

ESTERATOR OF THE CRITERIA

Little Twinkle in the Eyes

There are certain people with no social life. They don't exist socially. They drag themselves along. Until the moment we give them importance, then they seem to gain a new life. But, after all, this is the task of the sociologist, of the anthropologist, to give luster both to relationships, in consensuality, and to people themselves, in their personal identity which is always social, relative to the Other. Basically, perhaps this is, in short, the role of the social scientist, to polish. And he doesn't get paid much for it, because mayors are more vain about things, social and community life. And they profit more from it, even monetarily.

You think about it. You no longer think about it, you are under the realm of practicality, of concreteness, you leave to others the theoretical view of events, of people. The light has failed. You give up, but your head doesn't rest. Here is the secret of great writers: when you are blocked, write about it, the blockage and things around it. Maybe it will help you feel better. Maybe you'll get a girlfriend, because there are sleepless nights. And the Pacific Ocean still exists...

Soon you will catch the bus, before the mass starts in your town, or village, and when you arrive in the main city of your district many are still asleep. Only for God's sake will you have lost your youth. Or won, who knows how or why, you now have luyz and you continue to roam the night away in your inquisitive spirit in order to

to give an account of something in the terms of a certain social theory, perhaps precisely stripped of sentiment and eroticism, something that is not present at mass, when you sublimate your existence and give it value, like the others.

You are looking for a conclusion. She is not in the Praça da Figueira, where there is a fountain, I don't know what they call it now, logradouro. You can drink some water without paying, strange, without paying, even if slightly warm, with use also for canines. You have found three in the center of Lisbon, in the outskirts there are probably none, it's all done in the cafes, you ask for a bica (tipple) and that entitles you to a hypothetical glass of water, half empty, half full.

There is something pornographic and gratuitous about radio, while

the TV is from the 80's, wrapped in a haze of the battle of Alcácer-Quibir, or not, maybe I am getting old and don't understand the world of the young, of the little ones, maybe that is why I am a teacher of HGP, precisely to understand the little ones, who come from there, who see there...they pass by and leave me nothing but wind and dust and white hair, more and more white... The little envy, anger, wandering existence, the fact that you don't want to go to any funeral, not even your own... like Mozart, who today is considered the greatest composer of music, besides Bach, of Beethoven, whose funeral was only a dog, a priest, little more, some ants and flies, which were already approaching the body...

You go where they go. It is genetic, it is like the I, inevitable, admirable, it is the instinct of the race and of nature, to multiply, even if it is only symbolically, mimetically, in Cais do Sodré, on a beach in Carcavelos or in Cascais, where the people are finer and prouder,

plus jete seven. Then, you go back, you go to sleep, you already have light, so you play Benfica, which will be champion, it's a thing for Moors and men from the north, while Sporting whistles to the side, even though they don't win much...

Victor Mota