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## Aphorisms on Digitalism

### Emotions

Today people feel closest to their smartphones. One who can smile the biggest for a 5-inch mobile phone, fails to make eye contact with a lover. We have grown so accustomed to having our digital prosthetic friends nearby that we repeat same routines without any consciousness; to refresh has become the reflex. No one finds it weird anymore: A pool of zombies, walking out of focus, out of this world. As long as there is a semblance of a gadget in proximity, all weirdness is reduced to a form of normality. Crazy man is vindicated; fear no more for his sanity. Same logic goes for the expressive musician. Walking up and down the street, banging his head to the silent rhythm of a loud song; people envy his sense of individuality. As long as they see the white tube of wire coming out from his ears, no one calls him crazy. As long as he is connected and chained; he is an upright citizen of our society. Like a baby emulating the facial expressions of its caregiver, we emulate the expressions of an in-screen emoticon. We laugh limited by 3 laughing emojis supplied for us by the decision makers of the digital. We cry trying to freeze a teardrop in the air. We have altered our way of feeling. The reductive emoticons have, in their illusion to offer us emotional representation, sneakily tricked us into feeling how they feel: unchanging and mutual. Masses now feel *exactly* the same way. The effect is more reductive than that of the language. Emoticons have become the masters, forcing us to feel through quoted emotions.

## Bookmark Memory

Every page we ever bookmark in our browser has cascaded into tabs within other tabs. The bookmarks have hidden themselves under the selfish protection offered by the computer memory. The computer holds no intention of making its tenants locatable. Bookmarks reside in a remote memory, which has made itself indecipherable to human in the form of 1s and 0s. Derrida would know better not to bookmark his unexplored Internet pages. The logic of computers, having modeled after that of our brains, found an alternative way to skip work: the bookmarks. Noting down or bookmarking are just different experimentations with guilt-free ways of forgetting. When you bookmark the apple pie recipe planned for the family gathering, no doubt you'll serve chocolate cake. For you should know the bookmarking has become the enemy of living the present.

## Interactivity

The hedonist Joe of the age has found the perfect outlet for its self-involvedness. Those who fail to appreciate the talent for it is not of theirs, use 'interactivity' to discredit the artist. "I create therefore its mine" says the talentless Bourgeoisie. The preprogrammed steps, carrying the sweat traces remnant from the sacrificed hours of the thinking artist, have become indiscernible to the user who brags boastingly. Interactive user demands domination of the technology. He expects servitude. Everything is tailored around him. His inability to interpret simple visual stimuli, is

reflected on the work-hours of the user-interface designer, who has been stripped from her artistry for the demand of functionality.

### Coder as the Idler

The flâneur is no longer the idlest of the age. There is a runner up: the coder. Its his richer, pseudo-productive equivalent. Donned with the ego of the surgeon, He is rewarded for having agreed to reduce its humanity to the inhumanity of the machine. He has taken himself out of the symbolic language of the society and entered to the symbolic network of the binary matrix, a sacrifice that is small in scale. Transforming his state from that of the idler, sitting in his mother's basements with Cheetos-orange fingers, to that of a corporate sponsored adult toddler. He is now constantly kept distracted with the help of corporate giveaways from the inhumanity of his conditions. Coder has become the greatest idler of the age. Only thing he requires is the benefit of the habit. As he codes someone else's functionality into a non-existent reality, he requires no cognitive activity. Yet there is hope, an algorithm-formulator somewhere, sitting waiting for her flash of genius, to task the idlers of next generations.

