





## EDITORIAL



# The honest dentist: *lockdown*

Ronaldo **Hirata**

**I HAD DONE AN EDITORIAL FOR THIS NUMBER**, but, in the face of everything we saw and faced, I decided to write another one. I hope that you reflect on this text.

From one moment to the next, we obviously change; it is hard to know where we're going, but we know where we don't want to go back. I often say that God placed a mirror in front of us: many were horrified by their image; others perceived a hidden humanity. As Renato Russo says in the song "Índios": "They gave us mirrors and we saw a sick world". Yes, you don't have to be an artist to feel and express the same; we knew that in our heart (and remember that God speaks through the heart).

In Dentistry, all that obsession with beauty (yes, I am aware that this journal is related to aesthetics), all that obsession with lip volume, spots on the skin, the size of the lateral incisor, all of this took second place. Today we think of people, grandparents, parents, loved ones. We think of our beloved patients, we care for their health and, above all, we want their happiness as a result of our work. We want longevity because we want a healthy long life for our own. And I lost some people with whom I had lived.

But this is the key point: we remember that health and people are what matter. HEALTH and PEOPLE. Take this opportunity from God to understand that we could no longer live as we were living (and we don't want to).

That excessive vanity at the expense of treatments performed unnecessarily (contact lenses, in particular), that valuing goods and possessions as a symbol of professional success at the expense of the frustration of thousands of recent graduates, humble dentists feeling unsuccessful, people competent who protected their patients' health by being forced to sell aesthetic treatments simply by pressure from the patients themselves and social media. This Dentistry is dead, but those who did not notice this death are even more so. Or do not want to believe that.

The contempt for the person in front of him, known as patient, is evident and, make no mistake, the price will be paid in life, and nothing (good or bad) will be forgotten. Life is hard, but it is fair. Was I harsh? I am hard on myself; hard, but fair.

I end this editorial in an uncertain future, in the middle of the COVID-19 crisis, but with the words of a song (we know that in times of crisis art is our escape) by Lulu Santos:

*"I see a better life in the future*

*I see it over a wall*

*Of hypocrisy that insists on surrounding us*

*I see life more clearly and abundantly*

*Full of all satisfaction*

*That one has the right from the firmament to the ground".*

A big hug and much health to you and your family.



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