

**You play your role. You learn you part. You choose your part and you learn your lines and you play the part.**

*A Play*

*By*

**Murray Mednick**

**3 ELDERS: Two men and a woman.**

**Set: 3 chairs.**

I can have sex without having sex.

Bully for you.

How so?

The vibe. I feel the vibe.

But there's no penetration, no substances exchanged.

A vibration exchanged.

Is that so?

Yeah. And the rest is fantasy and "the battle of five against one." You get near a person and go from there, which is mainly standing and holding your ground and breathing.

All that talk about love.

Means nothing to you.

Mainly nothing. True. I haven't thought about it, but that's all I know. Namely: Love is sex.

That's all you know.

That's all I know.

Too bad. What about work?

Love can be attention. You pay attention, and love that way.

What about other activities, like washing the dishes, washing the clothes, having a baby? That all counts, too.

You pay that way.

Love is payment?

I haven't thought about it. The stuff that went on. That goes on. The past is the history failure of love. I mean the failure of love. And yet here I am. Just like it says in my yearbook. Chief weakness: a pretty face. That'll do it. That's right. I'm the same I always was. I'm lucky I had as much as I had. I need to find a solution to this.

To what?

Being lonely and wanting to be touched, wanting to be kissed. What is that?

Totally normal.

But way too late.

And nobody 's interested.

That is so right.

Let it be a lesson.

Is it all as puny as that? As wasted as that?

Wasted?

Yes, stinking up the place. How do you get your head right?

The drama.

The theatricality.

The loss.

The wait.

The hope.

The dreaming.

The imaginary.

The false impression. You get your head right by knowing that right away.

Not a minute too late.

Right away.

It's mixing shit up.

Say again?

Never mind.

Get professional help.

Get hip to yourself.

I think that's right.

Like you would with those vacation calls about the phony vacation package -- hang up the phone right away, they are preying on the old with these vacation packages and boat rides, it's the most evil thing, preying on the old with lies and possibilities behind the lies, and it's all allowed by America.

Don't fret. Hang up the phone.

I get it, I do get it. But I have to admit.

This fucking country is going to the wolves and the pigs, the hustlers and the cons.

They must succeed sometimes, with the old and the horny, the old and the shaky. Can't remember if they bought a boat ride to Timbuktoo or the Bermuda Triangle.

I'm just thinking loneliness is a terrible thing, and then to be preyed upon. A body, a woman's body, it has all these parts, and they have to be touched. It's just a shame that happens, a woman alone and untouched, it's a fucking shame.

Fucking is right. I mean, fucking is a good thing.

Well, you can say that now. When you're not getting any.

But what is it coming to, when you can talk like that, and get a phone call in the middle of the day about a trip you bought to Trinidad Toobagoh? What is that?

She's got a point there.

Or they're selling you tickets to a phony dance.

What dance?

I made that up, but you know what I mean.

Yes, the dance fantastique. What images that brings up! I can tell you that! Lined up against the wall, hoping some fathead will be able to say a whole sentence. In your ear. While he fumbles with your dress. We hit the boards and then we hit the bars.

Show biz!

We got one going here – like a round of golf or a game of Horse. Or jousting a joust. Must have what happened with old Will Shakespeare. Jam sessions and iambic pentameter and a lot to rhyme with.

Sounds right.

Yes, it's a verbal celebration, a round, so let's don't stop now, or we'll all fall down.

Good.

Don't stop.

Pass Go.

Slide home.

Oh, my.

Sounds good and feels good.

We're on our way.

It's not a vacation package though.

Not today.

Old bodies in the throes of open laughter and desire.

What we are made of. Flesh and yearnings of the heart and the delusion of the mind. Something like that. And we get wrinkled and wrinkled and bullshitted and conned. What's it mean, a "happy old age." You'd think sex would have something to do with that, but apparently it doesn't.

And I was thinking, "sex is dirty," but it's not. As the rabbis said, the sex apparatus is right next to the shithole. But I don't want to think that way.

It's fun if you can get some of the grunts and groans out of the way.

Good luck with that.

Take it slow.

Take it easy.

Take it as it comes.

Take it woke.

