



Information Implosion

Hunter-Gatherers have moved past the 'Information Age' and are now entering the 'Age of Implosion'.

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Definition of Implosion

Implosion is a process in which objects are destroyed by being squeezed-in on themselves. The opposite of explosion, implosion reduces the expansive maximums and concentrates the residue into what appears to be a minestrone soup (not in a good way). The implosion of information is an amalgamation of 'street-lingo', the everyday, the exquisite, and that which is – the artificial intelligence. The latter, recently arrived cake-icing, is the 'final straw' that will most assuredly endorse the Sound of Silence.



Sound of Silence

Hello darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with you again; because a vision softly creeping, left its seeds while I was sleeping; and the vision that was planted in my brain still remains - within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone, narrow streets of cobblestone; 'neath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to the cold and damp; when my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light, that split the night, and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw, ten thousand people, maybe more; people talking without speaking, people hearing without listening, people writing songs that voices never share, no one dared, disturb the sound of silence.

There was a time in the distant past when you could hear dialogue and people debating ideas - trying very hard to win an argument. If one could 'make their point', then maybe, just maybe, they would be able to convince an opponent to

change their opinion – and maybe, just maybe, actually agree with them.

"Fools" said I, "You do not know, silence like a cancer grows; hear my words that I might teach you, take my arms that I might reach you," but my words like silent raindrops fell, and echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed, to the neon god they made; and the sign flashed out its warning, in the words that it was forming, and the sign said, "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls, and tenement halls, and whispered in the sounds of silence.

The information that surrounds us today, seems like random words that are written on subway walls and all over the tenement halls. Sometimes the words are biased and other times misdirected; but most of the time, the words



are **not** wholly true. There is much noise, filled with prejudice, racial bias, sexual bias, religious bias, political bias, and alternative agendas. We should not listen to noise; let us just be silent.

*"We have seen many ages:
the Agricultural Age,
the Industrial Age,
the Information Age,
and now,
the Age of Implosion."*

Examples of an implosion include a submarine being crushed from the outside and the collapse of a massive star under its own gravitational pressure. When information implodes, it yields an uninformed wasteland.

The Merry Minuet in 1959

They're rioting in Africa; they're starving in Spain; there's hurricanes in Florida; and Texas needs rain. The whole world is festering with unhappy souls, the French hate the Germans, the Germans hate the Poles.

Italians hate Yugoslavs. South Africans hate the Dutch. And I don't like anybody very much!

But we can be tranquil and thankful and proud, for man's been endowed with a mushroom shaped cloud. And we



know for certain that some lovely day; someone will set the spark off and we will all be blown away.

The world was an infant in 1959, but now it seems to resemble a rebellious teenager (no offense meant). One country tries to outdo another, with more serious threats and more destructive actions; only to gain attention and more control. There seems to be an absence of leadership; a scarceness of individuals willing to risk life and loved ones for an abstract principle.

They're rioting in Africa. There's strife in Iran, what nature doesn't do to us will be done by our fellow man.

Does mankind have any comprehension of the unthinkable consequence of using today's hydrogen-based thermo-nuclear weapons? Mankind sees flattened Hiroshima 78 years ago, as the result of an Atom Bomb. They fail to see continents burned by the sun, with nothing remaining.

*My Mind Is Made Up.
Don't Confuse Me With the Facts.*

Yes, we can talk! But I only want to talk about what I believe; because **if** you do not believe what I believe, **then** you are wrong. It would not be good to discuss 'fake news' with you. But please don't get me wrong, there is nothing that you can say that would change even the most insignificant belief of mine. You might say that I am immovable; strong and steady, never wavering in the constant storm of misinformation that exists everywhere. My mind is made up. Don't confuse me with the facts.



Maybe we can just sit together – in silence. Then we will not get upset or feel like we need to change each-other's belief system. Just remember, we can read only certain books, watch only certain TV stations, purchase goods only from establishments that agree with our philosophy, and vote only for like-minded political candidates. It is almost like we are inside a submarine – protected from the outside pressures. No doubts, no questions, no competition, and no worries about what the future may bring.

Wait, will you tell me what you believe? You have been so quiet, so peaceful, so interesting, so – not me. I promise I will be silent while you tell me about you. But then, would you please allow me to tell you about me?

