

# TIME TRIPTYCH:

## An Exploratory Discourse (Part III)

Some blue ink blobs and footprints shone on some mutant text surrounding a white coruscation in a digital art gallery. The artwork pulsed with a sterile, white light—a central coruscation that seemed to bleach some of the surrounding mutant text into illegibility. Across the canvas scattered blue ink blobs sagged and spread like bruised storm clouds, heavy with unshed rain.

Ron nudged his glasses up the bridge of his nose, lenses flickering with reflected light. His eyes traced the erratic flow of the data-scape as if trying to decode a glitching reality.

With over 400 exabytes of new information generated every day," he said, voice dropping into a low, metallic gravity, "writers aren't just choosing what to say anymore—they're forced to justify why anything should be said at all."

Lex gave a slow, distant nod, his gaze locked on the drifting blue masses as though they might dissolve meaning itself—like rain erasing ink from a fragile scroll.

"We're not just flooded," he murmured, hands buried deep in his coat. "We're submerged. And I'm no longer convinced any of it matters."

Linda stepped closer to the image. Its white light stuttered against her face, rendering it in sharp, clinical planes. She traced the frame with a deliberate finger, jaw tightening. "Centuries ago, suppression was physical," she said, her tone edged with cold precision. "Burn the books. Smash the presses. Silence the voice." She paused, then noted in a sharp, cynical voice, "Those were crude methods. Now there's a far more efficient solution." She gestured toward the image, toward the drowning field of data. "Now you don't erase the signal. You bury it. Layer it under infinite noise until retrieval becomes impossible."

Lis lounged against the gallery wall, posture loose, expression sharpened by a faint, knowing smile. "Elegant," she said. "Machiavelli would've admired the upgrade." Her arms folded. "Though some relics persist. Broadcast control, curated feeds... for now. Eventually, what we call 'television' will collapse into the stream—just another obsolete interface."

A faint tension crept into the room, like static building before a storm. Lex shifted uneasily. "You're both missing something," he said. "What matters isn't the medium. You've all focused on delivery systems," he said. "That's irrelevant." He gestured toward the seething image. "It's the quantity of data that matters." His voice hardened, cutting clean. "When information tsunamis hit, truth and falsehood don't compete—they fragment. Truth and lies become indistinguishable debris, wreckage scattered in the same currents."

Linda turned back to the artwork. Its flare seemed to surge brighter, harsher, almost predatory. Her shoulders dipped, tension draining into something quieter and less certain. "With leaders like Vladimir Putin," she said softly, almost to herself, "I can't tell how much time we have left before the system itself fails."

Behind them, the light pulsed again—clean, merciless. And beneath its glow, the data kept multiplying.

**Note:** This piece was partially generated with AI tools for styling and ideation; human editing was then applied.

- T Newfields

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