

# Criteria Estertor

## Ship of Fools

The tone continues, as if the ship were on the high seas, afire to storms and sharks, in this kingdom made of dream and harsh reality, full of social injustices but still happy, because the people are serene.

I leave it behind. Someone brings. Bring, bring. Bring it. Knock, knock, who is it, Eurico the Presbyter. Nobody, Willem Reich's nobody.

The political preponderances, the mania to invent, just and only Pedro's song, in the light of something incautious, between carelessness and exaggeration. You note this, not because you fear the change in the chameleon, but because you come to understand the ups and downs of a purely electoral consideration. So, as a people, arraia-miúda, you decide. About yourself and those who are clinging to the tree, some harder than others, who eventually fall and crash to the ground. Of apples. Here is the Marquis.

The earth trembles, during the song that brought us together. You said you didn't like it. I didn't bargain, in this priceless relationship. It's neither social nor mental, I scored a goal and now I must justify myself, even without vassalage to you. Just justify myself. From Luanda to Lisbon, the repatriates, the voice that says that we understand the black people because we have also been black in France, in Germany, in the USA. And the poor whites. There they are. Some are crazy, others healthy, Canguillem would say in "The Normal and the Pathological". And others,

like Vattimo and Foucault, between four walls that make up a soundproofed prison cabin. However, you don't have to go to the playground, you have air in here. And you write that. Perhaps because the very reality, not only the social reality, that you study, is infinite. So you have discovered the infinity and transcendence that is a quality of the gods. And you love the One, the strand of wine, between barrels of eating and containing.

Can Artificial Intelligence, the ChatGPT (why PT?) produce literary texts, chronicles like this one? Of course it can, but the pleasure of having a child is irreplaceable, even if AI misrepresents reality, at least that which we consider (to be) reality, because only the human brain can reflect and when it does, it is the body that does and a reality that, in a way, is around, outside, voracious, of the box, as if inside and at the same time outside a jungle, as Victor Turner showed concerning the Ndembu ritual ("The Forrest of Symbols)...

And what is Africa if not the unfair distribution of the power to be and to exist in terms of colors and earth? A wet and livid thing that runs in the rivers, in the veins, a gasp of something that also trembles, like the earth, that also advances, like water, in an unstoppable tidal wave, as if nature still had the laws that man gives it and much more to give and sell. So, the future is right here, in Damaia, in Buraca, in the South Bank.

You then turn off the radio, listen to a song by Johny Clegg (with the Savuka), "It's a Cruel, Crazy and Beautiful World" on the vinyl player, formerly called Gira- Discos. However, when you go to accept it, you don't accept it, you go on, you persist, as if you were on the roads on the way to Santiago and the colors of elude the tears of a black woman, the blood of a poet, the prose of a missionary...

Here, then, is Gil Vicente, the barge, as we used to give it in the 9th grade, among disinterest and salt immersed in the captain's skin, which multiplies when nothing arrives, not everything arrives and the Minister is that, everything or nothing, maybe Edgar Pêra would better understand this collective schizophrenia of being hours and hours watching TV, when there are many more channels on the net, and the wealth of means ends up making us crazy, because we search and never find, when maybe we are just looking for the origin of our thoughts, of our feelings, a love that doesn't look up but for the stars?

**Victor Mota**