

# Stubble

## The Journal

One more day. Yes, I would have liked to have been a priest. From time to time I think back to my seminary days and I miss them very much, the sublimation of desire and all that, because desire in religion exists, but it is seen in another way, as a vehicle of spiritual, group happiness, and not just selfish, as is happening in these post-human days... ethnographically in a certain context in which the analyst lives....

The question is: am I going to stay anchored in the past all the time or am I going to evolve, yes, evolve, live in the present, launch myself into the future like a dive into a pool where you have no feet?

At other times, the mind empties itself, as if it were a wrapper, a package, a bag to be filled. That is where **homo sacer** comes in, that is, that is where God looks at man in what he IS, not only as his slave and subject, that is, in his propensity for man to become more man and more himself....

So here is the point of contact, being alone is a mere illusion, an allusion to a certain moment that has already gone. Then you decide to go and buy a packet of potato chips and choose to smoke your cigarette in the street instead of at home....

You insist, you persist, after all solitude is a literary stage leading to some other special state of alam, of realization, of burning flesh....

Should you then, after the day's work, give up the country? What if you had no work? Wife? Not everyone can write about New York, most writers write banal things, given the localism. So you persist. Everyone writes about what they know, or else they write about what they don't know, deciphering, moving into the bush or the pine forest, counting the pine cones and the coconuts, from a relatively real and consonant place....

Yes, the biggest taboo is not about sexuality, but about mental health, which clashes with the myth of the *entrepreneur*, the alpha male, the dominant male, who needs to reach a social, economic level to conquer women and in this they have not yet realized that they are mostly macho, for them a "macho".

understanding man is a pussy, they want the hero, the astronaut, the man who went to the light for them to be on the moon....

This is the fate of men: between the affirmative, imposing, masculine and the dialoguing, clamoring, respectful, many are discovering either one or the other, especially the second, while on the other hand, they promote in their minds the macho idea that has dwelt in them since ancient times....

**Victor Mota**