

Restolho

Cele(b)rity

As you advance in knowledge, the more afraid you are of reality, an abnormal, animal, ceremonial fear, because you are not under the regime and design of certainty, it eludes you, it eludes us all.

A friend of yours who left early, that is, who will not live his old age with you, like the two old men from *The Muppets*, in the end, he left you, you can't go on with him, even though you hail him on several occasions... he left you, abandoned you, exchanged you for the other world, neither you nor he are to blame, it's the sorcery of life and death...

You are elbowed with these questions, you don't know how to walk, whether forward or backward and then forward, that is, one step backward and three steps forward. Capitalist societies, thinking they had understood the meaning of life, extirpate its meaning *ab contraire*, that is, traditional societies live happily but don't know it, which also happens in industrialized societies, to a certain extent, but the more deeply man tries to understand the nature of existence, the more variables appear on the horizon, because even time in traditional societies is a domesticated time, let alone custom, where one lives according to certain fixed (social) roles...

One would think that population density increases the human density of social roles, which complexifies relationships. And so it is, in fact, that impersonality appears and disappears as much as familiarity, apart from companionship relations by professional order and age circumstance. But in the village, time passes slowly, and even doesn't pass at all if we look at it through the social roles, of the doctor, the teacher, the priest, the mayor...

Is there, then, in the city, room for a pure, Kantian thought that is not the result of a density of the entanglement of relations? Onte remains the respect

human, when old people are thrown into their homes, in front of the televisions, for Mass?

So, the regime of the concrete advances in relation to the regime of the abstract, of ideas, and in fact that is what we transmit to each other, the concretion, the innate idea, the conclusion after the ephemerality of a thought as a ray of light and lightning in our mind, in the gasp to the nutshell...

Victor Mota