

Criteria Estertor

The Chronic Divan

Deep down, we all want to love and most of the time we don't know how, hungry, thirsty for a beer or a coffee to compose. These words are addressed to all, to some, and to myself, inside and outside the Church, an Association, a Recreational Group, or a Sueca and Chinquilho Club.

One way or another, we are hit, like a bolt of lightning, by the criticism of others, the human being is like that, he either blames the Other or spits on the ground, developing survival strategies that, obviously, end up slipping into clandestinity and marginality. Then comes the policeman to fix it, unless he is corrupt. And they think that the anthropologist, because he is on the side of the weakest, is illegal, is a bum. Well, he is illegal and a bum, I speak for myself, because I am constantly oscillating between the top and the bottom of the whole social edifice. As a matter of fact, I have been making a few stairs, here and there, in several places in the city of Lisbon, sometimes studying and thinking, sometimes working as a teacher.

For all these reasons, I am a fan of roasted sausage and chorizo, of roasted codfish, and even though I don't like green or red peppers that much, I like sardines, even canned ones, and meat of all kinds, well roasted. Old ladies? They're also entitled to it, some people like it better than I do, while the elitists continue to reticulate, I watch the 24Kitchen and hear that the best presenter, Cláudio Ramos, has just fainted on TVI's premises. Or is it SIC?

After a long time, I'm back to watching *reality shows*, and in the softness of the fire that burns on the beaches of Lisbon, the sea is more serene, while the volcano underfoot in the abyssal trench continues to threaten

waking up, like the bears that hibernate and then come to their gasp from the rage they contain inside...

Then, the anthropologist as author, I know, the conversation is traditionally heavy, like Bataille's *Eroticism*, offered by Filomena Justo, from whom I've been looking for a few years and who can unite in mime in thought, all regarding a work by Derrida, *From Text to Action*.

I often thought "I'm leaving", "I don't want to know about Lisbon", whether it was due to lack of academic success, failure in love affairs, or simple temperament. But I didn't know where to go, Madrid and Paris seemed distant to me, not in the negative sense, but far away from my gaze. Then I stayed in Lisbon, at the CCB, the Lisbon Videoteca, the Hemeroteca, the Gulbenkian and the National Library. I have cards from those places and when I went there at first, I would soon make a card, with five or less euros, like at the Instituto Cervantes and the Instituto franco Português, getting spots where I could hang my Being on the hanger for an hour or two...

Deprivation, in faith, in suffering, bring a certain strange kind of happiness, one in which you wish success for others as for yourself, with some of the others wishing it for you too, but most of the time not knowing how to manifest it. You have to understand that.

Not by chance, it's the Coimbra burning of the ribbons, the one in Lisbon hasn't happened yet and I extracted that it must be taking place in Alameda, like before, more than three decades ago, pulls, I still think about it, in ISCTE, in the Letras and the Saturday dances in the summer. She says in my ear, "you don't go back to the places where you were once happy." "Yes ma'm"!!- I say to myself, as a contingency of a more or less sensual good soldier....

In this state, thinking to myself, like the Emperor Marcus Aurelius or like Dante's Divine Comedy, which I listened to in between the music on my mp3 player, I thought I was getting old, that I needed even to live, water and bread for my mouth, to be myself and transmit something and rewrite an almost brilliant past. Hence the lessons.

Victor Mota