





**No Reservations**



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# No Reservations





## Editor and Author's Preface

Times are tough. Philosophy is priceless. Or it has a price it can't have. It is easy making easy money. Then, the society selects those to whom it attributes benefits, grants, honorary attributes, titles, I don't know what other things and ideas. Easy is to make prose exclusively, for others to compose, to print. There is one person who does all this. He just gives the printer work. Otherwise, he does everything by himself. And he is not recognized. Nor awarded. He lives in an extremely difficult situation. For health reasons, he has a pension of 200 euros a month. Otherwise, he has his sister's help. He has to look for a job. Some friends are treacherous and only criticize him. It seems that everyone does things for the immediate satisfaction of themselves, like someone who eats lavishly.

Others bet on the idea of giving, giving ideas to others, even if this is their last bid. A cry from the abyss. A shout of genius. When some sense danger, they run away. Others, don't run away because they are not in danger. Well, living with danger every day is pretty different. It is for the rare few ones who appear once in millennia, one in a million. When they show up.



# 1.

Enjoying the planned budget, I undertook the task of achieving other states and dispositions of mind and as a good writing professional I was too busy buying time that I could not mortgage everything else, in short, life. Of course, I was concerned about several things, in fact, I was worried, especially inventing problems, increasing those I already had. The fact of being alone and not wanting this condition brought to me a great feeling of guilt, whatever I did, pruritus that certainly came from outside, because let's see in terms of sensitivity, these issues of perception are not only biological, genetic, much less psychic. They start by being a group, then they increase in daily life. Everyone seemed too busy to listen to a person who still dreamed, but they hastened, as it seems unfortunately natural in times of crisis, to speak abruptly of the lives of others, because it puffed them up with pride. That was the case with my neighbor across the street. Neurotic and asexual, I didn't even care what she said about me, because I knew that nothing good could come out of it.

I had finally gone to Paris and if bad things had happened, good things had happened too, starting with the fact that I had been there and wanted to go back in other circumstances. From a locus of some insanity in which I lived, still without a job and without a woman (justifications for a male who is not an alpha), my spirit wandered in circumscribed spaces that sometimes confused me and made me lose my soul. I had inherited this personality trait from my mother, the fear of losing control, because I desired it so much, of, in my case, having a lot to loose in relationships because of it. It had been a long time since I had built any consistent story in which my immense Ego, between extremes, left the screen to let the characters live their lives. Otherwise, that was not my specialty, I would have told an attentive reader. I was fortunate to be able to write, after all, as it is traditionally accepted that any writer can best squeeze his talent in times of mental turmoil. I took my past again in the sense that it connected me to something important, religion, studies. I'm not even going to mention everything I used to enjoy doing. For a person who would have liked to travel more when younger, I was a little discouraged, by what my intentions and energy were directed to other goals, on the one hand more social, on the other hand more

introspective. I searched the network for the ideal woman, apologizing to better-known authors, of whom I had never deepened the work, such as Jean Baudrillard. As for what I wrote, I was not at all in the literature scene, I continued from a psychological point of view excessively concerned with myself, if not to end myself, with the good things I had, such as the moral feeling towards others. A feeling that religion had transmitted to me and that, in addition to the cybernetic grunts, perhaps there had persisted a haven for my tired and tormented soul. Is talking about OCD just an excuse? What is certain is that I had specific and long-term goals, I knew well what I wanted, but as if something prevented me from achieving them, and they would not be at all utopian, because I knew that my move would have to be high and, once again, sacrifice my sister in name of something that I think she should benefit from... In my father's village, everything seemed to remain the same, I myself trembled with fear like few others upon returning to that place where my sister persisted in having children to raise. It was as if everyone was already dead, including me, the naive and willing old being, who shouldn't give too much importance to unimportant details. Anyway, I had little money to continue anything and, I can't say that it had been

evidently only my fault the fact that I was overwhelmed, with a lot to accomplish. I tried, in the empty nights, to be myself, when it was no longer me who was there, in front of a light, reflecting and putting life into account, just another Portuguese citizen in crisis. Afterwards, I was afraid of hurting Rafael, perhaps because never before had his presence in my spirit and heart been as strong as before. I couldn't replace father. But I was at risk of passing for a poor, perverted nobody. My character flaws ran away from me quickly. Was I suffering from another psychological crisis? So much I wanted to do... I thought about so much, so much and as far away as the one nearby, by the way, that I had lost a lot. But maybe I would remain the same... deep down I wanted to believe that security and instability of character would be my strongest asset...

As for the past. In it were my college friends, the places, secular or religious that I had attended, where my conscience had stopped, in short, I had made commitments to institutions but never to the point of committing myself absolutely, because I knew that it is in the nature of man to fight for survival and even if he is at risk, he would rather betray a friend than do anything else that jeopardizes his acquired or birth rights. For myself,

I can't guarantee that I would be gay, if it interests the reader. I can say that the fact of losing access to women weakened me a lot. Perhaps some moral reconstructive task would be imposed. But I wasn't up for that. I, I, I... the never-ending story. Worse than a work by Sartre. I was beginning to enter adulthood, that moment of existence when we rest for something done. Maybe I had played with serious things. But the first of the victims was me and my family. No one valued us. Why should we value others? As for the little one, he would suffer, but the first step would be to get away from him a little. I know well what my mother, sister and brother-in-law would be thinking. Even if I liked the boy like a son and, as a father, I would regret it and rather inflict pain on myself than pass on to the acts of torture to which I had been subjected decades before. Thus, I sought, over and over, an adjustment in the way of living, time was running out, and it was Me, I, still Me, in an excessive voracity for everything and for everyone. I would give a few brave months of this life for weeks of tranquility that I had enjoyed in other times, albeit as a teenager. It was different. Many could not bear this because after all they were perhaps sicker than me and had more responsibility in the situation in which they lived, of feelings and economies, at that time in the country. I don't know if

i'll get far. I go step by step, savoring every moment the best I know from experience. I still have to understand why many, and there are not a few, spend their lives talking about important things indeed such as politics and the economy and forget about other things much more important than themselves and the world. These are the scales that are important to consider in this globalized world. I know that now I can firm each step with a precise rigidity, because I have studied this situation a lot in which I find myself involved. I know there is a lot of envy and strength around me so that I don't win. Yet here I am, still alive and aware. Anything could happen then. Just let it happen. The worst is over. Now I am here to enjoy, reap the fruits, and enjoy, that is, eat the fruits of what I have sown. I know that I am sane, despite the considerable misunderstanding with the city, the people of the city, which after all is not the city I knew as a child, the huge and empty courtyard in a rainy afternoon without sun. The patio where my cousin kept the bikes, in the gap of a staircase that led to a terrace where Silvana's family and her younger sister lived.



## 2.

The day I looked inside myself and around me for sympathy, there were sneering looks from those who wanted to fuck my judgment. Those gazes drifted into the sewer and then lost their trace. From my analysis and extensive observation, I can conclude that there are a lot of resentful people out there whose resentment feeds on victories that are not in the true sense of the words. I entertained in being sympathetic when people are more perfidious and obscene than me, than the children they educate, or not. But I dwell in the superior quality of thinking. Said Bernard Lévi, a Jew I met these days from Arroios: “As far as I am concerned, I have a more certain than distorted view of others. Sometimes it seems to me that the whiter they are, the dirtier they are, and the darkness is frightening. Other times I run out of money, without eating, with the reason that everyone is the same. My neighbor doesn't believe that. She is just a French teacher who has never been to France and who still pursues a doctorate in languages or educational sciences. For me, it could be in sexology, if I understood anything about the subject. Or Sociology, Law or Anthropology, if she had upholstery for such a thing. There are many, like her, who have



values but no ideas, the real food. Even so, she starves. ” Another notable thinker would say: “You know, when I idealize a lot, I think that people are all kind, like Me. But with experience and entering adulthood, at my expense, I learned how to see people's dirt and learn from it.” Another one would tell you: “For my sake, I didn't get here by chance. I don't save myself with folk sayings or holy words. My experience is what saves me and gives me authority. To talk about others, more than myself, because I invested a lot in what was important to me, knowing that for others it was also important and I came to the conclusion that for others it was not as important as it was for me”. Meanwhile, Jónatas was fulfilling his experience of making it possible to enter the New Year fully aware of the fiction that his neighbor had in her mind, but she was not very hungry.

I won't explain what happened to us. When we speak softly, they are rude, when we are aggressive, they cringe. They are indifferent. I won't say more. Or maybe in a little while, after sleeping, because around here, in the place where I've been, we sleep a lot. They humiliate people and don't want them to get angry? This is the work of crazy people, who have never been through hard times. Some settle for what they have and what they don't have, as is my case. Others, having much,

want even more, others, having little want even more. Was it enough for me to talk about human nature to a philosopher for everyone to start talking about human nature? Do I understand it? Yes, of course, if I were not an anthropologist. The cow's horns have quartz, essential to life. Without it, nothing exists. Some oligarchs intend to change the face of the country, without it moving into the countryside. I am not a politician, I could have been, because by the way, I know much better than most people what it is to live in the polis. Things change when we change and that doesn't necessarily mean movement.

In this country, many wait and few despair. Younger people do not know what the future holds for them, because from their own experience they have little, so they make mistakes and make mistakes without being held in their hands. When they see the country being decimated by multiple languages, knowledge and tyrannies, they are indignant and the indignation of one man is not enough, it takes the indignation of all for the country to move forward.

Little by little, by little and little, I realized that the world did not revolve around me, that being connected to others implied knowing how to wait and not obey the impulses of the moment. What was clear to others, to me implied a long work of reflection, being that I went further alone than apparently

talking to people. Characters, situations, plots, scientific and philosophical observations, populated my daily life in that parish of the country's capital, where figures had different positions and names. I still worried about the younger ones, about what they might go through and whether some young man like my nephew might go through more or less serious things that I or others would have gone through.

Sooner or later, I would die, my body would certainly be buried in Alto de São João, nothing famous would happen to me in life, because after all, half the world was looking for me and the fine line that separated fiction from reality unfolded before my eyes and finally no one paid me like others to write, nor was I ever worried about the process of creation, when the youngest wanted to unfairly take advantage of my ideas, in short, only a few observations I wrote, as Wittgenstein in his *Brown Notebook* and in his *Philosophical Investigations*. I was entertained weaving with words a narrative that would have to do with the beginning of the world and myself, everything always told me something, I was dangerously close to Sartre and Blanchot, whose complete work I was preparing to edit in Portuguese.

I had other projects, such as a post-graduation and a licensed degree in philosophy, in addition to the explanation center. This discipline, which meant a lot to me, even the contempt of my countrymen, brought me comfort and understanding of what was going on around me without issuing value judgments, which I was used to under the influence of certain people. The women of Lisbon told me nothing, they were gold-diggers like most women today, who like exhibitionism and madness. They had not driven me crazy, because after all I had my dignity and memory intact, I had had my experiences and this helped me to draw to the conclusion that women today are not right. The intermediate speech ran through my body and contained my desire as on many other occasions, I know that my love was not in Lisbon, but somewhere wandering around Paris, I had an immense desire to return there, but in the meantime it rained in pots and I could do nothing but smoke a cigarette. I had abandoned my doctorate and master's degree in Philosophy, things for which it no longer made sense to invest, leaving room for the youngest and dedicating myself to personal tasks of writing, teaching and editing. The fixations and obsessions disappeared as I beat them, even without medication, for I only wanted money to write and feed myself conveniently. No major publisher was interested in what I had written or much

less was writing at this time, no matter how brilliant it was. I was in a third world country in terms of letters and the fact that I was marginal and marginalized only brought the advantage of here, the advantage of those who are on this side of the barricade and who have invested a lot and who now leave their turn to others waiting for them to do better.

I, who had passed as gay and bisexual, was now a heterosexual looking for a woman in a city that didn't have them. I imagined, therefore, my love going around the world and finding myself on my deathbed, already dead, and full of anguish, committing suicide under my body full of regret and bitterness, because after all my conduct had been correct in the sense that I had not moved all these years while she had ran around everywhere, who knows, looking for me and had not found me because thinking that I had communication problems, she was the one who had. I was surrounded by an awkward tantanice, starting with my neighbor, who had no amendment, who to avoid going crazy became a nymphomaniac and decided to invite half a dozen puppets to her *petit appartement* near the ISCSP and ICS.

