



The Criteria Estertor

Strength and Conjugation

The individuality and the strength. The collective and the out. The articulation between individual and collective. The group, the friends. I arrived at Campo Grande after having said hello to my friend Mateus, I gave him two cigarettes and didn't give him any money, a coin, because I didn't have any at the moment: but then I went to pick up my daily ration and I realized that his lax taste hid a lot of suffering, in a country where laxity went hand in hand with incompetence and resourcefulness, yes, that's right, the distance between the common subject, the social actor and the social representation of power, was huge, still huge in a country of Achamentos.

I tried not to think about injustice. I tried not to do for doing's sake or to think for thinking's sake, so there was in me some kind of search for balance, like someone who walks by the Arco do Blind and no longer sees buses, but orderly parked cars, according to parking tickets for residents. What, then, is the relationship between individual and collective in this context? And in the others, where injustice was rife? Would it be left to the arbitrary to the nutshell? Would it remain forever trapped in one's conscience, in a subway station, in a dirty bus on the seats? Why do Brazilians admire us so much, starting with soccer, ending in the cuisine in the way of life? Just because we arrived there five centuries ago? What mission would that have been and what were its real motives? Religious or merely economic? And colonization, how can it be dated? And why is racism exclusively about the black-white binomial in my mind? In a way, we all come from Africa, from Yemen, which is Asia, for then. Where would be the formula for life, this search for something ineffable and at the same time concrete that is God and the God that dwells in each of us, sometimes in the

surfaces others in the depths of our more or less metaphysical steps?

Sometimes I'm afraid to use certain qualifiers, I'm not like that, I'm as theoretical as a balloon full of water, that is, I'm a party guy, big parties make me confused, maybe I suffer from some phobia, who knows why?

I thought about a return to myself in Alvalade, in the Mall, even though I realized that certain people, *au-delà* of the authors, coerced or suggested me to decompress, to seize the moment, in a way to be myself, Portuguese, at least the Portuguese of today, following a little, with all due reservations, Derrida. And, after so much discovery, starting in Odivelas and ending at the Forte da Casa, it was still for me this multicolored Lisbon, where not all rights are yet assigned or even attributable to the subject-actors who live in it or simply visit it. Instead of thinking that I would be burying myself, my social ego along, I decided to move forward, in that dark thing, with Lobo Antunes, Artaud and sparking my curiosity, or perhaps talent, why not, for exploring relatively confined spaces, but that has a bit to do with my clinical history. LOL, you could say).

Later, having returned from the Plaza de España, I felt the suffocation of a house uninhabited for a long time, my body was a ghost and I myself, once brilliant, crawled around the house like a zombie, not complaining, lamenting my fate, unable to change, even in the middle of a century...

But I persisted. I cowardly lit a cigarette while the kitten ate its food, I thought about getting it a girlfriend, but then I realized that this would bring more confusion, not that confusion of Augustine da Silva's cats, but a certain idea of living beyond the more or less seraphic things.

It was, therefore, tied to a garden flock, to a tight curve that never came to an end, to a feeling of a westerner in the pen of both Antero de Quental and Cesário Verde. When the night

fell, I had the desire to return that breathes and is breathed with emphasis, when in the street everything is much more delatory and intimate. I decided to take the boat to Cacilhas, I don't know by what turn I went to Setúbal, 59 minutes late for the meeting, an exchange of books and ideas. My discouragement on my return was immeasurable, I love punctuality, be it English or French, they are less late than we are, but still share a latinidad that we share with them.

Thus, I collected points in my memory just like the coaches of small teams do, that is, be ambitious enough, do some philosophy, live and extract the maximum from it all, and bear on my back the weight and the price of extracting, which had more to do with logarithms than a simple devotion to St. Jude Thaddeus.

The churches? I knew almost all of them, as well as other places not very advisable for those who suffer from the heart, if I may connect the two, the two registers of the soul... With time and pain, I was getting better and better at my own spirit, avoiding the collateral damage of the urban alienation of many. I was walking with a sturdy step and my pace was strong as Bo Derek's horse in the middle of the beach, right there in the core and emphasis of the 80's...

Victor Mota