

## Criteria Estertor

### That which lessens the anguish

Calm. But the social unpleasantness remains. It is the racism, the xenophobia, the huddling to an identity that does not allow for cooperation (for a better world).

Yes, it can decrease anguish. But it increases anxiety. And anxiety in excess, when not well managed, generates new anguish, further down the line. Then, the whitewashing or purification of the Church in the face of abuse, because of poor knowledge of sexuality, which the common man has trivialized, vulgarized, and which can be sacred.

Ecclesial and so on, all faith must be challenged in order to be reaffirmed, I say as a layman.

We are, however, all in a democracy. Save yourself if you can. If Christ sublimated death, why shouldn't he sublimate life? Here and there, there is a consensus that is generated around the *graffiti*, the South Bank, I don't know why it's overshadowed in my memory, which makes me fear for something telluric, tetric, yet in mourning and I counter this idea with my inner voice, cautiously projected into the public space.

Is life a game, like soccer, bridge?

I won't explain how, or why, the idea occurred to me on the subway, between Olaias and Cabo Ruivo, bathing, not bathing. "What are you doing in the bath?", says the English song.

Then you note that life is on track, despite the pain and discontent, the philosopher's frustration with women, as if the brain were a sexual organ and they didn't want it, it is not clear why. But you persist, while Ronaldo doesn't score a goal for the sixth time... with two poker...

The missing piece of the democratic system may well be its undoing. There is always something missing, between Chega and the Boaventura case. And Geringonça continues to walk, even so, in the ups and downs of political-party bipolarity, centered in the seven hills and in Bairro Alto, at the tip of a toxico-independent arm, in Baixa, in Rua Augusta, which those who stay at home, in the habit(u)action to the **domus**, don't go through time and time again...

This missing piece is in the mind, but what is the mind if not the anteflexion of reality, projected there, in the *dasein* of existential colors, in the plethora and preponderance of the "I"? It is a thing of habit, as we say in Law and as Kant said. Philosophy fails to recognize the materiality of the interpretative concretions of the subject, as author, actor, social actor...

But can freedom be something circumscribed? Can it be something controlled, limited to the duty instructed in a certain determined space of the most diverse determinations? This is one way of inhabiting the city. Then, it is easy to be bad, obedient to Evil, in a subject-object duality, more complicated and inventive is to be good, like the challenges that the policeman, in the street or at home, faces... Then, beyond me, under my imposing countenance, a certain injustice that God will have to compensate, in some way, or not, it won't be necessary in the scope of an egalitarian sense, you discover what freedom is, that it doesn't depend only on having, on Parecerwhere it becomes interesting to realize that life has no meaning, at least the meaning that the philosopher gives it, however, you have to walk, keep walking, and rest when the body and soul hangs rest, so life can be seen as a struggle between you and society, in which some are more critical than others, and the one who criticizes the most is, as the people say, the one who does the least. Doing, doing. And think? Reflect? These things, tasks, we face in the day to day and also in the feast, in the extraordinary, both the popular saints and *Corpus Christi*...

That is why I believe that Portugal is something more than its history, there is an element (Fifth Element?), as Paulo Borges has shown, inscribed in our matrix of civilization, that has a lot to do with this relationship between Being and Doing, between Appearance and Thinking?

one way or another, because you are peaceful, you are tense, you are pregnant, like Salgueiro Maia in the 25th of April, in short, heroes like those who once went to sea

At the end of it all, there remains the presence, the memory of having been here, significant in our strain of men and women who adapt to different circumstances.

After all, leftovers, as in restaurants, will always do someone good, that is, while there is waste on one side (nothing is created, everything is transformed) in the most simple smoothness of Time...

Victor Mota