

# **INFO-CONTROL:**

## **Some Thoughts About Information and Power**

**Who controls  
the information you hear and see?**

**At one time the Church  
held a stranglehold on knowledge,  
cloistered truths behind gilded walls  
and whispered doctrines cloaked in power.**

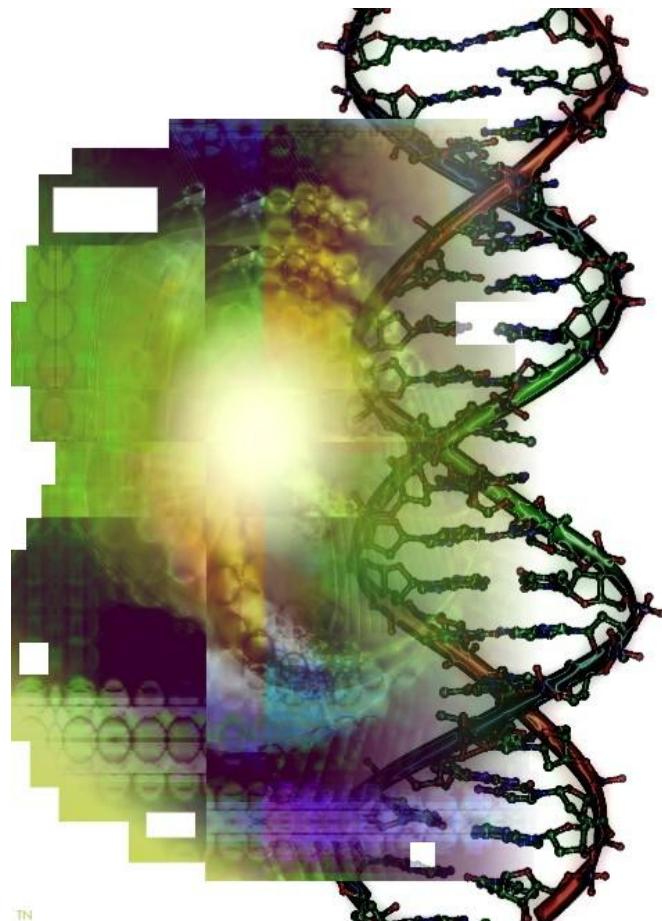
**Later, the State strode in,  
draped in authority,  
regulating the thoughts citizens could entertain,  
molding minds like clay with its firm hands.**

**Today control is passing  
to powerful corporate elites  
men and women cloaked in tailored suits,  
their glances cold as steel,  
masters of the market,  
transforming citizens into mere consumers—**

**Now believers with fervent prayers  
have morphed into buyers  
with market shares and bottom lines  
to shape.**

**And in the ceaseless skirmishes for dollars  
& the currency of \$ense  
"Reality" comes in demo versions,  
swiftly opened with a flick of the wrist—  
yet once the expiration date passes,  
X=0—void  
c.o.m.e.s. dump=08:39:02 1999:07:23  
&checksum=not found/  
[GNPTUT3?]trash... trash... trash.**

**. . . emptiness.**



Bill leaned forward, his brows furrowed in thought, casting a concerned glance around the dim café. "In many parts of the world," he began slowly and deliberately, "governments wield tight controls over information access, stifling uncomfortable truths before they take flight."

Nadya sighed, stirring her coffee absentmindedly, her gaze steady yet weary. "Yes, and in other regions, religions still reign, tethering information content with an iron grip, dictating what faith people should embrace, and what ideas must remain languish unspoken."

Liao, perched on the edge of his chair, nodded sagely, his fingers drumming lightly on the table. "Face it—every shred of information is filtered," he declared, gesturing emphatically. "Every piece of knowledge we grasp carries political ripples. It's wise to harbor skepticism about all truths presented to us."

Gus leaned back, folding his arms, his expression contemplative. "Indeed. We must evolve into discerning 'information consumers,' able to sift through the noise and discern the core of reality."

Nadya scoffed softly, her eyes narrowing as she shook her head. "You're far too idealistic," she replied, a hint of sadness coloring her tone. "I fear the vast majority of people remain easily manipulated, surrendering their thoughts and beliefs as if they were currency in this game."