Take a shower.

I'm looking out at Mankind and I am not encouraged.

I might add that my libido is not what it once was.

At least you have some left.

Desire does not awaken lust.

Lust in the mind.

Lust in the balls.

In the imagination.

So easily deceived we are, by our thoughts and feelings.

Without which, what are we?

Specks.

Dust.

Nothing.

A vibration?

Raises the question: what remains of the remains?

We may never know.

You never know.

We might find out.

We might have some purpose, being a link between the Earth and the Sun, like the Egyptians may have thought, some kind of service, so they wrapped their mummies – sorry, don't know where I was headed with that. I think about it. I wonder about it. what actually happens, and why did they do that?

Perhaps the question of memory and the blood.

No, they tried to keep the body intact. That's how I understand it. Wrapped and sealed.

Why?

I don't know why.

Memory and the blood.

Is what?

The Jewish version of immortality.

I'm thinking of menstruation now and the monthly bleeding. By association. I'm free of that these days, thank God.

Memory and blood. To be remembered, to pass on the genes. The bloodline and the Word.

No genes for me. None passed on. Does that mean I'm cut off? That the progeny is gone? Vacant. Like I was never here in the first place. You can say that about all the world. The Earth is bleeding. Oceans choking on plastic.

The Egyptians –

Sad commentary on the Progress of Man.

You could have a penetration and wind up with a cretin or a brain-damaged imbecile, at our age.

Good point.

Who would want that?

The Egyptians knew how to organize, but the Jews did them one better.

Here he goes with the Jews again.

They had a God who could visit with plagues. Who could blow their minds.

You can't do better than that.

No.

That tears it.

And they knew about vibrations.

The Egyptians or the Jews?

Maybe both. I think they were inextricably involved. And you?

Me, what?

Thoughts?

I'm thinking about the many relationships. I haven't thought about it in awhile. I was lucky. I'm thinking about it because the younger ones, you know, they run into trouble with money and drugs, and screwing around, just like us, apparently, so I'm looking back, except in those days it seemed fraught, you know, with consequence. And we were at War at the time, to boot, and dead soldiers were arriving, in coffins, and hard hats attacked us, the American way.

Vibrations?

What is it with the vibrations?

And the newspapers were flooded with murder.

That was not put right.

Newspapers stacked with photographs of murderous acts.

Right!

The Ancients knew about vibration. Everyone knew. That and alchemy, too.

Bad things happened and they keep on fucking happening and the idiots keep on singing God Bless America.

I feel like nobody is learning anything anymore, they're too busy getting the best of people or snipping off their cocks.

Where did that come from?

I don't know. I associated vibration with sex, with cocks. And also, I have my sexy moments. Maybe a couple times a week. I remember how it was. "I'll suck your cock anytime you want," one of them said. Actually, it just wasn't her. It was others said that. 'Course, they never followed through, but they meant it at the time. More than once. Good-looking women.

Nice compliment.

Yeah, they didn't like who I was, ultimately, or something. I'm not sure what they were getting at. What was it? I liked sports? I was always thinking or writing or thinking about writing? I was too short? I liked to drink and smoke? I liked the news on TV? What? Not enough confidence or mojo? What?

You may never know.

It's right there under my nose. A fault or a weakness. A shortcoming, as they say. A certain partiality. A certain attitude. Selfishness.

All of the above.

I'm not kidding.

I know you're not.

I know you're not, believe me. It's not like I don't have my so-called issues, like losing my temper and yelling at people and taking advantage.

Practice not expressing negative emotion for forty or fifty years and the whole thing becomes a performance.

You think so?

Yes.

I'm thinking about loneliness and touch at the moment. I think it all comes from the vibration motif.

Right.

The wanting to be touched. The touching. The loneliness. Like, it's having someone in the room. Anyone. But especially someone who cares about you, who has some

feeling. Just their physical presence. I think that's a very big thing. Just someone being there.

The vibe.

Yeah, you need to plan about that, you need to have a plan.

Which we didn't.

Well, we did, and we didn't.

Whatever it was -- it failed.

It's something of the utmost importance. So you think ahead, you look forward, you're mindful of the situation. You take care, you consider.

