

Criteria Estertor

Carlos Lopes

That's it, you don't feel like doing the race, neither by the Lagoa da Mata, nor by the Quinta where João de Barros died. You prefer to be intoxicated, without meditating, and you don't even go to the church, to whom you entrusted your youth. So, women...

You would do fieldwork in Andalusia or Belgium, or, depending on the budget, in Myanmar, formerly Burma, or in Timor, far away, where you understand yourself and nobody understands you, where being Portuguese is a diffuse form of being American, older, more conspicuous and itinerant. Here, then, the Portuguese soul, the dream, the Fifth Empire, get ready at Sundance to make a film that goes beyond Oliveira's "Nono"...

When you gaze dumbfounded at the world, you soon realize that it is not your doing, and you leave this pantheism to the God who gave you this view, this panorama, this whole landscape, beyond the gaze, as the Greek teacher who was a bishop in Angola used to say.

I never thought that Portugal would be what I think it is, and that it would be what it is in Congóis, in the Lisbon Health Park, in the Portuguese lost in the Congo, and in Antgola, the antechamber of Platoon and similar films. In fact, the Americans end up enhancing what little they have in terms of history, of cultural heritage, more than the Portuguese do, because their imaginative species is out there, in Germany, in South Africa, in what is called the Diaspora... ALiás, because the patrimonial heritage of the US is territorially, spatially, near them, on top of them, let's say and they are, simply, the Indians that we left behind when we left Brazil...

Meanwhile, you listen to the founders of the 80's music video, Godley and Creme, in Cry, announced by Álvaro Costa in a famous RTP2 program, then Erasure and further on, Bolshoi, in "Sunday Morning" and you count on yourself, when in Portugal they don't slap you on the back for doing Philosophy, they admire, envy, as much as they condemn the lack of industry of certain spirits, in this torpor of dams and river beaches, of civil servants at Praia das Maças, nudists at Prai do Meco.

Then you realize that your record has something to do with a more or less maritime tragicomedy, a bit like Lady Gaga, who comes from Radio Gaga, from Queen, and even if nobody believes you, you believe you, here is the sorcery of the Tarot cards that dictate that chance will bring you great benefits or small ones, that you magnify, here is the strategy to stay alive, not to emprison by the ears, as the people beyond the domains of Leiria say?

The map of your feelings is, then, diffuse, American, between the aridity of a mountain range and the brazenness of a land that doesn't value you while it takes everything from you, like Lisbon and that, in the end, if you go to see, gives you nothing, it is a depressing land, It is a depressing land, as fertile as the people who live there, and I don't even know who can be optimistic when they are hungry. I would even say that this is worse than America, there you don't need to give anyone a card, while here they lather up before they do or say anything...

Your mind runs upwards, as the song says, your sex shrinks, as Bataille would say, you don't know what to do next, but you persist, among the Sons of the Nation and the gelded, the stepchildren, you can't stop thinking about the boys in suits who earn thousands and millions who don't know what happiness is, in a society that absorbs everything American, the good and the bad, everything French, the good and the bad, and who don't know what is happening in a remote village in Spain, here

. or in Morocco, which has more to do with us than the inhabitants of the sands that Fernão Mendes Pinto and Magalhães met centuries ago.

Because after all, they were in the throes of a telluric pressure, which has everything to do with 1755 and which still bewilders many who go downtown, to the Praça do Comércio, including tourists, who think it's all very wonderful because it has nothing to do with ona, Bergen or Vladisvostock, so they are tickling the magam that from within the earth is almost exploding?

Victor Mota