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Stubble

Never Like Now

Knowledge, even friendship, no longer has its spatial significance where never before as today has man ritualized solitude, because a man always needs a territory of exit, that is, of gasp and victory. Here, then, is the consideration of man as cannibal, the feast (Duvignaud, Girard), the territory of the Other is mine when I possess him physically, sexually, and symbolically cut him down, take his head as a trophy to feed my thoughts....

So we are all a bit philosophers, if only because we draw more or less scientific conclusions about the evenemential, phenomenological reality that runs through us....

You keep thinking about it. In the condition that you think about society, and moreover, in that gasp of thinking, in the shell of the nut, you end up giving up on society and deciding to cultivate your **self,** but this **self** is nothing without the others, there are and will always be rich and poor, the world works by opposition, juxtaposition, reaffirmation of symbolic contents. Moreover, this is the civilization of the image, that is, everything passes through sight, even a certain idea of beauty, and we forget the other senses, but even so, some cultivate taste, others hearing, others go deaf, like Beethoven....

So we might ask ourselves, how is there balance in the world, in the light of so much war, so much death and misfortune, when in Africa people are dying of hunger, even more so for several decades. While some were passing the millennium with a glass of sparkling wine in their hands, others were eating cow dung straight from the animals' asses. Can you understand that? So much spoiled food, look, in my neighborhood, there are some people looking for food in the garbage, I myself brought home a camellia still thriving, the cat broke me a vase but I went to buy from the Chinese a plastic vase with a plate at the bottom and so far she, the said whose, has not complained ...

Do we have, in our blood, this sense of humanity that makes us share the same characteristics of understanding, at least a tacit, temporary understanding? For example, I have never understood motor sports, it wastes so much gasoline, it's like meaningless sex, it makes a lot of sense.

sense of it all? Where is the balance? Is it God who guarantees it? But if God is (also) man, where is the sense of all this, of globalization, of the relationship between the real and the virtual, of the gasping of the criteria, when few are aware of what they do, think and say? Perhaps they have not experienced hardship, because sickness, even hunger, makes us feel two things, separately: the meekest of all men, or the greatest beast, like the Tasmanian Tiger....

Victor Mota