

Criteria Estertor

Dealbar of Hope

Many insist on being profane, hate re-flexion, go surfing in the wind. This is not criticizable, it is in fact deeply and profusely capitalistic. The way you deal with money says it all, if you capitalize it, if you squander it on the poor-minded who don't want to take a bath, then you are not concerned about social representation, but about a certain installed idea of libertine, almost Franciscan freedom, when all this is noble, in terms of a noble vagabondage...

Many are revolutionaries, wanting to change the world. Young people are like that. But you reach a certain age when the greatest adventure is to let things be as they are, in the Medina, in Aristotelianism and Scholasticism. So there is the return to an existential living in terms of a constant prayer about the world, the animals, the plants, even if hallucinogenic...

Thus, in the light of a certain America, you seek to enhance your existing existence, in terms of the relationship between domestic and libidinal economy...

Deep down, when your finger passes over the dust on the cover of a book, maybe you are just a path, which is made by walking, that is, it is reversible to memory and to the nut shell, a path that is instead of ceasing to be, in seeing of being able to be (Other)...

Then, from this or from something else, another feeling, thought, pre-feeling, you gain brio and, even if you are not absolutely a fan of the cosmopolitanism of the briosa or of Leiria, you invest a new form of colonization of time, with some justice and some literary inclination, ensconced by the idea of integration, utility, pragmatism, eagerness of understanding with your (contemporaries).

But...is being in the bubble wrong? Politically incorrect? Because the register of the street does not fit in the parliament, we rehearse an intermediate discourse, of the realization of the articulation between personal and social, between subjective and alienation, even in the sense of Marx, Trotsky and, why not, Chekov, in *The Three Sisters*.

Then, you find, besides the economy, the libidinal and the monetary, your own regito, registro, as the Brazilians say, and you get going, you are at the end of your life at fifty, when you lost it when you reached adulthood, between college and the "world of life", as the philosophers say. And you know that you haven't changed philosophy for anthropology, because everything is there, at mesam, as they say in the field, patent...

Deep down, no one wants to be outside the scope, outside, to have to run on the outside, because there it is much more violent and American cinema is nothing less than that, the altercation between integrity and disinterest, that is, the excluded social subject is like an excrescence of the skin of culture, see this in *Apocalyptic and Integrated*, by Umberto Eco, a text that goes back to times before 1989....that I picked up in the old Pombal library... when I was using the big poetry section there, Herberto Helder, Joaquim Pessoa, cesaniny, O'Neill, Alberto...

Then, I take an *Anthology of Modern Romanian Short Story* and a volume called *Contemporary Bulgarian Short Story*, both from the publishing house, bought in the 95's at the "Festas do Avante"? I don't know why I do it, because yes, and the ladder falls in the backyard, the kitten has come to the pot, the light still enters my studio and I make, in a certain way, considerations about the world, literary exhalations of a "Convertible Life", Agostinho da Silva would say?

