

WAVES

Cat Hearth 2001

[For one actor using masks and costumes for the different characters.]

Characters:

Writer

Judge

Prosecutor

Cat Diamond

Kitty Diamond

Lala

Rapper

TV Man

Chicken Man

Punk Rocker

Invocation: Earth, Gaia, great Mother. This is for you. I am a cell in your body as you are a cell in a greater body.

Humanity, brothers and sisters, one family living in one house, potential brain of the planetary body, this is for you.

Miracle of me, myself the mystery, magical body, time machine, transformer of energies, this is for me.

Stars exploded so I could be here now. Sol fused hydrogen into helium so I could talk to you tonight.

I ask for power. I ask that my heart be pure, that it be a night armoured in white delight, sheathed in shining light.

I am Ii-ah-sn, healer, seeker for gold, and I am Fer-ah-mut, worker with iron, the shaper, and I am Pal-ah-gni, gazer at the stars, keeper of the fire.

Writer: Writer's block. Where is the block? Right shoulder. Shoulder from should. I should do what is right. I should write. A project. Project from throw forward. Throw your heart forward. Project your heart. Your heart is your project.

Thoughts like dogs waiting at the gate, waiting to get into my mind. Come sit on my lap, little girl, feel the big toy, see the pretty jewelry. You should be ashamed! Whose voice was that, Jehovah the jealous god? We are naked before God. You cannot hide anything. There are no private actions, or even private thoughts. What are these thoughts? Where do they come from? I want to get out of here, this hall of thought. Who is Brahma, the lord of thought? Why is Shiva the lord of stormy seas? Vishnu, the lord, is.

When a cat gets the glory, the gory is dead.
Beauty is playing in the street while the old man whacks his meat.

Without leaving his seat, he prefers to cheat.
The yellow dog barks, setting off sparks
In my eye, the one I am the many.

Mother Theresa home for the dying
Kali temple, they lay crying
Another sip of tea, another blip of me.
Jump rope, Kali, jump.

Judge: Order in the court, order please. Will the defendant please stand forward.

You are accused of forgetting and neglecting your life task. You were entrusted with a valuable and powerful apparatus, a human body. You have been on this planet for 35 years and have not yet succeeded in mastering how it works, let alone accomplish anything. We will hear from the prosecutor.

Prosecutor [Cockney accent]: He`s not a moral man, your honor. His reputation is not on the line, it has long ago washed away. He doesn`t respect the law, or society. He doesn`t appreciate the benefits. He would like to tear down the existing structure and replace it with chaos.

Judge: We will hear from the prisoner.

Cat: My name is Cat Diamond. A prisoner alone in my cell, my penis is the only friend I have. My penis and my imagination.

My father`s penis. We all came out of our father`s penis, as well as from our mother`s cunt, and they from theirs before them. A succession of hard-ons and flowing pussies stretching back into the past, all sizes and shapes and colors, through crises and rapes and dolors, all our ancestors fucking, licking, sucking, cruising for flesh, from the first to the last, having a blast, gallons, tons of sperm shooting out of those little holes, vaginas opening, closing, opening again, rhythmically clutching. We`re all part of it, part of life, pullulating, dynamic, ruthless, aspiring to the higher. Do you mind? Yes, I mind. We`re all 3-minded.

Prosecutor: He`s damaged goods, your honor. A machine that doesn`t work right. Broken.

Cat: I`m not an enemy of the system. I love the system. The system keeps me fed. What is written on paper is not reality. God chooses to experience this through me. It`s a tough job, but someone`s got to do it.

Kitty: My name is Kitty Diamond. I was conceived of a rape. On a drunken New Year`s Eve, in cold, snowy, dirty Chicago. My mother was 22, my father 25. We moved to a desert city. My mother was learning to drive in a huge, clunky old Chevy. Half way through the pregnancy her grandmother died. She was heartbroken. Tried to kill herself with an overdose of aspirin. In her womb I felt her shock, despair, apathy. It almost killed me. I was delivered by an Indian midwife.

Back to freezing, filthy Chicago. Creaky wooden building. We used to play doctor in the front lobby. Big concrete lot out back where we had rock fights with the neighbourhood kids. When I was 4 or 5 years old, a rock hit me, almost knocking out my eye. Also about this age I was mouth raped by a black man. Put his cock in my mouth and came in my mouth. For years afterwards I couldn't stand the texture of cooked white onions. It reminded me of the semen, the white slime. I remember dim lights, a dingy room, the funny smell. I never got over my fascination with the phallus, ambiguity towards big black men, passivity in sexual situations, and the thrill of stealing sexual pleasure. And I lost the hearing in my left ear. No physical damage, it just didn't want to hear anymore. It was the ear he whispered to me, "Don't tell anyone." Closed off that part of my brain. No new input.

