

Stranger in a Strange Land

Cat Hearth 2018

[For one or two actors with musician(s).]

Characters:

Angel

Man

Gardener

Hindu

Hacker

Medusa

Aldous

Philosopher

Jive Black Janitor

Psychopath

Brit

Gilgamesh

Utnapishtim

Intro

Angel [Entering, with drum]: In Nomine Patri, et Filli, et Spiritu Sancti! Amen!

La illaha illallah, Mohammed rasul ullah

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare. Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama

Rama, Hare, Hare

Om Namu Shivaya

Om mani padme hum

Home Money Put Me Home

Home Money Put Me Home

Home Money Put Me Home

I Love Big Brother

Mám rád velkeho bratra

scene i The Third Wish

Man: (Looking around) Whoa! Where am I? Who am I? How did I get here? I can't remember anything.

Angel: What is your third wish?

Man: What?

Angel: You get one more wish. What is it?

Man: You mean I already had 2 wishes and I get one more?

Angel: That's right.

Man: What did I wish for before?

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Angel: You wished to forget everything you knew.

Man: That must be right, because I can't remember anything. Well then, I wish to know who I truly am.

Angel: [*Grants wish*] It's funny, though, because that was his first wish.

Song: 4/4 time

Stranger in a strange land
Danger in being a man
I know nothing but what was trained
I have to reformat my brain
Can I go back to the start
Begin again with a pure heart?

Stranger in a strange land
Nothing solid, it's all quicksand
The System gives me a story
Says this is how it must be
I can't tell what is really true
From what they say is true

Stranger in a strange land
And I want to understand
In this land so strange
Can I make a change?
Does it really have to be this way?

[*Bridge*] All I know is here's this body
And the world around me
Other beings like me
And everything always changing
[*a cappella*] Re-arranging... strange thing...

Stranger in a strange land
Danger in being a man
Friends get old and die
Babies arrive and cry
Grow up and discover sex
Things get more complex

The more you know the more you don't know
Enjoy the everchanging show
Stranger... Stranger... Stranger...
In such a strange land.

So there you are, a Stranger in a Strange Land, with the situation just as it is. What will you do with it? You have all the potential of this body, all its resources, all its relationships,

its requirements, responsibilities, and recurrences.

Actuality, potential, and decisions. By the right decisions you can even make what is impossible now possible in the future.

To say "I did that" is a lie. What is "I?" "I" can experience and act only in the present moment, not in the past or the future.

You think you can have more life by extending the life-span of your body-mind in space-time. Delusion. What is my life, for me?

My experience. And experience is only here-now, only time-space. What is the "handle" to our experience? How can we affect it, change it? Attention is the magic, the only freedom, the experience transformer. Attention connects space-time and time-space, Earth and Heaven. It's the holy spirit.

The Madman and the Artist go to the same place, but the Artist knows how to get back, and even show something to others of what it's like. The Mystic learns to live in both worlds.

scene ii Forgetting, Remembering, and Destiny

Gardener: Humans take part in four enterprises, willy-nilly: individuality, humanity, life, and the cosmos.

In each of these enterprises, whatever you do, or fail to do, has an effect. To have responsibility, simply assume responsibility. "We" are in the process of creating, on all four of these levels. There are times and places, where the effects of actions are magnified. Forgetting. It's easy to forget. It has to become a daily practice. You have to face it every day.

Not physical pain, but emotional pain. Deep, ancient, lizard brain pain. The reflex of the lizard brain, to hide and buffer the pain. The usual way is to mask it with pleasure. How to go through the pain?

It's like the metaphor of the Minotaur and the labyrinth. To go deep in dangerous darkness, sword in hand, with only a thread to find your way out again - if you succeed in killing the monster.

This is a test. Do you hear me? Testing, testing...

World population Increase 83,000,000 per year. 6,900,000 per month. 1,600,000 per week. 227,000 per day. Enough new people each year to populate Germany. More than enough each week to populate Prague.

Destiny is largely a matter of remembering. That's why there are so many people in the world now; so few of them remember. Nature is forced to make more to better the odds. Most people today are caricatures; cardboard cut-outs, 2-dimensional. Some few get to the point of character, solid, 3-dimensional. This is still not individuality but higher than most.

Long ago most, or at least many people had character. Individuality, 4-dimensional, can have many characters, whatever is needed. Someone from a higher dimension appears mysterious, even miraculous to one who can't access that dimension, like the sphere in "Flatland." But mostly they remain hidden except to their peers.

