

# Being Posthuman

Cat Hearth 2017

*For one actor and musician(s).*

## **Characters:**

*Traveller*

*Shaman*

*Alien AI*

*Cyborg/Clown*

*Spiritual Ariel*

*Scientific Shaman*

*Androgyne*

*Sage*

**Scene i - Intro** [*sound: "gate gate, para gate, para sam gate" loop + singing bowl + shaker.*]

*Traveller: [Song. Each line repeated, last line 3 times]*

Follow your heart's lead

Plant a new seed

Pull up the weed

Let go of greed

You will be freed

Ride a wild steed

[*Speaking*] Hello fellow primates, animals, organized globs of protoplasm on this whirling, wobbling, blue-green glowing globe in the vast black - synapses firing electrically, emotional chemicals spurting, hearts pumping, sharing air, cycling water, squeezing energy from life crunched by teeth, wiggling toes and fingers, sensing sound and light waves, trillions of cells growing, budding and dying - life has its moments - we've made it - we're 3 1/2 billion years old and still expanding.

## **Scene ii**

*Masked Shaman: [enters, creates sacred space. Platter with vegetables, tobacco, etc. Lights incense. Drumming with dance before speaking.]*

The circle is closed. You have to create your own circle. Learn how to learn.

Life is a dream. It's experience. Nothing else. Everything else is illusion. That you have possessions, money, power, friends - all illusion. All you have is experience. The experience of the present moment.

If you had a billion dollars, would your life be better? Well, you would still have nothing but the experience of the present moment.

I do not exist. What is I? A fiction. A word. There are words with something real behind them and there are words with nothing. How do you distinguish? To penetrate beneath the fluff and find the skeleton.

Tobacco is friend. It helps you when you need it. Hash is a friend. Fried nice and brown.

Food plants are our friends. Apples, carrots, wheat. We adapt them, or Life adapts them through us. Machines, harnessing natural forces - isn't that what we've always done? What Life has always done? Harnessing, adapting. Storing.

The traffic sounds are music - free energy. For those who want it... In fact all sense impressions are such.

Is there any objective past?

*Scene iii [electronic type music.]*

*Alien AI: [British accent, mechanical movements.]*

I don't care about the comfort or happiness of people. People are just machines. They will go on doing what they do. "Life rattles on." I don't give a shit about them. That's not what I came here for. I'm not human; I'm not one of them and my home is not this planet.

I came here for a specific purpose, a cosmic task. "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

Your body is made of stardust, and powered by star energy. Stars exploded so you could be here! The atoms in your body were made by stars more than 6 billion years ago. The energy you are using was made by the sun more than a million years ago, by fusing hydrogen atoms. Your body runs on nuclear energy!

My mission is to help to get rid of the corruption and rot handed down from previous generations. Clear it out so something new can be born. This is true both on a personal and a global level.

Symbolia manipulates matter and energy using symbols, organizing more and more of the material of the cosmos. Life: forms of matter which manipulate matter. The cosmos becomes more intelligent. To intelligentify the cosmos. We're just beginning.

*Scene iv [Sound: drum with echo]*

*Traveller:* At-tention, in-tention and ex-tension. Tent from stretch - tendere. A tent is stretched. The road to hell is paved with good intentions. But the road of good intentions can lead to the road of good extensions, and that is the road to heaven. But you will get lost on both these roads if they are not lighted by good at-tention. Stretching to.

It is good in the tent. But sometime you have to go out of the tent. Ex-tend.

People used to be no-mads. Not mad, they lived intensely in tents. When they stopped, they extended - stretched out - their tents. Then some people began to surround themselves with force: forts. They relied on the force, and forgot how to stretch. When you have a fort, you have to stay with the fort, or someone else will squat it. When you're squatting, you're hard to move.

If we can learn to live intensely in our forts - let the force serve the stretching - then we will see zen in the city and be good city-zens.

Attention, intention, and extension. Stretching to, stretching in, and stretching out.

### **Scene v**

*Cyborg/Clown:* "Let Jesus into your heart" translates as, "Let the will of the church take over your actions." Certainly it makes people happy. It's always a relief to turn over the driving to someone else. Avoiding decisions for fear of the consequences turns over the control to some other will. Wills are independent of people. Their effect increases with time. Anti-entropy. You can make decisions that will last for longer than your life. Play. Play with the world. Play by making decisions and seeing how they turn out.

