

Criteria Estertor

What is missing

This could be called *Descriçãam da Cidade de Lixbôa*. But no. I wait a bit, drink an all-nothing of my liquor. Even the gasp is an effort at communication. Everything is communication, whether by bus, subway, or even streetcar, there even more. Lisbon and transportation.

Those who study societies and groups get used to seeing the world in a certain way, not so much absent of subjectivity, but from a strictly scientific point of view, and this causes pain, in you and in yours, because it is pain of growth, if it didn't cost it wouldn't be worth it.

You rehearse to duplicate, that is, to pass from mind to paper, the initial idea, innate idea, and to all of them we obey, because then, because maybe we are afraid and fear, even ceremonial fear, is knowledge, so we learn from time to time and the more alone we are, the more knowledge grows, as well as unreason... Why, then, do we like to be alone? We are alone, first on this planet, then in this city, our friends are in orbit, as if we had a holy halo over our heads...

I go to the Xabregas Library. Big building. I find some syringes on the short way from the Braço de Prata station to the entrance door of the building. Monumental,

imposing. Even inside... I really liked it, had it not been for a guy sneaking up behind me, I don't know why, all the way to the station (or is it a halt?), until the train to the Orient arrived. I stopped going downtown and started going to Parque das Nações, aka Expo. It is there that the modern city of Lisbon lives, not so much in Chiado, Bairro Alto or Avenidas Novas. It is there that everything happens, even the "model crossing", as in the eighties, in a café in a village in Beira.

Then, I stop doing social sciences for lack of money and the places seem anodyne to me, even Saldanha, in everything it projects towards Baixa. The places and the squares seem to me out of place, out of sync, "blurred"...

I calculate the tobacco and the drink for five days, in which I will have to survive, between the house and the street, for five days, five miserable days to weave and warp a plot, of center and eighty pages, after so many others, I continue to extract something remarkable from myself and run away from being considered a machine that loves Lisbon just because it loves it, I love it deliberately, voluntarily, like someone who loves Barcelona or Paris?

I feed some religious thoughts, although I haven't been to Mass since a couple of months. How I like to be in church, you might say. Maybe that's why I don't go there, just inadvertently, just to let time pass and another chance to be happy, that I will be caught by "her" later on, almost at the end of the race...

I think. Soon, I need someone to forget me so that I can remember myself, further ahead, in the gasp of the logic of fortuitous compensations, between the domestic space and the street, studded with Carnation. Here, then, is the path of the Revolution in

Lisbon, after Caldas and Porto or Pombal Train Station.

It is necessary, I don't know how, to encourage the people, to bring them together, in a certain apostolate of science, between fashion and thread, to sew, sew and cry for more.

I run away from my object to better throw it at him, with all the affection and affection, like in the song by *Silence 4* or *Da Weasel*. I buy the newspaper, one, then another, and then another, and then another, I throw it on the bed and the cat jumps up, startled, by the clicking of a stone on the window pane. I continue to produce, I don't know how, maybe I am myself the first Cyborg who poetically debits the words...

I close the edition, as of a newspaper I never worked in, that I learned to see at night, when I was writing an essay on Bronislaw Malinowski's magnum opus...