

# Restolho

## Illusion of Losing

We live, then, in a society of competition. Whoever indulges in the game can win, but also fall irretrievably, such is the voracity of the political game. All man wants is to live, not to think, but to live as if he were sometimes famous, sometimes anonymous, in terms of a continually unsatisfied desire that, even so, has to respect certain rules. This is morality, masochism for morality's sake.

Here, then, is the Good in the open air, that is, procrastination has lost its meaning and justification, here is the man of Vitruvius realized, he is attentive to everything and to some things he responds, to others he does not?

To remain thirty years as an anthropologist, in the same village, calls for a denser and more populated context, the city, where he can remain for a while longer. But... until when, here the theory seems to resist, but not for much longer.

So losing is the first condition of survival, if that's what you want, because the winner eventually succumbs to his victory, sooner or later, out of responsibility or out of self-satisfaction.

Then you become an expert in making the desert and the dunes fertile and arable. You think of Michel Foucault and Charles de Foucauld, both French, both metaphysicians.

After all, you are in a land, the land you land in, where it makes sense to suffer, without reaching masochism, therefore, it is a condition for victory, the same happens in London or New York, just to name two examples.

"He who does not know, teaches," says the diatdo. Or I would say that he who teaches is because he knows, and not only he who does not teach truly knows something...

And you persist, you don't know why, you always look for the why, and you end up going forward, where nothing awaits you but gasping and despair, the

unmentionable, the unmentionable. Still, it is better to be on that side of life than on this side, next to yourself, in front of your innermost self and fickleness. You return to your aunt whenever you can, even if you don't have to.

being in an instance of fulfillment and design.

Then you discover the use of ashes, as in the song "This Mortal Coil", and you realize that all times high and low, in fact, the lows, lows, are much truer than the highs, i.e., you learn more from defeat, so you teach, because what you win doesn't always catch the breadth of the totality you live with almost all the time, almost every day.

**Vcctor Mota**