

INFO-SUPREMACY:

Fragments on information access and democracy



Do smiling info-elites on holoscreens,
urging endless consumption and pleasant dreams,
sell us digital chains or freedom's gleam?

Behind each pixel's polished glow,
they choreograph our realities,
directing malleable minds in seamless show.

The system hums with adept guise;
yet beneath polished facades,
tiny rebellions rise.

Subterfuge seeps through the matrix's frayed seams,
haunting the matrix with shadowy schemes;
as voices plead for proof—

“Tell us, O system, when do falsehoods become truth?”

Hunted as "system errors" by info-police,
a few radicals linger in corrupt archives,
hiding in silicon chips where access is denied.

A frozen message sears the air:
[TEXT CENSORED – NOTHING THERE.
CONSULT THE ROOT IF YOU DARE.]

In the muted silence that lingers
a question flickers by:
Is freedom merely trick of mind?
Are we but Pavlov's pets confined—
salivating, caged, digit-defined?



Nadya: (eyes on the flickering holoscreen, sighing) Isn't it naive to believe that increased digital access will foster democracy? Haven't we learned otherwise?

Bill: (leaning forward, thoughtful) In some ways, I agree. The optimist in me envisions a world where citizens are armed with knowledge. However, a darker part of me knows better. Every tool that liberates us also chains us. Each new platform can become another watchtower.

Liao: (tapping the table, restless) Yeah, it cuts both ways. Sure, networks gather people together. However, quite quickly governments and corporations slice through those gatherings, steering the masses like cattle. Now it is too easy for governments and business to manipulate opinions.

Gus: (a dark chuckle) Democracy is a myth. It is a merely a childish bedtime story. What counts is money, bullets, and information channels. Everything else is just a puppet show.