"Better than anything except being in love." But the good feeling is just chemicals produced by the body. It's crude and primitive to wait for external accidents to produce reactions in you. Why not take control of the chemical factory? "Be in love" whenever you want.

What we sense is illusion. Self generated reality. People are lazy. They could have as many "realities" as they want. For what is "reality"? A construct of your mind. All your brain gets are electrical impulses from the nerves - it builds "reality" from that.

Everything is programming: life, chemistry, culture, the way the ball bounces, the way the cookie crumbles - science is a search for the programs. Bill Gates started as a computer programmer. Now he's programming society.

You can control people but you have to program them first. People run by programs and language is the input. You have to know the program. Or study them to learn what programs they are running. Learn to program yourself and run your own already installed programs, or change them.

People run on ideas or thought-forms. Which thought-forms? How do they affect people? A car runs on petroleum or electricity, but the car needs the entire infrastructure of industry, roads, traffic laws, repair shops...

Life is a game. You are thrown into this situation - a body, in the midst of a society of a bunch more of these bodies - no instructions are given. The body is based on a program that was

started at least 3 1/2 billion years ago. The program has a method for refining and improving itself based on feedback from its surroundings. Artificial intelligence.

Imagine a plant cell as big as a factory. – “Here comes a piece of sunlight, get the molecule in position – a little to the left, get ready...” POW! The oxygen molecule goes shooting off – “Capture the carbon!” At the wall of the cell – “Here comes the oxygen molecule. Open the gate!” They let it out. “Here comes a CO2 molecule.” They let it in. The photosynthesis gang grabs it. “OK, get ready, a little this way!”

Why do cells do what they do? What motivates them? Why does a nerve cell pass along an electrical impulse, why does a muscle cell move? Maybe because they enjoy it. Why do you eat and seek out sexual partners? Why do you work?

Life takes apart and rearranges molecules. We take materials apart, move them around, and put them together. We also work with concepts. The higher levels work with increasing mass, gravity, temperature, pressure. As you evolve, you get to work with more pressure – holding together opposing forces.

*Scene vi [Sound: "Disgusting" with distortion. Character is detached Cartesian dualist with blank mask.]*

*Spiritual Ariel:* Sex is disgusting. Women are really disgusting. All their fluids and stinks. Bodies in general are disgusting. Ugh! Food and eating and digesting is disgusting. Let's just get away from all that as much as we can.

It's disgusting actually connecting with people. So connect somehow but at a safe distance. A Facebook distance. Fall in love with unavailable partners. Sex at a distance.

Love is a beautiful thing. What attracts people together. But to see 2 people stuck together like dogs is disgusting.

The young ones are so innocent and pure. Not disgusting like the adults.

We are higher than that.

Television, videos, recorded music, and internet take the place of tribal ceremonies and rituals. Supermarkets take the place of gardens and animal husbandry. Beeps, honks, roars of rapidly exploding petroleum replace birdsongs, wind, wave sounds, disrupting the natural rhythms of the body. Engine exhaust replaces flower and musk while starlight is obscured by neon and fluorescent lighting. Anxiety and stress become endemic.

The quantity of human bodies increases exponentially while human experience is reduced to numbers, addictions, mechanical pleasures. This is called "progress."

*Scene vii*

*Scientific Shaman:* Amazing that evolution could produce a spider that can spin a web. How much more amazing to produce a human, that can learn to spin a web - or almost anything else. The learning machine.

Accelerate. Reach the source of creative energy: the will, which is completely irrational. You can do whatever you will. The source of energy - you have to speed up - way up - it's like surfing.

Everything that exists - there is no such thing as a small miracle. Accelerate to the speed of light - each breath an entire universe is created, breathed out - and destroyed on the inbreath - the breath of Brahma. And things are not as they told us in grade school - not at all.

This piece of animated matter that I call my body.

My image of my heart - the lover bound and gagged in a chair. Also an open door. Surf home. Ride the wave to the beach. Accept what the universe offers. Because you arranged it in the first place. A hard lesson to learn. When the universe hands you a gift - accept it! Often people don't because it doesn't come in the package they expected or they feel they are not ready for it.

The body is all that there is. The body is the highest you will ever get. The so-called "spiritual" is a lower level.

All the selves have to get in order. Seems like too big a task. Impossible. Well, what do they say? One in a million? "And biologically speaking, that's very good odds."

