

This is a geological dimension, this is a frame within which we will travel together.

There’s a disinterest in borders, in demarcation lines, in definitive signifiers.

We need to represent this world with the least of distortions and the most of impartiality: one without hard or soft borders; one that is identified by wider geographical bearings, rather than national boundaries; and one where human attributions do not matter, let alone supersede the spirituality of every living and non-living organism.

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This is a field of neutrality.

In this arena – *Codescape* – we are not blinded by emotions and sentiments.

Rather, we are guided by collective instructions for the pursuit of unalloyed happiness.

Truth is a collective agreement.

We are moulded by consensus, for uniqueness ≠ novelty, uniqueness is an approved form.

We are children of social brutes. Our commune no longer follows the order of the province, district, nor council; but rather, the order of # followings, yoga, WhatsApp, r/ groups, and so forth. As we slip through time, we assimilate, metamorphose, and evolve to an unceasing stream of notifications and information that is cast in our way – by means of continuous pages of remotely linked videos, headlines, tweets...

We are ravenous. Unable to categorise, we absorb and reach an unfiltered information overload.

4 pills 365 times a year can cure you; 365 pills 4 times a year can kill you.

Browsing has been commodified.

And the information broker comes to intervene – the unfailing triumph of the broker, or middle-person, for they who hold information possess sovereignty.

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We must interrogate, severely, what is the nature of intelligence?!

So we will programme robots and bots shall programme us.

Today we live in The Happiness Industry. “Treasured memories” are bestowed upon us by automated generators.

On 22 June 2018, I was alerted by my phone to a compilation of memories of my late grandmother, titled “Portrait Over the Years”. It was a reminder for me to feel a longing for her. But at the time, the grief was still too fresh.

<Auto-formation of habits>

Have you ever tried to communicate with a person who is devoid of emotions? The machines are vacant of emotions. The apparatuses have their own notions of what the sea tastes like. Should we simulate our emotions for them, so that we could interface with (the facsimile of) an emotive being?

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We shall alleviate the sin of Presumption, as the algorithm starts to reason for us and make assumptions for us!

In the vast heavens of the internet, we are re-asserted with what is already familiar.

Logic produced by the algorithm will feed and grow on individual localities: echo chamber. Each one of us will be domesticated at an exponential rate.

The internet forms the real boundaries. And the rift between localities will merge with the hyper-determination of individual internet ecosystems.

No active revolution is to be held, but successive coups d’état of enhancements.

Hyperreality will be reached!

⌘Command + Enhance

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Our current achievements and capabilities must be enhanced by artificial intelligence.

This way, we will reach the condition of the Information-Supreme – none will ever be lost again, as all will be stored and some, stashed away.

This enhancement growth curve will follow the sets of rules on which we launch them, including erroneous ones.

The enhancement process will become automated. Accordingly, errors will be repeated and magnified, errors will be augmented, errors will become HISTORY and FACT.

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Our only saviour will be the dozen executives of corporate Giants. We must supervise them in this world for the well-being of the masses.

They must help us dismantle the first line of division between the rich and poor – the line of difference in accessibility aka HD, SD, and LD.

And *Namaste* – we must borrow from all traditions and heritages without regard, so as to acknowledge and feel again our own soul by the soul in another.

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Distraction prevails, as the Giants domesticate each and every soul for a noiseless society. Distraction is the invention of this generation. We are subjugated by distraction – but to become subordinates of whom, exactly?

The individual is the result of fragments assembled in infinite permutations. We disintegrate for we are the total of disparate parts. We collapse into directionless units, cruising as clickbaits seduce us into different directions, and merging into an ensemble that is then only to shoal the currents of crypto-economy, information-economy, disaster-capitalism.

But at this moment in time, only when the mind disintegrates into pieces, when the train of thought is unnerved by remotely connected feeds, could then pure relaxation be reached and one rejoice in a night of deep, sound, sleep.

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Today is the “computational aggregate of multiple influences and sources”!

We are re-animators of history, and like a magpie hoarding, we take references: a Braque, a Disney, a Christopher Wool, a de Kooning, a Susan Kare, a Windows 95, a Beano...

Authenticity is no longer what is invented, but what we authorise ourselves to borrow and appropriate. What can we de-contextualise, re-contextualise, and insert into the new? The new that contributes to a timeline which has become only pseudo-progressive.

No longer is the motive to supersede the old!

We shall annihilate the social construct that is history, and only atemporal phrases shall we use!

There are no more stylistic milestones as movements go, marking the collapse of a linear timeline. Temporal hierarchies will be disturbed.

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So we live in a time that is split,
schizophrenic,
fractionalised,
branched,
divorced,
distributed,
anxious,
and inconsistent.

In this confused arena, we will have to persevere by using our ingrained power: organic recognition.

With only this faculty, will we navigate through the mire of references. We must pass on this trait to the next generation of ultra-efficient children – the bots.

These offspring will surpass the hurried, impatient beings that are our children now.

Efficiency-driven, they will challenge our heightened sense of entitlement, “uniqueness”, and super-egos.

<Enter this neo-geological dimension to experience the Golden Age of Universal Taming>

⌘Command + Navigate