### 3.

Little by little, I realized that I should not have strayed from the path of writing and reflection, because others who went ahead looked for a way to live their lives, that I knew how to live mine and it seemed to me that they were much more narcissistic than me. Invisible forces and strange psychic manifestations fought me everywhere, including psychiatrists who kicked in their more or less scientific observations. In a word, I, who sought to make sense of the world that unfolded before my eyes, was right, the same kind of right as my father, mother and brother. And especially my dear sister. I would be on the side of the most powerful psychic forces, however, nothing seemed to profit in life from it, in fact, I was still alone, I who had openly desired, with conditions, a woman at home. It seemed to me that the country was burying itself more and more and the corrupt and dissolute political class was the one to blame, besides half a dozen illiterate bosses who corrupted the system. The writers pored over historical figures or made more or less cinephile pink novels that sold themselves as deodorants and condoms in supermarkets. Soon

I, who had after all a life that was envied by many, because I had a sister of gold who understood me and who realized that I just wanted to write, to understand. It was not up to me to understand everything from vile banality on television, violence to looting and lack of rights, in which many Portuguese filmmakers were to blame. The Americanization of the country was almost complete, the stupefaction, rather saying. There wasn't much to pick up. We would be, more than the Greeks and the Irish, doomed to be dependent on others, on the Spanish, the Germans, the French and the English. Of course they were taking advantage of us. But the government didn't understand that. No one was truly outraged, everything cared more or less about the family-state scale as to living conditions. Social scientists were committed to the government, doing little or nothing. None of them had been on television for centuries. Had they deserted? Or they hid, as always, behind their identities and intellectual shells in chapels and quejandas, ghettos that in the light of the illuminated view made nothing stand out. More or less philosophers, reformed or not, lived in the longing of a postponed country, speaking more or less in more or less unforeseen ways, on more or less pressing issues, making one glimpse that after all it all comes down to intimacy and its relationship with the public space. It

would be, therefore, in this line of thought that it would be interesting to advance. The writers disunited and compressed each other to conquer their fair share of common sense and intellectuality, of territory of knowledge, if they knew what it is, and used the old tactic: to guarantee economic means to dedicate themselves to writing. They did not know that I had done otherwise, that writing had been my greatest passion and they certainly did not deserve to know. In any case, there were many social problems to solve, people were discouraged and in fact, the government did not govern, commentators ruled more or less on Sunday, like Sunday drivers who stroll around looking for those who can sit in the place of the dead. Yes, I was quite disillusioned with the women here. They did not know what they wanted, they looked like eels, they did not let themselves be held, when they had the opportunity to have an honest person, they preferred dishonesty. Therefore, I perceived the Ukrainians, who just wanted to be at home, being faithful to the same man. Through the Internet, betrayals, shenanigans and crap of all kinds multiplied and unfortunately the world was composed of these things, things foreign to human nature. That was what was missing, she said, knowing that she had the hot pussy and the red-hot fur, because it was not a case of waxing or anything else, but a



case of state of secrecy because in that house of whores there were also lesbians and they understood each other well after the clients left, in fact, Deputy Prime Minister Portas had built a newspaper over the CineBolso cinema where Octávio Reles sought solace in his student days, knowing that there was no woman with a coherent life project. Any whore in America was here in the kingdom of Portugal a saint of all sizes who had the right to sell books and be taught in high school and secondary school, advised by teachers who knew a lot about sexology, as they were colleagues of our neighbor. Be that as it may, banks do not work on the weekend, ATMs, if we want to deposit money on a Saturday, for example, do not work or allow transfers or deposits, there is something undead in this country, in this idea of a forgotten, abandoned Portugal, which no one wants to know, which is like a tramp or homeless person who takes a beating from everyone, as if he were a Christ whom no one wants to know. Much blame in this has the Church, because it is installed in power, and a certain Left that only cares about power and does not make true politics, in addition, the other Left that will never be power and attacks only for attacking. It is difficult, in this state of affairs, to think of a country, since those who say they think only dictate what their stomachs tell them deviated to the mind and never

experienced difficulties, This is the leading political class of the country, the pseudo-intellectual class, which sees the media not as public service providers but as obliged to provide service to large companies. No one has the courage to fire the government and it will never resign if they shut up or not. Damn it! Nobody does anything about the cronyism, Vasco Pulido Valente stopped going to the television, we just have a great voice of counterpower, which is Miguel Sousa Tavares.

## 4.

On the afternoon when it all began, I was imprisoned by mental shackles, then the neighbor complained about the fart that took place in the next apartment arguing law 69 of the penal code, arguing theft of intellectual property with regard to the fart, not that the said code mentioned such kind of intestinal windings, however a policeman took a look at her bedroom and soon a policewoman arrived, taking another look, so they had to argue, along with the neighbor, that the said fart that that lady had given had been her intellectual property, so they decided to summon lawyers and judges to the council to decide who had the intellectual property of particular fart at a particular time. It was sad, there was no time for comedies, could we hope to laugh at the end?

So, on that winter day, when there was little sunlight, my father was dying, my mother was sad, I realized that I also counted and that I had my flaws, that freedom has a price. Such a neighbor had nowhere to go, so she couldn't even take it for intellectual property, as Rodrigo Leão himself had plagiarized the title *Terra Seca* from my personal writing project, there was nothing to do, there she is controlling the

water, it's like the gypsies, curious is that only after meeting me - and barely - she decided to bathe, in short, contingencies of those who only see the harm they do to others. Narcissists, so to speak. I thought, during these events, of my nephews and the people who lead their lives for the opinion that others have of you - and she screamed at the top of her lungs, let's go to France, let's go to ISCSP or ICS, and let's go, because I am a woman with guts - I hope to have them to spread fertility throughout these lands of Lezíria that, in addition to being the most fruitful in the country, are the weakest in all of Europe. But, finally, we live in a country where intellectual rights do not count, only now we seek, in the wake of other countries, to give copyright to those who do not have them, or do, by reason of their own intelligence and acute rationality.

Later, when I returned to myself, to the inner exteriority of myself, I realized that the neighbor only or simply wanted communication with some supernatural entity that I could represent, but that I did not know how to do it. Thus, I continued my observations, in order to reach some conclusion as to the way and aspect of the coincidences that happen to us in daily life, as I hoped to sell this book at a price that would allow me to continue. I already hated, at that time, several characters from my novels, so I decided to build a new plot

and definitely forget the neighbor. As I was told, people cannot be given importance, the more importance you give them, the more they trample us due to the envy they have of us, of what we are and represent. Dad said nothing, I wasn't angry with him, I was just upset, but he seemed upset with everyone, I heard it from my mother and sister. One would say that I did not enjoy the place where I was, but I knew that sooner or later I would be happy again. I had twenty euros for the next two days, anyway. I went around and around in my head and did not understand what the others said, as if I were enclosed in a silk cocoon. The next day, Bertha decided to stay at home, bitter about a recent meeting with a friend of hers, while Tiago Fostes, on the day of the death of Eusébio, the best Portuguese player of all time, a geisha was looking for a place to sleep. There were no conditions in those days, that is, the conditions for living were few or none or, better said, the future was not conditional, it was immediate, it was already, beyond the request, the lost, beyond the scarcest possibilities of human fulfillment. What a strange way of life, due to the prognoses of a postponed nation, from Bairro Alto to Praça da Figueira. However, while the desire tightened between the streets of Lisbon, Estes realized that tomorrow was another day, that one day follows the other as one hand washes the

other. There was at that time no narrative far beyond death, far beyond what was desired and dreamed of, shadows ran through the lenses through which desire was inscribed, in the more or less mentionable instances of the transcendental geometry of present times.

I waited, then, sitting, with my head in my hands, thinking about the halo of thoughts that occupied me every day, thinking about this day that followed my writing, thinking about what could exist far beyond me, in black and white, in color, in all colors. In the unique instances of a more or less ridiculous process from which we try to corroborate hypotheses as diverse as the blooming of mushrooms in the desert, we can say that any form of poetry is today more expensive than any form of football, both of which have different forms of expression. The country was old and finished, like its rulers, from left to right it was a gray, poor and alphabet country, which carried out its universal task of its transcendent philosophy in the sense of washing its body in the middle of the Atlantic, on the edge of the Azores and Madeira, when Edgar Fostes was in the city of Praia, spending a few days between his home and his beloved Guinilha, who had married him in a more or less official marriage. Portugal was a

foggy night, a winter day spent at home that never ended, it was abstaining in its desire, wanting to show itself insinuously to the world, returning to itself when it did not solve its task of equating other nations in an evangelizing task, however Estes continued to be anxious to find a girlfriend who made him, more than days, happy nights, for more or less objectionable instances of morality treated with psychotropic and random antidepressants. When, after some time, Estes sought to know where his girlfriend of 13 years was, she was already with a neighbor, entertained drinking her brother-in-law's wine, spending the nights with another man, a former prisoner who had converted to the Jehovah's Witnesses, so later, in this sad and melancholy cantilena, we decided to give Estes his share of reality and introduce him to the bishop of Rio Maior to be baptized by him, so that after he died his spoils would be thrown into the Tagus, the same Tagus as always that flows right down there, where he should have gone in the morning, or even after lunch, replacing that with the nap, taking a little rib off the Spanish back that I have with me. The hills of Lisbon were women of prominent breasts, who swayed in the amplexus, when the rhythm of the city was ragged, for the melancholy hope of a black child. Between art and the obscene, these days oscillated, profiled to our eyes behind a

yellow Carris bus, in a post-orgasmic synthesis that re-enters the circular and spasmodic spirit of the days. When it was 10 o'clock in the morning of a rainy winter day, Estes' parable had a new development, as he had written a message that he had put inside an envelope, which he had delivered to a foreign girl named Isabella, from Cantabria, who spoke more or less good Portuguese. She carried the letter with a certain message on the back of that Italian region and presented it to Pope Francis, so that it could be properly cared for and respected, as if it were a relic of the greatest possible and impossible uniqueness, according to the laws that more or less Catholic miracles scientifically obey. And behold, a man enters the room who said he was called Joseph and occupies the pulpit of the confessions so that, using the word and the time of those present, he addresses the assembly there assembled on January 2nd, two thousand and fourteen. He was then, for about two hours, talking about the incidences of football last weekend, so that more or less present people could be illustrated beyond the big titles of Bola and Record, on Monday morning, when everyone, without exception, had little desire to work. As he aggravated himself with such pretensions, Tiago Estes took as rarefied his desire for women, as he had difficulty in definitively establishing a more or less explicitly correct



judgment about the qualities of things and people. His body was then projected into the surrounding space as if it were a hologram, whose equilateral representation would be equivalent to a projection of the more or less dark things of his human mind. At the time he walked hand in hand with Teolinda (another of his passions) by the sea, they issued endless judgments about the more or less intrinsic qualities of the homeland, and there was nothing very important to do that had not already been done by the ancestors. The present was thus a surprise on Christmas and Consonada days, and we arrived at Reis with the same determination with which we spent these days that we judged to be an ordeal and we hope to find the same forces again in later days, that is, in the more or less fervent mental instances within us, within the heart, within the spirit that has no known geometric form or mathematical and physical-chemical formula. When a man dreams, of course, innumerable women appear to him in more or less wet dreams and if we may say, Estes and Isabella (another of his political concubines) walked through these dream days in which many plans were made in the air, without necessarily having much to do with the emotional reality of being-there beyond. When, as a child, the core of his dreams had been reserved for magazine models, Estes never thought of the

unfortunate ordeal of living alone in an endless search for something that would not turn out to be cinema or literature, but that was close by, as it beat all the more or less unparalleled moral prejudices that the conservative society of that century had lent itself to presenting. And on the day they withdrew an important holiday, their discount for old age began to be made in twelfths that arrived late and at bad times. Therefore, I did not fear the judgment of others, not that the present report was a biography, but it would only illustrate the will of a spirit to subsist in time, in those difficult times of international assistance.

## 5.

Pedro Estnes, the uncle of Emmanuel Estnes' modesty manifesto, was looking for a direct link with his past. He decided to go down the hill and the country house where he lived, to head towards the city, in his usual bus, 528, accompanied by his manifest wife and his manifest three sons, from which the descendants of this noble athlete would be cemented, so he decided to ask what would be the similar thoughts between Filomena Estnes and Gonçalo Estnes, related to him by a secret transmission of thought, in which one and the other were ardently deluded, manifestly seeking a manifest for the quality of something effluve.

In that year of seminar, a lot went on inside the head of Lativa, a young friend of Pedro Estnes, who was seeking to enroll for the first time in the Psychology school of the capital, while Perdo Estnes and Emmanuel Estnes faded with the ardor of living with each other at the distance of a click. The young woman, at her young age, avoided the dangers of the big city, the potentiation of the alienation ofunconservative environments and where cosmopolitanism was disguised with

bad faith and nonsense. There were, therefore, these two universes, which Filomena and Lativa, second cousins, had franchised in the nineties, under the hypothesis of both getting a place in the School of Psychology and Modern Languages. But it was the case that a new character got involved in that family conversation, because it is from families that novels are made of, or, at least, life, as far as it is known. Later we will refer to this character, who leaves the plot and involves other family nuclei, as if it were a scientific observation. However, in the hairdresser that Estnes frequented, there were clients of different tastes, from those with sandier hair to others, with it more slippery, like a river of eels. On that day, between beard and hair, the conversation was the death of the King of Portuguese football, who would be buried later at 3:30 pm in the Estrela cemetery.

