still is?), living translated into being normal or sick.

Clarice Lispector, in her book *A breath of life*, written just before her death, reveals the fear of feeling, of expressing yourself, of being who you are and of being taxed as sick:

"I'm afraid to write. It's so dangerous. Who tried, you know. Danger of stirring in what is hidden – and the world is not aforesaid, is hidden in its submerged roots at deep sea depths. To write I have to put myself in the void. In this void is that I exist intuitively. But it's a terribly dangerous emptiness: I take blood from it. I am a writer who is afraid of the trap of words: the words I say hide others – which ones? Maybe I'll say them. Writing is a rock thrown into the deep pit... So many years ago I lost sight of me, I hesitate to try to find myself. I'm afraid to start. Existing sometimes gives me such aquicardia. I'm so afraid of being me. I'm so dangerous. They gave me a name and alienated me."²

The pain of being who this passage reveals is so much that, really, there are no words to translate it, the fear of revealing one another, to yourself and the other, different from what the social imposes on it and suffering eternal condemnation to ostracism and who knows even electrical focuss, led many to choose to die to survive in this way.

How many times have we seen news of unexplained fatalities for a healthy mind – sane in the sense of free from pre-established judgments, news that never portrayed one percent of those that actually occurred. Our civilization, to protect the system it created, is forced to stifle any occurrence that enables the human being, individual, to rationalize and turn against him.

If we analyze human history well, we can realize that there are only significant changes in its social concept when a tragedy happens, it is necessary for civilization to realize that it is not so strong, that it is not only physical union that will guarantee its perpetuity.

It took another hundred years to realize that this resistance appointed by Psychoanalysis was actually a deaf cry - of our being, our soul, of: this is not what I want for me, a cry for help to get rid of a structure coined for "your own good", thus creating mechanisms of professional studies for your analysis.

Nevertheless, mental health did not play an important role and the few legal norms that related to the subject were limited to the treatment of its pathologies, only in the 1990s with the Caracas Declaration, the result of the Regional Conference for Restructuring Psychiatric Care in the Latin American Continent, organized by the Pan American Health Organization (PAHO), came up, in Brazil, a Psychiatric reform in the Unified Health System (SUS), with this reform was promulgated Law 10,216 of April 6, 2001, unifying the small state and municipal laws that existed, in force until today -

without changes, a movement that began worldwide after World War II.³

Mental health is not limited to possible pathologies, it comes precisely from the understanding of this difference of being, from the certainty that each one has its limit of tolerance, comes from the natural experience of the daily emotions that everyone is submitted, from the ability to face the changes that life brings in a balanced way, being directly related to reactions to this social structure in order to harmonize the being as part of the environment as an individual.

Free will as a reason to act, which was justified - socially and religiously, for the punishment of social misfits, is no longer justified, one does not choose to misfit, one does not choose not to be part of the whole, one does not choose to be different.

Here there is no definition of what difference is said, the fact that it is different from the socially imposed imposes on the individual a lacerating pain, the guilt for being who he is, the shame of knowing that no matter what he does, what he conquers, will never be like the other, disappointment about something that even he himself understands, the fear of not being accepted.

This fear, which Clarice Lispector brilliantly manifested, does not refer to the other on the other side of the world, refers to the neighbours, the family, school, work, the church, the civilization that can be touched, with hands or with the mind, to those who make themselves more present, to those who really care and care. Fear that is the greatest responsible for the weakness of mental health that is spoken so much today, a fear that is sometimes the largest and only reality that exists.

The saddest of all this is that this, being different, can come from who is or from whom it became even before it was known to be, as the texts *Betrayal* and *Forced Silence* say, from the book *Digresses*:

"The great betrayals are not coming from enemies, but from those who are least expected, from friends, from the people to whom one lowers his guard, for these would never expect such a low action. Invariably, the sociable being utters the following phrases: "In this person I trust with my eyes closed" or "I put my hand on fire for so-and-so." I'm sorry to say, but time and time again you'll have your eye pierced or your hands burned."⁴

"The tormentors in most facts are so close that they are psychologically confused with the victim. Perhaps from this came the need for silence, silence of the absurd, of the inconceivable, of the undisputed. Nor is today's society prepared for such revelations, revelations that demonstrate that his heart, his soul, his existence are contaminated, always has been, never ceased to be, that the façade imposed on the mass is nothing more than a smokescreen to hide his true face."⁴

When you trust the body, the heart and the mind, betrayal is the worst trauma you can know, it not only changes who you are, it's who you're going to be.

This "need" to be part of the whole makes life "almost" unbearable, often for the control of emotions "it is necessary to use antidepressant medications, mood stabilizers and tranquilizers indicated by specialists, even psychological follow-up with the intention of helping to control negative emotions and knowing how to face moments of greater stress", as portrayed in the text Phoenix, from the book Digresses.⁴

The feelings of loneliness, not belonging, shame, allied to the fear of what the other will think, say or do, are the fuel for an explosion of nerves, there is no mental health that endures.

With the addition to this picture of social distancing, trauma so many lives, alteration of behavioral and social pattern, among other factors caused by the Covid-19 Pandemic, the elevation and worsening of existing mental disorders was inevitable.

The human being as a sociable being needs to be in society, including everything that comes with it, so "prolonged living at home has increased the risk of misfits in family dynamics. Added to this are income reductions and unemployment, which further worsen strain on families. And yet, the deaths of loved ones in a short time, along with the difficulty to perform the farewell rituals, hindering the experience of mourning and preventing the proper resignification of losses, increasing stress."⁵

The "evil of the century"⁶ became the evil of civilization as a whole, but it was not now, the social model created already agonized even before this generation was born, the big question is that now, with the speed in which information is treated, there is no longer how to hide.

A phrase circulating on the internet is the perfect translation for this: "This generation needs therapy because the last generation also needed it and thought it was freshness."

There is no place for silence anymore, no matter how it is, social or individual, it has as its sole purpose to imprison those who have so much to speak.

In the rush of life you forget to look the other way, you worry so much about what you're going to be or do, that you don't see what you are, who you are, who you are, and what really matters. So let one talk and talk a lot about mental health, but that something is done to preserve it and improve it and that it begins with you.

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