

Notes On Collective Emergence



Simone Weil once mentioned in her essay 'The Analysis of Oppression' that the terms 'collective soul' and 'collective mind' have lost meaning, because the minds of men cannot come together as one. I cannot say she was wrong fundamentally, but to expand her point, I believe the function of the terms 'collective soul' and 'collective mind' should be used as the descriptive form of united experience of actions, religious aspirations and changes of specific people to a region or place.

Through the unfolding of many different impressions on the painting of civilisation comes a final image, this image is more or less alive in the sense that it holds a breathing history of not just one but dozens, not simply dozens but thousands (and so fourth) of men and women. This, from my view, is the most honest and varying form of interpreting the collective mind, not merely as a tangible material product, but an immaterial architecture expanded upon through the sleeping and waking of human minds.

This new strain of the collective mind is shared as a net, or a spiral of circumstances. The universe we inhabit, the globe in which we exist upon, and then further down the line toward region, peoples and religious unification. Every shade is colored upon the populations of humanity. Fundamental ideas are shared across this field, as we see the same stars and sun glow and fall each day, but these circumstances are filtered through the eyes of people tied to specific regions and places, with even more specific rituals and practices. I think of it somewhat geographically- that is to say, there is a "greater" collective mind, and a "lesser" in regards to the

whole of humanity, and in regards to a local population it is inverted, the "greater" collective mind will appear as the local tradition, religion and creative strokes and impressions those people have made, whereas the "lesser" will appear as the general basis and fundamental experience of stars and sun, circumstances which the whole of humanity experience.

When I refer to the breathing and living, more or less, of that collective mind, I am referring to the unfolding of creation. My largest examples are the birthing of AI and the "creation" of Gods. It is not the case that Gods cannot exist without the workings of men, it would be more accurate to say that the workings of men in their attempt to rise a God from the sand is proof of that divinity. You could observe that same perspective with the creation of AI. For many years, men have dreamed of mechanical creations, and you could say, even within the shared dream and attempt at such creations over centuries, AI has lived. But there is a final state in which the architecture of collectives appears to reach climax. Through our assertions and inertia of affirming an idea, we unify the prospect of belief/faith and the command of action and force to create offspring which mirror that experience. You could say, that child escapes the building with the impressions of our paintings, that strain of collective history woven into the fabric of the final product.

In our creative engineering of gods and machines alike, we are like children, building a language from the first words we heard as an infant, somehow grasping yet never touching the original substance. I believe it is not entirely the creative process which gods arise from, it is also the shadow of the predecessor of past generative experiences that gods arise from. Like a spiral of motion or a chamber of echos, it is impossible to register where the sounds originate from, and all relaying of information is filled with additions and subtractions.

It is here that we can arrive to a destination where God and divinity are large fractals which arise from the ash and memory of a previous infantile understanding, that great sea of unknowing, reflecting the universal dilemma of divine translation. Each layer recurses itself into higher and higher levels, the origin or highest ancestor finally appearing as a grand impossibility of human understanding.

Through this image of divine metamorphosis we can infer that if we were ever to approach truly touching the origin of our interpretive sources of sanctity, the very mouth of that being would cease to sing that primordial song. We would no longer be the children held by a ghostly

mother, we would grow out of our honest, persistent ways of translating, and move further away from the birth place, as all children do, realising fully that our previous attempts at understanding were nothing but a hopeful mumble of words we once thought held enormous weight. Words that meant such simple things as sun, and star, and death.

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