

Criteria Estertor

Locking Force

Blockages arise when we have a lot to say but nothing to prove. I asked a colleague if the block was political or merely mental, the idea of society revolved around a computer, whether or not it had top secret data, while the hottest day ever in April was going on in this realm, after the carnations that might as well have been poppies, the color after all is the same and their paper is fluffier.

In solitude one can write brilliant things. But not always, writing requires a certain technique, a certain perseverance, just like science, effort and even insistence, trial after trial.

But sometimes, as in life, a Turkish passerby who gave me a light at the airport said to me, to force is to blur, things, these things of ideas, have to flow, like the blood in the veins to the head. There is a certain philosophy that makes us beasts of ourselves, in the anthropological sense, beings more concerned with the impression of ourselves with others than with ourselves while we are what we are and with others in a scientific perspective of social relations. Everything was broken with the advent of the virtual, in the sixties and by the dawn of this millennium, we were broken, surrendered to the idea of ourselves on the screen, that is, to the social representation of ourselves molded before our eyes. Yes, we are in the civilization of the gaze, the Greeks were already like that, fascinated by change, the Devi scared or euphoric...

Yes, the world is quite mad and unbridled in the face of a search for meaning. Some, I hope only "some", occupy themselves with Evil, outlined brilliantly since St. Augustine but more deeply by St. Thomas. That is why the Franciscan vision of the world has always fascinated me.

A chronicle a day. That's all I ask, to feel better, to give, and why not overcome this sadness and loneliness against the irresponsible laughter of certain people, Bergson would have reason to delight in a new version of "The Laughter"...

Life is made of no's, there is no point in insisting that no. Sometimes we insist, sometimes we give up. Sometimes we insist, sometimes we give up, that's the human flag, i.e. human nature. In my sociological investigations, I realized that a lot of success depends on how we accept or not the criticism that is made to us, and in a democratic society, criticism can be stupid or unfounded according to the actor. In other words, tolerance implies a certain degree of loss of freedom, in terms of a certain form of free will. But you persist and continue to strive....

Then you overcome the forces of blockage, the blockage no longer lives in you, and you enter a raging sea of adventure and discovery, beyond yourself, still beyond society...

In the minimal sociability of the city, you perceive and smell the odor of your enemies, you may even be the enemy of some, or of many, who envy you for the most idiosyncratic and strange reasons. But you persist and control your anger, perhaps because you are cut out for other flights, beyond human stupidity and the stray mouth, which comes essentially from a lack of education, not so much in the sense of noble or bourgeois etiquette, but of school attendance, the best index to understand and gauge the democratic state being that of *reading who reads...*

You're not near the end, you turn around and build all the inextinguishable happiness in a given moment, moment after moment, surfing the becoming and realizing that the transience of life can bring you some happiness and fulfillment....

The real victory is perhaps the one you achieve alone, being born alone, but no, the mother was there and the doctors helped in the delivery and the whole world was waiting for you in an operating room, birthing room,

between technique and ideology, in a Marxizing discourse of televised social reality (Baudrillard would say)

Here, then, is the great cosmopolitan city, the gasp of America, which is troubled not only by the loss of God, but by the loss of the meaning of life, and this meaning has taken refuge in the body or in the cosmos, that is to say, the object of life has shifted to the fulfillment and overcoming of the person, when charity has ended and a certain sense of solidarity that is gained, by another way, in an official form of social policy, has been lost...

Victor Mota