

The Criteria Estertor

Capitalism's Ardor

Someone always comes later to sweep the subway floor, to make the dust polyp disappear that we also have at home whenever we don't clean.

The world is on a race, we don't know why, maybe it's genetics, an urge to fulfill a duty or simply an innate idea, from the density of social relations in a Figueira square to the burst of fashion on Avenida da Liberdade, among jet set's and Moldavian beggars, but also some Portuguese. Is this the sign, the destiny, of capitalism? To be used and thrown out, like pieces that no longer fit in the great social mortar? The shoeshine boy in the East has more dignity than a bank clerk, because he needs, like me, little to be happy?

I got lost in this city over and over again, but perhaps because of a certain metaphysics that it contains, I found myself again, with myself after having passed through rua das Pretas and arrived at Praça do Império, sorry, Terreiro do Passo. Right there was Cais do Sodré and I went there. I was a step away from Carcavelos and I went, on the train, since then, that the pass gave me the chance to go there, not really knowing what to do and why. Maybe trying to find myself. I still wrote a missive inside a white, perfumed, commercial style envelope, for a mission for the benefit of myself, that is, a love that would appear, a German girl I met at the Oracle of Delphi and never saw again...

I'm a guy from the north, I always have been, and the confusion in Lisbon had to do with a certain geography of desire that I was finding, even if it was mismatched, solace in a city that was passing through but is still the hub of Europe. But, a little while

Little by little, I began to understand why you don't say good morning, why you don't wave, and let's face it, it's not because you're depressed or lack education, but because you don't use it. Little by little, little by little, I understood better this idea of use, better when a now defunct cell phone operator, Uzo, appeared...

Even so, people are sad, I wish I were a psychologist, but I stick to my art. From there, I find the merit of going to recognize something at the Julio de Matos, where I feel good, where there is something supernatural that only Michel de Foucault could explain better than me...

However, I lived surrounded in those days, of more or less existential polyps, at last, the money from the City Hall or the Metro management was not enough for everything, we are not obliged to give an obsessive image to the tourists, after all, in the outskirts of the Americas is much less popular than here, among us, in this small rectangle that does not have the outside of a coffin, but a soccer stadium, where we were once also champions, no one would believe it?

In fact, after being in Lisbon for so long, even after having questioned my experience as an inhabitant, I became more of an inhabitant because suffering legitimized, in a way, my presence, achieving neither near nor far the financial autonomy that ends up attracting one or another woman...

So I stared at a point and believed. And love came, I'm not young, so I already know a few things about life, about people, after all this is all about us, people...

So, I started to walk more freely, a freedom that led me to the Gulbenkian, to the Nova, as always, after a dispute with the Clássica in which I was not well seen, me and the institutions, whose books I carried in a small suitcase that was used for everything, to take religious books to mass and cavalry novels to Campo Grande?

I don't believe, then, that all this was going on in Cavaco's time, yes, Aníbal, I was with my little nephew in Belém with my family, we even took photos, since then, after having seen the Museu dos Coches and the Mosteiro lheno of tourists, on a radiant, or radiant sunny day, between a ginja and a pastel de nata. I wouldn't forget, a few days later, to go, very close by, to the Ethnology Museum, while looking at the interior of the biggest stadium in Portugal, the one in Restelo...

Listening to the song on RFM, in the middle of the afternoon, I realized that it was time to continue, after the methodical analysis and the explanation that satiated my spirit, yes, after falling in love with Lisbon, I suffered rain and discouragement, but in the body of that woman I believed and, in a certain way, even with my hair all gray, I believed, in myself, in the city, in the people?

Victor Mota