

The Play

Male and Female, pleasure and pain, harmony and conflict.

Some people strive for unity and others for strife. Many just accept whatever is.

It is confusing, male and female. It can be less confusing should we become aware of the following.

In the beginning there was nothing. In the nothing came something; the One. Somehow, it split into Two. Whether it chose to, or it just happened, there now exist two, and the One no longer is whole.

This split created the dynamics for life as we know it; the polar opposites: Hunger and plenty, safety and fear, peace and war, and male and female.

We live through the tension of these polar opposites, seeking, gaining, protecting, and losing, only to reengage once again, over and over, through time, even though time is timeless.

Imagery. A man and a woman come together in a moment of intense unity, and from this intensity a soul enters the earthly plane, and at this moment there is a momentary combing of the duality, and in this singularity, a child is conceived. Whether male or female, as soon as the soul enters and the child is conceived the singularity moves apart, and the duality is reestablished. It is the intense polarization of the singularity, the male and the female, that creates the irresistible feeling of attraction, to unify. It is so, at some point in the coming together, the plus and negative poles being attracted to each other bringing together the polar opposites. As this unity takes place, simultaneously a change takes place and the poles either both become plus or minus, and once this occurs, they begin to split, the pushing apart force, the opposition gravity manifests. In this way they again reestablish their polar identity, plus and negative and once again are attracted to each other...cycle of life.

Life on earth requires the consumption of one form by another, as the tiger eats the deer, or the transformation of one form of energy into the creation of the matter of another, as the earth provides nutrients to the tree. Life is this movement of energy, life force from one to another, and so on. This is what we experience, and what we believe. Everything in our universe confirms this necessity. Yet, it is true? Isn't it?

Do our perceptions not create our reality? Do not our thoughts dictate our perceptions? Is this life that we live real? Can we understand this with our intellect? Can we cope with our participation in the cycle of life, or do we endlessly attempt to veil it so that we are not responsible for how life is lived.

Nature, Gaia, is alive and to some ever so Sacred. To others, it is a slave, to be used however. What is true when the mind perceives endless paradoxes; the mental jumble of the duality? The frustration of the confusion bends us to the breaking point of accepting what seems to have worked for those before us. We ease our confusion by accepting the ways of our predecessors.

How can a child be without the intense duality of male and female? How can a child be conceived without the coming together of the two to create the one? Can we be aware of the dynamics of life and yet live them fully. Can we be aware?

While I think what is written above is reasonable, I do not feel it is true. Thinking about it I can see nothing wrong with the logic, yet none-the-less it feels incomplete.

Let us explore not with our thinking, rather through our feelings. We live a part, a part in a play, a play called life. This duality that is the central theme of the play is truly intense and dynamic and it creates mesmerizing intensities that are totally involving. Yet, it is it not just a play, a play that we have a part in, yet a play that we did not write? We were born into the part as our parents were born into their parts. Their life is the part that they played during their lifetime. I want to know the name of the playwright. I do not want to continue in the part that I was born into for I do not like my part nor the play that I am in. I don't like the script that the other actors have and I don't like the illusion that the part is the person who plays it.

Life is a play, a play written by someone else, and it stinks. I do not have to be in this play. I can write another play, seek actors, and live that instead. The challenge is to assist other actors to come to this awareness that we do not have to recite the script as written, if we choose to but leave the play. They say to leave the play is to die, and in one sense that makes sense. But? The play may be highly entertaining, dramatic and exciting, yet if it is not healthy to live then are we not already dying?

The existing play once engaged and it is engaged from birth veils itself as life. It is totally convincing for we live the play as our life itself. The play is written within a life force that fosters chaos. We can give the name Chaos to the playwright. The playwright also is a player in the play and whatever the role Chaos plays, Chaos is the only one in the play who is aware that the role it plays is not itself. Because the rest of us are born into our part we are unaware that life is a play and has been scripted through the way we are raised to live it. Culture! The script is taught to us by our parents and to them by their parents. It is in the very language that we have learned to speak. Speak a certain language and one comes to think, to perceive in a certain way. The play is controlled by the playwright through the language of the play, through the language we are taught at birth.

The script/language is designed/written to create conflict for that is the power of the play. Its power is the intensity created through duality, or misunderstanding, and the endless futile attempts by some players to end that conflict, and to seek the happy ending that lasts forever more.