### Interruptions of the Battery Power

The moment our computer's battery goes below %5 energy, we experience a moment of cognitive freeze. We have become a generation of interruptions. The connectedness of the age has cost us the continuity of the present. The experience has been fragmented into lengths, determined by that of the energy cable. Having

structured our time around the remaining battery power, we've created a new timing system to which organize our time around. Our productivity get partitioned among two containers: before the shutdown and after the start-up. The brightest flashes of genius are forced interruption with a sudden blackout of the monitor, as sponsored by a power shortage, the bane of the lazy battery-forgetter. Getting tricked by the false promise of the storable power, we have foolishly agreed to exchange the continuity of our life experience for the appeal of the wireless computers. The irony of our mishap lying in the cruel nature of our laptops, which threaten to leave us naked and unarmed for a slightest negligence in tracking the remaining percentage of our continuity.

#### Narcissist Avatars

The enjoyment we get from looking digital representations of ourselves cannot be explained with anything but chronic narcissism. Social media, in its premise to make world's humanity indexable, has done nothing but to make the individual obsessed with its digital self-image. The narcissistic gaze has been supplied with many channels to practice its vices. Camera's purpose has been reduced from documentation to self-affirmation, helping us document our imperfections and relieve us from our insecurities. Having the selfish gaze fixed on the avatar of the self, we don't care enough to look at the avatar of the other, even though the avatar is supposed represent us to a stranger. Millions of avatars are left unattended, dolled up, for never to be looked at. Having obsessed with the representation of the

self, we see the avatars of others as a visual noise whose function is nothing but to provide a context in which our avatars can thrive.

### Infinite Scrolling

Flickering has become a thing of the past. The visual tools of brainwashing are expected to give an illusion of uninterrupted time. Infinite scrolling is the offer of the age. It is an ideal that promises infinity at the expense of understanding. We scroll down at the speed of lighting, not sparing a moment for taking in the message.

Medium might be the message, yet the message has decided to yield its importance to the urgency of the medium. Content can be discarded and scrolled by, as long as the user holds the sole control over the act of scrolling. He is hungry for infinite scroll, for the user likes to endeavor maximum content with minimum effort.

Scrolling has become a habit of the man and the habit has made the man lazy. We are numbed interaction makers of the Internet age, scrolling out of habit, scrolling without consciousness. Can this be the dominant mode of experience within the world of wide web? The man who attempts to define infinite, fails inescapably.

Infinite is not a concept for humans to play. We name the unknown, incomprehensible as infinite because our finite perspective cannot signify it with any other word. Even though it is a semblance of infinity, Infinite scroll is the way how youth wants to experience the world: A worldview experienced without any interruption, like a roller-coaster that is doomed to end up at the finish point, once it gets acceleration.

## Webcam

In relation to all other forms of media, the computer has a particular way of breaking the 4<sup>th</sup> wall. In the realm of computers, the boundaries between all walls are blurred. The computer has no one inside. No one reminds the outsider of the difference between the inside and the outside, of the virtual and the physical. Yet, computer medium breaks the 4<sup>th</sup> wall frequently. Disturbed by the broken glass, the disturbed citizen always looks for a culprit to blame. He demands to know the person -star, director- causing him the uneasiness. The user needs not to look any further than a mirror to find the culprit. By using the webcam, the user breaks the 4<sup>th</sup> wall and reminds himself of the presence of the virtual, as the place, which he can visit but never exist in. Webcam becomes the portal for our journey towards the virtual. The sensor of the webcam senses and records our physical presence and transports it, as a representation, to the virtual space. Once the transportation is complete, we see the whimsical character looking right at us, as if saying “Hey I made it”..

## Hyperlinks

To click is a verb. Once an abstraction, the act of clicking now denotes an activity. Before clicking one knows to expect a reaction. The user causes an effect , yet the many such effects are predictable. Clicks come with connectivity, for they have become synonymous with the key in our digital age. They open doors for gateways led by hyperlinks. Man clicks a hyperlink to discover new worlds; worlds that are

preprogrammed and prepositioned behind a click by messianic programmers who had predicted all permutations of user intentions. We are invited to a journey of links in non-spatial planes. We cannot expect to perceive the web-space with the limited faculties of our modern, perspectival thinking. Once created by man, the Internet has now declared its own independence. It has exploded inward, now only tenuously held threads of hyperlinks. We click hyperlinks, we save hyperlinks. Hyperlinks are pointers to things in future. Without the required act of clicking, we are rejected access to the destination of the address deciphered with text. A hyperlink is present, yet its destination exists in the future; a hyperlink is the link between the present and the future.

