

Being Human

or **The Business Of Is-Ness**

Cat Hearth 2009

For one actor, using costume changes for the characters.

Characters:

Statue

Jackson

Girl

Baby

Old Man

Dead Man

Angel

Magician

Statue:

We are in the same situation as every human being alive now, in the past, or to be born. Trying to understand what it is to be human.

To be alive, to have a human body for a limited time. To grow older and to die. To have the potential to be a god, to be godlike. I am here, in this body. I am the body. I am not the body. Consciousness comes from the body. The body comes from consciousness. All are true.

We are apprentice gods, learning to be creators. What is a painting next to a sunset? A sculpture to a tree? A symphony to bird song? What human mind could conceive the human body?

What are we here for? To learn to use the body. The whole thing: muscles, chemistry including emotions, thinking, sensing. Understanding is a process which never ends. As you understand how to operate the body, what it is actually, you will know what to do. It comes together.

The body has enough blood vessels to wrap around the Earth 3 times. The body is a world in itself. There are more than a trillion cells, a million million. Each of those cells has its own life, is born, lives, and dies. From each cell doing its own thing, somehow the whole works together, and you have the body, moving, thinking, feeling. There's no king cell, no president cell telling the other cells what to do. The body is a miracle.

Each organ of the body is somewhat independent. If you cut the heart out of a living organism, it will go on beating for some time. It has its own life, its own feelings and thoughts.

There is a Way, and there is no Way. You need a teacher so you can learn that you don't need a teacher. Your own body has in it all the wisdom of life, developed over about 4 billion years. 4 thousand thousand thousand years. 40 million centuries. The oldest known city is less than ten thousand years old. It's hard to imagine that much time. Time for all the complexity of life to have evolved from the simplest cell. All that knowledge is buried in the

cells of your body. Your body is a book, but how do you read this book? Therefore you need help.

In the West we separate "body" and "spirit." The body is coarse, low, dirty. Spirit is high, clean. In fact, the body is the highest thing. The human body is the most complex form that life has evolved. Do "schools" teach us what it is to be human and how to operate the body? Of course not. If one really understood his body and had full control of it, would he not be a god?

Who is it that has (or could have) this control? The body does understand and control itself, but what program is it following?

Why put the body down? To steal people's power. If you truly have your own body, you have power. But they keep people in an illusory world, as in the film "Matrix," and milk away their power. The secret is very simple. Right in front of you, in fact. But keep people distracted with fun stories. If they search for something else, feed them bullshit about "spirituality." Keep them running in circles with money, sex titillation, fame, children, fear of "the enemy" – terrorists, predatory pedophiles, whatever. Bin Laden can never be caught or killed. The power structure needs him, the arch-enemy. Goldstein, in 1984. Orwell said it all. The government makes war against its own people. Telescreens everywhere – Big Brother is watching you. Who looks at the output from all those video cameras? War is Peace – the war against terror will never end. Freedom is Slavery – we don't want freedom, we want security. Ignorance is Strength – what you don't know won't hurt you, right? Just keep your head in the sand like a good ostrich.

What they don't want you to know - the ultimate truth – it's your body.

Buddhism says any human being has the potential to be a Buddha. So that is my aim: to become a Buddha. Or, in Taoist terms, an immortal. The physical body is not immortal, so I must create other bodies.

Jesus Christ said the same thing, anyone could do what he did. But the Church perverted his teachings by calling him God, instead of a very advanced man. All the great humans such as Christ, Buddha, Michael Jackson, are basically the same as you and me.

The gods of whatever pantheon – Zeus, Odin, Krishna, Quetzalcoatl – were originally humans who attained something and became legends.

Jackson:

What's the story of my life? There are no beginnings or endings "out there." Stories, with beginnings and endings, are created by the human mind. "Out there" is just an endless flow of phenomena.

Fifty years old - it's a precipice, a turning point. Many people die around fifty, because you have to decide if you're down with growing old. You're definitely not young anymore. I understand - you don't find me attractive. Young people don't find me attractive, and I don't find people my age attractive. In fact, I don't find myself attractive. When I look in the

mirror, I don't like what I see. I don't recognize myself anymore. Who is that guy, anyway? An impostor. Someone snuck in and took my place when I wasn't looking.

