

In a Bar in an Obscure Corner of the Universe

Ok, you use your letters to tell your thing to put up signs telling you it understood what you told it.

So you mean you sit around staring at a screen that is giving you feedback about the messages you gave it, all the time?

I had to nod.

Who designed this shit?

The same people who designed the pidgin you and I are using. They call them nerds. They helped us solve a lot of problems through systems of isolation, logic, friendship resonance, echo chambers.

??

Well, you have to understand, because of the colonialization history of our planet, there is a lot of pressure for people to feel superior. That is one of the main goals of our upbringing, clandestinely.

Everyone?

No, I guess not everyone. But the pressure is rising. It's more and more like, either you on top, or you fucked. Everyone can learn to talk superior. Then the next question is you need an army to prove it, so you belong to a nation or something...obviously this cannot be individually produced for each so you choïn an eksisting army -

ok ok

but I get you right, so millions of people are communicating with feedback screens and pretending to be superior.

Yep.

So that would be the main function of the screens.

No!

Then what?

Well, a lot of things, but mostly communication.

You just said communication was the place this superiority game is played.

You are right to call it a game. It is played alongside the more important issues.

Like?

Well, optimizing

hehe

optimizing the crops, tuning logistics, that is transportation of goods and people to where they are needed

or I guess I should say wanted
or maybe, where a want can be seeded

right

and also I must admit there is war, so there is a lot going on there. Destruction products. Safety products and control products.

Hm, I mean, up to now all of it has sounded a bit like war, right?

War?

War...

Well...

First of all, most of the time we are just playing with these things.

We?

Not those, who produce them, obviously. But the technology is really fun. Drones, man. We like to play with seeing ourselves from outside. AI also is very delightful. Some people are scared but it is a tickle like public opinion. Why do you think we are sitting in a realtime room with candles that burn down, in this real corner of the universe, and not chatting?

Because our conversation has no point?

Just we like formulating things.

Yeah. Cheers.

Cheers.

...

I don't like how Amerikan view of things have been wandering around the universe looking at things and describing things.

Yeah.

...

They should stay at home.

Yeah.

...

Is beer a superiority drug?

I guess, maybe.

We can say very submissive things and still feel superior, thanks to beer.

Doesn't that make it a device for stabilizing dual vision?

Since the dual vision is a given, all we perceive is the stabilizing.

...

It's funny, you are the ones with the chance to play with all this technology you are having your slaves make. But you are the ones who don't know how to play.

It is a little bit of a problem to make things, you know? You cannot play and make at the same time.

I can play and make out at the same time.

Let me see.

...

Uff, let's go see some art.

... (hand the barkeeper their credit cards, which are laid in slots behind the bar. The barkeeper says: Number Violet Red. They take off their shoes and go to the designated back room)

It really turns me on. This whole procedure.

Shh.

Shall we watch some art?

What channel do you like best?

I dunno. Something with black lesbian dickchicks.

I like Asian performance artists.

Can we order some eggs and plaster?

...

Room service: Here's the plaster and a box of ten eggs. Which card may I put it on?

I'll take it. That's Nakamura Seiji.

We need more eggs I think.

Room service: Well just ring again if you run out. You know how to mix the plaster?

It's washable temporary, right?

Room service: Of course.

Are there any interesting neighbors?

Room service: I'm sorry, I am not allowed to give you any information about the neighbors. But you are free to knock at their doors if you like. You could try Orange Green. (leaves)

Orange Green? It doesn't sound..

Come on, they don't choose their colors any more than we did.

...

(orgiastic plastering with Orange Green. Orange Green leave after a small quarrel about boob size and cultural differences, but mostly about how much water to put in the plaster. Orange Green take the rest of the eggs in a dastardly move making use of fake reconciliation to assert: "If you don't need those eggs..." forcing our two to agree: "of course not, go ahead". After Orange Green have left, for a while our two stare at the hardening plaster in the bathtub.)

It's temporary, but you can't use it twice as a customer.

No, it takes a chemical key.

...

Fucking Anglos.

No, they don't fuck. We don't play, but they don't fuck. They just talk shit.

(Hands begin.)

...

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...

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..

(Postcoital chatty mood:) (one-sided)

It seems, the bigger the universe gets, the less we want to go outside.

Hm.

It makes little difference whether we are in a deep vault or way out in the sky.

Hm.

Or both.

m.

Do people still dream about the night sky, do you think?

(The other one seems to be asleep.)

The next hours are cheap, so it's ok, we can sleep here.

(Sleeps also.)