

The Infinite Library presents: mini theater

JARK JARK JARK BJark

Mary: Do you hear that?

Marie: Loud - -what is it?

Mary: The Dog of Nothing.

Marie: Like Hell Dog the guardian of the universe?

Mary: No not at all.

Dog barks louder and inside this bark there is another bark

Mary: when D.O.N. barks they say to us; There is no content, there is only proliferation of content.

Marie:

Mary: The D.O.N. reminds us There is Nothing that is said – there is only our pipsqueaking.
No portal, no profundity.

Marie: So we are not connecting, or making meaning?

Mary: Absolutely sweet Marie, the Dog knows that lateral spread, connection, does not exist, because it is always counteracted by an equal and infinite regress of the imagination – if nothing else it is a beautiful mirage.

Marie: Why are we compulsively producing content?

Mary: The Dog is on an eternal hunt, beaten day after day by Matilda the Night Malt a.k.a. Malt-y-Nos. The Welsh Content Queen, now a nag, she refused to enter heaven because she could not hunt there. Now doomed to pursuit without end. Howling she whips her Dog.

Marie: Poor Dog

Mary: Until the content based universe is destroyed D.O.N. will be lashed in never ending fury.
Reminding us the battle continues, both real and imagined power, within and between institutions.

The Theatricality of struggle can become clearer with time. But it is Tricky. Inherently elusive because it deceptively cloaks an absence, implying always more, this paradox is a perpetual motion machine... but this is neither here nor there.

These archaic shadows will compete indefinitely with their necessary antagonists.

Mary sighs and walks toward Marie

Marie try to remember, the repetition of movements has the appearance of conflict, know they are only a-wailing. A catastrophic refusal to die. The death throes of content.

It is the ultimate manifestation of Malt-y Nag's universe.

And that my Marie is where we are now.

Mary turns toward Marie and attempts a gentle embrace. Marie lost in thought, looks down and fails to notice.

Marie: Wow, It is so much more boring than anyone imagines

Mary: Ironically that is why it is never destroyed. People keep playing, thinking there is an answer, that it must get better.

Marie: But srsly, when, how will content be destroyed? I mean it is everywhere, it's the air we breathe

Mary: When enough pipsqueakers realize the D.O.N. is right, then there will cease to be content.

Marie: if this is all true then, then what am I doing? I need to distinguish myself, communicate... understand, no?

Mary: Knowledge is not content. But go ahead try it, push some content. What happens?

Marie: nothing, I mean.... I iterate myself, I am thirsty sure...I say something so I know myself better-expressing myself in the world - I exist.

Mary: Conflating a lot now though-

Marie: But what about humor? What does D.O.N. say about humor? Laughing, this activity is surely not explainable by a contentlessness universe, nothing is funny?

Mary: Exactly, Nothing is funny.

Marie: This flat expanse of nothing? Human activity and our content will resemble itself with only minute distinction. But I *get* that.

Enter stage right Tracy a femme fatale in a tightfitting uniform seesawing a flashlight

Tracy: Hey you! What are you doing? put down that content!!

Marie: Who are you?

Tracy: I am the content police!

Mary: yooohoo sweetie, the cops are here!

A giant floating mirror appears hovering above the stage: Tracy runs away

Marie: *(with a bored monotone voice)* reflection, repetition, horror.

Marie is now stunned and distracted speaking to herself

Marie: What matters? Literally Nothing.

Nothing is the sole purpose of all of our activity, and without Nothing we are at odds with our selves.

Mary: The Dog lives here Marie - are they are getting louder?

Marie laughing

Bark, barks bark - Our -activity- of describing a past or future -activity-, of representing it, is destructive.

I extinguish when I distinguish.

Action remains eternally resentful of any retelling. Subsequent small suicide. Only content remains.

Mary...*drifting*

Yes - endless churning.

The prediction economy.

The attention economy.

The cancelled/cancellable dialectic.

The I am still alive economy.

The story is a story for us when we live in the Mallt-y-Nos world