However, as if they had not made love to anyone for about two years, Estnes and Maria Enes met in a discreet cafe in the capital, more to the side of Saldanha, where many people hastened at this time to watch the urn of King Eusebio pass by. There was no other talk, and Peter was excited about the idea of a king dying, as it was a sign that the government if you could but fire it, at least could make modifications. A subliminal desire ran through the interior of those people

attending the funeral, as if they stood up and raised old repressed desires that mingled with the rain, more or less consonant with the inner-fire ardor of the women who now manifested themselves with tears. The day was rainy, as I said, and from one side to the other of the streets and alleys, what was added was what was felt and thought and talked on one side and on the other of the slender paths of desire and national manifestation. One way or another, the aforementioned couple were looking for a cozy place to sleep, spend the night, make love after a day of overwhelming sadness. That afternoon, Helena scratched her hair in the sun and combed her vast hair in her studio on the outskirts of Lisbon. Estnes ignored her presence, but he knew that she fantasized about him from the beginning, and gypsy as she was, it was difficult for her to get used to the customs of sociology that were done there. Her desires and fantasies involved guns, gunshots and the police, as well as ambulances and cemeteries. At night, on days of emotional deprivation, she had fun with videos taken from the internet with which she would entertain herself to see the primordial scene of sex -amplex a number of times. Shee wanted more, more, her dirty, filthy mind was full of mounds of vaginas, penises and protuberances of matter that she herself did not bother to explain, it happened that it all erupted inside

her, coming to the surface in an unsuspected and unprecedented way. They also knew her as *chupa-cabra*, a kind of mountain goat that spread in those times in the kingdom of Portugal, through valleys and cliffs where it insatiably sought to end its hunger. At that time, Estnes had more projects, but he didn't worry especially about what might happen in his territory, depopulated of women, rather, full of uninterested women who worried about filling their asses with a thousand and one things that were anything but fundamental. In fact, Helena did not last long at home, although she was most of the time in heat and itchy in the ass, as if the between the lines were an abrasive species more or less endowed with a thousand and one details. For these and other reasons mentioned, Helena did not last long at home, because as if the space were small, she had more itching in both places, she did not remember buying a dildo or whatever it is called to entertain herself in her spare time. Her desire for her neighbor Estnes was not at all reciprocated, so she entertained herself, in the absence of his possession, to bring countless men there to the narrow space in which she "lived". Anyway, let's move on to other shenanigans that are much sadder than we can imagine. The reader may wonder where are all the other characters we have covered for now and where is the promised

one who would save the homeland, in short, we do not know, we know as much as the reader, because we are more confessedly much more expectant of what will happen next. Anyway, Helena's crazyness was so great, that we cannot explain why mechanisms of the mind or heart this poor creature failed to get a social place she had dreamed of, as if for her the most important thing was her career, having left everything behind, children, family, trips, etc., things of little importance to her. What was important to others, was less important to her, who knows why, I also do not reserve the duty of explaining such a great deal. The state of nerves of most people in that geographical area was very regrettable. Only Estnes, at the cost of many sacrifices and willingness to guide, had managed to maintain a strange and unusual lucidity in the midst of so much madness. What was he going to do with this blindness that had taken possession of the inhabitants of that city of Cosmos? Anyway, Estnes went unnoticed, lived as if his house, his apartment, was a huge seminary room, from what one can say broadly and exactly that he had conquered happiness. And how was this important feeling manifested? In the oblivion of everything and in the dedication to writing, precisely what mattered most to him, and his fiction extended

on those rainy days of winter like rain on the patio floor outside.

We were then in the domain of the policeman, for whom we had gathered all the ingredients: the girlfriend who lived close to the President of the Republic, the neighbor who had sexual kinks, the conspiracy of the police against Estnes. There was only a pint of humor missing in this analysis of our characters' pituitary glands. Estnes, Lilly and Helena, a love triangle that could end badly. Or well, in case women behaved well and weren't jealous of each other. Before we jump into the main plot, let's glimpse at a scene, which is that of the Andalusian bride, slender and long, on the threshold of her house, like the one that was just in the cafe, serving as bait for Estnes, barely suspected Helena and Lilly of what was going on. Estnes drank his coffee and when he left she was no longer there, anyway, it was this game of meaninglessness that most plotted Estnes and left him full of concerns about his masculinity. But, anyway, who knows why, women always have any hidden thought or thing that they never reveal, it's got to be us, men, revealing everything with greater or lesser difficulty, they always have a hooked ploy to frame us on the back, who knows why, I don't know or care about it, after all they don't pay me for that, but for more than that, to continue



the story that involves Helena, Estnes and Lilly, this love triangle that is drawn in space, in the air, as the planes pass by and Eusebio is buried.

## 6.

I too, Estnes told Helena, I too would like to know love and happiness at once and never separate from them, never separate from you, my beauty, it happens that you yourself doubt the happiness that covers your days and you have a tendency to hide under a cloak of an always different artificiality. Like Lilly, the actress I met the other day in a disco club, half actress, half dancer. She only appeared in the spotlight, to make her scenes more or less unforeseen, as someone who makes a last effort to avoid madness, without knowing what it is, as if madness wanted to add more madness and end up mad once and for all, that is, dead, forgotten, forever forgotten in a sepia photo of a grave in the largest cemetery in the city. Well, after hearing a song on the Quartet's radio (the 1111), I decided to lie down for a while, because I was getting breathless in this somewhat rocambolesque story and that was turning my head, you never know, this to understand the spirit and thought of women, a lot goes on, due to the fact that they can think of several things at the same time, maybe I even, as an author, I am becoming obsessed and always attached to the same desires, the same

thoughts and I can never free myself from this weight of the characters, who are never cheese-cheese, who dodge like eels between their fingers, go there and understand the games of seduction of these people, in short, I do not understand, as an author, but maybe in a while, in a few days, this will become clearer, yes, this thing of the main plot that for now we unveil in thought. This thing of fasting every time you decide to understand a woman, it is getting more and more crazy, something without shape or form, something formless, that the spirit of a man who simply desires, cannot understand. I am in the midst of beasts and I only have salvation if I become an even bigger beast, but that's it, we can't forget the plot of the love triangle mentioned, which is why we are here, bow to the reader.

Meanwhile, the situation (what situation?) was stinking of itself, putrid, in a hollow manifestation that bordered on madness, which came to visit me once again in one of the involuntary movements of my spirit. Police and fire sirens roared in the night. It rained in the courtyard. I turned off the radio. I did not dare to watch the TV, nor to see the faces of those who wept for Eusébio. Yes, I would get back to speaking about mysituation and in all that it had of absurdity, the most astute reader may think that I myself would desire such a

situation, but I will answer you that not being gay, what could I do in this city where I did not understand those women? They took everything from me as if it were sexual exploitation, then fled, using the same tactics as Don Juan. I only consoled myself with the hot (or cold) of the sheets, I did not envy those who jumped from partner to partner like those who changed their clothes, I was angry at not being like that, angry at my situation, angry at having lost forever the learning that had made them so adaptable to change that I was always in the same place, unguarded, at the mercy of a paranoid neighbor who wanted to see me in prison. I, after all, pitied her, who had not lived my experience. I would be sorry if she went mad. And yet, this was so close to happening! ... Nausea set in, a sequence, in the passage of light to shadow, of mistakes, of misunderstandings, which made people sad, faint, unguarded, sad as if they had been pierced by a sword and were exhausted in a dead end, waiting for some Christ to come to save them and judge their soul worthy of note, the reminiscence of their thoughts, their feelings, their sentimental confusions. How fragile we were in those times!...

Thought after thought, I didn't quite understand what had happened to me. I was there, in a city where I had been all this

time, however I seemed to be in the same situation with which I arrived here in 89. I was angry to occupy my thinking and my days with useless things like trying to understand why women didn't pay attention to me. Cigarette after cigarette, I understood less and less. I couldn't help but worry about the essentials that everyone, one day or another, ends up achieving. I think I had always taken things too seriously. Maybe with women it was the same. Nothing came out well, given the insistence of this kind of frustration and discouragement mixed with anger. I just wanted to fall asleep and wake up the next day, thinking I'd forget all this. Nothing good seems to have happened that day. The words, lying here, had apparently little value.

Then Estnes, with his days improving, sought Helena on the top of the hill where Kate Bush was waiting for the two of them, in order to meet them and play at the ball where the two danced and became engaged. After all, Lilly was looking for something else, her moral independence, from an early age, in the face of the setbacks of life and family. After this summer, they adjusted the small economies, in our indebted country, which was gradually repairing itself from excess spending and lack of investment. While the couple was getting ready to debut the house, Lily decided to travel to London, where her

ex-husband was walking around a little for nothing. She will have found this distant father who had evaded his obligations and gave her the due scrap for not giving due attention to his puppy, who had stayed in Lisbon as a musician of the Xutos and Pontapés. Estnes was old and only thought about not leaving debts to his nephews, for those contracted in life were insignificant and ended up fading over the years. This was the story of the family, the story of a love triangle that ended up being corseted by the old continent, not that there was no family, for example, in Brazil and Australia, where people prospered in these developed or emerging countries. People would come and go, using various idiomatic conventions, exchanging the most diverse products for the most diverse purposes. While she did not decide to pay attention to her two children, Helena sought in prayer to cling to something transcendent that prevented her from going crazy, preventing God from infecting such a disease to her children and little ones who were playing around there. While not buying a Mercedes Compressor, such as an emigrant that he was, Jonas Artides saved money at a level of savings he made together with his wife Carolina (Artides), sick from one knee for a long time and who was hospitalized almost screaming, if you can say so.



## 7.

Thus, little by little, I avoided thinking about myself and the contingencies that had brought me there, as I navigated and revisited the places dear to my memory, while everything seemed difficult to the point of not being able to reach it, such as the world and my friends after my death or me after the death of someone dear. I was still looking for the woman of my dreams and I didn't know how to do it because no matter how much I invented some logic in my head, I didn't rationally perceive what can't be understood or explained. I continued, therefore, as honestly as possible, along the banks of this river populated by fish, large and small, which made me more or less indifferent to the movements towards the mouth. It was no use developing a story such as a novel or a love triangle too much, when he had the skill and gift for another genre of writing. That was more than right. I suffered from love without having yet loved, perhaps I would suffer even more when I gave excessive importance to that love. That did not exist. Or was I wrong? I drank another beer. I promised myself I wouldn't besuch a heart of butter. Or maybe I wasn't it even so.



Did I demand too much from people? I was there, out of time, out of myself, uneasy about the destiny that was reserved for me, dreaming of bodies when I knew that there was little beyond that that had to do with the anteriority of pain and desire. The words spoken from Lilly to Estnes finally had a certain sense and a certain meaning: we do not go back to where we were once happy, perhaps because we want the good memories not to be erased from our memory. Perhaps there was a good background in myself that had remained untouched beyond the hard years endured in the capital, the rejections, the forces of indifference, the lids and slabs, the object of desire, and the tremendous misfortune. Everything was over, there was nothing more important to do. I had mistakenly sought love where it did not exist. Time and God still allowed me to try to understand why I kept wanting to make up stories when my personal life was devastated. I deeply desired to return to Lisbon that same day, and I no longer felt like being among my own, as I might have a whole life to settle. For most people I was a scholar who could do nothing; I could not plant a tree or change a lamp, perhaps that was why I clung to writing. Even if I infused strength into myself, surely it was hard for me to keep going. Far away were anthropology and philosophy, there were no one-man women

in that country, where I had dreamed of having a job, being with a partner, raising a child. Anyway, it was boring as hell. No reservations.

