



The Criteria Estertor

Lisbon into the soul

The cat's guttural scream starts at home. He wouldn't shut up, hours and hours of screaming that echoed throughout the house, as if he wanted I don't know what, he was in heat, that's for sure. I told him "Why don't you call him?", but he kept on meowing, from Figueira Square to the Expo, as if he were the man in Vitruvius, at ease in his feline gasp. So I let myself enter his universe, in order to understand his fear, even in the subway, the tension of the drive to be, to see and to seem, that is, we all function due to certain mechanisms that I still don't fully understand but that, with time here in the edge of Southern Europe, I'm trying to understand and this not without interchanging with people, because that's what it's all about, not just the PS saying it.

Although I didn't read often, I tried to leaf through a few books, the truth is that I lived surrounded by them, but the words were stuck in my mind like a tattoo on my soul after visiting the Alto de São João cemetery. It had been a while since I had been to several places, perhaps I preferred more those on the internet, for that near-summer weather. We know that cats are adored by the Chinese, we bring them indoors, where the breath of a soul echoes in the subway, with the proper stench of dust and various sweats. So, I decided to take a bus to Marvila, which went around and around and around my old house, in that area, the library was remarkable, its interior space quite tidy and at the same time airy, it looked like a Dutch house, sorry, Dutch. Still, there were not only pigeons at the Oriente station, they came to my house in the late afternoon, when I closed the window of another day, with some bodies from time to time, as my old man used to say that was "a sign of death".

On the second day, I returned to Marvila and the library, to deliver a work by Camus, but this time I went by train, until then I would only pass through Braço de Prata. They were the places where we walk every day, where we cultivate the use of space and time combining it with some "criteria estertor", that is, when the body obeys it is disposed towards the soul and the surrounding scene. So, Lisbon is not only my city either. Lisbon is in fashion and this is the echo of a whole world, it doesn't have to do only with the more or less "national" space.

According to science, the sponka is the oldest living being on the planet, I told my brother to encourage him to run, and the truth is that a short time later he ran a

Lisbon marathon. He was running strongly and nimbly on the 24th of July and I took the train to Cascais, which is also Lisbon, just like the south bank is. What is certain is that in my days, since the time I came to study, I have been a sponge and I have also been squeezed on all sides, which is why I have borne so much fruit, at least in quantity, in words. What do I intend to prove? That there is an absolute form of citizenship in Lisbon that exists nowhere else in the world, such as Rádio Marginal and the now defunct Rádio Vox, not to mention the Xenon cinema, not forgetting the old King and Quartet where I used to go with my late childhood friend Domingas. Did I feel lonely? Yes, of course, all the time, but I fought against it by petting the cat, as soon as I went to bed, it came to make a mysterious amplexo inside my arms, in the darkness of the night gasps of seagulls, which also appeared...

Portugal was far from being a failed country, if anyone thinks about it, like me who was studying philosophy and hadn't had a girlfriend for twelve years, I kept it to myself when I thought the city was with me, with the mouth reflector I had built for myself, a kind of straw, device, contraption, that mounted on my back to let me carry on in the urban space?

With all this, I traveled the world in my city, which was my village as an anthropologist, and I opted for geographic sedentarism out of philosophical vices, I chose to stay, as my father did, in the village where everything happens and does not happen. Therefore, even this *non-event* brought with it the nature of men and things, even if under a volcano in calm waters of bonanza. Was Lisbon, then, in those days, a *non-place*, to refer to Marc Augé's term? Yes, maybe it was, maybe it wasn't just a tip of the "Stone Raft" that Saramago talks about, and maybe, because of its fate, it was a Raft of Loss?

Victor Mota