Space

by D. W. Christ

The computer came alive and the room began to glow. He sat on the floor in his studio. Only two minutes ago he was falling asleep, when he jolted awake remembering one thing he had forgotten to do. He grabbed a light robe which he draped over his body. He moved down the dark hall, his hand tracing the wall and his path. As he entered the room, he quickly sat down into the almost empty studio space. There was a drafting board in one corner, but beyond that, it was an open space with a large mat. He sat down in the middle of the room where the portable lay. As he opened it up, the screen began to turn on.

He had remembered that he left a collection of 50,000 images which he had forgotten to scheme. It wouldn't take long. Maybe a few minutes at most. This was a task that he could accomplish. He really didn't even need to be awake for it. The program opened immediately – it was always running. On his screen was a deep dark blue background with one image in the center. The image was a simple ying and yang symbol. He clicked that and his screen quickly filled with 144 other icons. The categories ranged from the abstract to the practical. There was person, place or thing and every major family on the earth. And there were categories for things not of this earth. A few philosophical ideas like love and friendship. And then a whole array of words to describe digital files: text, image, movie, sound, event, blog and many more. This was his keyboard. He had his keyboard of course, but he hardly used it. He found that a good schema could essentially make the written word irrelevant in most cases. On the left side of the screen, another panel opened. This contained the list and just their names. He moved quickly. From the name alone, he could move whole groups, reordering them into place and dragging them over a new category. This group is all mammals. They are also images. Most of the scheming he did was with images. These days, 85% of all data was images. The word is just too vague sometimes. At least for organizing. How do you classify a work of fiction that is completely true, or one that is purposely sarcastic? Narrative works were easier to work with. Ultimately most of the fiction had disappeared from the web. There's a lot of talk these days about gatherings, where people will recite their works. He's wondering whether he'll ever go. Does it seem wrong to support something that isn't part of his work and his society? Click, the last file disappears from the IN box. Everything classified with at least 20 hardlinks and 40 softlinks. A job well done.

Now, he can go back to bed, knowing that he did his job and did it well.