

Criteria Estertor

Banality of the banal

The invisible world is mere illusion. In other words, even in the Portuguese sociological context, there is a density to unveil, pregnant, the reality that is itself. It was for this reason that, as a social scientist, I preferred to stay in Lisbon, not to go to Africa, India, or New York, because in the midst of my people, I always discover new things, relationships, motives, if you will, for sociological reflection. This has everything to do with the ethic-emic dichotomy in anthropology, but more, it has to do with an existential and social condition that reiterates itself in the reaffirmation of something political. I believed this, until I discovered that my cousin, who has a degree in economics, far from being an economist, wrote Montenegro's speeches... Then I realized that the banal can be absolutely banal, *ad nauseam*, because reality, not only the social, but also the episodic, circumstantial, metaphysical, is also banal. É!... Many young people end up leaving, in a stampede, but I stayed, I am staying, because I know that if in France it would be more exciting, because of the beautiful women, it would be much more depressing in the end, while here the end is only the beginning, such is the investment I am making in reality that, after all, is nothing more than being myself in the mirror...

After all, what makes us write is the No, that is, the lack of gluing (collagen?) to the Other, that is, if we were patted on the back all the time, everything would be more Rebelo Pinto and the other young man from Cascais who tried to get published in America...things too easy, too cheesy,

stray and even schizophrenic. Just read the *Jornal de Letras*: as in politics, the same people, who eternalize themselves in the can, in opinion, in the sphere of the social. It remains to be seen if this is truly Portugal, if this country is nothing but the sum of everyone's and each person's opinions and if (who?) a consensus is generated about one thing or another, if our life is or ends up being "convertible," as Agostinho da Silva, via Paulo Borges, would say.

There remains a sphere, a convertible, a longing proper to Jules Verne, that is, the inspiration was covered by the author's neurosis, because he sensed that beyond the subjective gasp lateral to the habit of smoking and drinking, was an explosion of ideas and, after all, in the mete, the world, the subjective image of himself and the objective correspondence of something of a quadrilateral to his conception of the world.

Moreover, the country's conceptions of growth are not in accordance with what the citizen thinks in common sense, in everyday life. This is the gape that politicians are unable to diminish, that is, the gap between politics and reality, between the constitution and its execution. But we already know this, it has been like this for a long time, even before the dictatorship, so maybe all that is left for us to do is to make a pilgrimage to Bairro Alto and enjoy life, in the purest of p*! of revelry...

Many things I didn't understand, other times I understood enough to be quiet, maybe even laugh a little, I stopped asking myself for justice and went like a monk disguised as a doctor to Gambrino's, after having been in Lux, which was once called Fragile and was there on a corner between two streets I don't remember the name of, above the Incognito...

What I call "contingency of space" has to do with fado, which conditions us in a certain space and which, to a certain extent, is a condition of our happiness, as in the medina of Morocco, incidentally.

Therefore, happiness is not something absolutely transcendent and although it has to do with God, it doesn't necessarily ask for Him, because He has more to do, namely in Russia, that is, it has to do with a certain form of acceptance of reality and consequent construction in the evolutionary line of time, let's say. Because unhappiness prepares for happiness, from positive to negative it's a step from positive to negative, man is by nature a happy being because he is endowed with reality, with doing, even in reflection he is happy, because he has himself, even in solitude, and his own, in the simple and fleeting memory of ever having been around here...

Victor Mota