Look at your whole life as a painting. Every experience adds something to the whole. Similar experiences connect. All the times you watched the moon rise. All your orgasms. These create brushstrokes. Life is not continuous. It is moments of experience, strung together like beads on a string, but more complex – a 4-dimensional web filled with beads. Life is not a line from birth to death. Look at the whole picture, which extends from before conception to after death. Add the brushstrokes it needs to be a perfect work of art. When you went to India, that became part of the total pattern. Events in the past can be changed by their relationship to new events. Death is not the end, it is the frame. Conception is not the beginning, it is the canvas. You are the artist painting the picture of your life.

Look at your life as a garden. Habits are like plants. You start and nourish the ones you want, kill the ones you don't. If you don't, they will take over the whole garden. If they get big, you have to chop out the roots.

Some concepts directly relate to sense impressions; some don't. The eye perceives certain wavelengths of light, the mind creates the concept: blue. We can imagine the color when we're not seeing it. We can abstract the concept: "I feel blue." There's no literally "blue" feeling, or literally "blue" music, but we understand it. People easily confuse these 2 worlds - think that if we have a concept, there must be something "out there" that matches it. I have a concept of a tree and I can verify by sense impressions that there is something out there. I see it, my hand can feel its surface, my nose can smell it, it can fall down and kill me if I don't jump aside, and so on. Then we have concepts like "I" and "soul" for which there are no correlatives. No matter how finely you cut apart a human body, you will never find any "I" or "soul."

Our minds create our reality. Consider how you perceive. Take the eye. Some kind of vibration – energy – stimulates the light-sensitive nerve endings in the retina: step one. The nerves transmit these signals to a receiving area in the brain: step 2. Millions of active brain cells, or neurons, form a pattern: step 3. The brain compares this to stored patterns in memory: step 4. The brain codes this as colors, shape, texture, and so on. A baby only learns to do this after it's born – at first everything is a blur: step 5. The brain attaches concepts to the patterns: the color brown, a straight line, differences in size, etc. This is where we can start to call it seeing: Step 6. Finally, the brain abstracts advanced concepts such as a table, a tree, John's face, and so on: step 7.

So there's quite a lot between some energy moving around out there and what we call seeing. "Out there" is "just" vibrations. Color, shape, objects, etc. – are concepts created by the brain. If I see beauty, the beauty is in me. What a wonderful thing this mind is, to create such a diverse world!

All experience happens in the brain. If my hand feels cold, do I feel that coldness in the hand? No. That is illusion. I feel the coldness in the brain, after nerve endings are stimulated and the signals travel to the brain and are processed. People whose hands have been cut off may still "feel" those hands. If one had full control of his brain, he could experience any sensation at will. You would not have to run around looking for sensory

stimulation. You could feel any emotion from bliss to disgust, think any thought. Any experience that any human being had ever had and perhaps some that no one has ever had, would be available to you. Frightening thought! What would you do with all that freedom? Your eyes are always seeing, but are you there, seeing through them? Your senses are always sending signals to the brain. Knock, knock. Is anybody home? There's always a field of awareness (sensitive energy). Only within this monad or field of awareness can attention choose: directed awareness (conscious energy). What is attention?

Imagine an instrument, say a piano. You can choose what to play on it. You can play high notes, low notes, chords or single notes, melody or cacophony. Your body is your instrument - its movements, emotions, thoughts. You are the musician. You can choose joy or anxiety - or both together, spiced by jealousy.

Girl:

Question: why are schools compulsory? And why are drugs illegal? Could it be that humans are not supposed to explore their possibilities?

Why are people not allowed to explore themselves? In the West, at any rate. Some self-exploration, in a naive way, generally lands a person in either prison or a "mental health" ward. "Mental health" being a euphemism for being adjusted to society. Mentally healthy is being well-adjusted to a sick society.

Emotions generally run automatically. But people identify. They say, "I feel angry" or "I feel sad" as if they made a decision to feel angry or sad. If you step off the curb and a car hits you, you don't say, "I hit myself with that car." Emotions hit us, just as a car might hit us. But one can engender emotions. The second yoga, Bakhti-yoga, is the yoga of devotion. One learns to feel positive emotions towards the guru, or perhaps a god. But later one does it directly. The image of the guru or god is a crutch to be discarded when one can walk without it.