At age 11 I closed off completely. Determined never to let anyone into my heart again. My sweet mother whom I loved, my mother left me. Left me with my cold unfeeling father. My father, who carefully rationed his emotions to one or two a week, plus an extra one for Christmas, Easter, and the Fourth of July.

Cat: I will go seek out Lala, a sage who works in the Solar System Trade Center, in Newer New York. I will ask him how to operate this body and what I should do.

Writer: Life. Life needs to expand, to project, to escape this planet. Humanity needs to evolve. If humanity doesn't evolve, life can't evolve. But we're running late. Hurry up, please, it's time.

Cat: I am hiding in a thin cave, in the cold mountains. Little food, low on ammunition. It will take a miracle to win now. Maybe the only way to win would be by not winning. By surrendering. Not to the enemy, but to the higher. But it's hard to do. It's hard to give up myself. It's all I've ever known. I grew up with myself, lived with myself, I'm my own best friend. It's hard to say goodbye.

I've been tearing off pieces of myself for years, but it just gets tougher. Maybe when I get to a piece I can't tear off, that's me. I can't tear off my sex. I can't tear off my animal nature. I love the Earth. I will always love the Earth. Earth was my home.

Lala: [song]

Learn to be a lover.

A lover isn't lazy.

A lover pays attention.

A lover acts when the moment is right.

A lover considers the other.

A lover is ready.

A lover doesn't have false modesty,

A lover is the best of the best.

A lover appreciates subtle nuances.

A lover is a wild animal, unstoppable.

A lover is desperate, a lover is sharp as a razor.

A lover is always ready to cry,

A lover never says die,
A lover yearns, a lover is pure gold.
A lover burns, a lover is never old.

A lover is proud of his love, a lover is never sorry.
A lover is a total fool, a lover never went to school.

A lover runs, walks, crawls, drags himself by his fingernails, by his teeth, by his eyelids.
A lover always has time for love.

The first thing to remember, John, is that everyone is fucked up. There are no normal people, or hardly any. There is no normal society. All of society is fucked up. Society is a process, an experiment in living together. A person is a process, an experiment in individuality. So what is an artist? A person who conducts the process consciously, wilfully.

You want to know about the soul? First understand what a body is. The words for soul, spirit, psyche, all originated in words that meant breath.

Try these mushrooms. And remember: strike while the iron is hot; ride the wave to the beach; accept gifts; no expectations; no regrets; stay flexible; enjoy.

Cat: Cold is a state of mind, like everything. I'm not cold, I'm warm. I'm a warm-blooded animal. My body has an internal temperature regulating system, thank you very much. I come from a race of warm blooded, air breathing, thinking primates. We have speech, to communicate ideas. We have culture. We live in culture. But we can hide. There are predators. You don't know who might be watching. Let them watch. Maybe they will learn something. We hope they will learn something.

I'm not cold. I'm warm. I'm hot. I love the hot rain. I'm a worm.

I'm a worm, I'm a worm, I'm a worm.
And I'm warm. I'm a warm worm. I'm a warm worm.
And I squirm. I'm a squirming worm.
I'm a warm, squirming worm. I'm a warm, squirming worm.
And I swarm. I'm a swarming worm.
I'm a warm, swarming, squirming worm. I'm a warm, swarming, squirming worm.
And I learn. I'm a learning worm. I'm a warm, swarming, squirming, learning worm.
I'm a warm, swarming, squirming, learning worm.
And I yearn. I'm a yearning worm.
I'm a warm, swarming, squirming, learning, yearning worm.
I'm a warm, swarming, squirming, learning, yearning worm.
Squirming my way through experience.

I did it again
Fell asleep in the moon
And when I awoke
I was moonburnt

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride
If wishes were fishes, beggars would feast
If wishes were wings, beggars would fly
If wishes were tears, beggars would cry
If wishes were teeth, beggars would chew
If wishes were kisses, then I would kiss you
Yes I would kiss you.

If wishes were bodies, beggars would live
If wishes were blood, beggars would give
If wishes were fishes, beggars would swim
There's a shark behind us, don't let him in.