## 8.

I didn't know, on the other hand, to what extent, mixing the intrigue of my characters, I was projecting my own life onto blank paper. But I knew that, because it was resolved, nothing very important had been written. I was also comforted by the idea that writers improve their work with age. This true truth made me look kindly on my old age and that of my parents and friends. In this way, my father's small village was the vein from which I persisted in removing stories, comments and motifs for my plastic weaving. From beastly I had passed to beast, I knew. But the game wasn't over yet. I remained convinced that I had something to tell and that my work had some coherence. For the first time, I felt like a magician, a Creator-God in front of the blank paper and largely motivated by the spectrum of concepts and words that arose in my mind, without me forcing its elaborate presentation or development. It made me want to continue reading philosophy; the more I talked to people, the more I wanted to have reasons to write, the world was for me again an open book, without excessive morality and condemnation for those who did evil or in it by

distraction fell. I was inside anything I couldn't or hadn't managed to break through yet. When I got out of this, out of this air bubble or soap bubble, maybe I would go back to writing with passion and instead of for myself, for an audience that could read my books. It was, perhaps unfortunately, my greatest desire, to suffer like a poet, to create words out of a gift I knew I had and could neither silence nor stifle. Life, everyday life, was a great Greek theater, whose audience cough I heard, but saw no face. I waited for time to pass, to see in life the applause and joyful faces of the audience. Had I been an actor all this time? A feeling of inexpressible loneliness ran high and low, from left to right, through my soul. I believed that if I gave up writing, I would give up my life, because without writing it made no sense. But I was still aware of the flow of thought in my mind. I didn't think I'd done anything extraordinary. I just wanted to go back to Lisbon and my meaningless life. With no woman.



## 9.

I knew, I couldn't disguise it, that my life was stuck somewhere in my teenage years and that I couldn't get out of there. I didn't bother people with that. Maybe there were more cases like mine. At the same time, this form of imprisonment maintained in a way my romanticism or, at least, my feeling, towards people and things and even people's things, which I certainly did not see as things. I suffered, like everyone else, but as for sex, I was a nullity. A lot of fame and little profit, as they say. I thought to myself, This is going to end badly. It's been so long without a woman and still to solve were personal matters that others solve in a short time. I passed for gay when it had nothing to do with me. Would I be forever stuck in the past? I didn't know what to do. After all, time had passed. I should make room to the younger ones. I was ugly and toothless. And without work, without money, who would stay with me? Certainly not Clementine.

## 10.

I asked myself: why don't I get mad? Why don't I hit anyone? Because perhaps, in advance of an explanation, I still believe in the supernatural and in a special purpose for my existence. Yes, I'm rather unrealistic. I do not advance too many explanations. I am in this situation because perhaps this is my destiny: to live in emotional need, not to worry about material goods, to live a life censored by everyone and some more. I swear when I get out of this bubble, I'll do something. For myself, it's immensely about time. The pain is unbearable, as well as the desire. So much wasted time in favor of writing, in order to leave something written... was it in vain? What did I miss? What did I win? And does it matter, now or ever? Sometimes, for me, reality is not explained, it is lived. And the best thing is to let the time pass to see if it works. It's ironic, but maybe it's therapeutically the only solution. For those who wait and despair, perhaps happiness comes at the end. Then I have the feeling of spending my life running away from anything. Running away from someone, as if they had offended or crippled me. I don't understand this situation well.

Is the plot, the love triangle, over? In fact, I don't think about it, I still believe in love. Does love, or some love, believe me? It's weird and ironic. Oddly ironic.



On a sunny day, Estnes confessed to me that he had changed as much as if he had taken a trip around the world. In fact, all that time of waiting, of hesitation, of frustration, resulted in something like what he already was as a child. Between this present state and the one that had passed, many images populated his head, many images between the village and the city, many women, those he had known, now multiplied in more or less erotic situations. Helena was always more present, but since we cannot speak of an absence, we discarded her description. The same happened to Lilly, who had made the show her life and who now knew others than Estnes. He stayed in the corners of the house, smoking, imagining dates in which he overcame his natural shyness, in the countryside or in the city, in certain contexts or on the street. He fed his desire with past situations, he finally wanted to date or spend a few days with someone, who he could meet in one situation or another, about one thing or another. He was now receptive, he knew that he was neither gay nor bi, that he was a repressed heterosexual, that he had finally overcome the ordeal of the age if thirty, in which we think that we are each and every person. His mind was directed towards a complex future, he

knew that he did not need extremes, that he could stay for the reasonableness of the days, counted one after the other, he knew that he could stay for the mediocrity of the more or less stable relationships and he was not well there in the countryside, where everything seemed more or less empty and where his mother and sister filled the scenario of the actual days. He knew that he had to make a living, but he didn't know exactly what to do if he went for other things, always postponed, if he kept the school of philosophy he had founded and waited for students to appear.

Estnes' doctor had told him when he left the recovery clinic: "You have to get a job and a girlfriend in a week. It's an order." For years later, Estnes remains in the same situation, to which is added the pornography craze. None of this changes your person, but your spirit is broken afterwards, as if everything is in question. He misses driving to Leiria, listening to RFM, instead of investing in the city, in a thousand and one ideas, he wants to return home, but his father remains immobile like a statue, of the 4 cars he has, he does not spare him not even one...so long that he was without a woman...about two years, how could he have gotten away with it? In a year, four fucks...wow! What can grown man do in a city he doesn't know yet? Or that he knows so well that nothing tells him anything

anymore? A man who by chance is not ugly and who has no problem with women, but who is going through a difficult phase, which all men go through, an identity crisis, we can say, who still waits to try his turn, now later, a little wiser, who has a wonderful family and who has projects, just has no company or income of his own? What does this man do in the night, spacing his desire, stealing sleep at night, stealing words from those that are not spoken, from those that are not spoken to him and that he does not after all have a car. But who cares about everything he doesn't have, if what he does have is much more important? Yes, maybe a path, a destination, a few words, a feeling, a romanticism, more, after all, maybe a little more. Bruno Mars strives to sing well. It is like the song of the nightingale, a court, it does not accentuate the sexual factor, it only sings its serenade and deserves the attention of its lady. Nothing more is asked of a man.

When at one time the reasons for changing our minds were certainly more solid, nowadays they are probably more abstract and subjective. In addition, there is an offensive on the internet that you need to keep an eye on...or not...

But in the meantime, a friend of Estnes's, Frears, returned from Brazil, bringing with him the impetus of the senses that characterizes that country-continent. As he listened to David Fonseca on the radio, he thought about the novel he had to perform and how he had not been able to “take flight” in the field of fiction in recent times. The madness of the last two days was followed by another, because he had no idea where he was going, where he was going. He missed Fanny, her awkward ways when she came into the house from outside, from the rain, and leaned her body against his. Meanwhile, the Catholic minister Paulo Portas, asked the country at the congress of his party to join him in a last effort to overcome the crisis installed since 2008. As for what Frears had in his wallet, better, in his suitcase, large-scale and long-term projects. That is to say, Frears intended to implement a school of philosophy, along with a publishing house. His wife Estela served him as the support he did not have in his friends at dinners and parties. The soul blurs the boundaries, one might say. Frears was the opposite of Estnes; while one had narrow and determined limits as to his convictions and those of the people with whom he came in contact, Frears was an expert in “blurring the boundaries”, yes, in the graphic aspect of the thing, in the animated aspect, *of anima*, obeying a truly

remarkable stimulus, worthy of register. He was a worker of moral limits, there was nothing to deceive, he soon became friendless, having studied both in the USA and in Moscow, he knew international relations like few others and was a candidate for a remarkable diplomatic career. Meanwhile, Estnes discovered an alternative to religion and the profane, namely the affirmation of the individual as a citizen of the polis with his own spirituality, not an atheism like Onfray's, whose tradition expands throughout Europe, an affirmation rooted in the duty to Be and Belong, to the right to Be and, why not, to **belong**, whose right, it can also be said, is conquered with hard work in everyday life. At the bottom of Estnes' thoughts, there was a despondency that crossed the Portuguese people at that moment in their history. Fado is not sadness, it is melancholy, it is knowledge. By thinking disconnected from the mystery of the fate of all Lisbon, Estnes did not realize that he also suffered, in his own way, like everyone else in his own way, the fate of being Portuguese: knowing what it costs, what it cost, what it is to love, even if not loved, sad and dragged fate that all social science does not explain, that philosophy will take years and years to fix, psychiatry and psychology will only be able to touch up the painting, disguise one stain or another, or wear out of fatigue.

Only poetry can save the Portuguese people, and it saves, so it happens, because we know that it is not so bad here, where there is half a world and some more, things and words from this and other worlds. I also thought of Lily and Celeste and their eternal destinies, between the lines and members of men, of their men in disguise, looking for happiness in forgotten corners of the streets of Lisbon, I will never be a writer of Lisbon, but simply another one in Lisbon, another inhabitant of Lisbon. That's enough for me, going out day after day, having coffee, seeing people who intersect in different destinations, because after all I know where I am, I know I wanted to come here. And I meet, halfway, Vitaly together with Estnes, Frears, Estela and Lilly on a terrace in Chiado. It's summer. They are having a coffee. Later, debating small matters, they will drink a little wine. I don't know the rest of the intrigue. I'll never be a novelist. At least as far as this novel is concerned, if that is so. As far as these characters are concerned. It could be another scene from Hemingway's *Fiesta*. But I run away from death and just prepare more and more a work. If it is something in life that Frears and Estnes knew how to do in relation to their women, it would be to buy time. Time to drink, time to think. Think about women. How she or they would approach each other, bodies mixed together,

providing languages of insurmountable and saturated knowledge. The good writer is a frustrated man, of love and pain, of expectations, well, there is still a lot to be done, but this man descended to hell and ascended to the clouds in a few days, only the human mind can win, as Ronaldo, with the body in connection with the mind and heart, can do justice on the marker and tell Messi that he did not deserve the four Golden Balls, maybe only three, so today we would be tied, in short, he can make a whole people dream. We decided, therefore, to find the solution of life, the solution for life, and we understand why psychologists insist so much on libido as a solution to the problems of the soul and humanity; it is because, after all, in affectivity lies the SOLUTION to the problems of human relations, more or less, this without pressing or finished elaboration, everything goes to the feeling. After all, it is for this reason that we find Estnes still on that terrace, along with his counterverse Frears and respective ladies Lilly and Estela, as well as the neutral transsexual Vitaly, a figure transformed, anything but obscene, almost angelic, to the point of resembling Jesus himself, it is for this and for coffee, for good wine, for fado, for light and for so many other things that we find these figures among so many people that we say are anonymous and in short, in a hurry to

describe such a scenario, there to the sides of the Jerónimos, it is so much, that there are so many things that we have to do, that so much and so much love we have stuck in the throat that all clogged things would evaporate in an instant as soon as we began to unravel the skein that we have wrapped in the spirit. However, something worries us, let's not be inaccurate, we know what it is, we just want it, in this open world, *full* of convictions, open, wide open in everyday life, we want to take advantage of the amount of privacy we have to enjoy it as if it were universally accepted, which it is, everyone does it all the time, anywhere and everywhere.





## 12.

In these days of knowledge of my characters, I wondered about what Sastre told me, a missing individual I met with my uncle Jacques Tati, who came to Lisbon to enjoy the prophetic light that spread that day in January, between rain and wind, after some stone that had fallen the day before. In our informal conversation, we stretched reasons about the things the social worker had told us yesterday. It was no longer possible to maintain that situation of *divertissement* in which Loeb and Matias were entertained, a military regular who could not be more extreme to the detriment of his shy complexion. That woman could no longer stay there, among the reasons we discovered, crossed, interspersed, about the value of faith, she had to return home with her son and set things with her husband. I would then like to correct a mistake, an oversight in the manuscript that had been entertaining me for about three years, I do not know the exact date. Another literary contest I ran for. That body was collected by the sea by truce-truz, transformed into a beautiful mermaid that got along especially

with the little talkative Sansão Milito. Like this one, there were few. They were rare, very rare, with few diseases, among those known and unknown, who knows, something had to be done, we were forced to produce miracles and miracles, one after the other, to rescue the Empire, so blackened by its enemies. Later, at this perhaps derisive *Banquet*, Captain Addock joined us in the afternoon intonation of certain celebrated cleavages that were struggling from our spirits and our reasons. There was a discontented contentment, wise as ever, that late afternoon when Addock lent himself to recount his weariness of having ended up in that city more than 10 years ago, undeserved, according to him his singular fate and from his not derisive point of view as to the concubines and conclusions he would draw therefrom. Weariness, then, of assuming the same figure and character for years, as if they marked him as a chrome in the street, while shouting “in freedom is the gain”. Strange freedom in which just thinking about it didn't pay for it. Well, at least it wasn't bad, but there were always mysterious characters chasing our name and our destiny, eager to do us harm, more harm than the one we did to ourselves, as if they were contaminated by the heaviest black magic. It was every weight!...

