

# Stubble

## Social Memory

I remember a few steps around the garden. The unmown grass, like an unshaven beard. The sexual lumps that kept popping into my head, like I was a sexual fool, the choices, the soccer, the desenrasque, very Portuguese, making sense at the last minute of the referee's whistle.

I could not even care, look the other way, make the most of my ascetic tendencies. But no, I insisted on evil, on perhaps proving good by evil. I like being inside the Church, here is the sexual morality that the Church somehow conditions, when it is known from psychiatry that both porn and masturbation are beneficial to health, particularly mental health. But you dare to confuse, to confuse yourself. And you live, you feed on this confusion, this mental, sentimental misunderstanding....

In a way, you have succeeded. A pack of cigarettes is enough for two days, you don't smoke less because you are still connected to the current, to the earth, to the world. The beggar comes and you give him two cigarettes and fifty cents for a coffee in the black, which you throw out the window overlooking the street. Spain, meanwhile, score, and Ukraine postpone a future celebration until the quarter-finals, because they have already qualified. This is time, the times, the psychological temporals, the fixation, the fixity and the escape forward, escape from Freedom, Erich Fromm would say. Hence the anguish.

There is more risk in questioning, for your psychic health, because you end up alone every night, than surfing through the structures of the collective unconscious, defending what was defended in other times, more of the same, whether patriarchy or matriarchy. Hence the anguish, the conflict, the doubt, because you are a Tt in this crazy world, where most are crazy out of interest, that is, from a given state of affairs, the rebanhoda, while those who have their own light there are striving, walking, perhaps to be integrated. "Apocalyptic and integrated", Umberto Eco would say. In fact, the history of anthropology is all that. But also that of sociology, the norm and the deviation, the normal and the abnormal-immoral (Jean Canguillem), the custom and the transgressive party (Jean Duvignaud).

So, what is the criterion of the human, of existence, of the persistence of instinct in modern, contemporary life? Is it already post-human? In other words, isn't Artificial Intelligence just a sign that man is ceasing to be man, in other words, isn't he getting closer and closer to God, to the point of supplanting Nietzsche's myths of Superman, Daedalus, Jemanjá?

Because the mind works as a double helix, like the windshield of a car, that is, Good needs Evil, cleaning each other, so that the vehicle of the mind can evolve, evolve in space, reach from a point of insignificance to another of worship of the God or even supplant Him, because, let's face it, who wants to be created forever?

**Victor Mota**