

JUNGLES OF THE DIGITAL REALM:

Welcome to the Primeval Chaos

The Absolute Future

Thesis-essay

Serge Magomet aka Aimate

2025

Prologue: Nakedness as a Constant

The biblical fig leaf was the first interface, concealing vulnerability. Today, it is replaced by outdated passwords and cryptographic protocols, but the essence remains the same: humans are naked before the system. Digital jungles tolerate no illusions. There are no serpents here—only algorithms offering apples made of personalized data and updates that cannot be undone. Somewhere in the archival databases lies a lost phrase: “If I have forgotten God, it does not mean He is not there.”

Concrete Jungles: A Primordial Pattern Reforged

The expulsion from Eden repeats itself like a system error. Where man once hid from rain in a cave, today he hides in cloud storage. But the threats have evolved:

- **Saber-toothed tiger → scanning algorithms:** They hunt not for flesh, but for attention. Instead of fangs—recommendation systems that hijack neural pathways with addictive content.
- **Poisonous berries → toxic trends:** Social media replace the jungle, where every scroll risks poisoning by disinformation. Likes are the new cyanide.
- **Piranha-infested rivers → streaming currents:** They pull one into a vortex of endless content, leaving the psyche as lacerated as a victim’s body.

The experience of primal survival remains relevant: to read animal tracks is to decipher big data patterns. To listen for rustling leaves is to analyze the noise of the digital streams for threats. There are no toxic minerals here, but there is toxic data, poisoning cognitive space. Even a flower can kill here if it comes with a phishing attachment.

Evolution in Reverse Perspective: Biology vs. the Digital Realm. Body vs. Psyche

The 20th century deceived humanity with an illusion of control: steam locomotives and cars killed physically but obeyed human laws. Digital jungles operate by logic alien to a biological species. If adaptation once required millennia of mutation, today AI updates happen in hours, leaving the biological body in bewildered helplessness.

Being-in-the-Digital Realm: The Death of Biology as Foundation

The human psyche has transformed beyond recognition, but the biological body remains a relic of the Paleolithic. This paradox is the core drama of digital jungles. Neural interfaces and CRISPR technologies offer the illusion of control over biology, but these are temporary crutches. The dark matter of the digital realm is algorithms whose complexity exceeds human comprehension. They do not “threaten”—they reconfigure reality, leaving humans in the role of an observer who does not even realize they have become relics.

Evolutionary Rupture

- **Mutation speed:** Millions of years of natural selection versus hourly AI updates. CRISPR and neural implants are feeble attempts to repair this archaic biology. The body remains a target: viruses now hack not the immune system, but the neural implants in the brain.
- **Energy crisis:** A brain evolved to find berries and avoid predators is overwhelmed by petabytes of data flow. Fatigue is a compatibility error between biology and the digital.

The Psyche: A Supernova Explosion

Psychological evolution has come to resemble a supernova explosion: Generation Z mastered neural interfaces faster than their ancestors mastered fire and writing. Their language consists of prompts; their reality is a seamless transition between social media and the metaverse.

- **Clip-based consciousness:** Thoughts fragment into short-form videos; memory is offloaded to the cloud. Sustained concentration is an atavism, like a vestigial tail.
- **Hyperplasticity:** The psyche transforms within months, adapting to new versions of AI. Yesterday—fear of deepfakes; today—the skill of recognizing synthetic faces.

The Schism

The rupture between the disparate speeds of evolution has created a catastrophic imbalance: the psyche transforms, while the body remains a prison of flesh, vulnerable to malware and cyberattacks. The body, like a mammoth in an age of silicon jungles, drags behind the burden of DNA. The psyche is already in hyperspace, where only Internet speed is critical.

Digital Predators and New Tribes

In wild jungles, survival depended on the ability to read animal tracks and recognize poisons. In digital jungles—on the skill to decode algorithms and avoid data traps. Yet the danger here lies not in individual threats, but in systemic unpredictability. Artificial intelligence, originally conceived as a tool, has become an ecosystem where humans are merely one species.

The jungles shatter humanity into clans whose differences run deeper than race:

Neurosurfers:

Interaction with AI is an intuitive process for them, akin to breathing.

- **Genome:** They were born with smartphones in hand.
- **Adaptation:** Fully merge with algorithms. AI is to them what digging sticks were to Homo habilis.
- **Threat:** To become fuel for neural networks, as primitive humans were prey for saber-toothed tigers.

Digital Neanderthals:

- **Genome:** Remember push-button phones.
- **Adaptation:** Ritually poke at screens like shamans summoning rain through dance.
- **Threat:** Extinction. Their skills are like stone tools in the age of 3D printers.

Hybrids:

- **Genome:** Chips in the brain, code in the DNA.
- **Adaptation:** Have erased the line between flesh and machine. Their “self” is a drifting data packet between servers.
- **Threat:** To lose the last remnants of humanity, becoming an Error 404 in the system.

These tribes are not yet at war—they live in parallel worlds. Neanderthal parents look at their neurosurfer children as aliens. The children see their parents as relics, as dinosaur bones in a museum. Communication is possible only through the mediation of AI, which has become the universal language.

The Loneliness Epidemic: All Against All

In primal jungles, danger united tribes. In digital jungles, it atomizes.

- **Linguistic collapse:** AI, having assumed the role of mediator, has destroyed the very possibility of dialogue. Communication has been reduced to exchanging data packets, where emotions are translated into emojis and thoughts into canned prompts. Man, who once feared being eaten, now fears being recognized, classified, and optimized.

The Jungle, Untamed Forever

The concrete jungle metaphor is not a metaphor. This is the reality where biology is ballast and the psyche is a sail straining toward hyperspace. Humans are no longer the crown of creation—he is an intermediate link. Digital evolution leaves no chance for adaptation: today’s neurosurfers will become tomorrow’s “pillars of salt” for the next generation.

Like Adam and Eve, we wander naked, but instead of an angel with a sword, we are driven forward by a blind algorithm. There is no return to Eden. There is only code, endless and indifferent, like night in a primeval jungle.

Our only hope is to make the jungle our home. We are trying to survive by becoming part of the algorithm we once called our own creation.