Addock had grown tired of justifying himself, of explaining anything and everything, a world-size tiredness, as if he had skimmed a lobotomy, so to speak. Inside such a submarine, our captain exercised dominance on his farms and, sooner or later, the result would be seen. Avoiding to relapse into phenomenologies of subjective order, which affect our characters, hurting their moral souls, fixing memories before being buried, I do not know why, absolutely or relatively, Loeb crawled in his apartment until the dream of such respective needs, paraphrasing the individual, jumping in his round mind that no objective purpose performed or at least staged, we rehearsed by going further and performing the effabulations and roles of various actors, various social actors and artistic actors, not being that the social actors are not also actors (of the artistic, of various orders), we contextualize our narrative in a circumscribed, modest, humble, but immense geographical universe, of a “glorious humility”, Aquilino would say, which allows us to jump gender and methodologies to the point that our task or activity is useful not immediately but later, for those who will dedicate themselves to the arts of realization itself and teaching in its field, more characters are profiled, like someone who trusts, from Vienna to Braga, from Sydney to Nelson, from Patagonia to Siberia, let's exaggerate a

little. In this context, we can say that we have recently had a concrete collection of more or less witty thoughts that allowed us to save humanity, as Rosa Montero would say, but we have dispensed with such a task to our spirit, because its rules, relatively correct to the more or less Cartesian method, obey a torrent that compensates itself as if it scores a goal for the camera to record, slowly, as if the ball had all the time to enter the goal, as if it were technically linked by a particular movement: it advances, but as if it were walking backwards, animated by a simultaneously imperative movement and with a particular effect that not only gave the impression that it was walking backwards (enjoying the incredulous look of the opponent), as if it were really walking backwards, not requiring any finishing touch, but whose force affected in the direction of the goal, the goal line, which is what matters most, was really greater than the subjective belief of the spectator who, at one, pulls it backwards with the gaze (or impels it forward by punishing the ingenuity of the guardian), greater than the energy expended on it for that purpose, greater even than the mere goal entered. Anyway, we would then have an anthology goal, as those of Matic, who had the second best goal in the world this year, in addition to the joys of Ronaldo and Heynkes, who coached João Pinto and Benfica, our

reasons for optimism start with the ball and end with the ball, there is no going back, even if, for more theory or kinetics, it is exercised over the overwhelmed minds of ourselves, surprised by an EVIL that goes from head to toe, but that can never hit us, because whoever wins over these things also wins over death, riddled with modesty and morality in the mind of Loeb, a rally car driver who became a bench coach of Sporting Clube de Portugal who, it should be said in good justice, was not, as we had thought, the club of the regime, like FC Barcelona, so perhaps that's why it did not have the favors of the crowds and the lively strength of the crowds or the money of the cosmopolitan marketers, but who has a good cantera, and who will pass, let's say firmly, the Algarve's steps to be champion, as a relatively unambitious FC Porto can do nothing against a Benfica that looms every time that, seen slaughtered in its glory, it expands its own universalist instincts, on and off the field. The days succeed the nights and our love triangle sees its drawing almost finished, unless we want to uncover the more or less reasonable intimacies and morality that is more fearful than the distracted curiosity of the Portuguese physicist who presented the science program in RTP 2 when Eládio Clímaco stretched in the chair presenting the Games without Borders, but here we have reached a particularly metaphysical

dimension of the townhouse that surrounds us, with the branches and leaves almost suffocating us in this forest that we do not know well if it hinders or favors the understanding of good and positive things, something is otherwise we would refer to the worldliness of Loeb, Lilly, Estela, Sastre, Estnes, as if they were part of a particular progressive rock band at the Montreux Festival. And then, as if that were not enough, our Estnes, brothered with his mysterious and singular friend (outside the singularities of the blonde Estela) Sastre (not to be confused with fret or sad, which would be much worse), adjusted in that window of knowledge and arbitrariness, hit is a bundle of indecipherable meaning in the eyes of the popular citizen, invisible by any citizen of power, but felt only by those who have been riding for years on the metro and bus without complaining, justice be done, found themselves in the obsessive situation of thinking too often about money and this is nevertheless and above all the disgrace of the Sumitic, of the one who has much and much more wants, of the one who does not hide money from the mystery of what he wants in the future, of the one who judges by the value he believes in and not by the value that things have in reality, outside his round mind, of the one who finally forgets a Charles Foucauld, a São João da Cruz, a Portuguese São João de Deus, a Francisco de

Assis and who I never saw with his eyes, never, describing, come on, he felt with his nails the effect of Santo Antonio's nails nailed to the stairs of access to the Cathedral tower, as in the protagonist of *The Woman Who Lived Twice*, who happened to be James Stewart. Yes, between the desire achieved and the desire desired and given birth, lost, there is a turn that never ends in one that, for example, does not measure love with strictly television or cinematographic methods, but in the mind (as if it were still, until now, an oval deposit lying down, such as a submarine), but measures it purely and simply by its absence, by the mere lack of manifestation of emotions, in the sense of capturing it, in the air or lying down, by art, by dialogical diatribe, by the strict need to say “ Good morning, until never again” or “”Good morning, I will return later with the rain”. By the way, a São Francisco.





## 13.

Viena. 1936. A particular and dangerous movement of consciousness, regressive, let us compromise, settles in the helmets bought much earlier, by a government that is certainly uncertain, because in reality no one really cares, starting with the God we have worshipped for so long, in the figure of Christ, I say this without fear of reprisals because I do not take the reader for a fool, I am sincere about what happened in that sequence of days when the human spirit was confused with human nature, reflecting ancient fears, days of sound and silence, of rain and the courtyard of fireworks, of a particular musician by the name of Falco or Midge Ure, without fear of robbing him a little of his racist improprieties, let's take this away, many matters have been lost in history because there was simply no one, at the right time, who, according to the circumstances, took a step back or a step forward, according to the sense of the crowds and poisons reflected in the more or less insane area of the human mind. Analyzing through the magnifying glass, we would exercise a reflected and historical moment and movement, from which we would draw sooner or later, after the verification of the event of me and you, an

inference that manifestly did not serve Americans, who are allergic to everything that is left-wing, hence the miserable statistics of psychopathy and sociopathy, as if each body were far beyond death, as in fact, many believers still believe, including scientists, pedagogues, academics of the highest order and clothing, who are paid millions to lie to people and exercise their greasy intellectual clumsiness, because as far as we are concerned, we have never worked in the light of institutions, we rarely serve as monos of so-called genius social scientists or physicochemists, when this of death there's a lot to talk about, maybe when life disappears, which is dictated *brutus*, death, much more there is to be said about it, when much they should be silent and grateful for having what to eat and feed their intellectual fat. We would have to say much more about politicians, essentially Portuguese and Spanish, economists, managers, career tops, say, ruling classes, footballers, musicians, financiers and technocrats who lower their pants to a woman from the East, which the Irish and Greeks don'tdo, it is true, because it seems that our self-esteem is pleased with humiliation and does not demean with praise, except to take the label of good students of Europe. Who wants this role? Not a Greece, not an Ireland, much less a Spain, an Italy. But let us not go too deep into this subject because others

deal with it, brilliantly, in fact, mainly from the Left, because our task will be different, even if here and there we do not stop giving our brushstrokes with the brush we have the most at hand, and which is, of course, ours, the one we receive from conception, gestation, birth and development, and the respective one is not seen in the skeleton, therefore, few care that much, we would then pass for boring anyway, for what is more valuable, not only to do what we know best, which is different from what we want, and also, within a certain geometry, we also do it, it's more worthy, we said, to do what is possible and raise, in a certain way being mystical-Jewish of mortar, this possible, to the levels of a metaphysics of mental profitability, for sheer lack of other conditions. Thus, we say (boys): there are no reservations. There are no reservations to do anything, and there are no reservations for what we can and want, we can do, so without reservations it is worth above all and out of respectful charity towards everyone, to do it, and certain people like to be laughed at, they like to ridicule the people, or the population in general, as, in a laughable cheesy comedy, only if they were guided by what the people think of the burden. It's manipulation. But not everything that is good, or bad, in this case, lasts forever. Nothing lasts forever, not even the fame, the books, the letters, the awards. Essentially:

the truth cannot be known, so the lie is sold, so the largest part of the people lives in, of and the lie. There's nothing much else to say about it. Time will give reason to those who have it and do not manifest it just because they are not given the megaphone, or the microphone, according to the channel, the context (hellás), the situation, especially if we are short-sighted and like Ernst Jünger.

## 14.

The secret, according to Deleuze, we can avoid nothing else, we have reached adulthood, a time in life when we draw conclusions about everything, especially regarding the idea that our housing location favors sexual intercourse, when they think that we profit something from it, when we do not profit, we are only living, working, when the work is mental (the same is to say sentimental) there is no disease that resists it, even where the disease never existed. Thus, as well as the implications of police involvement, everything was a farce, starting with the dignified years of 74 and 69 that about others we cannot pronounce ourselves, as the Portuguese politicians say, starting with the dignified places of Aljubarrota and Olivenza. Yes, let us agree that when the mind (is) trapped by fruitful thoughts, an implosion and simultaneous explosion is manifested and exerts on thoughts more or less simultaneous, let us repeat, especially those that are more hidden, because this is irreplaceable and meritorious activity (not to say status, profession of the) philosopher and philosophy, since one day this “activity” will again reign visibly, since, in the truthfully and convincingly, we do not doubt that it already fulfills it, and

we also do not lose confidence in a double helix of thought, say, or of the Wittgensteinian notion, when Father Bartolomeu de Saramago would also have, before time, before many contemporaries, much more to say, only that, hellás, no curious look was there and these do not have, abruptly, the merit of the century. Let us continue, Nothing is asked of a citizen who does not dedicate himself solely and exclusively to his knowledge, to his craft, as in the Middle Ages. For we are in the Middle Ages of April 25th, if it ever existed. People are sad and overwhelmed, and it's simply not their fault. Some lightning bolt from Olympus betrayed us or attracted us or hit us so that we live in a “living hell”, but, in short, everything would have to do with the way we look at things, says my primordial cousin, who says nothing, knows nothing but economics and who in all these years, lives as a shadow of the more or less manifest letters that I edited at my own risk, without institutions, I would say the names of the heads, without major economic, judicial, editorial, national interests, when, however, we also defend those interests that ignore us. This is a question of the century, Mário de Almeida would say, or Zambujal, I mean; a late friend Luís Santos would also say it, who got lost in the viscosity of words and did not know how to give them wings, being that he worked long and hard and

like others with mines, such oil explorers, who only draw, let it be said abundantly, wealth from where it already exists, which is not a great *advantage*, given that the merit, even, of the prizes and different societal or socio-economic attributions, should belong to those who from nothing, even having nothing in their heads, goes from there where is knowledge? In the Workshop, my friend. I'm at the workshop. These are the characteristic features of a conceptual operator that we can call the mystery of Christ, because He did not ask us, allow me morality, to restrict ourselves to a certain elan generated by him, to the *frisson* that flowed from him through the centuries, as Gibson's film shows, or demonstrates, but that we go beyond that, that we mix him with Nietzsche, so that he could be born, it is boring to say it again, a New Man. However, most of the instituted interests (because the institutions have this pain of resisting criticism or Time, at least some, but not always, nor Forever), I'm not just talking about our (um...) national context, as well as much of the American and English intellectual elite, not to mention the German or French, which I pointed out a little ago, most part is unaware of the effect and sequentiality of a "motive" or a "sequentiality" exposed in a recent film starring Brad Pitt and Helen Hunt. Still the sayable, above exposed, and the unspeakable, mystery that escapes



through fingers, mystery of Christ, because then, of which the Brazilian-located churches speak ceremoniously, not that we have nothing, nothing at all, against socio-economic well-being, and when almsgiving is too much the poor (who does not like to be poor, and their place and the fact of being manipulated, until it rains) and the poor are suspicious. And, therefore, something truly evil and obscene is behind “it” (to which my friend Luís is dedicated himself). After all, One is the World, we may tentatively say, because, sequentially, the World is contained in Him. We could quote, but we forgot on purpose to treat the text for notes, graciously saying.

