

The Criteria Estertor

Long Range

Claude Lévi-Strauss, who brought the structuralism of linguistics to the social sciences, namely anthropology, wrote "Le Regard Eloignée", which seems to me a worthy example to understand our times a little. The great obsession of our times is simultaneously dystopian and utopian, that is, we see reality, sometimes close, sometimes distant, and many times we don't understand our role as social actors... this is reserved for the academy, they understand each other, they explain everything, while in the street everything is the same, a *philosophy of the street* is forever postponed...

The mystery of man, like the mystery of Christ, is that we live as if we were not going to die, that is, as if we were eternal, and that is when our happiness is not genuine, even at popular dances, that is, is it hollow, as some tell us? I don't think so, this is the relativity of social relations, nothing is eternal, only the succession of intertwined moments within cultural contexts...the transmission of the symbol, because this is the coin to Charon that will take us to the other side of life...or death...

So here's the long view, i.e., when you have a chronic illness or other, a depression, you begin to realize life and why we are (still) here and how it all comes down to the body, even the mystical body sung about by Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross...

Then you realize why Casa Pia and Arouca are doing great championships... And you sense that Benfica is going to be champion, because after all it only depends on himself and what that has to do with your happiness, no, it's pure altruism, happiness is intimately, not to say historically, connected to altruism, even if the American philosopher concluded, years after his philosophical investigations, that he doesn't exist and another, English, saw God in himself...

Registration then, of activism and passivity, that is, some construct, others deconstruct, like Derrida, the decapitant of French philosophy?

Here, then, is the secret of life in two expressions, without further ado, in two terms, without having to resort to analytical philosophy, that is, the management of holding zones in the terms of a social psychology, that is, the same one that follows social anthropology, that is, the management of the high moments and the low moments of both the subject and the group and, as a whole, of society...

So, can some kind of moral, not to say legal, judgment be made between the one who builds and the one who deconstructs? In what register can this happen, if it is true that many times, to build it is necessary to jump over obstacles, sometimes to make mistakes and recover from them, just as to destroy also requires a certain art, see Mariana Mortágua about everything and everyone...

What guarantees us a certain phenomenology of the body, of desire and volition, as in general of the perception of reality, is to suppose that the eye is the brain and vice-versa, that is, the brain is a social brain, as it is also a personal brain, full of more or less intimate connections, and we proceed in this perception of reality as a lens, that sometimes retracts and sometimes expands, this can be seen in the most recent case of TAP...

Another secret is trivially banal (secret what?): you do what you are doing all the time and you weave strategies to understand the world, in the manner of Eliade, of a Greek hero, that's why the vision of life of the soap opera, of the movie actor, is so fatal and precarious, there is not much room for the absolute, to feel it, wrapped in us, as if we needed it not only to exist but also to nourish a hope, with mass or without it, to take our body beyond this life, this vain and requentada existence?

So, in desperation, even if accompanied by your God, you love reality in the manner of Spinoza and the most diverse anthropologists, as if you were part of it, as if you needed to give an explanation to everything, of everything, in order to franchise a metaphysical frontier, a desire, a romance, a lack, a cavity...

In your mp3 player is an audiobook of the Divine Comedy in English (isn't it "just" from Hell?) and listen to it, in between, with several songs from the 80's, not even knowing the name of the speaker, but it doesn't matter, you take another step and realize that the matrix of being-here-Portuguese is also being there, doing the transcendent, ascending to the one that guides us and that we are sometimes, brothers, sparse, sometimes disturbed, sometimes clairvoyant, in the bush, among the vegetation of a dense forest of Black Africa?

Victor Mota