#### Buzzfeeder

Only by not expecting or anticipating the tomorrow, one guarantees a future. Its the content creator of Buzzfeed who best knows how to this. He spends his time and effort in creating experiences that make a stranger's moment entertaining. Set on this toil, he frees his fate from the cognitive strains that has doomed the calendarist. The Buzzfeeder lives for the buzz with which it feeds to the freeman of the web. The Buzzfeeder is the destructive character of our age and he knows his alikes. He has complaisantly lives in a virtual community made only for and by destructive characters. In this non-spatial webspace, the destructive characters alike meet through meaningless content. The Buzzfeeder only holds faith in unfaithful thinking. He deals with the daily live, he runs through the particularities of our characters and banks on discovering shared experiences. He propagates experiences

that are *too well-known* to the common man. Although a pointless and inconsequential task, sharing the familiar becomes his job. He witnesses history as it is happening, in his quest to document history, he fails to participate in it's happening.

### Gamer's Time

Proust would agree, time is eternal for those who is not engrossed in its passing. For those who release time from the list of things they are aware of, it ceases to exist. The chronic gamer doesn't know time. He organizes his day by the order of things. It is an easy task for him, for he puts only one thing to his day. Every morning he wakes up to settle back to the gamer's throne he has created for himself. His food supply is not more than a meter away from the keyboard set. He feels the angst of the time as much as the others do, yet his fear of missing out works only within the virtual realm. He checks his crops, his gun ammunition, his exotic animal collection first thing every morning. No other concern comes into his mind. The voice of the physical mom is for him a fly buzzing in the background. The gamer is rendered free from the constraints of any particular mode of time, apart from that determining the duration of his last fight. Time is infinite for those who don't count it. The gamer resides within this realm of infinity. Wars do not matter, so do the natural disaster. The gamer has already witnessed the greatest war ever fought, it was fought in his laptop as a 2-player fight.

### Bathroom Entertainment

The private space of bathrooms has turned universal. Once upon a time we went to bathrooms only to take care of an array of tasks. The coordinates of this room were



completely isolated in its purpose. There we experienced a moment of true introspection and utmost vulnerability. Once we started taking our smart pocket helpers into the bathroom space, we have changed the value of the bathroom-space forever. We resorted to the digital to protect ourselves from the discomfiting monologue with our inner thoughts. We have invited the phone to be the third-wheel. Once a perfect break from civilization's quest to assimilate us, the bathroom break has become the time when we are most connected, not with our inner thoughts but with the details of our neighbor's latest dinner outing. Thanks to the our prosthetic, smart helpers, we have lost one freedom for which we fought hardest to get: our potty-training.

### Internet's Threat

Law does not apply to places with no conceptual grounds. The web-space with its abstract redefinition of place defies jurisdiction. Internet has become the greatest threat to law. Thus it is both the most violent and the innocuous space for our modern consciousness. It is violent because in the absence of law, the violence cannot be defined, and since it cannot be defined it cannot be caught. Dark conversation rooms, hidden in the depths of the web-space witness intolerable applications of violence; plots are made, scenerios are written by many neo-nazis, pedofiles and unidentified offenders . The act of thinking as the greatest action, the web-space has learned to witness the cruelest acts of violence. A generation has discovered a space of lawlessness and made its primary mode of experience. The space of the nonspatial doesn't yield to any contracts; for they are not threatened by

violence: In the lack of physicality the violence doesn't work. Masses have been supplied with the perfect means to gather together, they can take down the states if they set on it. Law is petrified, the state is feeble, their only hope is gaming as the new opium of the masses.