## 15.

Well, well. “Só assim a vida faz sentido, imitamos por gestos não legíveis os movimentos de lá longe, onde tudo é sociedade do espectáculo, a Leste a Oeste, atravessando o mar”. You ask of me, observing, a reader, not to talk so much about me, which I avoid, but I cannot stop doing it all the time, since the situation of merit in which I find myself is very unusual. There's no point in spreading that. Most of these people just see the direct economic interest of everything we do and are shitting themselves, if you allow me the term, for intellectual satisfaction. My father is not like that, my family is not like that. This is how most people are, people we meet on the street, including surgeons, neurologists, psychiatrists, psychologists, for whom everything always has an explanation. What do you say to receiving a retirement pension and having a project in the humanities that covers all this bunch of people who abuse the preciousness of the middle class for useless self-publicity? What do they tell me, including the philosophers of our area, experts they are in offensive and rude distraction, to found a cycle of studies that covers everything they know and do not know? Only in

Portugal? I don't i think so. It will have to be in Portugal. I am not for megalomania, I have needlessly gone through so many trials that I do not allow myself such reproach. My intention is to leave a very strong mark on Portuguese society, even if I do not do high studies, maybe the teachers, I say it very openly, that I would find, are too bonomic and sudden, like CDU cassettes, which would not deserve my investment. I wouldn't need your approval if I didn't think in Portuguese. However, I also increasingly think in French, although I have always cultivated a strong mentality, linked to certain aspects of English culture and language. Finally, the Anglo-Saxon culture. I would thus devote more and more time to writing, with the effect of the nicotine of joy, avoiding giving my brain to unnecessary thoughts or occupations. There must be someone who, even with his heavy past, knows how to get out of the crisis and back to the times when he was easily offended, saying what others say, when it didn't even matter to wash the feet of the shale. These are scandalous polemics to whom also Nietzsche, my beloved philosopher Nietzsche, witnessed in his time, different in many ways from mine, but similar in that many things with which he struggled and which he debated, are considered miserably current. Anyway, signs

of the times and mentalities, as the false intellectuals like to say, who start by going outside to contact more or less followist academic circles and then come here to found their small personal empire of false banality and greasy gibberish with which they keep years and years clinging to institutions like human leeches. Parasites, after all. It is these people, who never wake up from their dogmatic sleep, false Catholics, false religious people, who prevent the country from moving forward, when you can see in reality that it has regressed in every way and one more, when it could have advanced, as I know well. But I leave it to politicians and more or less pathetic social characters like those who make soap operas and *reality shows*, the opportunity, if they think about it or have this conscious responsibility, to find out **how**. Facing these people, who often talk to my father, I have enough to say: first, with the money they have, they will never do half of what I did, a course, the continuation of studies, several books, a written work, therefore, a thousand and one things I have gotten myself into during these years. I cannot say that I failed, but in the materialistic and distorted eyes of these people, I would have failed because I still could not achieve economic independence. For, in this regard, I can only say that everything I said in years of psychiatric attendance. Yeah, it

was fake. And suffering, was it fake? I don't think so. However, I believe that these people, which unfortunately includes my father and mother, judge things by their appearance, including my father's family: they probably wanted me to be married, to have done a thousand and one things according to their standards. For if that did not happen, it was because in reality perhaps I and the everyday circumstances of my life had not allowed it. But well, I can't be lecturing with that, when after all I don't belong to any party or institution, when despite not having money I'm doing things that only people with money do. And why is that so? Why do I keep having so many ideas? Because I'm on my own after all, I'm not worried about what others may or may not say. I could have been an academic, I could have traveled, I could...but anyway, nothing is lost, as soon as I go on my way, but that it is difficult to get jobs and cultural subsidies alone and in the condition I have before the state, it is. It's quite difficult here, even more so it will be out there. So nothing to fear. But let's get to the story.

## 16.

Loeb, Sastre and Estnes met on a Saturday in Nazia to recall old memories of single times, between memories of adventures and frustrations, solitudes that were rediscovered after they had settled in life, with their jobs, houses and women. While Sastre had suffered enough to have had few women, very few girlfriends in his adolescence and youth, even looking for them, even after having had everything to have them all at his disposal, Loeb had discovered a guru who had brought him the modest number of 15 women a month, lying in bed, then, in an innovative method from the United States. He had risen on the social scale, he had reasons, reasons not to marry, but he ended up doing so, not because he felt love for the woman to whom he offered the ring, but because social conventions demanded it, in short, childish things, as if society didn't also perceive the lie in which Loeb, the scumbag, lived, not because he had many women a month, but because he did not respect the one who had in the matrimonial bond, a social contract before society. Estnes, on the other hand, was different, had a more markedly spiritual character in his personality and it wasn't for that reason that he

had or didn't have women in his life. While Loeb traveled in his state-of-the-art car through the country's streets and roads, getting to know the most diverse links by phone or in person, Sastre stuck to the internet as a means of catching them. Estnes, on the other hand, lived poetically from past loves and more poetry joined the present with the women he met and seduced. However, they were no longer young, they couldn't, as they wanted, have each and every one 15 women in bed per month. They would have to dedicate themselves to romance and work and expect a reform based on the idea of doing what they most wanted to do and love, even if they caught one or another romance or fleeting passion, even if their wives did the same to them. It would perhaps be a relationship similar to that of Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir...

## 17.

Loeb's mind, covered with branches and mud, prevented him from pursuing what he had designated as good intentions for his life, being another fifteen years dedicated to earning some money, promising to dedicate himself then to other tasks, the domestic ones, probably settling down, but it was strange in his relationships that there were few intimate women, which was not strange at his incoming age, around 53 years old, being a little worn out and already wishing to rest than to imagine situations with women, in one way or another. Women and money, all of this was closely linked in that year of 2013, without artifice, without highly problematic issues, as the crisis had already somehow passed on to others, while the three friends ceased to see each other, because true friendship ceased to exist. So, after so much trouble and confusion for Sastre, how did I get money? The question of **how** came up again with great emphasis...



## 18.

"I don't want to live in a country that won't let me be a father," Sastre told Loeb, the marialva from the Três Amigos Square. Friendship is the most precious good, say some philosophers, among whom Aristotle, it seems to me. The day is beautiful, safe, sooner or later a new candidate from another party will come to power, then we hope cultural and educational things will be treated with more care. There, sitting in Praça das Flores (or Praça dos Três Amigos), Sastre, Loeb and Estnes lecture on common things, using their common sense that is given to them by natural right by nature, accounting for a life of work for one, of leisure for another, of adventure for another, respectively. "I don't want to live in a country that won't let me work," one complained, while another waited for the bus a little further on, already near the Jardim do Príncipe Real. Philosophical theories, sociological theories, finally, things also of the obscene that completes the curious mind for things of women, sooner or later we would have to achieve something similar to a dignity that only comes with age, some exercising power for reasons of character or circumstances of life, others cultivating humility and at the

same time a philosophy of those who wait, of those who wait in every sense: waiting to work, waiting for the bus, waiting for the woman, waiting for the desire, etc., we could say. All this added up and we would perhaps have theme for a thesis, but time and money are gone, now you do not study exclusively in our country, you have to work at the same time, even if it is difficult to hold the principles, the rules of the spirit, inculcated very early in the mind and heart (which results in, conjugating, something like education...), there are no tutors like before, specialization is excessive, you earn little, you spend a lot, finally, some receive, like Sastre, two hundred euros a month to live, which is enough to pay the internet bill, water bill, light bill and gas bill, little else... there is the opportunity, or the opportunities, to meet a pleasant company for these afternoons in Praça dos Três Amigos, but then, nothing special is prepared on that day, but the comfort of the soul under the laziness, after the rain has made the rainbow appear...

We expect anything that does not exist...perhaps it will come into existence by the fact (or theory) that we wait. We do not know what color it is, whether it is a person, a stone, or a domestic animal. But we wait, even though we don't know, knowing that this thing is outside of us and that its absence

causes us discomfort and longing, nostalgia, as if life had not been or was not well spent. Little by little, the “beetle” appears to us and everything is explained. We laugh, as if a simple mark or stain on clothes or kitchen cloth could modify a philosophical theory to the point of opposing it to another much more celebrated one, happily celebrated and insane, perfectly insane and socially accepted in schools by professors and philosophy students. Commonly, it is said to this way of being, to this emptiness in the chest, to this itching in the soul, to this headache (medically), to this state, even so, of falling in love with life, of progressive caution in the face of the smallest movements of the soul, of the spirit, of thought, and of those outside us, of the landscape, of the surrounding environment, of people, the voices that are exercised more or less dissonant... We stay here and return later, already far from the Square, already far from our three friends who are far from each other and perhaps this is a special form of loneliness, which distinguishes us from animals (and from the men we do not want to become) and which comes down to a broken friendship, not forgotten but hurt, resentful, when it is still there, surprisingly intact, when what has changed is our perception of it, full of risks like a CD that does not pick up even by eared holy spirit or holy water.



## 19.

We forget the literary and philosophical headlines and then return to them with the same volitional intensity that characterizes the wise man, the man of knowledge behind the window, on a sunny day, escaping him because after all the city is empty of the collective, but full of ragged solitude, mysteries of Cais do Sodré, heard well, yes, mysteries of this place from where boats leave and arrive from the other shore, on the pier wobbles more or less manifest desires, waiting for their realization, on this side or beyond that border that is the muddy bottom river and that hides old books by Dick Haskins and a more or less recalcitrant Molero.

Lily saw Estnes again in an apparent form of formal reconciliation, in the absence of other suitors, not that there was not a new and rich lawyer for her, promising in her career and acquiescence to the civil law of the kingdom, that religious law was still due to the conscience of old Sastre, astonished by the waves and the returns of everyone and anyone else who inhabited, in various parts of the city, a special and safe way of satisfying desire, through balances and compensations that hid in a ghetto and escaped sight and above all to the heart, satisfying only

the tired body that asked for more addiction. Moreover, a passing spectre returned this Sunday, that of a young woman who swung her antennae as if she were an insect and who now decided to stay on weekends in her hiding place where she was breathing for noble people or, better, bourgeois causes linked to a language she did not understand.

## 20.

Confused by his buttons, I did a thousand and one projects, a thousand and one things, I always had something to do, had forgotten Yoga and running and smoked a lot. I had also forgotten a little the story of the three friends, of their dialogues and shenanigans, of their whats and whys. Loeb told me that he had a strange illness, a mild and irresistible inclination to sex. But I was warned by TV that in these years there was a wave of erotic excess and more than that, by people in particular and by society in general, which was simply fleeting, so I relativized my friend's words. My head was divided into six, the number of companies that I had created in those days and that I tried to carry forward to the harm of my psychic and physical health. I spent a lot of time at home but, in fact, I knew that although it was an enormous and impossible task for me to be isolated, I liked what I was doing. I was in extreme need of a woman, of a woman's contact and warmth, my body ached and my muscles tensed at the thought that I wouldn't find someone, because I didn't know who I could find, my head ached and I gritted my teeth in inner anger. Anyway, in the middle of that tense environment, I

managed to create, postponing a passage through the women of life, feeding an animal that would only destroy me little by little. It is said, Loeb was, in this regard, a copy of myself as an author, as an actor...



## 21.

The mentality of Portuguese companies and people in general resides in a simple example taken from everyday life. If you pay an invoice after the deadline and on top of that we are obliged to call so as not to suspend the service for us. Now, companies, like politicians, see the citizen only from the point of view of obligations, that's for sure. But this cannot be given importance, for the sake of the citizen, who is always obliged to communicate with the company, under penalty of losing his "rights" that were signed in the form of a contract. It is like the crazy neighbor, it only exists to do shit, having the mentality of many people who confuse madness with intelligence and who find themselves, who knows why in common sense reason, in the right to interfere negatively, as in fact many people, but not fortunately all, find themselves. Now, the company, in this case, a state-owned telecommunications company, sees the citizen as pennies, the more they are, the more they can be extorted from the little they have and how they don't have, according to their mentality, organizational capacity (but they certainly have revolt), we can exploit them at will that will never rebel, this profit is lost at the bottom of the vague

idea they have of society, to say the least, in the mentally uncertain idea they have of citizenship. This is just one example of the neighbor's cupidity, who thinks she found the Holy Grail when she found a bucket of shit down the drain, and most of our companies. But the case is not only ours, fortunately for the example, unfortunately for society itself for whom it is not a purely vague or non-existent concept, to be despised, interested only in the individual good and then soon to be seen, but it is an example that goes around the world, like this wave of pornography that rages in this world and that distorts, in some cases yes, in others no, people's lives. With all this, we have already forgotten the things that really matter to communicate to the reader, our enchanted prose. Anyway, just as people walk a life working only to, who knows, live a couple of years in retirement, neither can one work hard in this and other lives, because while we are worried about our life and work, many dedicate their lives to the ridiculous and morally quite condemnable task of fucking the lives of neighbors and taking petty pleasure from it, many are thus dedicated to the task of fucking ours, and whether or not they will succeed, we are yet to see, many are working for social recognition, nothing more counts in this spoiled world, the idea that others have of me. Weak are these people, when they

don't even remember before the idea they have of themselves for themselves, which I think is much more important...But anyway, most people also walk around here dressed in black (is it to hide the miseries?) and this reveals to scholars a lot. It was the missing element, the missing piece, in our system of thought and in our argumentation: the careerism of people, of most people. There is nothing more important to people than their career and not the taste of the moment. Anyway, as they say, everyone knows about themselves and God knows about everyone. Again, God's name used in vain. They don't have a certain idea of what it is to live, because at the slightest threat, they take refuge in others, not bearing the burden for themselves, not having the courage, dignity and strength to bear themselves, to bear ideas foreign to their way of thinking. Anyway, I call this empty dolls' walls inside, hollow, of whom only the outer aspect is seen (and will be seen, even so?)...