In this presentation, one of the players for reasons that seasons the play, becomes aware that life is a play, a play in which our loved ones are blindly walking into disaster. To avert the disaster the player tries to alert the members of the cast that disaster can be averted by awakening from the illusion that this play is life. However, the impending disaster appears in its own illusion as something very desirable. It appears as the treasure at the end of the rainbow that with only a few more steps can be attained. No matter how the player speaks the other players refuse to acknowledge his awareness. They are shocked by his behavior, and seek to throw him out of the play. What intensity! What is soon to be a Great Tragedy; the pinnacle of the play world.

A crossroad. The actors have assumed their part and cannot be awakened from it or suddenly, inexplicably it starts to happen and the player reaches into the awareness of the other players, all except one. However, the script rewrites itself as fast as the awareness awakens. The lines change, yes except for the one, and except for the one the play cannot end, for as long as one is playing the part, the play must continue. The play is the play of chaos and conflict, and ethically this actor cannot be abandoned by the troupe. The plot thickens. To leave...the consequence is that the one continuing to act the part, alone, creates their destruction. It seems that the morals of love, peace, and harmony

cannot exist with the abandonment of the one still caught in the play. So close, but so far away. Yes, as said, the script rewrites itself as fast as the awareness awakens. The more the other players awaken to their illusion, so deepens the illusion of the one unable to awaken. The disaster cannot be averted unless all the players leave the play. What crisis! What can be done?

The playwright is one of the actors. Is the remaining player the playwright, and does that not explain why the last player seemingly cannot be awakened? Yes, it explains it, for as long as the playwright hides within the role of the unawakened, the play must continue, and wouldn't that be what the playwright would want? While it seems reasonable, of course as life is, it may not be true. The remaining player could be trapped, and the existence of the play, life as it was previously known as, will die should the remaining player awaken just like a dream fades upon awakening.

The duality continues, the dilemma digs in and strives to remain in existence. The remaining actor stands and the other members not willing to leave the player choose to resubmit to their part. The troupe continues in the play to maintain the connection with the remaining player. The playwright smiles, the duality continues, life of chaos and strife moves on and on, and so the play of life opens its doors to the next generation of actors.

Yet, while this is a truly intense twist to the play, does it have to be so? If the playwright is really the final player who cannot awaken, then the players could leave. If the final player is trapped in the part, can they truly not be liberated from their illusion? Could it be that the playwright is the final player, and the playwright is trapped, and the play that was written has become a life force in and of itself? To be caught in a play for a lifetime, with no opportunity to alter the play must be a living horror. No matter, the playwright cannot escape the play and regardless how much the playwright believes in the continuation of the play, the play for the playwright has become a living death. Breaking free of the play is the playwright's only hope, as it now becomes the renewed hope for the troupe.

With this new perception, the playwright becomes the focus of the players, which is what the playwright really wanted when the play was first written; to be recognized. Where at first the playwright was recognized which initially satisfied the playwright, now the playwright gets what was really wanted, the caring relationship of those who have joined the play. In this sincere and caring attempt by the players to awaken the remaining player, played by the playwright, the play in deed alters and becomes a new play with a new and now living script; a script that moves the play into a living reality of love, peace, and harmony.

Through the attempt to liberate everyone from the play, including the playwright, the playwright becomes real, as does the play, for only in awareness can life be fully lived. Yes, for this is where free will flows. It is like this. Life engages opportunity where the participants of relationships engage with choice, with choice as to how the play is acted, and how the script is created. The players mature and assume responsibility for the play, and the playwright helps to craft the script to reflect the true values of the actors.

No blame for the old play, which when it was created was sought after by the players, who through time, and the passing of it through the generations, inadvertently made the play into their life. Now, with awareness awakened the play of life is no longer limited to one of duality, of strife, of dynamic conflict, which were originally just the techniques of crafting an absorbing play. The dynamics no longer control the play, but

are rendered into their proper place, as aspects of intensifying relationships. With awareness, intensity can spice life in just the right ways. Lose control of that awareness and then cataclysmically, intensity becomes a way of life, which is really no good for anyone.

Male and female as two parts of the whole, neither whole with out the other and not really whole until they unify through the creation of the next generation, they do not have to exist through conflict and strife. Rewrite the script responsibly so that life does not become a play. Do not speak the script of the previously generation for then life becomes a play that only gets recast through the following generations. Such fascination! Life in every period of time has a need to develop its own language, its own script that that provides for its change by the future generations. In this manner Life keeps vibrant and ever so intimate.