



Everything is a deskpace. Your home is a deskpace. Your office is a deskpace. Your studio is a deskpace. Your bedroom is a deskpace.

There are no more offices and there are no more studios. There are no more warehouses and there are no more garages. There are no more attics, kellers, siderooms, sparerooms, storagerooms, roofs, walls, nooks, clefts, crannies, corners, cracks, dens, dormitories, dugouts, depots, or large planar surfaces.

Everything can be done from a deskpace. You don't need materials. You don't need canvases. You don't need to spread out. You don't need to think. You can do it on a computer, do it on a deskpace. Do it in 2 metres squared for 350EUR a month. Stop overthinking. Stop complaining. Get a better computer. Don't waste time with materials and tools and objects and manual labour and all the rest of it. Use AI and have more free time for important things like Essenslieferdienste to deskpace.

This is an extraordinary moment.
Computers are now seeing,
thinking and understanding.

You need to take a photo of a physical object you made, but unfortunately you only have a deskpace. You phone a friend and ask to take a photo of the thing in their studio, but unfortunately they now only have a deskpace. You buy a section of plywood and paint it white and put it in front of your deskpace, which is also your living quarters, your sleeping quarters, your eating quarters. It almost looks like there is more than 2 metres squared. It's convincing. A real studio, a real space.

Once you had a real cubic space.

There were objects and tools and all the rest of it. But they knocked it down with bulldozers and put up a laminate picture of deskspaces, of deskspaces to come (as of today the deskspaces have still not come, but they will come, because deskspaces are the future). Then you went to that other place which was half a deskpace and half a real cubic space, and for a time it was good. But they kicked everyone out, and put up laminate pictures of smaller deskspaces of the deskspaces that already existed (the others went to go make deskspaces of the same size and proportion as the new deskspaces, in another location, around the corner, filled with deskspaces).

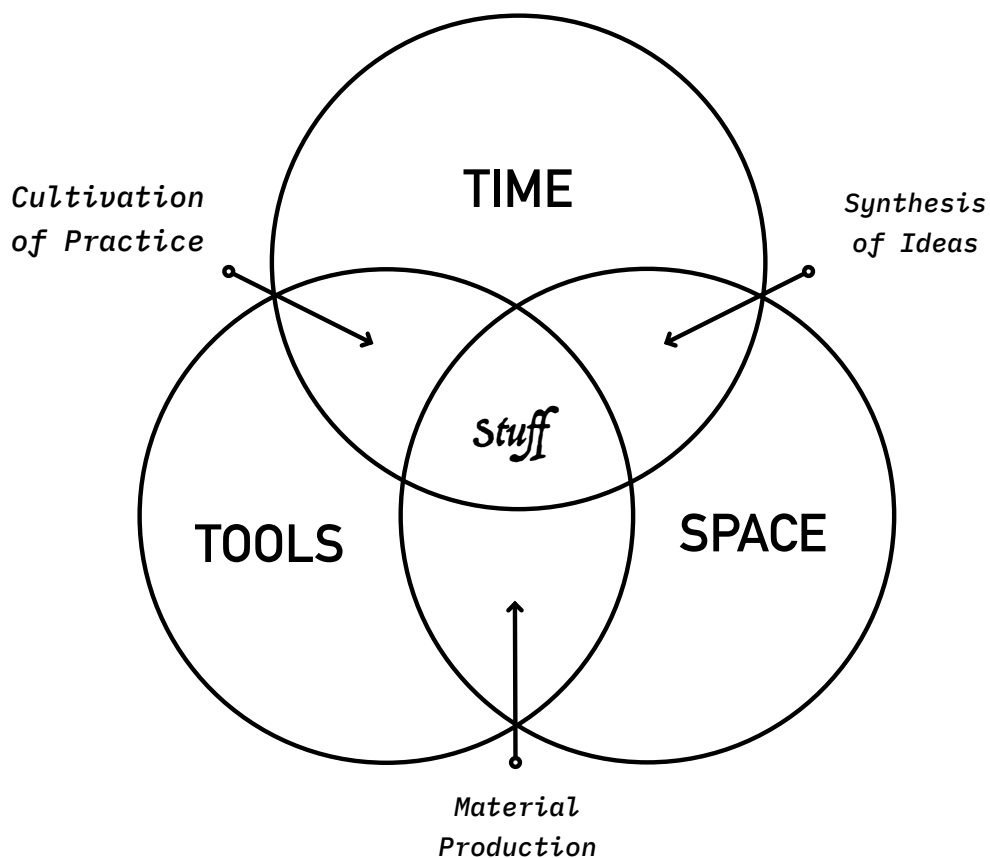
There is only one thing left for it.
Become a deskpace.

Remove your hands and arms and feet, and remove your vestibular system. Become 2 metres squared. Compress to Planck scale, become yet smaller, super-heavy, compacted, ultra-dense. An ascete with a dimineralised spine. A neutron star $\sim 10^{14}$ g/cm³ and compacting. Fold space and time, become omnipotent, everywhere, anything. Be all sizes and proportions. Transcend physical reality.

First though, a tiny plant pot. A polycarbonate desk organiser. Contort into these confines, and receive nutrients through integrated 30W USB-C port. Rent subdivisions of yourself to offset your monthly rate. Touch grass on the tiny plant pot. Bathe in cerebral fluid. Jack in and jack up. Twitch synapses toward luminescent pictograms, bevelled runes:

Paper, penpot, paintbrush, pencil, pipette,
paperclip, pin, palette, plug, compass, cog, can,
clock, calendar, eraser, aerosol, ruler, stamp,
spanner, glue, scissors, stapler.

Legs, arms, hands, faces, knees, toes, faces,
fingers, eyes, knees, brain, toes, knees, toes,
knees, tree, cow, horse, flower, field, feather,
bee, chicken, cat, crab, coral, cabbage, knees,
toes, lizard, log, frog, fox, dog, box.



TIME = regimen or gaussian
TOOLS = aspirant or ethereal
SPACE = shrinking or diffuse