If wishes were trees, beggars would shelter under them
If wishes were ground, beggars would stand upon it
If wishes were sky, beggars would open their hearts to it
If wishes were stars, beggars would wish upon them
Those little points of light.

If wishes were secrets, beggars would whisper them
Into the ears of the other beggars
And the wishes would pass from ear to ear
Never stopping, until they returned
To the stars, where they came from.

If wishes were wishes, beggars would wish
If wishes were wishes, beggars would wish
If wishes were wishes, beggars would wish
If wishes were...
If wishes were...

If wishes were friends, beggars would love them
If wishes were ends, beggars would shove them
If wishes were bells, beggars would ring
If wishes were voice, beggars would sing:

I can still remember
I can still remember
I can still remember, remember, her name

I can still remember
I can still remember
I can still remember, remember, her name.

If wishes were seeds, beggars would plant them
If wishes were needs, beggars would grant them
If wishes were air, beggars would breathe
If wishes were color, beggars would paint

If wishes were eyes, beggars would see
If wishes were penises, beggars would pee
If wishes were feet, beggars would walk
If wishes were words, beggars would talk
If wishes were smoke, beggars would toke
If wishes were laughter, beggars would joke

If wishes were wishes, beggars would wish
If wishes were wishes, beggars would wish
If wishes were wishes, beggars would wish
If wishes were...
If wishes were...

If wishes were lies, then I would say true
If wishes were beggars, then I would be you.
I would be you.
Yes I would be two.

Jesus Christ, get down from off that cross. Quit showin' off. What are you, some kind of exhibitionist? Put your tail between your legs, like a good little dog. Be more modest, son of God!

In three days, will your cock rise again? At the last supper, did everybody eat you? Did they all suck your holy dick? Did everyone get a taste of your... Holy shit! Jesus, fuck me, I love your big hard cock.

The main icon of the Christian religion, that religion invented by Jews, shows a young, sexually attractive man, almost naked, his genital area covered by a thin cloth which looks as if it's about to fall off. This androgynous figure is strung up with arms and legs secured, the classic position of the masochist, the victim, one who is being raped and tortured.

Nails in the hands, nail through the feet, thorns on the head, wound in the side, blood dripping down... does it not send a secret sexual thrill through you?

How does it appear to a naïve young boy of four or five years? Who is it that gets all the attention? Who is it that everyone looks up to? Who is it that Mama takes care of? The second most common image of Jesus is a naked helpless baby in his mother's arms. What message, what information is conveyed to the mind of the alert young boy? That to be naked and helpless is good? The one who is tortured and humiliated, strung up naked for everyone to spit on and do as they like, that one gets all the attention, admiration, and glory. A model to be copied.

And so, in this religion of exhibitionists and masochists, how does the Golden Rule apply? I like to be tortured and humiliated, therefore I will torture and humiliate others. It's only logical. Misery loves company. The Inquisition is inevitable. The War on Some Drugs follows naturally. Tie me up. Cut me. Beat me. Me. Me. Me.

I will go to America. Maybe I can find some answers there.

New York. Jive. Stay alive. Watch your back, don't cut any slack. Keep on the move, stay in the groove. Be cool, life is your school.

Rapper: America. Land of the terrified, home of the conditioned.
America. Land of the terrified, home of the conditioned.
America. Land of the drugged, home of the asleep.
Music is a drug, TV is a drug.
Cars drive people, money makes people, TV watches people.
Cars drive people, money makes people, TV watches people.
Beggars can't be choosers, we are all losers.
America. Land of the weird, home of the insane.
Get out of my lane!
Neighbor watches neighbor.
Robbery is natural.
Everyone robs when they
Think that they
Can get away, with it.
Shit!
What is a crime?
Being unsocial.
Want to know more? Read 1984.
Want to know more? Read 1984.
Crime, crime, crime, all the time, time, time.
Crime, crime, crime, all the time, time, time.
Crime, crime, crime, all the time, time, time.

Cat: Let's see if there's anything good on tv.

TV Man: [holding up frame]

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the 8 O'clock news. Scientists studying TV watching have found that people like watching TV because their ancestors watched the fire for a million years. TV mimics the flickering firelight and gives people instinctive feelings of comfort and safety.

People think TV feeds them but actually TV eats them. They sit in front of the TV and the glowing screen sucks something from their eyes. The antenna beams this energy to the local station which collects and concentrates it and passes it along to the networks. Nets catch something and these nets catch the creative energy of the people, used to keep the whole system going.