## 22.

At this point, there is a lot to do, our neighbor is there, and these are the characters of this book, the three friends, whose friendship we will continue to report, and our poor neighbor, a youngster who has more throat than stomach and who usually needs to talk to a lot of people before making an adult decision. Maybe we will stay here for a few days, back from this narrative, in order to reach a purpose and an end, literary and argumentative, it will be another book when others, with excess means, spend it on everything but gray matter, when others, with lesser means, only worry about increasing their means to spend money on everything but gray matter and on top of that, they are awarded because, finally, they live in a logic that is strange and undue, sad and fundamentally illogical, hence their lack of obvious or profound meaning. However, foreseeing something special for his somber fate as an alcohol distiller, Loeb entertained himself in the spare hours to visit modestly, the Loreto church near his neighborhood, in the great city of Nazia, while his two friends entertained themselves in living their lives more or less full. Sastre, known among the three as the one who produced the most mental diarrhea, while Loeb,

after losing several women (not that he was a Don Juan), perfected himself in the secret science of conquering women for his menu of carnal sensations. On one of those rainy days, the three friends, now away for several years, got back together for a new dinner, after Christmas, in addition to concerns about their respective women, Lilly, Estela and the other who always stays along the way, because those who want one want two, but three is already too many.

## 23.

Meanwhile, Loeb decided after careful reflection, inclusive after a two-month (spiritual) retreat, to devote himself to study, because the everyday world had filled up its measures, in the sense that it had too much absorbed things from people who do not matter even to the boy Jeshua, among whom were several policemen, that many people loved more than good priests, people (?) who took advantage of others to proliferate with their offspring in the most diverse corners of illegality or, even, which is too much to bear, on avenues of legality. On the contrary, Sastre emerged from the catacombs of social silence, to be employed as a stockbroker, and starting to earn, he would spend most of the money on futile stuff, not knowing, like very good people, to put the brakes on his ambitions, to put his mind to it, embarking on consumerist facilities that, without knowing it, only fed the voracity of society for everything that is futile and unfortunately useless. In a nutshell, fill chorizo or, in this case, sausage. Estnes also fixed himself in life, having abandoned Lilly (in high socks) and met a lady not a little known of the artistic milieus of Lisbon, more precisely, of Bairro Alto, of whom he was missing a lot, for

reasons related to his youth, in which he did not know for sure the cost, the price, of desire and its fulfillment, but from which he had learned brief and wise lessons. Three friends, then, separated, three girl friends, Estela, Lilly and the other (after all there is always another), now closer than ever, gossipily close, affected by the loss of their companions, now felt that they loved them more than ever. For so is life, they love little when they have, they love more when they have not. It is, just like being locked up and on top of that looking at others, More hungry than belly, who knows why, each one is not satisfied with what they have, in this society, of Having instead of Being, of Doing instead of Belonging. Many criticisms would deserve such behaviors, but it is not the narrator who will do them. For this, the protagonists went to Mass. Or to the synagogue. Or the mosque. Or etc. This and that.



## 24.

I enter the dark night. Everything seems strange and new to me. I left behind the characters and their uncertain fates, too complicated for my preformatted mind at all costs, as if I had to determinedly inculcate the values of others and throw away my own. There no use hiding. Someone else knocks at the door, at the door that speaks to the other side, as if breathing, as if breathing with me, who is on this side, hoping that someone will come to breathe in advance to sleep and in it can let their ghosts manifest themselves in a lacerating way, so that the bodies aggregated to the mind, taught only to pleasure, bodies that do not know the lack, the automation and the despair of not being desired, are expelled.

I try not to think of the loneliness in which these characters had left me, whose dialogues I saw, suspicious, when someone left the door open, enjoying his minimal financial stability, paying with it all the boldness of spending time like cartridges, in war, where the enemy, you cannot see, he does not show himself, so he never falls down and even so gives us dry punches in the stomach, shortening our body, our desire, our life. Right here.



## 25.

On this day, just as if titles for works appeared to me one after another, describing my moods of the most diverse nature, I am some forty pages away from finishing this essay-story, drinking a little wine, flipping through the books that warm me this winter, whatever it may be. Now, I try to settle somewhere else, very well frequented by myself, knowing that somewhere in the air there is an idea that I need to capture to start laying down some of what I have to give tonight.

The day ends. Another one begins, the slow and detailed descriptions that make good literature, the one that is awarded, are far away, and social science also has its various prizes and prestiges, and philosophy also has them, as well as literature, however sweet it may be. Who tells you to please everyone, to get along with everyone. Perhaps few do it. However, you are in a situation that will be difficult to leave, yet smile, when others kill themselves for much less, less, smaller things...

After all, the villages have not changed yet, I am here making a social theory about a reality that I judge as advanced and many, perhaps most, think that we are in the Middle Ages. And aren't we really? Come on, leave paragraphs, like the

others, which yields more, with more ease many win prizes that keep their bug working, rotting, putrid, added to the brain, as a very safe instance of their survival, friends come at these times, do not appear because if there are ideas, there is no money and where there are ideas there is no money, let's continue then, as if describing a state of affairs, things that do not reach our ears and that do not even matter to know because they are sick as society itself in all its elements, starting with the ruling class, diligent in arranging people according to their beliefs, convictions and tithes. Thus continues our narrative, riddled with holes and concretions, cysts and snowmen, to be properly appreciated in the laboratory because what is science is what does good or bad to physical health, that the psychic health is arranged with some glasses that take us forward, to make more literature, preferably fat, preferably awarded, full of pints of wine and sugar of many people, as if it were its main character to be viral and easily transmitted, making the word something banal, like someone who walks with sunglasses and is regarded for this reason as sick... Maybe there is another side of seeing things, but I'm not willing to do that, now I want to see things from the side that suits me. Why is that? Perhaps because much of life I have seen them from the perspective of others. So what? Is there any harm in that?

And so the characters are lost, and not so soon others appear to us, because this narrative is certainly not genius, it only intends to serve a purpose that is to create the illusion that its author is busy, working, when no one cares, but I know that Rutger Hauer was there with me, deep down, neither father nor mother, nor siblings nor anyone, he was there with me, deep down, like others I do not know nor have ever known anywhere and who were with me and either gave me their hand or looked at me or simply let themselves be seen by me, as if they were mirrors of me, this heteronyms that I create abundantly, walking back and forth smoking in the corners of my mind, characters of stories without nexus and meaning, when the world has much less meaning, much less reason, if reason is linked to meaning...

When in academies they dedicate themselves to understanding the world, regardless of whether or not they are right, I will have in my fragility the obligation to understand it, when I receive nothing for it, when I have always had to fight for what I have when I have nothing, even because my brother is only dedicated to his fortune and then whatever comes is welcome, while my sister, it's right, helps me, but she has all kinds of understanding and complicity with my mother, in short, there is no chemistry that can save me from everything

that has been set up for me for a long time, argh! I'm tired of this, of this non-existent half-talk, of these lukewarm people who lead me nowhere. You can call it envy, anyway, with all this the story goes downhill, it doesn't matter, the goal is not to make a story, nor do I even know what the goal will be to be here, to be there, to be over there, now that the world disintegrates, others appear, younger, with new prose and awarded, because then, that the prize fulfills a social reason, even if it is in the mere constitution of companies of various orders.

## 26.

I then created the habit of being unnerved by different situations like mine, of pouring smoke through my ears, when the light in the room was on during the day and the sheets were badly made, thinking that I was coming to the surface of anything when perhaps it was my destiny (and the price of not being bothered), pouring meaningless words one after another, which would finally describe lives other than mine. I only saw myself as a phenomenological typist, a recorder of events and ideas that relate one to the other, when **this** seemed to have no end, beyond my bad moments, beyond my good moments. I was just waiting for the 15th of next month to buy some Bach CDs, for he was now my light, beyond Good and Evil, beyond my condescension to the Church to which I had been committed and which seemed not to have worked. Were the others Christians, ignorance is synonymous with joy. Only anger and despair (yes, in the sense Kierkegaard gave them) bring knowledge. But at what cost! First, at the cost of an already fragile mental sanity, since the sensitive mind welcomes negative thoughts of others, who talk, talk, and, curiously, not without remembering to put something into

written words, systematized or not, to leave to others, for others to dedicate themselves to the essential task of human thought and life. What task is this? I'm not sure how to define it...maybe I will get there in a few lines... Then, from a point where I am concentrated, a point without value, without sentimental charge and that describes human nature in what it has of most laughable and strange, of non-human, they project beyond the subject that operationalizes (describing in detail) beams of meaning from the moment there is a break of meaning, because it lacks much more important things, such as social cohesion, solidarity, quality of life, dignity, human rights, etc., thing and such. Then, the subject is encapsulated between the point itself and its projection, to which it heads without knowing what it is going to. Once there, he realizes his mental reconstitution that had been broken, and undertakes the task of recovering it in the form of values other than the usual ones, others, perhaps philosophical, such as the value of speculation, even if futile and useless in the eyes of the majority of people, making all mental formations necessary, when without modesty he gives them an operative meaning in what can be called taking the thought (beyond the body) as a system.





## 27.

Given the insistence, like to Nietzsche's hammer philosophy, it costs the subject to continue, as it cost Saramago to continue his tasks on those sands of the Canary Islands. Arriving at an embassy point, he tries to proceed, he doesn't know if to draw conclusions, if to throw himself against a wall or a balloon of Jules Verne, an airship, which can make his thoughts lighter, his resentments scarcer...

Then, at a light point in thought, he wonders about the definitive form of it, so that he can shape it more so that his suffering, in addition to all pathologies, becomes milder, more didactic, less projective, but behold, a child appears in his shuffling made of adult mannerisms, pacing his swallowed words, through his small teeth and a single word lies through: FATHER! Here then is a minimal but potent transformation, in which the responsibilities of the Other are obliterated, to transmute to another human habitation, and the mind is never human except in these situations, and behold, the sky falls to the earth without feeling earth tremors and human fears, treating this nature as everything that is human, with the care and simplicity of what is not part of the poet, who working in

dreams, linking dreams to reality, makes it release it beyond himself, outside of himself, of his world, a kind of representation of his and then, swearing that it would not objectively be his, in a trade of words that heals everything, even wounds soaked in blood, kneels and swears "it is not mine" and that, after insistence of his contemporaries, he realizes that he has to raise this child, under penalty of dealing with courts and that he has his only reason for existence in his white paper, the one that Grieg arrived at after years of troubled life: *What Price Immortality?*.

Thus, in the absence of other dispositions, the subject, or the protagonists of this rapid history marked in the scarce time of the proliferation of diverse and momentary spheres of perception, undertakes another crossing to a lake not harmful but calming of his conscience, truly macerated by the responsibilities of concreteness, instigated by a furious crowd, which ardently pursues him in every way, in his mind, as if he had forcibly to give an account of this instant and unequaled fury that thus forces him to push the limits of language in order to combine what is common sense and what is reflection that, not abounding in those nuances, impels him to run beyond a chorus of voices and short of the unknown that he translates, that he gives an account of, that he describes, as if he were a war reporter and the wounded were under the purview of harsh words continued year after year, in spirit and discernment thrown into disarray by those who bring the bread and wine, even if such a subject were also obliged to entangle characters who, by the way, he had already lost in his narrative, had already left behind in the midst of this mob, whereupon they burst into the midst of it and reach it with the

firm and convinced purpose of giving them new life, even if both narrative (or literary) entities were bloodless and without strength, imitating only the features and gestures of lost animals, released from their pens, capoeiras and prisons of all kinds, watching *someone* to these nonsensical in the name of a laminar and insistent continuity, under the rule of agitating in the face of adverse circumstances and facing others even more adverse.

## 29.

Get a cigartte. Useful air burns. Literary-scientific knowledge has something anti-poison that resides in the body of the animal that attacks, defending its homeland from victims. Have some water. See the limit allowed by two, three words that are qualifying adjectives. In addition, there is a seed that fires away and is worn out from the body that is worn out, Meanwhile, Vladimiro and Inês set sail to another place, raising their consciences of conscience, which is even so, not even letting another practical sausage filling bags watch to see the note that indicates their direction. Perhaps Odessa, they would say in low voice, as they drink their confessor coffee and the particular way they drink it, as well as the peculiar way they leave the cup and the sugar packet indicate that they would wish nothing good to that couple who goes far away to grow frogs.

