

Stubble

Anemia

A self-sustaining bubble that grows, between imagination and the rawness of facts (social, cultural), various destinations, various purposes and intentions, but only one flame, the one that burns inside us, like a cancer, and that consumes the energies and fires, that is, in a full geographical, geomorphological, to avoid saying metaphysical register. It is on this margin that an unheard of form of breathing is drawn, you do not play as before, you take it easy, you do not take it easy, because you are still sowing. To reap later. Even if it is you in the impetus of fear that freezes and you are already in smoke ash and flesh of the place....

Meanwhile, the smoke rises. You don't know what to do, what to say to yourself, this is the assent of obsessive justification, like a flame that spreads as if devouring the heart of flowers, of lungs. It could be in Pedrógão, it could be in the Amazon or the Congo.

The demand, then, is almost infinite, you take a few bricks, pull the bigger ones by the heap, make some cement in the crazy cement mixer that keeps going off....

One moment, especially when you wake up, you feel your side and realize that no one is with you. And the scene repeats itself, again and again. That and Deleuze's *pli*, that is, the fold, which you fill with hope, even though you are not from Sporting. You then fill the fold that submits and you reach a point where it solidifies before it bursts, because it is cement and it is deep in the sea of your dreams, where *déjà-vu* and more than recurrent, like the old recurrent teaching, at night, where there were the best girls....

Then, at the end of the day, in the work, you promise yourself to dedicate yourself to other works and although you don't have a father who admires your effort and talent, a simple inclination, perhaps he admires you more than Sousa Tavares does his son....

Alongside the memories of Durkheim's various important books, there are the others by Victor Turner, for he has opened a church just across the road, there are exorcisms and resurrections, and just as well. Because the African is in a way that only the missionary priest and the anthropologist can fully understand him, even if it is always under the "white" criterion. That is why you do the anthropology of your neighborhood, knowing that you have not given up anything, you were in the cocoon, like silkworm and or Van Gogh's *The Sower*, waiting to be able to explode, as a sign of recognition, the other said....

But you know intimately that Marcel Mauss was right, as Yáñez-Casal has well explained in his self-published "Between the Gift and the Commodity", i.e. perhaps the great mystery of the modern world can be summed up in the thought of Anselm Jappe (*The Theory of Value*), i.e. an incessant struggle between utilitarianism and anti-utilitarianism?

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