Take a common negative emotion, say, anxiety. People worry about drug addictions, heroin, nicotine. But the worst addictions are to those substances that we produce in our bodies. At least with heroin you can stop injecting it. But it's a lot harder to stop making anxiety. Someone may say, "I don't like feeling anxious." Then why do you keep producing the substance? You are used to it, you would not feel "normal" without it. In plain language, you are "hooked." So how do you stop? Why should you? People often starve themselves, so they will have less energy to produce the negative emotions. Or they eat all the time to create a pressure which suppresses the emotion. Or they look for extreme sensations to hide it, take their minds off it. But if you detach you can see it as energy. It takes attention. The first step is to not identify. Instead of, "I am anxious," say, "now my body is feeling anxiety." Or better; "now my body is producing a substance which I experience as anxiety." Next, intentionally feel a higher emotion such as wishing, hope, courage, compassion - but don't lose sight of the anxiety. Feel the two at the same time. Hold them both. If you can do this, then the energy of the negative emotion will go to fuel the higher emotion. If you do this enough, you will learn to welcome negative emotions. Instead of "Oh, no, anxiety again!" you will say, "Oh boy, more energy!"

You can't stop negative emotions by being negative about them. That just produces more negative emotions. Do you worry about how much you worry? And then you worry about that, and so on...

An exercise: list all the words for emotions you can think of. Make sure they are words that specifically mean emotions, not just "I feel good;" etc. Write each one on a piece of paper or card – I once made a set of refrigerator magnets like this. Arrange them into groups of similar ones and positive, negative, and neutral.

Baby:

Think of it – a long and epic journey. You needed strength, skill, endurance and luck. Out of a hundred million sperm, you and a handful of others reached the egg. But you didn't slack off or go to sleep then – you remembered your ultimate purpose: union. I was also the egg. I came to the egg, but as the egg I chose the sperm out of those that applied. I allowed him in. I had to make that journey, suffer the hardships of the voyage, but in the end it wasn't up to me. I had to be chosen to lose myself, to give up my identity to a higher union, to become something new and the beginning of something much greater that I could not even conceive – an organization of trillions of cells. I – we – would be the beginning of that but we would not be that.

The only possibility is the immortality of union, of losing my identity in the participation/creation of a higher entity. Not id-entity but ex-entity. I was the sperm seeking the egg; I was also the egg choosing the sperm. How did I know which was the right one, my lover? Many are called but few are chosen. The situation is desperate. Being desperate is no guarantee of success; at least it opens the possibility of change. Never give up until you die, and not even then. They also serve who only stand and wait.

When did I begin? Before I am born I'm a part of my mother. Then comes the point of separation. She also was a part of her mother and so on back to the beginning of life, if there was a beginning. When I was conceived I was just a cell, which came from the union of 2 cells. But these 2 other cells, one from my mother and one from my father, were already alive, put together by the fission of other living cells. So I had no beginning, only different stages.

Where do I begin and end? We are used to thinking of our bodies as separate things with definite borders. I end at my skin. But the borders are vague. With each breath I take, substances come in and become part of my body, while other substances go out and fly off into the air, and are breathed in by other people, animals, plants and so on. Substances continually settle on my skin and sink into my body while other substances rise to the surface and leap off into the air. When I eat, when exactly does that food become a part of me? When it's in my mouth? After I swallow? After it's digested? And when I piss and shit, when does that stop being a part of me? Ideas come in, ideas go out. Sound comes in, sound goes out. Are my possessions part of me? My clothes? My money? How much of me is in my friends and family?

Every child sees how crazy the adult society is and vows not to be like that. "When I grow up

I won't forget." But almost all do forget. They push that little voice of essence down, smother it, silence it. Usually it is not heard again except in moments of great crisis or when death is near. What can a child do, perceiving herself as powerless? All the big, strong beings around her tell her she is wrong. She is convinced she is right and everyone else is wrong, but how can one maintain that conviction in the face of unremitting pressure, day after day, year after year? Eventually she gives in and suppresses that voice, finally convinced that it is only a fantasy of childhood, after all. This is called "growing up." During the modern invention called the period of adolescence, there is still some struggle going on. The wrinkle of essence has not yet been completely ironed out. Schools, of course, have their principal purpose in assisting this process of suppression. Disturbed teenagers who have stronger memories of the truth are given special help. Interesting that a School, which used to be a place where one could strengthen and develop this perception of truth, has become the opposite.

