

TOO MUCH SCROLL MAKES BLIND

Artificial Intelligence, something that has now become a “private thing,” absent, denied but at the same time as indispensable and widespread as masturbation but, now already deprived of its noblest purpose.

It deludes you with pleasure.

It kills your hunger.

And without hunger, you don't fuck.

You don't create.

You don't live and you don't sow life.

I think older, knowledge-hungry men like me have long since experienced the comfort zone effect of the satellite navigator.

As boys we walked around with a shiny, precise cartography in our heads.

An inner and visual memory that allowed you to **never get lost, to always be responsive to the “around” and imaginative in your routes.**

Today, navigator in your pocket, that map is now gone, but the synaptic path has also been erased.

In younger people then it never existed.

But beyond this there are many other properties that we lose at the speed of planetary deforestation: silent contributions that humans have always possessed such as handwriting.

Each handwritten letter is an embodied symbol: a gesture is made that shapes a thought.

This exercise refines symbolic intelligence, a characteristic that underlies mathematics, music, art and philosophy.

Calligraphy has been shown to calm the nervous system.

It requires concentration and constant mental presence; it is a form of meditation. It helps develop patience, self-discipline and inner listening skills. And doesn't this treasure capable of counteracting rampant hatred and pride seem to be on its way out?

I could write a book just creating a list of what in 70 years I have seen become extinct.

We have unlearned to feel the seasons, the weather, the internal rhythm of the body.

We no longer traverse our time, we are only prey chased by the days, in ten years we experience one.

Rain has become alarm, wind emergency...and what happened to God?

The mysterious, the invisible, the forbidden, the pleasurable--do you still see them amidst the high of the scroll?

Amid the special effects, or the ridiculous provocations of what art (once an imaginative bridge between worlds) has become: pure finance and often embarrassing showcase of the eccentric.

This is what has happened so far, but the best is yet to come as **AI will enter vigorously to deforest still more synapses.**

I thus watch, stunned and chagrined at the indiscriminate and insane use of this magnificent tool.

Everyone with his singular "intelligence" ...cunning that one does not share (not even with colleagues!!!) proposes super-elaborate plans

IMpeccable

INattackable

INfallible

IMbelled!

IMpossible to read!

You can only pour them out on AI, make the subject melt away.

Meanwhile you feel that what little the person who proposed it had to say has dissolved in his brain.

You thus find that you are asking questions of someone who stands in front of you with a blank, blank stare and stares at you motionless with lips that don't touch....

But this, I believe, is only the beginning.

If science advances without educating in the conscious use of AI, in free and civilized countries we **will in a very short time remain just empty bodies** serving whom?

We are not entering the future: we are slowly erasing ourselves from the present.

My God. It doesn't seem impossible, but even the music will still get worse!

Who will think when we all stop doing it?



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