Facing certain death, go all out for individuality. You die either way. Or believe in heaven or reincarnation.

scene iii Western Civilization has Contempt for Nature (Indian accent)

Hindu: Separating humans from Nature is a disease of Western Civilization. In Western cultures the people are sitting on the chairs, separating their bodies from the earth. They are eating with the metal utensils, separating their hands from the food. And, they are wiping their asses with the paper, separating their hands from their shit.

The tree is one of the most powerful emblems of nature. How many trees are Western cultures cutting down to wipe their asses?

You're an asshole! That's bad. Why is an asshole bad? Shit is coming out of it. Unpleasant, stinky, messy. But why hating shit? We should be loving our shit because it is fertilizer helping to grow delicious food. But in the West we are disconnected from the cycles of life. Food is coming from the supermarket, shit is disappearing down the drain.

If you are cleaning your ass with water and your fingers, every day you are coming in contact with your asshole. Give it a bit of love. Thanks, asshole, for letting out my used-up food, that I no longer need, returning it to the Earth where it can continue the cycle of life.

Despising your asshole and rubbing it with paper (processed trees, remember) is unhealthy. Even the finest paper is having tiny splinters and that skin is very sensitive.

The basic model of the animal is the worm, a tube taking in food at one end and eliminating the remainder from the other end. Over evolutionary time, many other parts were added, but the original tube is still there, the digestive system with the mouth at one end and at the other end, the asshole.

scene iv The Game

Hacker: When we die, do we go to heaven? Do we reincarnate? No, when we die we take off the Virtual Reality suit, check our score, and see whether we did better than last time. There are certain clues that reality is not random, but comes from perception, like the sun and the moon being the same apparent size. These signs are flaws in the illusion of objective reality.

What you experience is in your mind, which is also Brahman, The Mind, the cosmic awareness. And creation is every instant.

The video game metaphor. A human life is big challenge, big problem and opportunity, difficult puzzle to solve. You must have done well on previous challenges to have been

given this challenge, and the reward for solving the puzzle is a more difficult puzzle. Enigma. The human situation. Historically very few have solved the puzzle, though there may be many we don't know of. Someone like Buddha or Jesus Christ.

These historical records show that, however rare and difficult, it can be done. Presumably those "high scorers" went on to even more difficult puzzles.

scene v Medusa [song]

Medusa: One look turns your heart to stone
Kali Durga with her necklace of bones
Desperation, throw it all away
One last joy ride, last chance to play
Oh Medusa I would kiss you
Such a thrill and such bliss too
I would fondle your snakes
Do I have what it takes?

Maybe the hardest thing Perseus did was not to look at your face.
The hardest thing Perseus did was not to look at your face.

We are alive and we have to die
Your heart will stop beating and you'll heave a last sigh
Apres moi le deluge - let them crash and burn
Dum vivimus vivamus - now it's my turn

Do you have the courage to kill Medusa? Look in the mirror, that polished shield, those writhing snakes on her head, those bewitching eyes - fascinating. Remember your purpose, though it's easy to forget, easy to be hypnotized, lulled into a pleasant sleep. Medusa is part of you. It's like cutting off your own leg to escape a trap.

Disaster, disease, old age, and death
Pleasure and pain until the last breath
Persue happiness or serve some God
See through the whole mess and become God

You got to use a Mirror - Control your fear - So you can get near
Polish your shield -- 'Til it will yield
The reflection - To perfection
Of her face - That face!
Don't hesitate - It will fascinate - 'Til it's too late
You will lose it all - Lose it all

Spend your life improving the Matrix
It's still the Matrix kid - don't play tricks
On yourself - Many worlds outside the Matrix
When you are free - All you see - Reality

You refuse to - Kill Medusa
What's your excuse - ha? - Kill Medusa
Feel the juice - ah - Kill Medusa
Steal the muse - Kill Medusa
Let it loose - Kill Medusa
You can choose to - Kill Medusa
What's to lose? - Kill Medusa
What's to lose? - Kill Medusa
Kill Medusa - Kill Medusa - Kill Medusa – aaaaaah!

scene vi Attention and Dimensions

Aldous: Control of attention comes from the nervous system, which is part of space-time, body-mind. How do I know what my attention is on? That is what I experience. And experience potentially enters long term memory, becomes satiated perceptions, moments of truth, by further acts of attention. This becomes part of the pattern of Nervous system, space-time body-mind, which affects further decisions in time-space.

The fourth dimension, first dimension of time-space, corresponds to location (first dimension of space-time). It produces the feeling of being centrally located in a "here-and-now." Experience would not be possible without memory. Short term memory (corresponding to RAM in a computer) gives a feeling of continuity - what we experience are the extremely rapid repeated impressions forming patterns of neuron connections giving rise to perceptions, selected parts of which can be stored in long term memory.