Everything you were told while growing up is wrong. It's all a lie. How did this kind of world come to exist and what maintains it? Is there any hope for a society in which, while not losing the benefits of science, humans can remain connected to their essence, their inner truth?

Follow the rules. Be a good boy. That's what they tell you, isn't it? But life is all about making an exception of yourself. Finding the loopholes. That's how life began. Life itself is an exception to the rule - the rule of entropy. And every species is an exception to the rule. It found an econiche - a place to fit in that no-one else had found. Even you yourself come from one sperm out of millions - the "rule" is that sperm die. And one egg out of hundreds.

Life is selfishness. Make an exception of yourself. Find where you fit, where no-one else will. Don't be a good boy. "Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney sweepers, come to dust."

Old Man:

Teachers of teachers teach teachers to teach. But who teaches teachers of teachers to teach teachers? Teacher teacher teachers teach teacher teachers to teach teachers.

What's the secret of living long? There is no secret. I mean there's no one thing. It's a combination of many things, not least of which is luck. But the most important thing is variety, differences. Variety is the spice of life. But it's more than that. It's a necessity. Sameness kills. The organism needs shocks - alternations and extremes: hot and cold, hunger and satiety, satisfaction and frustration. We should be very cold sometimes and very hot sometimes. We should feast and fast. We should sleep 'til we wake and sometimes sleep short. We need danger. Adventure is also necessary - which is why people love "action" movies and thrillers. But you need it in your own life, not just 2nd hand. So many people get stuck in one time line: work to make enough money to go on living, plan for retirement and death, buy insurance. All to be comfortable, to avoid risk. Why? We'll be comfortable when we're dead. Comfort is death. I'm not saying you should be uncomfortable all the time but neither should you seek out comfort for its own sake. Dream impossible dreams and work to make them possible. Life is meant to be an adventure, not a warm bath.

[Song and dance:] Variety, variety, it's my favorite kind of tea.
Can't you see, variety, it's the most delicious tea.
Am I moving through time, or is time moving through me?

The bad news: we only have one life.
The good news: that life can evolve indefinitely.

NOW = Never Over War. There is only now. How do I experience the past? Memories and ideas, which are here, now, in my brain. The "past" is here and now. The future is ideas, expectations, plans, etc., that exist here and now. The "future" is here and now. Linear time is a concept, a model. Even the present is a concept. Is there a present moment, a point that you can pin down? Of course not. Everything is always moving and flowing. If I watch somebody walking by I cannot freeze that person at some one point. It's all blended together, my expectation of the next step which then becomes memory of a step made, and so on.

We have the illusion of continuity. For all its flaws, our memory works extraordinarily well. Along with ideas of and plans for the future, this gives us the illusion of living in a span of time, of which the present is but one point. But memory is an abstraction, a pale shadow of present experience. Our experience floats on a sea of habits - habits of moving, habits of perceiving, habits of feeling, habits of thought - all programmed in the organism's nervous apparatus, so we have many recurrences, large and small, which add to the illusion. We can move about in space-time. All time is present. "All Present."

In fact, we live only in the past. Everything we experience has already happened. Each of us lives in his own unique time.

I can only experience one moment. What this moment contains depends on my attention. I can experience a thought. I can experience a sentence. A prison term is called a "sentence." My moment can include memories and plans or anticipations of future events.

What a jip! We only get to experience a very short time. How long is now, anyway?

Dead Man:

If you were dead, would you know it?

Death is not a specific point, as we are led to believe. "Death is the end." But what precisely, is this end? They used to consider that a person is dead when he stops breathing. But breathing can start again. A stopped heart can also start again. Modern Western science has a concept called "brain-dead." But the body can be kept "alive." In the East they say after death comes "separation," the process of the different energies going their different ways. This takes about 3 days after death.

Death. What is life next to death? If you can remember death your values will change. Why spend my life accumulating things and money when I lose it all anyway? You have only this

one life - life after death? Haven't seen any evidence of it. Come now - consciousness is very fragile. We're not even conscious when we're asleep, so how can we be conscious when we're dead, which is much more extreme? Maybe for a little while, until the energies dissipate...

Consciousness is a process which uses energy produced by the body. Either the body cannot create it as fast as it is used, or cannot create it while it is being used, like a pipe in which flow can go either way. So we have to sleep, while the energy is replenished. Advanced yogis do not sleep while meditating full time. They make more energy.