Now please stay tuned for these words from our sponsors.

[holding up yellow "M"]

Tired of cooking at home? Why not go out for a nice, cheap meal at McDonald's? The "M" in the McDonald's sign is [*turns "M" upside down*] breasts. Mama's mammaries, full of milk for you! You can sip Mama's milk-shake through a straw. You can feel secure here because Mama McDonald is taking care of everything for you!

Maybe you don't like McDonald's? How about [*turning "M" around to become a black "B"*] Burger King? The "B" in Burger King is - you guessed it- [*Turning "B" down*] breasts. "B" for big boobs. Or maybe [*Holding sign before ass*] it's for a big butt. . In ancient times when times were good everybody ate a lot and got big butts.

Cat: [drunk] His emotional state was a curious combination of grief and joy, of brilliant ideas for the future and rage at the fixed patterns of his life. What did it all mean? Life was a brilliant cornfield, row on row of tassels waving in the wind, each with an identical ear of corn, standard nutrition, with identical kernels like teeth in a row, dragon's teeth to reap fierce warriors. Life was all around him but he couldn't see it, couldn't see what was going on. Something was missing, a piece of his brain gone, a missing sense. He couldn't connect to people. Dogs maybe, trees yes, but people? Two by one they walked by, with their dogs. Birds flew by. Birds sang along to the breeze blowing in the treetops. Hunger stirred in his gut. Hunger. Feed thyself, if thou wouldst be free. If your soul itches, scratch it.

He is angry, still angry. Anger at what? Anger at having male authority shoved down his throat at an early age. [*vomits*] To paraphrase Jesus: it's not what goes into your mouth that gets you in trouble, but what comes out of your mouth.

My emotional state was a strange mixture of joy and terror, beauty and loneliness, love and paranoia. Self pitying contempt and exultation.

I will go find Chicken Man, a master of Voodoo who lives in the French Quarter in New Orleans. Maybe he can help me.

New Orleans, check out the scene. Mardi Gras, laissez les bons temps roulez, show your tits, yah!

Chicken Man: Get your hands dirty. Plant and harvest. Learn to be still. Watch the plants grow. Call comin' in on the root chakra.

The worship of light leads to the worship of darkness because without light you can't have anything, but without darkness you can't have everything. Light may be the father, but darkness is the mother.

I see you triggering the anxiety, like someone pressin' on an achin' tooth. It's your inner fix. It's a more powerful addiction than heroin, or cigarettes. And we help each other to feel it. And then anxiety about anxiety. Millions live their whole lives that way. Is there any other approach to life?

There is very little which is genuinely new or different in this world. Even people are just accidentally differently shaken out bundles of conditioned behaviors, just as genetically they are the result of accidentally shaken out bundles of genes.

Waves. Waves, waves, waves, everything is waves. Alternations. Vivacious vibrations. Up and down, in and out, life and death, pleasure and pain, consciousness and unconsciousness. Learn to enjoy the ride, the ups and downs. Even anxiety. The way is love. If you oppose the anxiety, you generate more anxiety. But if you love, you create more love.

You say you have a problem with sex. Your problem is you put sex down. You treat it as a drag, a nuisance, so you push it into the subconscious where it acts out old behavior patterns instilled by adults when you were a child, instead of using it as a fuel for creativity. Building a soul is a creative act, and needs food. Soul food.

Cat: Guess I'll go see that punk rock band. That's a strange name for a band, "God is a Wet Pussy!"

Punk Rocker [with drum]: Sex is one area where humans are totally fucked.
Pain is my mother

I hate the sunrise, go back sun.
Rising to shine on the banal, the ordinary
Give me mystery, even if that mystery is illusion,
Give me the *[drumming begins]* night!

Concentration camp Earth.
We are all in a prison.
Sentenced to life, and
Sentenced to death.
Sentenced to life, and
Sentenced to death.

Hello God
That you there, takin' a shit?
Be sure to wipe good, God
Good God!
God is an erect penis
God is a wet pussy
God is an erect penis
God is a wet pussy
God is within me. I am
God is within me. I am
God is within me. I am God.

God is here, taking a shit.
God is here, masturbating.
God is here, screaming in agony, giving birth to God.
God is here, thinking, I am
God is here, thinking, I am
God is here, thinking, I am
God is here, seeing I am

God is here, seeing I am
God is here, seeing I am
God is here, hearing I am
God is here, hearing I am
God is here, hearing I am God
Here I am God
Hear, I am God
Her eye am God
God; am I here?