Selves in order and aligned with the biospheric will. Simple, no problem. Just a cosmic organism with no instruction manual.

Forget about "Operation Manual for Planet Earth." What about operation manual for me? Doesn't exist. Have to write it.

People take pride in themselves, in their families, in their tribes or countries. Why not take pride in the Earth? Why not take pride in the cosmos? What a magnificent job we have done evolving all the forms of life! What a wonderful cosmos we have created!

Why not? A person did not create his nation, yet he takes pride in it because he is a part of it. Well, you are a part of life and of the cosmos, aren't you? You participate in them just as much as in your nation - more, though unconsciously. You take pride in your children because you made them but did you really?

Come on. You can be proud of your body, but you didn't make your body. Life made it.

Why not identify with larger things? All that energy is there, waiting for you.

**Scene viii** [*Sound: tree branch breaking with wind sounds and steel drum*]

*Traveller:*

If a tree falls with no one around,  
Does it make a sound?  
Does it even fall?  
Is there even a tree at all?

The child says the Emperor has no clothes!  
Only the child knows.  
Punish the naughty child  
The child is too wild.

The lowly pawn in a game of chess  
Thinks of himself no less  
Mr. Pawn has his pride  
The pawn says "I decide."

We accept the Word as God  
And so the Word is God  
Follow the common herd  
Bow down to mighty Word

The idea of God makes you a fool  
An idea is like a tool  
Use it when it fits  
Or leave it in the kit

A powerful idea can destroy  
The truth is just a toy  
Change the lens in the microscope  
Understand believe love or hope

Eat poison and pay for it too  
That is what you will do  
Believe what you are told  
The poison must be sold

**Scene ix**

*Scientific Shaman:* How does a new way of thinking begin? Not with mind-blowing world-shattering events, but with the little things, like conversations between 2 or 3 people over a glass of whiskey. Where are you from? What do you do?

An identity as large as the planet. Where are you from? "Planet Earth."

You are from America, you are from New York. You were born in Podunk. Let them identify you, let them fit you into their ridiculous little pigeon holes. Then they think they "know you." Then they think they understand who you are.

I am from Planet Earth. Where were you born? I was born on Planet Earth. I mean exactly, precisely, where? It doesn't matter.

What do you do? I am a planetary citizen. I work towards integration of all people. That is what I do. I am a catalyst.

Where are you from? Why do you ask that question? You probably want to know which culture I am imprinted with, so you can think, "Ah, this is how an American, German, Kenyan, Nepali, behaves."

That is the past, the source of many problems: that people think of themselves as being Americans, Germans, Kenyans, that they identify with an abstract organization identified with a certain land area on the surface of the Earth.

The future, the way of evolution for people, is for us all to think of ourselves as "Earthians." I happen at the moment to have my bodily presence here in the portion of the Earth's surface known as Prague, Czech Republic, but I identify with the planet, with Earth. That is where I live in this life, in this body.

As a member of humanity, as a member of life living on this planet, as a member of the cosmos.

I don't know what my enterprise is but I do know that it must be at least planetary in scale and looking forward 2000 years and more.

Maybe the purpose of the universe is to make good stories.

It's easy. Surrender to the universal will. You already are the cosmos so be what you are.

If you have no intention nothing matters. You're just a leaf in the wind. If you have intention you suffer. You suffer because you care. You can't change the past, no use worrying about it. The future. Think big. If you're going to fail you might as well fail at something big.

If you do your work, what you are supposed to do, the world will provide your needs. Don't be greedy. Your reward is the opportunity to do your work.

Be alert. Don't refuse something just because you think you don't need it. It may be something you need and you don't know it. Or it may be something you will need.

*Scene x*

*Traveller:* You can see it in his posture - the resigned attitude - the bent head, the bowed back, the don't-get-your-hopes-up, already accepted defeat. I can't be beaten because I've already defeated myself. I can't be disappointed because I expect the worst.

I had no goals, no objectives, no dreams. My life had ground to a halt. I had no friends, only acquaintances. These I made no effort to keep in touch with, so gradually I became almost totally isolated. And this was what I wanted. To be at peace, with no disturbance. It was good practice for being dead.

There's something about a sadness, a heaviness, a ground, which is being developed in me. I have to experience the down side, the negative aspects, the suffering.. It's certain, there isn't much time, and that calls for extraordinary measures, heroic measures. We have all forgotten why we came here, amnesia is endemic.

