



Editorial

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Some time ago, a student shared an anecdote with me that caught my attention. She told me that in the house where she was staying—shared with other students from our university—there was a common practice: watching television series at twice its normal speed. In this accelerated version, the students moved from one episode to the next, devouring entire seasons. My first reaction was one of disbelief. Why would someone choose to watch something in this way, losing virtually everything that gives a narrative its meaning? What remains after this form of *binge-watching*, when settings, characters, stories, and contexts rush past the viewer?

The answer I arrive at is simple: information. Knowing what comes next, finding out what happens afterward—everything reduced to the smallest possible units of data.

After confirming that this was a common habit among several students, I could not help but reflect on the relationship between this practice and social media scrolling, where one data point follows another within a minimal window of attention. Our relationship with the world, and with the lives of others, unfolds as moments of sudden and fragmented information, leaving us with the sensation of knowing, even when our contact has been limited to superficial data.

We are already beginning to recognize the challenge this poses for society, as we train an attention span that is increasingly fractured and dispersed.

If, to this society of fleeting images, we add the fact that on social media one becomes the *product for sale*, additional dimensions of the problem emerge. Not only do I witness multiple data points from the external world, but I myself must become a series of visual fragments—multimedia designed to make my information sufficiently attractive and successful, drawing the desired likes to *what I am*.

I recall another student who shared with me that she had to close her Instagram account because she felt overwhelmed by the persistent sense of never being beautiful enough, fun enough, or successful enough,

compared with all the other women and people she observed, who always seemed to be enjoying life more than she was.

Every era has its challenges, and these are ours. How can we foster *being*, beyond merely *doing*? How do we return attention, compassionately and openly, to our embodied selves—where our history and our identity reside—beyond the abstraction we have sought to sell of ourselves? How do we recover the capacity for contemplation, rather than simply moving from one stimulus to another? How do we regain a sense of depth and transcendence in a context saturated with data alone? How do we create bonds and communities rooted in the heart, in environments where connections are severed at the speed of an *unfollow*?

There are no simple answers, and each of us must respond to these questions individually—by living them and embodying them, rather than merely knowing them as data.

Nevertheless, efforts such as those undertaken by this journal, and by each of the authors who contribute to it, represent valuable seeds. They seek to nourish this shared journey with reflections, tools, resources, and ideas.

I hope that this issue, as well as previous ones and those yet to come, can continue to contribute to the construction of guidance and direction, allowing us to address the diverse concerns we face as a society, while strengthening our collective effort to truly inhabit our lives with greater presence, compassion, and wisdom.

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