The fifth dimension, 2nd dimension of time-space, overlaid on the first like layers in Photoshop: Forms. Impressions - perceptions compared to a stored library of forms. By the age of five or so, few new forms are added to this library. Later, perceptions that don't fit a stored form are usually ignored, not consciously perceived. True artists create or discover forms - explorers and pioneers of time-space.

The sixth dimension, 3rd dimension of time-space, again overlaid like a layer in Photoshop: decisions. Micro-decisions constantly being made about where to place attention - mostly dictated by cultural algorithms. Very hard to get on the other side of that and watch the decisions being made, and even take control. (Observer I, Actor I.)

These "metadecisions" can only come from space-time function - transmitted ideas, alternate algorithms to the culturally dictated ones. For this one has to be very quick. (Quick-quick-quicker.)

If you do things not like others and find your unique way, the cosmos will take care of you. Find your econiche. Make an exception of yourself. Become an ordinary idiot.

scene vii Stripiness

Philosopher: Stripeyness is more than a philosophy. It is a way of being. We all have in us both the light and the dark. Both are necessary, neither is good or bad. The important thing is to keep them separate, not allow them to mix and become grey.

The edges are the critical areas. Keep the edges clear and sharp. No gradual transitions, no grey between the white and the black.

Black and white. Black loves white, white loves black. Black strives to become white and white strives to become black. But when black achieves its objective and becomes white, it loses its blackness. It is white, and then admires and desires to become black. And so it goes, the eternal cycle. Black and white, forever dancing around each other, connected but separate.

Standing still in the midst of movement, staying silent in the midst of speech. The calm at the center of the storm. To stay poised at that point, that exact point where black becomes white and white becomes black, being neither but partaking of the essence of both.

Black and white,
the eternal fight
White turns to black,
Then black goes back
To white, the delight
Of poles, and so it goes.
And so it goes.

Telepathy means knowing what someone else is thinking. But the word actually means long distance feeling. Tele-pathy. Everyone has telepathy. The emotional center is like a radio transmitter/receiver. That's why there are phenomena like esprit de corps, the spirit of the group.

Empathy is "feeling in," "digging" what someone else is feeling. Actors and politicians have "epathy," the ability to project their feelings to others. Telepathy is usually not taught so it is not refined in most. Sex center has a similar ability, but even more powerful as it works with a finer energy.

Humans are machines for picking up and manifesting Karmic patterns. People have a built in capacity to "download a program and run it." That's how babies learn a culture: karma. Like the theory of language: humans have a built in capacity to learn a language, but not any particular language. But people of any age can do it, not just babies. That's also the principle of theater. "All the world's a stage."

scene viii Hip [Song: 5/4 time]

Life is a jip, so how to get hip
Sex is a drag, my wife is a nag
I used to rave, now I'm a sex slave
So how to get real, not just what I feel

I don't understand what I stand under
All these demands tear my life asunder
I don't want to be put in a box
I'm a graduate from the school of hard knocks

I have to see that I'm a slave
The world tells me how to behave
Cultural rules are a slap in the face
I disobey and I'm in disgrace

Wandering in a hall of mirrors
Life confirming my worst fears
In every direction just a haze
Don't know how to get out of the maze

[Instrumental]

Life is a jip, so how to get hip
Sex is a drag, my wife is a nag
I used to rave, now I'm a sex slave
So how to get real, not just what I feel
How to get real, not just what I feel

Jive Black Janitor: Hip is what you stand on, the top of the leg, the transition from the vital part of the body to the locomotive part. Without the hip you can't stand (I can't stand it!), you can't walk, jump, or run. It is under the vital parts, thus it stands under you, it is your understanding.

Hence the word hippy, from the beatnik word "hip," understanding what's really going on. Hippy: "one who understands, groks, the situation." "Are you hip to what's really going on here?" And isn't my main aim to understand, get hip to, grok, reality? So how to "get hip?"

Your sexuality is the seed of your individuality. Why put yourself in a box? Each person's sexuality is unique. It is cultures that want to standardize and categorize sexuality. Cultures don't want people to develop individuality. People should be replaceable parts in the machine.

So now we have gay marriage. Hurrah! A new privilege for the prisoners. What if 3 people want to get married, or 7, or 20? Why get married at all?

Are you heterosexual, gay, lesbian, bisexual, transexual, questioning, all of the above, none of the above? Why not just say "fuck you" and be done with it? Why a sexual "identity?" You are what you are and that can change too. Respond spontaneously in the moment.

