

# Criteria Estertor

## Wander

My lost soul hovers in the Campo Grande Metro station, the confusion is great, people and more people, because the announced expansion works will no longer be executed, this according to SIC. That is why so many people are gathered. Also the airport is a chaos crowded with people, I don't even dare to appear there, even if only to buy tobacco at the kiosk.

At the same time, Shwarzenegger's movie is on TV, that one from Kindergarten...the one or two, I'm not sure.

I, the social science physicist-theorist, have to teach HGP, I don't know how or why. But I will finish there, I don't know how or why. Or I even know, because of so much insistence, I will still be able to fulfill my dreams in the medium term, because I am far from being retired, or like the hake, I was before I was...

I take advantage of the freedom that the city gives me and end up in Areeiro, where there was a recent police case. And the Sá-Carneiro bust. The PSD thinks it can do anything to overthrow the government, even if it governs well, it has never been so well, in general, in Portugal as it is now, this is my conclusion after careful observation...

I promised myself to quit philosophy, because I haven't been very successful among women, I'm not sure if it's because of that. But I persist. My sexual energy is, after fifty years, at its peak, although not only concentrated in the pelvic area like women. So I understand your desire, the waiting and the despair, we can't want everything, even if it is possible and doable, so

We are left with a rounded median that may take us empirically further...

I occupy, thus this wander and reflect, perhaps more than certain girls or less bourgeois who have never walked in the *works*, *I* should say this to feel relieved of something I can't disguise, that is, my ingrained desire (of representation) to be erudite... But I have almost given up on that. I want, like many, young or old, to make something of life, of this cosmically brief existence in which we function, in which we dispose our being.

At eighty, wandering is something else than it is in youth. In this one, it is procrastination, in the other, use of wisdom, there is always the criticism, the comment, if you offend I also offend, that is, communication is mutual, reciprocal, when it is violent. Because when it is just the two of us, you are talking to yourself, in love, and I am talking to myself.

I review some chronicles from the times of *O Correio de Pombal* and it seems good to me, but I don't have time to publish them anymore, either because I'm not in charge of any institution, or because the time has simply passed and, besides, today's people that fresh things, gossip and all that which seems too scientific, is too gray, therefore, idiosyncratic, entropic?

You are looking, from social anthropology, for an enigma of life and the resolution of this enigma itself. You will have, in a certain sense, come close to it, that is why there is silence, that is why it takes time for it to sediment. Curiously, this enigma of life is a philosophical enigma. And anthropology leaves, even though it has the solution to several others, about man, obviously, the way it views religion, rituals, passages, the end and the beginning. Man and God coexist in peace, finally, and you don't stop going to church because you need peace, you need to think, to make sense to go on.

Then, you strive not to be disentangled from the I, you strive to be altruistic, perhaps those things of culture and social life will **never** have let you down, that is, you will have managed to get here (alive!), by those things that you think and not by those that you don't think. The saints are coming, and you will go to the castle, as in your student days, to socialize, because essentially, the world IS (made) of relationship, not of assent, conjuring and dead zones, of swamp. Or it is this and much more, that we learn and apprehend every day in front of a good Borba wine.

Victor Mota