God is the body
The body of God
God is the body
The body of God
God is the body
The body of God

At the last supper, when the 12 disciples
Sucked his holy dick – Jesus had a cock
Eat me, this is my body, Drink me, this is my blood
Eat me, this is my body, Drink me, this is my blood

The Greek gods had pussies and cocks and fucked around.
The Asian gods have cocks and pussies and
They carve them in wood on their temples.
The Christian gods are impotent, eunuchs

What you don't know controls you.
Bring it out, into the light
Jesus Christ had a penis
Mother Mary masturbated.
Jesus Christ had a penis
Mother Mary masturbated.

I sing a song of freedom.
Freedom to be yourself
Freedom to have your body.
To be your body
Freedom to have other people
To be other people
Freedom to have the world.
To be the world
Down with the old barriers. The old limitations
We don't need them anymore.
Break through!
The world is yours!

Yes, Jesus had a cock and balls.
And an asshole too.

And all the guts connected with it.
Jesus Christ had guts!
Who killed him for that, for knowing that?
We did! We kill him every day!
All those fucking churches, and all those fucking priests, and
Especially those Jesus freaks.

Be reborn with Jesus
Fuck that shit!
It's too late to be reborn.
Way too late
I want to be reconceived!
By the Holy Ghost and his holy sperm and his holy
Pulsing Throbbing erect joystick

We all come from orgasm
We all come from ecstasy
We all come from orgasm
We all come from ecstasy
Where did we go wrong?

Reconceive yourself
Reconceive yourself
Reconceive yourself
Reconceive yourself!

Cat: Killing yourself is very hard to do, it needs lots of helpers. Die before you die.
But it's as difficult as stalking a leopard.

Writer [smoking]: You've identified yourself as an enemy. You began to realize that everything you were told was wrong. You began to question the motives of those who'd lied to you. You began to wonder if there was anyplace you could find out the truth. You wept, you cried with frustration, with misery. You thought yourself lost in an endless wilderness, wandering in the waste. You rolled yourself an American Spirit with the last shreds of tobacco, lit it, and wondered as the hazy trails of smoke drifted higher, to be lost in the deep blue sky. You looked at your naked body in the mirror, and sniffed the fragrant smell of your own armpits. You had seen your sex swollen and quivering, and licked your lips. The enneagram never stops turning around. Thy will be done.

Cat: I have no I
I have to die
I don't know why
It's all a lie

You have to love death
Before you can love life
The end of breath
The end of strife

Someday some breath
Sometime one breath
Will be my last
How close to death? One breath
How close to death? One breath

Come Death my lover
I have no other
Let me feel your fiery ice
Cure this disease of life

Come on Death, let's dance
I want to get into your randy pants
You fascinating girl-boy
Take me beyond the ultimate joy

I want to be pierced
By your white-hot phallus
Completely filled by your lust
Stretched past the limit of trust

Someday some breath
Sometime one breath
Will be my last
How close to death? One breath
How close to death? One breath

I have no I
I have to die
I don't know why
It's all a lie.

Judge: You are judged criminally insane. You are condemned, for the rest of your life, to be confined in the insane asylum.

Cat: (naked, jumping and crawling about) You have no will. You have no I. No boss, no king, no captain, no one in charge. But the Law, the State, the Church, the Family say you do, you are responsible. So what do you do? You find you can create a kind of permanance by freezing parts of your body, especially the face, neck, shoulders and back. So you sacrifice fluidity of movement for this false permanence. Now the problem is doubled for you poor adulterated adults, you groaning grown-ups. You have to destroy this fake identity, this shell of muscular tension, before you can begin to create a real I. Naturally you are terrified. You don't want to lose yourself. But you have to give up the false before you can attain to the real. Why do you condescend to the body? The body is all. The body is God. Everything you need to know is already there, in the body. What is awareness? What is attention?

We live in a hell of our own creation
An individual sovereign nation
In the eternal railway station
Working out our own liberation.

Lala [*singing*]: I am made of light
My body is light
I am light.
I am made of one
My body is one
I am one.
I am made of her
My body is her
I am her
She is made of me
Her body is me
She is me
We are made of one
Our body is one
We are one.
In the place of light
I did not love you
You did not love me
We were love
I did not sing to you
You did not sing to me
We were song.
I did not dance with you
You did not dance with me
We were dance.
We are made of light
Our body is light
We are light.

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First performed Prague, Czech Republic, October 2001