

Criteria Estertor

Sentimental Map

Is happiness a point of view?

The poet needs to be happy to produce, otherwise he has no satisfaction, unless his literary emanation is existential, metaphysical. Then, the body as an instance of the realization of Being, of desire as the prominence of the existential desideratum in face of the idea of Belonging.

In the eagerness for fulfillment, man rushes, flattened, into the space around him and transliters himself like an azure moth, beyond himself and beyond the circumstantial smallness of his condition of anima, for this reason he overcomes it through the fulfillment of desire, often sublimated, each at his own pace. These are the political days of today. Portugal needs to realize itself, it is always an open project...

Every book I finish, I promise myself that it will be my last. But I still keep trying to find the best words, in a certain form of exactitude that Fernando Pessoa spoke of. I overcame reflexive anthropology and metaphysical philosophy when I realized that we need the voice and the opinion of the Other, and that many philosophers end up with strokes and the like, anything but AIDS, because, except Onfray, they are not big fans of the pleasures of food and sex... Even so, I stopped being a hedonist and became an epicurean, something like giving reason to the days in the right mediad, everything in moderation, in terms of more or less pleasant, more or less intense social relations...

I go back to the village and the Atelier of the Garden House, I go back to the same books (it's been a long time since I bought a book?), but I exercise my imagination and there I go producing one text and another, which time not being too gloomy, a mere reflection of my situation as an unemployed teacher?

The carefree think that it lasts forever and as soon as he speeds up a bit, he ends up going off the rails, putting his head under the saw or coming upon some unidentified flying object. That's why I remember David Le Breton (*Anthropology of Emotions*) and Sartre himself, in *The Flies* and, why not, *Nausea*?

I surprise myself by thinking how accountable my reason is, I forget about my enemies because I need to be physically well, psychically healthy and vital, in order to bear witness to anything and get to the point of passing that witness on to someone...

Society is full of desperate people and perhaps this is why the churches are empty of young people, despite the World Youth Day, which is a global sample, nothing more than that. But man, this man who does not want to find himself in the Mystery of Christ Sacrificed or of the Tabernacle, continues to wander and never as before are there solutions to happiness, they are sold but also offered, asking in exchange for a little adherence, for surrender, to receive one must give, we would say in the terms of a certain anti-utilitarianism (Marcel Mauss and Marshal Sahlins)...

Here, then, in the fabric of daily life, is an escape from reflection, a drive to flee forward, at risk, in reverie, in the bursting forth of the existential qualities of being here and soon (already) being beyond, as António Variações would say, and one or another of Ban's themes from the nostalgic eighties.

Tartarus, the girl in ET hasn't had sex for six years, the news says, even in New York there are miracles like this, that is, one rarely hears about the American Church, the Catholic Church, the friars and monks, because it is known that capitalism turns the notion of desire (of the body as a mere existential realization of the Being, as I suggested above) into a notion.

That's what characterizes America, the burden of proof, more or less mimetic, that is, you have to prove in this world that God, in fact exists, whether He is Christ or not, we'll see, but the good news is that in principle yes, He is...

You don't struggle, you regain a sense, a volatile possibility of feeling beyond words and banal voices, and when you look inside yourself you have your eyes set on the entire universe, even the one that has not yet been discovered, because man is a discoverer, at least in these Iberian parts?

Sometimes you have to prove good by evil, and here is Machiavelli and his strategic sense in favor of an idea dear to Locke, as to Foucault (*It is Necessary to Defend Society*) that of the collective interest.

Man is volcanic by nature, although he also likes the mountains, he gorges from within in liberating power, he is capable of being like this for years and years and shares with nature, the **natura naturans**, a certain telluric, instinctive, animal character, so to speak. It waits, despairs, tries again, and finally gives up. This is when, out of literary impatience, he explodes. And here it can give way to new lands, new rites (Van Gennep, *The Rites of Passage*), new ceremonies, new stagings of the blue carousel of Leiria's Feira de Maio, Pombal's Bodo, Figueira do Santana...

Victor Mota