



Criteria Estertor

The Dock

Then, I decided to build a dike, that is, as if it were a beaver, to hold the water as much as possible to the point where it would spread properly through the surrounding land, and also to hold the current for the largest possible area, cultivable or not... Then, the mental block was that and the dike was to avoid spilling and tearing of the Self, that is, the great taboo of societies was not something related to sexuality, but to mental health, because each one always wants to prove that he is right, and more how right he is...generating a society, more than of the self, of the alter-conviction, that is, I only existed in function of the Other, which otherwise was perfectly defensible, from several points of view, even in terms of the judicialization of society, where sex was free or else prostituted, under the example of the American plastic minds that one could easily recognize by the voice.

That's why I built the dike, to rest on it and spread it out, to contain my negative urges, by the dike the waters were supported and contained, and could regulate themselves in the proper way. Later, I became aware of the difference between a dam and a weir, one being made by beavers and the other by human hand.

I was savoring the thought that only something was worth, the human species, my efforts, the things I had woven the plasma of my existence into. No, I was not justifying myself of anything, I knew and was aware of my mistakes and how much I had somehow harmed someone. But I kept going, even though with that, I persisted, counting the water that c o u r s e d through my being. Suddenly, the dike me, as a production and projection of myself. Then I realized the philosophical root of violence, that is, when we feel threatened in our physical, psychic, or intellectual integrity, not to mention our literary one, our journey ends in a struggle for survival, that is, everyone is afraid to die

But not everyone comes close to their own death to realize that their existence is threatened. Like my father, who is now fighting for his life and who is serving me as an example, let's even say a moral one.

"Avoid the recast places," a friend told me, "seek the breadth of the valleys, the great areas, the panoramas," as the Bishop Emeritus of New Lisbon used to say in his Greek classes, that is, the more they pulled for you, the more you pulled for them, even if for you, due to your sense of a more or less drained race, that would end, elide, be erased in the wind. And so, the dike went on, with waters like others, that some and others would have to sip, to analyze with their living organisms...

Actually, it is envy that moves the world, not so much money or thirst for power, you could say that one thing leads to the other, not everyone is as demanding as you are, look at the tourists, they are tight (regimes) in their countries and are even pleasantly surprised when they are here, they even find it hard to understand how life can be taken so relaxed and carefree, then we have the opposite, fado and death (Sloterdjick's *The Sun and Death* and Baudrillard's *The Symbolic Exchange and Death*). In fact, I realized that the torrent (of everything) would not stop, that is, I, in a way, was still working on the thesis, even though I had not revised it at all since I had it printed at the school's typography, since it had taken a turn in the mail, since it had come back again (to me), to, one having been in sight by the tele-vision and, the other, having ended up in the trunk on which to sleep, where the rest of the things I had written, both by hand, in Cadernos (M.Tavares), as well as by machine and on the screens of the various computers I had during my days...

I had been waking up for days with a very deep anguish, as if I felt alone, from the start, in the condition of the body of myself. The idea was not only physical, but, finally, spiritual, when if I were to see it right, I had oscillated in this double register almost all my life, except for the times of the race, when physical overcoming was something proven, in search of a higher well-being, hence perhaps the

spiritual order, that is, it was the mythma "healthy body in healthy mind" finally revisited.

All that anguish was either useful or unnecessary, depending on the point of view. For me it was a source of inspiration, like the pain of "being here not knowing you are there"...

Thus, perhaps I would embark on a more carefree life, but judging from the current, from the torrent that was almost illusorily made of lava, my horizon was being drawn, that is, lack of a wife, of a car, of a job, the same old litany, when in reality, nobody (I want to imagine) really cares, some take things more seriously, others not so seriously, and there are phases of life in which we worry more, others less, about ourselves and others...So, finally, the dam burst and flooded with its force, the whole plain and the surrounding lands...

Victor Mota