

Criteria Estertor

Reasonable Retention

All this, in the post-Gingong times, seemed to me like a war of words. Of narratives. While some wrote columns according to ChatGPT, a.k.a. artificial intelligence, I still had confidence in my gray matter and da, da, da until I could do no more. It was until it gave. The leader of the Liberal Initiative says that Portugal needs a solution, in addition to the existing one, when Galamba remains in government.

Then, American filmography and the social distance between fiction and reality, distinct from ours or other social cultural contexts. The anthropological annals say that Lisbon is a city of passage. Maybe that's why it's a stampede, escaping the tension of everyday life. And... remember 1755? This energy that is beneath our feet and that both consumes us and gives us life...

America may be a brave nation, but it is not lucid, otherwise the government would decree an end to the use of guns, even in movies. The same is true in France with the retirement age. And we consume all this as if it were biological food, sipping inside cocoons food that comes from outside, uncritically, just to stay alive, to avoid diseases like suicide, after depression.

Because the essence of society, of any social theory, is that you need to expose yourself to get something, not only the recognition of your effort and merit, but also mere survival, let's say, food. Many don't manage to get out of this obscene cycle, of intimate and constant exposure to the social, to the virtual, to reality, in a politics of the banal and of incessant, reiterative, mutual recognition, as if the

society as a whole was, besides bipolar, obsessive-compulsive anal...

This is what cinema is, a mutual autopsy of the circumstantial contingency of existence, seeking a way to persist, between bodies and the theory of vision, to ensure eternity through the mythical descent of narrative. European cinema is already something else, more of shadows and social actors that are minimally planted, densely populated with emotions that have less to do with a *Theory of Action*, as Pierre Bourdieu showed a few decades ago.

What is, what is not, what persists, throughout the days, when even the hour is hard to pass, between a register of common sense and enthusiasm and another of pleasurable reflection...the heat is coming, so it is halfway through the depression that afflicts us in seeking sustenance, for our lives, for our way of life...

Time (of St. Augustine, in particular) plays its perception on us and contorts our soul so that we take out of our body something that at the same time gives us and takes away eternity, from body and soul, like Schrödinger's paradox and that of Schopenhauer, referring to a cat that sees itself, in the *movement of time*, simultaneously alive and dead... I mention here the figure of the cat, not only because it is sacred among the Chinese, in a form of deviant *a-perception* of reality and of the intelligence for it that is needed, but because in the eagerness to be conquerors of everything and anything else, we lose the details, when even in soccer, it is the details that make the difference?

The *contingent* condition of our soul, then, is attached to our past, to our "ancestor," to our origin, that is the biggest and best form of reiteration to be ourselves, that is, the compulsion of identity, the leap to become what we really are, some from the north, others from the south. But cosmopolitanism dilutes all this, and we are all, more or less open to understanding the other, from

that this implies some advantage here, that is, economic and women.

All this to say that I will not neuter my cat. I'd rather listen to his whining meows and have him catch flies and jump up and down the hallway like a skier, because at least he's alive, he's got life, he's not dormant and spiteful, his anger is genuine and is periodically resolved with a simple fuck...

Victor Mota