



Criteria Estertor

Heading South

At a certain point, the academy is disloyal. The street is something else, it's like playing marbles, give and take without any moral qualms. But morality is what is lacking in certain universities, maybe in all universities, everyone tries to satisfy their selfishness as doctors, without even having set foot in the Julio de Matos, where, whether you like it or not, is the center of power. Not in São Bento, in the Julio.

You get into your addiction, you think you're going to win in the moment, you don't know why or for what, that you're going to win further down the road, because Hollywood has happy endings, you're so the cloud hanging over you, you're YOUR God, you're yourself in drift, because you're tired of being stuck and wrapped up in yourself...

You are, thus, between expectation and despair, that is, between going and staying, and in that fission before the real, between yourself as philosophical subject and the Other as replication of your subjectivity, you walk down the Avenida da Liberdade beyond Marquês de Pombal, in a stylistic walk of becoming?

You drink a little more beer than you need, what you are is, for a moment, what you are not, here are the social roles of the subject, between liminality and the scandal of what happens not happening...A lot of philosophy deconstructs, with Derrida at the head, not forgetting Wittgenstein. But I prefer to construct, whether a literary work of art, or a sculpture that happens to be not me but my cousin from Canada.

Time passes. Sometimes slowly, sometimes more quickly. We can't all be this and that, tudologue doesn't make sense because it loses the sense of mission, of encouragement in the face of others, of others who are like me, something quite different from the nut shell.

It is in this south that feeling is, life is programmed and that is why religion, Muslim, Evangelical, is so successful, while the Catholic Church continues to build bridges of dialogue from the interstices of the troubled mind.

At the end of time, only he who knows how to lose can win. No one has ever won everything in their entire life, be it Presley, Mohamed Ali (Cassius Clay) or Saramago, and perhaps that is exactly where Saramago's success lies, a Saramago who has been saving himself to explode over more than ten years of intense literary and intellectual life... Many heroes head south as tourists and appreciate this country that is almost unfortunate for its natives, but which always knows how to turn things around, because it is an emotional country, where the relationship with the other is still considered significant in the scope of the moral social life of relationships...

So, you run your head through the Chinese hangups and notice an arbitrary world in the nutshell, while the Chinese are more careful with money, not wanting to tip, the Hindus and Bangladeshis are closer to us, "look, pay the other day". Portugal then becomes an example of coexistence between races, even though many and many media want to say otherwise, just because of the puncture, take your bike there...

I haven't been to Martim Moniz for a while, I bought a bag there once that ended up falling apart over the days, until it disappeared, my sister still carried it around with her, but I never saw her again. I also bought perfume from the gypsies, one of them gave me some shorts that I still wear and two video players, ah, that was Jaime, that's why they make fun of me in the humor shows, never mind, it could be worse, at the same time you are an inspiration to some... it's your apostolate, as the other one says...

If the ideal costs you your life, don't think about the ideal, think about life, there is a lot you can do on this surface of events, of movements, of the most diverse phenomenologies. You are yourself as the other, and this distracts you from being yourself excessively, in an unhealthy way, obsessively is the word, because happiness is something that is built, not destroyed, even the work of others...

Victor Mota