

# CRITERIA ESTERTOR

## Precariousness

The screenwriters' strike serves as the moto for this chronicle. What a bizarre, even strange, issue, when here in Europe we have creatives doing worse, working for interested parties who do more or less things, especially on TV, where everything is propagated, including disruptive and subversive ideas, imitating everything that comes here from the other side of the Atlantic, including boats full of hashish and cocaine... This strange space is, moreover, almost sacred, because there is a big and long difference between speech and practice. Everyone knows, moreover, that culture in Portugal is in the hands of the bourgeoisie, from the universities to Cascais... a non-industrial, beach bourgeoisie, ostentatious and imitating even what happens or has happened in France in terms of the literary scene...

The elementary school kids already know it, there would be no need to resort to the anthropological menu of my childhood, it would be enough to listen to the music of Xutos or Da Weasel, that is, the real school is companionship, not philosophical reflection, except in the madhouse, which is slowing down, it's lack of liquor and pito ("Beautiful, beautiful is ...").

Back and forth, between parallax and everyday prose, in short, the French tradition of the pamphlet is also the same, to feed the people with more or less circumstantial ideas, more or less subversive, while the movement of the social ends up taking care of everything, including a long overdue resignation. The goal is none,

It is known in advance, this is the death rattle of a government that governs from the right, maybe that is why the PSD is not prepared to govern?

The images. I open the book "Flesh and Place", by the late Carlos Amaral Dias. Whoever says that his daughter speaks too much is wrong, she speaks too well. And for everyone. There is little who. After all, for a fair country, between the application of European funds and Alqueva, the agrarian reform, and the inclusion of Alto Minho in national TV programs, not Galicia. I close the book after thinking that psychoanalysis, no need to go further, is a good solution to our problem of unhappiness...

I clean the briefcase that I bought at a fair, as it is called, in the Praça do Comércio boat station, I don't know exactly, for seven thousand escudos, in 89, when I was waiting for classes that, due to reasons that I no longer remember, a strike by university professors, would never start, and I still have it today, maybe it will be a success among school girls, I who can still equate a marriage, between the diverse reasons of a current circumstance and the fraque that projects me into the future with a girl who has good land and good houses, in other words, has a good catch, not like many Instagram celebrities, actresses or the like, who have nowhere to drop dead...

That's good. Let it be. You are here you are there. With or without (the) Variations. After all, social change operates through the margin, not the societal nucleus, it is the margin that moves the nucleus, because it is not endogamous, as the professor of Letters used to say...

Want to know more? Ever since I've had a hard time, I've discovered that the secret of the fewlizz life lies in being cheesy, that is, in a certain refined form of cheesiness, as DÓmingas would say, who died a few years ago. I remember the afternoons when we used to talk politics and understand the world through that, through that, in the ritual of stroking a cup of coffee, between an imperial and a few puffs

listening to the Stinky Cats.

It was then that I realized that the best way to take, to bring to a good end this passage that is life, our brief (cosmically) existence, is to take it in jest, so maybe the Portuguese is, moreover, more right than the French or the Northern European or even the Spanish, next door, That has a lot of African, that is, that do nothing to do everything and screw industry.

For the rest, in Portugal, public universities do not perform public services, but are a cover for private interests, either of pseudo-intellectual professors or of political-ideological interests that even they themselves are not aware of. But I don't intend to spend the rest of my life polemicizing all this. The question remains whether Portugal is a more or less just country, even in terms of common sense, if there is any form of justice around here that is not charity, that is, ideas that do not come from America or the United Kingdom, from a certain form of post-mortem justice when the French revolt because of their retirement age, in Portugal we discuss euthanasia, copyrights (in a slavery and inquisitor country), the importance of Artificial Intelligence for the becoming more or less human, i.e., many think that work is a computer thing, i.e., they work just to make money, when most of the time they don't even realize that happiness is there, better, here, right under their beards...

**Victor Mota**