Keeping people in slavery is easier if they like their slavery. After all, massuh has to take care of his niggers. Remember, family equals slavery. Family values = slave values.

scene ix *Cannibal Cafe*

Psychopath: There are too many people in the world, and a lot don't have enough to eat. I propose a solution: cannibalism. Why is cannibalism taboo? Is human meat any different from animal meat? All that nutritious food goes to waste every time some human body is buried or cremated.

We could solve the hunger problem, use all the land lost to graveyards and save the fuel spent burning bodies. A New Guinea native was told how many people died in World War 2. "How did you eat all those bodies?"

Maybe some criminals would hunt people and sell their bodies for meat, but some say such a black market already exists, and some of the meat now sold as pork is actually "long pig."

Don't bury or burn dead bodies. Eat them!

Welcome to the Cannibal Cafe! Try our new Human Burger! Or Mouth-watering Human Heart Burger, with melted Mother's Milk Cheese! Our Grade A tender young free-range humans are fed only on organic grains and vegetables and humanely murdered by licensed professionals.

And don't miss succulent flame-broiled thigh steaks, served with crispy human belly bacon. Yumm! Special today: Farm Fried Fresh Fingers with Free French Fries!

scene x *JIP*

Brit: [*British lower class accent, towards cockney*] Life is a jip. It doesn't deliver what it promises. It's the old "bait and switch" game. They advertise something, then when you go to buy it it's not there, but there's "something else."

But wait a minute. Life didn't promise you anything. You don't have any sort of contract or agreement with life. Life put you here for its own purposes, and you can use life for your purposes, if you have any.

In that sense, Life is your enemy, or your opponent in the game, the game of Life. You assume there are certain rules, because that's what you've been taught. But have you tested them? Your wily opponent would like you to believe that you can't do certain things. "That's just not done!" Who says?

So you assume on both sides. You assume that life owes you some things, such as happiness or at least enough to eat. On the other side, you assume certain limitations.

Life does require you to breathe, eat, excrete, sleep and dream, and survive somehow 'til you die. But life requires a lot less than you think. People, and their organizations, demand a lot more of you than life does.

But if you don't like the local demands, you can go to a different community with different laws and customs, or even start a new one. Life won't stop you.

Life provides you with an organism. But few explore the possibilities of their organism. Life provides you with a biosphere producing food and air.

So stop whinging. Life didn't promise you anything except death, and old age if you survive long enough. Life made you for its own ends, and it doesn't care what you do with your body. It's going to get fertilizer and carbon dioxide from you, and a burst of energy when you die, and the whole bloomin' cycle will keep on keepin' on. The rest is up to YOU.

scene xi Impossible [Utnapishtim is seated, meditating]

Gilgamesh [enters, bows]: How can I complete myself, attain to Real I, individuality, destiny?

Utnapishtim: What you seek is impossible.

Gilgamesh: But you did it.

Utnapishtim: Ah, but that was a miracle, a singularity. Supernatural powers intervened. Who will call the Gods together for you...? The task is almost impossible. Maybe it is impossible. Only bringing in the seventh dimension can save the day. You need Real I to do the Work, and the Work attracts Real I. Attention of Working produces Work attention. How to solve this paradox?

Gilgamesh: Is it hopeless?

Utnapishtim: No, since the Impossible is also part of Reality. Each time a human achieves this is a unique event. There's no instruction manual.

Gilgamesh: Then is there any point in Working on yourselves?

Utnapishtim: Yes, but with humility. It's preparing the vessel. Practise to be ready so when the moment comes, you won't miss it. Create the necessity for that miracle to happen. Lightning will strike only if there is sufficient electric potential. If you couldn't change the past, the situation would be hopeless.

Song: Attention Dimension [3/4 time]

It's what you perceive
Not what you believe.
Then you will see
Attention is the key
To open a door
You didn't see before.

Chorus 3x: A human is a tree
with roots you cannot see

Trained attention gives persistence
To the illusion of existence.
Attention to attention
Perceives a different dimension.
Attention to that attention
Yet another dimension.

Chorus 3x

The secret is hidden in plain view
Invisible but to the few
Mystics, artists, and the mad
The experiential nomad
Not riches in the city
But wealth in eternity

Chorus 3x

[Speaking]
Gilgamesh: Attention to attention
Utnapishtim: Perceives a different dimension.
Gilgamesh: Attention to that attention
Utnapishtim: Yet another dimension.
[Repeat]

Utnapishtim & Gilgamesh [Speaking]: Attention to attention; Attention to attention;
Attention to attention
[Whispering] Attention to attention

[1 stroke on singing bowl.]

The end.

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