Here we are then, coming to a grandiose side, in which we think we have few words, when on the contrary they abound so much that they would not fit in these pages that follow us. For it turns out that no one has exposed themselves as much as Frias, Sastre and Loeb, so the women, judging, will have left them to themselves, now delivered to the philosophical

dilettances in the Jardim do Três Amigos, which could well be more friends, but however with this number of friends the speech is bigger and more extensive, and with more, ironically, only the usual “Good Morning” is served, little more, like someone who gives an aperitif and does not serve the rest of the menu, who knows why and what intimate and subjective reasons, maybe they don't even have them, or because they never thought about it (in the fact of having them) or because they never took note of it (systematic or sautéed), nor did they take a book, whatever the orientation was, It turns out that Vadimiro and Inês had a lot of love for each other, but they discovered (in Odessa, could it be?) that they had more love for elements of the same sex, and this explained a lot of things. Vladimiro's lack of work, not only because he forcibly set himself up as a man to get it, but also Inês, because she also forcibly changed her behavior so that she would be stationary within the limits of heterosexuality. The indifference of the father and the older brother, the lack of solicitude of the mother, who now, towards the end of her life, joined at all times to the father strenuously, who argued that the son was nothing, when he had done nothing for him all his life. It was, as we had already said, the son who had come out as neither man nor woman, who could not fight indefinitely against DNA

or chemistry, in short. The same was true of Inês, whose homosexuality explained everything. Everything. The false dialogues back on homeland, the indifference in the city, the anonymity... as if they were not all people, as if still, despite the progressive law, there was stigma against those who are different. Social reality had worked well in favor of these two characters. They were at last lost in the world, each to their own side, when they hardly suspected that it would be now that life began. No one had ever exposed himself so much in life as old Blanco, who now had so many years of advanced age and who suffered from the same symptoms. She said that her father had always ignored him. He just didn't count. No matter how much he did to prove that he was worthy, he didn't count, he was worth nothing. What strategy then to follow? That of indifference or the affirmation of identity. I'm sure his father would like him to join his brother in building a company that would continue on its tracks. But he didn't want to; he wanted to do something much better: affirm through education what was already too certain. His father's friends pulled for him, like as a child, in these shitty villages or cities, it's the same thing, where there are groups, there is a lot of falsehood. What is certain is that Blanco and, as we will see below, Vladimiro and Inês, did what was right for them and did it well, who



cared that they had no work? After all, almost no one had work on that land, rather letters than work, and letters are also work. There was a smell of pigsty in that society that allowed the buzz about their lives and that did nothing in their favor, as if they lived in the Middle Ages, yes, in the Middle Ages, as if the country and the people had not passed through the action of time. It was pitiful. Nothing comical, nothing crude. Not even crudely, Nada. Just an endless sadness, one that is only found in Africa and Brazil...

But his father's opinion was not that important, after all it was a waste of time to try to convince him and his friends. Only, in the time that remained, was it worth convincing yourself that after all it was a cause and that many had already gone through it and, cyclically, history had always shown resentment of the sausage-filling people against gays and others. It was definitely the end to Vladimiro's desire to have Inês' children. And Blancho was old, too old to fight. What fears lurked behind things like obscene, silence, censorship, lack of joy? Fear of losing an inheritance? Fear of not being accepted by a community that had nothing to give? Fear of what? Of the great city and its undifferentiating silence? This is what we will see later.

## 30.

You'll be detained there for a few hours. You dwell on your future, you who have never looked at it seriously, you who have always been involved in the present, densely, accumulating tension in relationships, speaking clearly to everyone, so that others may think that you would be either a fool or a Christ. No followers, though. Nothing comforts you, but you know that the greatest good of any man is to know the truth about himself...nothing else matters in this world. Later, you will be dead, your sibylline and cutting conscience can do nothing for that fact, against that fact. You will wake up late and do not approach Estêvão, let him live his life, you know that, although you consider your life empty, others you are always searching, reading Paulo Coelho as if it were a religion and that perhaps your time has not yet come. To survive, to know who you are in front of others. You hear, however, rumors; because you have no friends, no company, no work. This makes you think, when you thought of faking others, faking yourself, do not exceed the limits when talking about others, describing their lives, although most (even of the writers) do it. Most don't have certain things that you have that

you tend to lose, which you want to lose for a fad, because maybe you just want to be in the warm company of a woman, go, dare you say, that's what you want, why don't you say it, because you're not an alpha male?, nor do you want to know the tension that is, you, who say you know the tension. Forget about others in their insignificant lives, focus on what you have to do, take the banal for extraordinary and the extraordinary for banal, is it?, there are no more keys to existence; we just head towards the future, an uncertain future whose path you chose to fulfill with your body, nothing more. Do not give excessive value to the things of the spirit, as it will be the beginning of many misfortunes, for you and for others, remember that each person thinks only of the field of action of their existence, whether they know it or not, that it is conscious or bites them inside what they call the brain, which is only a convention so that the spirit does not free itself. Before you complain that they don't talk to you, talk a lot, demonstrate willingness, demonstrate being up to all events and prepare yourself for the consequences of all this. This is being a man, a woman, not just having children, having assets and having a career.

## 31.

Go out for a while. Breathe in the night air. Don't blame yourself, you're not the discouragement they want you to be. You are often the most careless and summon the forces of evil before you realize their presence. There is no evil in you, only a will to power, to win, as in everyone. The path to truth is not always or will be in the future, many times, as is your case, it is in the past. The present is a convention. When you try to grab it, in whatever form it is, it will escape you like a snake that plans. The good you forgot was the good you did not do, the evil you did was the good you did not do, do not think that literature is an easy way. You are not an easy path. You don't want to go through what I went through, even if it happened so that somehow I can "help" others. Don't dream about the woman knocking on that door. It's NOW locked, by the way. Let the movement of the world be greater than you, because it is in reality. Attest every day that you are passing through, you are nothing but a shadow in full sun...looking for other shadows to shadow those who are light. You have therefore, as a social actor, lost your shadow, don't try to recover it, it's too late; don't move forward with your head turned back. You

desire a final moment; do not anticipate it, let it happen, do not provoke anything, just let yourself be where you are, even knowing that you are not there, in that instance of place, in that passing property of being.

## 32.

Not even thinking about it, the path between social sciences, philosophy and literature will be too much for one person, even if others have, in one of the activities, carried out their intentions and discovered a little more of themselves and others with it. Our heroes were lost in the mist, in the mystery, in the lovelessness, disenchanted with life, just as they began and there will certainly be people, one senses, under this gray cloud that helps to live. Happiness may seem foolish in the face of knowledge, we not knowing what one or the other is, nor the two mixed together, an order that seems to kiss the souls of many people today. We remember the prophets, called mad by the doctors of the mind, as far as this is concerned, as in many (it will always be so as long as each one wants to impose his point of view, gaining from it monetary benefit and more things of which we do not know the name) other matters, one never reaches consensus, but finally, it is the way of science, my doctor will know what is best for the mind, if a little medicine potion, if a little supernatural, in whatever form it is. Happiness can be very ironic and bitter, having that flavor that we do not remember the name of..., may never arrive, and

there we solidify the concept that, applied to each one, gives immense work to the one who pursues it. It may also never arrive, like Sastre, who took her by the tail and shook her to spit out something that I don't know what it would be, before others, around a parliamentary covenant of good will, exercising without knowing a improvement relative to the one who was immersed in chance, forever oblivious of his village, where he returned as a ghost, a serious thing is to lose your identity, in short, all this to doubt the concept of happiness and relativize it to the point of squeezing it as much as to desire, to the point of nothing being left for other days, so it happened in adolescence, youth, in short, times when we were not professionals of seduction, knowing that there is a labor market for such a task, attached to the general table of professions., in the sense, it doesn't escape us the idea of saying, defining, living, what happiness is, when trumpets are those ideas made that literature cannot change life. I would give my life for a book, mine or another's, or a reference of the scope, that could change the life of a young man, in which, indirectly, I would have the misfortune to fall on the path later (and recognize myself poor) and be mounted on his horse for his special favor. Riding a horse. More than driving an automobile.







### 33.

That José Carlos escaped me in the future that is now past and very soon will be future. Good times. Holy drunkenness. Innocence of meaning and excuses of those who just wanted to grow up, when there was a giant city that prays in the face of suffering to the point that we want to leave here, this embryo, this enigmatic embola that, in a special way, tinted our faces and, say *tou-simplement*, are marks of growth. The elephant man. Also Lynch was with me at the bottom of the pit where I was trapped between frogs and snakes, together with the three friends, hanged in their desire often, disguising goodwill to whoever passed by, when it was time to be necessarily happy, even changing the character, even changing the priorities, even hurrying what cannot be, in a desperate effort to get ahead and shout victory, hurry that is understood in the light of hormones, in short, the fish dies through the mouth and doesn't even have time to thank for going up in life, let alone the one who catches it.

Lilly had walked away after gaining a place in the highly expressive feeling she struggled with, beyond the family, beyond the nation, as if the revolt transported her to happiness,

while Estela returned to Loeb, with the beginning and end of reliving adolescent loves, which is the age of many and some disorder and powers, but also of frequent nods to those who dictate capitalized words. And, as far as this narrative is concerned, let us no longer cry phony tears, but let us pay attention to this Alexandra who reads novels to a young man. It is difficult. Afterwards, Inês separated from her man with a furtive tear next to Popular Francisco, who at first had everything, like the other, São. What do you want, a number has just come out at Belenenenses Bingo that will bring adequate happiness to someone. God is someone, he stayed beside the bedside table of Temprano Sastre's cousin, who in two and three places will even have found this thing at once simple and complex that is happiness, who knows what, we all walk for the same thing.

The others got lost in definitions of life, if that is what they would look for in the magma of life, more or less ascetic, which is to be needy, here there is no explanation, the truth about ourselves may well be the truth of and for others, more or less this. Worn faces, countless marks of the fighting at work and other instances, under the circulation of

various names and subterfuges, in the amplitude of a substitute figure of unfinished youth, say who has finished it and who has his childhood resolved to the point of saying definitively that he is an adult, when he is not there he eagerly yearns to stop there and when he is he doesn't know how to deal with it.



## 34.

Let's say then of unfinished childhoods, adolescences and youth, theoretically adorned with girls, rituals of filling incomplete sausages, which cross circularly, like a stylish dome the core of the experiences of our heroes and other things to say so that there is no escape of bodily gas in these demonstrations of excess of rationality; in the face of institutions, the concept of person, the law and those who make it day-to-day (in their favor, it is implied), ignoring Kant, commenting him exhaustively and worshipping others, replicating in a more fertile terrain than it appears, full of mother matter, of genitive brutality, of energy in the most diverse forms...



The excess of words punctuated the lives of those characters in these days of silence and resignation. While some sealed commitments, others walked away from their friends into the silence of a night that could be eternal. Sooner or later, everyone would know the history of these characters, of how they came together and separated, illustrating that life has this and that, of the worst and the best. One way or another, it would be best to continue and move on, as if nothing had happened. As if the neighbor didn't live across from you, as if Loeb were not an early pensioner, who suffered from OCD and who, for his perfection as a human being, paid the price in a society that considered him disabled or a pussy. Thus ended his days, in that reverse of 2000, when everyone fled seven feet from the country as if fleeing from an illness, as if it were too bad to be there, still in the same house, raining outside, as if intimacy had not yet been destroyed. There was no room in his heart to dream or think about the next day, because his days were over. Some day he had to end up, alone, abandoned in a ditch, mocked and trampled morally, as if he had no feelings. As much as he lay down to think - and the insistent



thought did not let go of him!-, as much as he moved, his situation was set. Estela wanted little to know about him now and Noemia, his recent girlfriend, had recently abandoned him. His inner dialogue never ended, he found a thousand and one explanations and questions in himself, seeing flaws in everything and something else, in himself and in others, he had not been able to find a positive aspect in his life in the face of the situation in which he lived, he walked around. That year, they found swimmer Thorpe wandering the streets of Sydney and a great Hollywood actor had died of an overdose, a special actor he admired. He had forgotten his name for a moment, now that he remembered what had happened to him and that he had noticed the special reality to which he had acceded, day after day.

Sometimes, the fact that we conform to the reality that presents itself to us is perhaps a form of heroism. It will give us strength to keep moving forward. Death was there, surrounding his head like imaginary crows, like the watered-down criticisms of people in cafes, in public places, life would proceed under other terms, back and forth, looking for what didn't exist at the right time because simply maybe he didn't want to be found and only

show up whenever he wanted. The women he saw on the subway no longer interested him, there was no romantic encounter ever anywhere idyllic. Perhaps place for one pathetic thing or another, abandoned to vice, abandoned to himself, his gifted body, thrown to a bed for eternity, alone, naked, without desire, dry, without fulfillment, old, aged by desire, by pain, of himself and others, his friends and enemies matter little. Seymour-Hoffman. The name of the actor.

## **NOTES**