

Criteria Estertor

The Revolution

I went out in the morning to buy tobacco. I left home and arrived after lunch. I followed the 25th of April ceremonies on TêVê and noticed that President Marcelo didn't have a carnation in his lapel. Then I remembered the old man holding a carnation in his hand near the coffee shop in the town where I live. And of a certain PSD, when anonymity is stronger than a thousand words, a thousand speeches...

Time sort of stopped, that late afternoon, I had been reading the newspaper in a café in the Expo and took the subway home. A cigarette, then another cigarette. Time didn't pass and my soul was in suspense, with cravings for asceticism, even when the body was asking for intercourse. It just couldn't be with just anyone, and she was slow to show up, maybe when she did, she would soon leave, because time is not for overly romantic loves.

I was unsure of myself, maybe a result of loneliness, philosophy, I wasn't sure. I wanted success and at the same time to go unnoticed...was I thinking wrong?

Once again, I made my way to college, to complete a PhD in Philosophy, even after I had had enough, right after graduation, but for love of the science or art of philosophy, I always came back, intermittently, passing as always by the art gallery 112, planted there, next to the trees on the path, sycamores and firs...

Meanwhile, on that afternoon of the Revolution, I saw what freedom allowed me, in anticipation of a Turkish soap opera dubbed in Spanish... Reality did not seem as cruel as before, it was my way, my way

At my mercy, you could say, the end of something was coming, as well as the beginning of something else entirely new. But what would that be? A pack of cigarettes stored at the base of an electricity pole, as in small? Or the breaking of vices, by vices, including the thinking of retreading and retreading tires?

My thinking was diverted to the Chiado, in the philosophy section, but I, I don't know why, or why I know very well, would never go back there, even if only to enter the Igreja da ordem Terceira, one at the exit of the subway, next to Papelaria Fernandes, and Paulinas, another one next to Praça Luís de Camões.

Maybe I would re-enter the Church, I needed that, to establish and re-establish, a dialogue that was not just a monologue or a dual personality dialogue that plagued me even when I returned to the Health park....

There was still room for God within me, perhaps he held back many of my many impulses, perhaps even the most primitive ones, and in some ways that made me a better person... On the contrary, that would make me a properly tolerant, inclusive subject, like certain political parties... The subject before the group, the community, the neighborhood, the city, the society (of nations)...

Still, I was thinking of both political ideology and a glassy mess of hand-washing, i.e., small perceptions that even affected grand theory, or not at all.

The kitten, my little Farp, was a sign that it was worth it, worth Lisbon, for me and for the others who crossed my path and even for those who would do so in the more or less near future... He would sneak up on the open window and was one step away from tragedy, that is, if by chance I pushed him or gave him a touch, if by chance he got scared, he would fall to the ground below, throwing everything away, and

what would I gain or lose? Certainly gain a lot, everything, by staying on this side of life...

Here, then, is the conception of social life as freedom and danger, not only in Mary Douglas' terms, but following the discovery of a multitude of principles governing social life...

Victor Mota