Angel:

Tao. Go with the flow. What is right for you will come to you. But your ego has to get out of the way. It's hard to suddenly change course when you've built up a momentum. You have to be quick, and light. The shortest distance is not always a straight line.

Could the human mind conceive the human body? Of course not. It is far too vast and complex. A greater mind must have conceived it. The greater mind conceived the human body which engenders the human mind which conceives lesser bodies – the works of humanity, including our machines, which perhaps engender still lesser minds – and the greater mind is engendered by a yet greater body. Is the mind which conceived us the sun? Or suns, because it takes a collective to create. Perhaps minds on the level of stars, with their bodies; which the mind of the galaxy conceives; whose body was conceived by the mind of the universe, whose body was conceived by...? Are there other universes? Where does it end? Does it end?

Our minds have created bodies on a lower level – machines - and do they have minds, or will they? Artificial intelligence. What will those minds then create? And we are all tied together. Once you create something, you are responsible for it. You can't walk away. We created machines to serve us, now we have to sustain them.

And where is spirit in all this, the Holy Ghost? That's what goes between the levels. God "breathed life into man." The spirit of the sun, in the perceptible form of light, sustains us. We sustain our machines with electricity and petroleum and money. The spirit of the galaxy comes to the sun in some form we cannot conceive – unless that's gravity. But perhaps that's Eros – pure love. That's what keeps the sun going. As Blake said; "If the sun and moon should doubt, they'd immediately go out."

We are like twigs on a tree. The twigs connect together on a branch - that's humanity. The branches connect together to a larger branch – that's all the animals. A larger branch – that's all life on Earth. The big branches go back to the trunk – that's everything that exists. There's no escaping it - everything is connected, and everything is alive. There is only one mind. There is only one consciousness. Separation is an illusion.

There is a human enterprise – the enterprise of all humanity. We are all part of it, passively. If you want to take part in it consciously, all you need to do is change your attitude. Take responsibility for the future of humanity. No one is too small to do this. You and I are as much responsible for humanity as anyone else – as much as someone who obviously affects

it, like the creators of Google, or Hitler.

The future comes about because of vision. What vision do you have for the future of humans? Whatever vision is shared by more people, more intensely; that will happen.

What we experience are dreams of the collective mind of humanity. It's easy to point the finger, say, at Hitler, say it's all his fault. But he too, was a pawn, in a way. Why does the mind of humanity dream such dreams?

Some dream of great projects. But, they say, I don't have the resources. This is wrong. All the resources of humanity belong to everyone. The limiting factor is vision, imagination. And, of course, persistence. Not giving up. Nobody, when he initiates large projects, has the resources to accomplish them.

There is also a life enterprise. We are all part of that too. Where is life going? Any one of us can participate in this enterprise too. Any individual organism, i.e. you, is like a cell in the body of Gaia – all life on the planet. Humans are like brain cells. In a brain, learning is a process of establishing connections. The brain which is all humanity learns by making more connections between people. This is happening now, on a global scale. Gaia is becoming conscious. This is a momentous event. This is a very exciting time to be alive, because this time is significant on the time-scale of all life, measured in billions of years. On this scale the life of humanity so far is just a blip. It's like Gaia has been gestating until now, and is about to be born. It is important in this time that many people change their attitude to that of global citizen – that people think of themselves as “Gaians,” instead of Germans, Japanese, Americans, or whatever. There is a window of opportunity, and it has to happen now – some say the critical point is 2012. We live in a dramatic universe and nothing is certain.

Today things don't look hopeful. But consider the concept of critical mass, from chemistry. When a chemical reaction begins, it goes very slowly; it looks like nothing is changing. But when some percentage has changed – the critical mass – the rest changes very rapidly. It appears to transform instantaneously. We are still on the first part of the curve. We don't know the necessary percentage – 5%, 10%, maybe only 1% - but at some point the world will appear to change overnight.

The destiny of Humanity is to manage, not mangle, the Earth. To be caretakers for the benefit of all life. To realise that we are all one family, living in one house. “What goes around, comes around.” Whatever anyone does, affects everyone. Our destiny is also to assist Gaia in reproducing – baby Gaias to spread to other planets and eventually to other stars. Gaiitas? Change the time scale: life explodes out into the cosmos.

It is not all easy going. There is opposition. “Power corrupts; absolute power corrupts absolutely.” The opposition comes from power addicts. Power is the most powerful drug. Those who love it will do anything – anything at all – to maintain and increase their power. The Great Game. The only antidote is to realize that there is a Greater Game – to participate in Cosmic Evolution.

