

# Criteria Estertor

## Too much and too little

I had understood perfectly what José Gil had said about the Portuguese in the eighties about non-attendance, in "O Medo de Existir". I would be apt to agree. Today. But at that time I didn't agree, I even wrote about it, for myself and for a certain idea of, let's say, ethnographic Portugal. Today I'm afraid to agree with the one who was never my master. There is something here that equates doing with not-doing (disguised as talking) that is perhaps uniquely wise in terms of the world, of life and geography...

We oscillate, then, between the eight and the eighty, because we are emotional, between the seven and the seventy times seven, because we are religiously passionate and the body has something to do with this, a sacred-prophane vehicle of man that is fulfilled in time in all his more or less professional efforts?

Because the Frenchman is a complicated being, sometimes complex, but when he has free and open ground to roam, no one stops him, he looks like the Flash, while the Portuguese need the ginga and the reviença and the Spanish need the twist. My theory, moreover, is that the philosopher wants to be God, that is, through reflection, doubt, concatenation of concepts, he tries to reach a point not only of understanding but above all of ecstatic, neurotic fruition of being, of being God, but he doesn't allow it because he has behind him a tradition a history, a (knowing) to do, a Knowing, while the philosopher has with him, like Descartes, only doubt, that is, faced with the multiplication of the most diverse mathematical and logical variables of reality, the philosopher finds himself (and himself) obliged to ask for help from the One who

combat (Nietzsche), that is, to God, at the very least to a monotheistic God, the most difficult, because it would be easier to accede (if) to the gods of the Greeks and Romans, which would not be ahistorical, to say the least...

Thus, the victory of the villager, in the ethnographic and anthropological context, is not only to win in the city, but to bring a girlfriend (from the city, from France) to the village, that is, to accomplish something that is of the realm of the subjective, of the affective, of something that is minutely shared and that has to do with a fund of human feeling that we all have, no matter how cold and distant we may seem in social life...

You may have dust on someone, but don't be envious, keep on your way, this life is too short for opportunisms, followings and evenisms that walk like polyps in the air and that settle in several heads that, even though they are thinking, don't get anywhere "shareable", that is, notable for that, because you already come from behind, from far away and you don't need to do in order to live, you don't need the proof because you are not (anymore) in the realms of science but of pure sailing by sight, that will take you, no doubt, to a Promised Land. Some call it Eden. Others, Island of Loves, still others, Garden of Delights. But Dante Alighieri called it volume three, that is, Paradise. And this has nothing to do with bombs... not even those of Carnival, in the accounting of shoulds and shoulds, of what is more important than the accessory, when you know that the accessory is what makes the difference, that the one who is saved is the one who loses, in the mythological scope of a culture of heroes...

So you stop giving importance and the mere mouths (of the world) are social excrescences, that is, mere symptoms of the union of body and mind, when in most cases it is a burp, that is, a disunion of body and mind, especially in the cultures of assent, which need verification (local, regional) to re-identify in their

identity, when we know that in urban contexts, the culture is one of subject autonomy and volitional reason, that is, mechanical solidarity rarely exists in the city, both in Reikiavick and in Moscow, when we see that in New York they ask you for your skin to be known, famous (even if in a restricted scope, even cosmopolitically), significant, memorable...

**Victor Mota**