



## Criteria Estertor

### Politics

1. It sounds like the dirtiest thing there is, but it's not, they say it's a noble activity, as noble as religion. That's why "apostolate scientists" proliferate. The Pope said so.

2. Sometimes, even if you praise people, certain authors, whether musicians or writers, it seems to sound like an offense, because of the attention you give them, because of the response. It's the vested interests and how much of the Portuguese talent is curtailed, dynamited, curtailed, and short-circuited.

3. It's a small country, everything is known in an instant, the interest of the media in delving into certain topics is tiny, residual, not to say non-existent. Everything is concerned with giving bread for the mouth, while there are certain theoreticians duly installed, with their farms and properties. They too will end one day, at least physically. The worst thing is that the younger ones also have this quintessential policy, very typical of underdeveloped countries, where everything that is said has a reason for personal attack, everyone is offended in their convictions and goes around with it in their lapel.

4. There are so many people writing, chronicles, novels, everything else, a boy from Cascais like MEC or another whose books haven't been translated into American English, and they are there, bera, in the rage. But the street, after all, is full of it, when social scientists shy away from going on TV, when

Maybe they're not even invited to do that, so the country continues to be postponed, having to resort to a people called Chega to breathe a little, even if it's hot and suffocating air...

5. Everyone complains but few dare to be different, perhaps because they are bound to perfectly understandable survival routines and who am I to offer to solve these problems, with what interest would I do so? However, I do solve some problems, no doubt my own, my family's, and the whole anthropocene problem...

6. Strange is the guy who gives importance to others and reserves for himself a small part of the forest, to plant the most diverse trees in it, maybe he is just a servant of Christ, or more than that, much more, just a correct guy, who was mocked by the most diverse quadrants but still survived, because his message, after all, was true?

7. Still on Mr. MEC and the "cornichons" polemic. I assume myself, then, as a non-colonialist Parisian, that is, I don't see my ideas in others except as reflections of their own ideas, of each one's ideas, and I think that this has value, even in our so mistreated Portugal, which bows down to everything American and English, under the pretext of lack of quality, survival and subservience, to tourists, for example, when next door, in Spain, it's not so much, not so little.

8. But we are here to build. The country is tired of lawyers, they are pitiful, so young and yet so gray, so full of arguments, that oscillate between the hyperconsciousness of civics and the screaming of bodies on the beaches of the Algarve, if not worse...

9. At the end of it all, of the estertor and other notions or the like, Portugal resolves. And it's the fault of the alheira from Mirandela, as my Spanish grandmother used to say, which my father affectionately called "pêca".

10. This is because I don't write just to say bad things, there is a certain social usefulness in what I say, *au-delà* for others, bourgeois or noble, who say they care but are more concerned with their careers or other such minutiae?

Victor Mota