Magician:

Can we change reality? You want something, you think about it, you look for it, then it appears in your life, to your attention. Did you change reality?

That's magic. That's what magic is. Changing reality. The mind is a reality creating machine.

Isn't life amazing? Yes, it's a maze, a hall of mirrors. Illusion. And it's easy to follow a will-o-the-wisp, to get lost in this illusion for a year, or 10 years or 50 years. It is possible to escape from this illusion. But reality can be cold and hard, dirty, dreary and full of unpleasant surprises. So most people prefer their pleasant illusion. Who wants to live in reality? In reality accidents happen, and you get old and lose your hair and get sick and die. All these things happen anyway but in illusion you can ignore them as long as possible.

Attention: What is will? A force. What is force? Directed energy. Who directs it? That's the kicker. You could say, a plant has a will to grow. When I wet sprout seeds, they start to grow - and it's rather difficult to stop them from growing. Life in general has a will to grow and reproduce. Where does the will come from? From the sun. Plants "use" the sun's energy. You could also say, the sun uses the plants to manifest its will. Where does the sun's will come from? From the atoms of hydrogen created in the big bang - the original will of the universe. Attention? A cosmic force. Attention is, or manifests as, directed awareness. Who or what directs it?

Put your mind in order. It's chaos. How do you put your mind in order? How do you put your life in order? My attention has no direction. Is someone out to get me? Probably. Am I paranoid? Probably. How do you outwit the it? It's an ongoing battle, with no end in sight. How do you give your attention a direction? A task?

Meditation: relaxation and concentration. Usually concentration is accompanied by tension. Relaxation of muscles and concentration of attention.

To meditate is to simply experience the situation you are in. Perceiving the actual situation is separating the experience from ideas about experience, the direct experience from the abstractions. Usually people are in front of the ideas, being pushed by them. You have to get behind the ideas, where you can see them. It's not easy because we have so many preconceptions and misconceptions about our situation. And we are used to seeing ideas, to living in a world of conceptions so it is difficult to perceive directly. If by chance someone does perceive directly for a moment, he usually discounts it as dream or fantasy because he is so used to accepting his preconceptions as reality. But where did these ideas come from? And are they in your best interest? Or were they installed to serve the purposes of others?

"I" is not something concrete, but an idea. People have personalities, which means they can usually be depended on to react in more or less the same way in similar situations – that is what we call a person. If they react too differently we say they are crazy; or "out of their mind."

The personality is like a collection of computer programs. A given stimulation calls up a

program which seems to the person most appropriate. This program then runs through to the end, calling up “subprograms” as necessary. Psychologists and Psychiatrists try to see which programs are socially “inappropriate” and substitute other, more “appropriate” programs for them. This collection of programs we have learned to call “I” or “myself.” As in, “I like...”, “I always...”, “I never...” “I’m not myself today.”

It gives you a feeling of security. But “I” in the sense of someone in control...

People live in the illusion that they have a life. There is a life there but they don't have it. To really have a life one would have to have an "I" capable of holding it together.

There is little mind, and there is the great mind of the universe. They are separate, but they are connected. I can open up and the great mind can become my mind, so there is no difference. Of course there's a sacrifice, I have to give up the illusion of my separate little mind. You don't want to let go of your ego. But you will have to when you die. Might as well do it sooner.

What are the limitations to using one's capacity? Sloth, for one. Will, for another. The ordinary person has no real will. Only an illusion of will based on conditioning. So how can you develop when you have no will? Pull yourself up by your own bootstraps? The “ratchet” effect? When a computer starts, it is called “booting,” short for bootstrapping.

Accelerated path – to have more experiences in a given time – so that one can, in effect, live many lives in one. The art of using society, culture – consciously playing necessary roles. Mastering the actual world to carry out intentions (intentional suffering). Putting intensity into one's experiences (conscious effort). Intentional intensity. Exploring the potential of the human organism. Listen! Your body IS your soul. It all comes down to body. That is the miracle. People are always looking somewhere else when the truth is in front of your nose. Actually; behind your nose. Or maybe; the truth is your nose.

Artists are the explorers, the pioneers of experience. They bring back maps and stories for others. And sometimes they get lost...

The truth is what works.

.....

The end

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