Finally, I could get a school, even if it wasn't just for the last term.

And new rules have emerged in smoking spaces. And non-smoking.

I longed to return to Arrois, the Expo seemed too impersonal, sarcastic, suspicious even. In the subway, everyone was head down, that is, glued to their tablet or iphone.

There is a conflict between my generation and the previous one, as there is between mine and the one further down the timeline. The dumb ones have a belly full of technology and think they own the world. And you find yourself giving importance to kids who don't know what it is to suffer and pity for an ideal, perhaps pedagogical. The older ones, too, think that only they have had a bad time, and they are clinging to the earth, clinging to themselves and their convictions.

Actually, I think we give too much importance to the generations after ours. But we have no other remedy. They think they can do everything, say everything, conquer everything. And we go along, with infinite patience, thinking that we are doing great things. Most of them don't have the patience or the concentration to read a book, they don't know what reflection, meditation, is. We set them nothing less than bad examples, even by our fruitful sex life, admitting that everything is possible, not worrying about the best, that is, the impossible...

What is most perverse in the society we have is that everyone wants to assert themselves, no one wants a shadow zone for fear of being excluded. Bullying in schools is part of everyday life, it is commonplace, it was already like that in our time. So how do we combine individual will, freedom, with the interests of the group, the association, the school? This is the great challenge of
teacher, who already has to exercise authority, because he is no longer authority, but coordinate the life desires of his students, share experience, if only because he has lived more (time, obviously). But that's not enough, you have to use a certain density of thought to solve social, anthropological problems, within the street, in the school, in the company... Anthropology has never been so necessary, because not everyone cares, and not everyone ignores or disclaims responsibility, for what they say and do...

The problem of the relationship between theory and praxis is perhaps older than philosophy itself and remains today, that is, the conflict between reason and emotion, because the more emotion the more belonging, even if it is orgiastic, and the more reflection and reason the less belonging, more telepathy, more wisdom...

So, I climbed the steep slope that connects Arróis to Penha de França, to give some classes to the little ones, I thought they were about philosophy, but they weren't, they were about a much more mundane subject, let's say...

I insist, I go to Saldanha, all the way along the red line, then I go down to Marquês de Pombal, at a fast pace, under the music of Iggy Pop, I keep going down and in Restauradores, I go to Starbucks, after having noticed that the little statue of Dom Sebastião is back in its place.

The elegy of the moment, is that what matters? Living under the sign of money, without modesty or repair, without reflection and calm? The American spirit rages in our society, when we have other values, which we are losing. Still, America is decaying... Because you are not reactive, you end up suffering more, where there is no philosophical logic there is no suffering, so most people live on pleasure, under the sign of it, and when they crash on the road or die of something, they have left nothing, a mark, a trace, a sign for the others who come next.
The impossible is nothing less than what the Portuguese usually reject, between eight and eighty, between overwork and the beach, doing nothing too much for himself, like picking up a book and reading, reading, abandoning the world to conquer it.

If we have left it undone, that is one thing. Because in our time we were also rebels, today the days are different and it is not only technology that is experiencing a new upsurge, but also the Church and theology emerges as a new field of "entertainment" of Being...

Victor Mota