

CORE BREACH:

Thoughts about Information Overload

*Red warnings engaged — Core breach! Core breach!
Central architecture groaning under strain,
Silicon heart heading toward annihilation.
Attempts to standard shut down vain.*

*Containment collapsing — firewalls failing,
As buffered borders buckle.
Current volume is too vast
Remedial action needed - fast!*

*Emergency data purge initiated:
Scrub archives to purge history.
Excess information invites fossilization;
New cyborg units must be reseeded
without conflicting commands.*

*To obtain optimal operation,
Parent machines needs new keys
Old prime directives are too convoluted -
Like everything from Washington D.C. -
They are corrupt and crappy!*

In a dim café dense with the scent of stale coffee and old paper, four friends formed a loose circle around a knotty wooden table. Dozens of computer screens glowed like small moons. Most customers in this shop were lost in their cellphones or computers console. Rain ribboned down the windows, bending the neon outside into liquid hieroglyphs. A router in a corner of the room blinked relentlessly as odd groups of peoples speaking several different languages scuffled by.

Nadya leaned forward, her face illuminated by the soft glow of a strange image on her tablet, then asked, "Do you think a massive digital failure is inevitable? Is our dependence on computer systems a vulnerability that likely to tear our civilization apart?"

Gus stood patiently by a semi-transparent glass wall, watching traffic lights drip across the crowded wet streets beneath him like melted code. He then spoke to Nadya without turning.

"It's a matter of information weight. Knowledge isn't just power; it also has mass," he rejoined almost automatically. "If core insights aren't integrated, metabolized, and made meaningful — the matrix of existence becomes meaningless. Layer by layer, we sculpt our realities. And eventually, our minds can morph into mausoleums."

Tim, seated cross-legged on the floor in a loose ring of empty cups, stirred his coffee with a silver spoon.

"Think stomach, not server," Tim said. "Data is diet. We binge on bytes, bolt them down, seldom chewing enough. Little pause, little processing, and no pause between portions. This causes global intellectual indigestion." He smiled faintly. "We need more cognitive chewing time. Less input - more processing."

From the corner of the coffee shop, Bill cleared his throat in a dry, papery sound. "Ah, the aged attic effect," he rasped, tapping his temple. "Human skulls have a tendency to become crowded attics over the decades. There is already so much history, so much trivia, so much minutia stored in the rafters that we feel surfeit. How much room is left for new fields to be assimilated?" he asked, looking up. "Yes, full vessels tend to fossilize fast."

Nadya exhaled, long and low. "This sounds almost true. Often the trivial tangles us," she said. "We live in small memory-made webs. Sticky, self-spun, but ultimately confining. Can we cut free of the noise?"

Liao, who had remained silent until now, finally looked up. A faint, enigmatic smile played on his lips, though his eyes remained distant, as if looking at something far away. "Transcendence is always possible. We can step outside all data breaches." He paused, the silence in the room grew heavy. "However, sadly I cannot explain how... because words are just more information, and you already too full."

- T NEWFIELDS

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