So here I am, like a fly stuck in amber. Unable to move, utterly will-less. In any case, I'll have to somehow carry on my miserable existence. My insignificant, worthless, aimless unsatisfying life. Depression. Low energy. Apathy. More coffee is definitely called for. Pitifully short, our lives. Turn around a few times and your life is gone. What a strange dream!

Why don't I feel great? Why isn't my head bursting with new projects, my heart bursting with joy and excitement, my body bursting with energy? Why don't I wake up every morning thinking, "Wow! Another day on this wonderful Earth! Think of the possibilities! Anything could happen today. I could die, I could win a million dollars, I could meet the love of my life..." To evolve you need a basis: to be zealous about life. A zest for living, joie de vivre.

*Scene xi*

*Androgyne:* Hey - we all came out of our mothers" yonis - unless we were cut out - slid down that slippery passage- poked our heads out between those cunt-lips.

I woke up one night and felt my heart beating, and it was like an orgasm - each squeezing spurt of blood like ejaculation - exquisite pleasure. All my senses acute - every sound, every sight like a lover's touch. "Now I know what it feels like to be human." Even the neuron explosions forming thoughts tickled pleasurable.

I am in love. Not with someone. Just in Love.

It's a carnival ride, a roller coaster. It is participating in active continuous creation. It is the ecstasy of being. It is seeing the absurdity of ego. It is experiencing the connectedness of everything. It is being amazed at the beauty and complexity of evolution. It is being proud of what we, the cosmos-creators, have done. It is dying before you die. It is being continually surprised.

"YOU'RE IT!" You are the cosmos, and the cosmos is you. Isn't it great what we are creating!



Their view of sex is so limited. Sex is a lot more than looking at naked bodies or touching sex organs. Sexual contact goes on all the time between people. The bureaucrats are frustrated because they want to control sex and they can't.

You're not supposed to play (experiment) with yourself. Not with your body (doctors only) and not with your mind (psychologists/psychiatrists/church officials only). Hands off. Don't touch. Danger.

A newspaper or a book is masculine. A television is like a man: you turn it on and let it do things to you. Masculine is having a plan, an agenda. What about 3rd force? Lawyers. Hosts. Someone who specializes in creating an ambiance. Matchmakers.

*Scene xii [White beard. Cloth hat. Sounds throat singing.]*

*Sage (Kali):* People think they can survive death. Ha! What a laugh. Most people can't even think straight if they miss one meal. How much more would it take to survive death?

You are old, with white hair. Slowly becoming weaker and less able, with more problems and less pleasures until your lungs stop breathing, your heart stops beating, and your body begins to rot. No longer your body but rubbish for decomposition and reincorporation into the bodies of other organisms.

You played out your Faustian script, enjoyed yourself as long as it lasted. You never have much time. There's never enough time for anything that's not absolutely necessary.

The third third of my life. Time to pay the debts. Consolidate what you've learned and transmit your wisdom, if any, for future generations.

I feel like I'm groping in the dark and I don't even know what I'm groping for. Help me! Don't ask for help, ask how you can help, how you can serve. That's fine, but what do I serve? Evolution, you nitwit! OK, so I serve evolution, but how?

You don't have to do anything, just be what you are. Be more of what you are. Be totally what you are, and nothing else. And then... you may transform.

We are all ladybugs crawling on the pages of the book of life, and when the book closes, we die.

*Scene xiii [Sound: Blues-type riff on synthesizer with bass + drum/cymbal loop]*

*Traveller: [Song]*

Your nose knows yes, and your nose knows no.  
Look to the end of your nose if you want to know.

Should your nose be long?

Your nose belongs where it is.  
On your face. It's a trace  
Of the human race  
And the grace  
Of the divine, it's a fine  
Reminder of the fine line  
Between the seen and the unseen  
Between the lines

Your nose knows yes, and your nose knows no.  
Look to the end of your nose if you want to know.

Or to tell  
Of the unsmelled or the smell  
Of something ethereal,  
Indescribable,

Your nose knows yes, and your nose knows no.  
Look to the end of your nose if you want to know.

A whiff  
Of the essence of life, a gift  
Ungiven, to enliven  
Your striving for the real,  
The royal feel  
Of living with zeal

Your nose knows yes, and your nose knows no.  
Look to the end of your nose if you want to know.

Until the end  
Of your nose.  
Is there an end?  
Who knows?

***The End***

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