

Criteria Estertor

Bafurada

The description of an intimate moment, of minimal, almost domestic sociabilities that are nevertheless great, because they are somehow connected to a total social phenomenon. "Everybody hurts, sometimes," says the song, further you have "Sometimes" by Erasure.

Yes, democracy is like a legal anarchy, you can pick up and say bad things about everyone and everything and nothing happens to you, you are invaded by offense on the radio, on TV, on the internet. However, not everything is about you, for the simple reason that there are people like you in this social universe. Often, the more Catholic, the more cruel and evil. Going to Mass means nothing, studying the tabernacle and Christ on the cross helps, but it is not enough, you need to go further, to bring to your days a certain happiness that, despite everything, you feel, besides the various items that insert you socially...

Some, journalists or not, think they have the right to defame others, that is, the social forces end up fixing themselves in the *potlach* of the summer popular festivals, which also take place in the universe, the arrival of emigrants, on tv, look at the programs "Aqui Portugal" and "Domingão"?

Existential life takes you by the guts, but you keep going, you persist, the center of your life is not a woman, a man, but the screen, around them you weave and develop considerations about life, your life and the lives of others. A little button is a social scientist. You are, thus, a restless spirit, but you are taming time, learning to tame the days by your intentions and verve.

Yes, maybe I was just discovering the mystery of the gypsies, the relationship that exists between nomadism and sedentarism, and many illnesses, psychiatric and oncological, stem from that...

In the twilight of your self-imposed work, you develop a prose, give a liter, the liter, listen to a song on Vodafone FM and regain some vigor and clarity, the clairvoyance of those who are not always around, who need a bubble with a huge hole in the bottom, like a blimp that rises above reality, a balloon that runs away in the surrounding air, and this is all political. Portugal, after all, is made by many, but few are those who think they are making Portugal, that is, it was lost on one hand, and won on the other, the commentators are mostly politicians because the common citizen does not ask for much more, this is called "filler verb" or "to fill sausages", that is, The worst (or the best) is that someone always comes to repair the damage, it may be Passos Coelho or Chega, we don't know yet how or why....they say that times are arid and harsh, dry, but it has never been as good as now and a turn to the right will be a great lesson for those who at the present moment are complaining about their misery.

Scolari, in 2004, already said that this is a feast, that is, in this little farm everything is done and undone and cosmopolitanism is, in the end, nothing but something that feeds us, because there are tourists, investors in time, in what we have and in what is to come, mixed and wrapped up with kindness, the eagerness of feeling, the projection of the "I" in the terms of a pool game or, more scientifically, a snooker game, because few people know how to play Bridge or Sudoku?

We fulfill, thus, a destino, bigger than the geographical territory, the world and a certain idea of them, between the minimum sociabilities and the high sea, when fishing for cod or hovering in the high sea before the solitude of the self with itself, where God provides and manifests Himself?

Victor Mota