

Criteria Estertor

The No and the Yes

You have in your lap the book by Ramos Rosa with the same title, signed by himself, how can you be a great poet when you are a man of action? You run away from yourself as you run away from others, you can't stay long in Terreiro do Paço because the gypsies come and you are French, there is something of an analytical philosophy in all this...

The night goes on and on, absorbed in you, shy and brave at the same time, there in Entrecampos, next to the Feira Popular, then you hang on at Marquês and go down Avenida da Liberdade, go to the movie theater, there in Barata Salgueiro and have a coffee and postpone for your private study the program of films of the month, with a program about Hungary, no, it has nothing to do with Lloná Staner or with Italian cinema from the eighties, This is instinctive, it has nothing to do with faith, since you keep it, not only because you still leaf through the Bible, but especially because you have a missal that you update every day, like the French in "Lost"...

Whoever makes a child, whoever doesn't, becomes a teacher, that is, putting up with other people's children, is a simple and crude way of saying it, but it corresponds in a certain sense and in certain circles to a certain truth, because... no one wants to be a teacher anymore, and that's a social fact,

sociological, says a lot about our society, which runs behind and in front of stupidity, behind and in front of a book, when we just need to be looking at the book open before our inquisitive and curious eyes...

You are listening to the hits of the eighties, RFM or M80, you don't really know, the characters have just arrived, you invited them because you had no one else, they parade before the gasp of a lit cigarette, it could be an aromatic cigarillo, but it's just an SG Ventil, which you haven't smoked in a long time. And you carry on. You persist. The old man has cut off your light in the annex you talk from (on the phone, on MSN, on Whatsapp) and you debate in bed with the most diverse, pure and prolific thoughts. You don't know what to do, you go upstairs carefully, trying not to think or panic and you turn on the circuit breaker, but, lo and behold, the old man's bedside lamp is also on, but you continue downstairs and come to Studio15 where you spend most of your days in the village that is still yours and pray that, either he doesn't notice and continues sleeping or, on the other hand, that he realizes and simply turns off the bedside lamp... Either way. Or neither. That is why you are still here, an anthropologist involved in journalism, who did not do fieldwork in Timor or Brazil, but who did it here, among us, among the people, in Sesimbra and in Riachos, the imaginary toponym of his thesis, but which exists and persists for its place in another place than that of the settling and settling of the memory of the paternal and maternal place by adoption and social contract, because that you choose not to upset your mother, you don't want to make waves, because you want to get old and the most important thing is life, while we are here everything is possible, everything is maintained, everything is solved,

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Because reality is nothing less than mental, the outside world is an extension of what is thought, pressed before the goal to avoid the goal.

Then, further on, here is a problem attached to your spirit. You try to shake it off and it doesn't let go, like ash, clinging to your body and your desire, between fetid inhalations and the realistic comfort of your daily life, in a sphere that plants itself politically in the space around you, not so much in front of you, but around you, like the man in Vitruvius...

Victor Mota

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