But it's not like making a catalogue, either. Or an album. Or a diary. I was going to say, "you listen, you pay attention." And then I thought, "most people are full of shit anyway." So what are you going to do? You do what you do. And then you look back and you say, "Why the fuck did I do that? And that way? What was I thinking?" And so on.

Yeah.

The worst thing is anticipating the worst. The sense of dread. You're setting yourself up for the future disaster.

The trick is not to identify. You play your role. You learn your part. No, you choose your part and you learn your lines and you play the part, and so on. What I mean is, you've read the script and now you have to play it out.

I don't know about the choice there. Is there a choice? I bailed. Basically, I bailed. I thought I was making a decision but one day I found myself on the outside looking in, and the door never opened again. So I moved on -- heroically. No, actually I was struck through the heart. Speared. It was like being killed.

I've bailed at least five times already. Not sure how that all happened. It was me or her, but mainly it was her.

I know this guy -- he believes in Free Will. He says God leaves it up to us. Somehow this doesn't jibe with the Holocaust.

He's too far away to do anything, tantamount to not being there. Not your friend, God himself.

Is that how you see it?

That's how I see it. Take note: they searched the skies and found a hole, a Black Hole. They have a picture now of something like Reality, where the Gravity is so intense everything vanishes into it. Even light.

They know nothing.

We're here now, and then soon we vanish.

So immortality is our chief concern. as we were saying earlier.

What must that be but a fine vibration? So fine as to be invisible.

That, too, can be swallowed by the Hole. No matter how fine, no matter how visible or not, it is the absolute vanishing point. As you can see on the Kabbalah Tree of Life, above the Highest is Nothing, below the lowest is Nothing. Rabbis have been twisting their heads over that one.

You associate the Black Hole with Nothing.

I do. This gives me no cheer.

But it is not Nothing. It is Gravity. Where there is ostensibly no time, or time going backwards.

Is Gravity Material?

And yet I can touch the Present from time to time. What is that?

The Present has two ends: both nothing. Here, now, gone.

So what do we serve? What's the point?

God sees himself through Man. Or knows Himself through Man.

To that extent, we ARE God.

And what is the Black Hole?

Where everything goes when it goes.

Gravity. A fundamental Law. A force.

But we don't know what it is, really.

I was thinking of Love, actually. I was thinking of Love. That's what they say, that's what they all say.

Who says? What do they say?

The people.

How did the Black Hole become Love?

I was talking sex but I think I meant love. I'm not sure. Love. Love in the Universe. Can you fathom that? I can't mention names, but that's what I was talking about, an expression of Love, a vibe, we could both feel it. And the others too, all the others, the touches and feelings and thoughts – all Love.

Just one more thing.

What's that?

They were digging up the bones. Right?

So what?

So I can't buy any of that. I can't buy it. Like my own bones, arthritic bones in my hip, in my back --

In your brain.

Not in my brain. In my body, the bones. Even when I was standing near her and we felt the vibe, my bones hurt, I was aware of my bones, and the thoughts came of the vanishing bones of the dead, though they dig 'em up and we make history out of it, That's it and that's all, so where's the love, where's the fucking Love, I'm asking you.

I don't know. I was thinking.

Thinking.

Whatever that is.

I can't remember my dream.

What dream?

And then there was a knock on the door. Loud and crisp. Knock, knock, knock. Definite, loud. I woke up from a nightmare, and then the knock. It's very frustrating, because I can't remember the nightmare, and it woke me up. It woke me up and then the knock. It sounded absolutely real. So I sit up and say oh, shit, it's a fucking

knock on the door and it's three o'clock in the morning, it's some fucking Mexican teenager, or some bum, or a Chabad mafioso, so I turn on the lamp oh shit I hope nobody's out there, but I put on my robe and I sneak to where I can take a look where nobody can see me, and there's nobody there. A part of me is expecting to see a hulk out there waiting to kill me but it was not to be. This has happened to me before, when I was almost murdered, years ago, by a latino on PCB or whatever it is, dust that hallucinates, in Santa Fe, while I was watching the Mets on TV and I fought him off -- but there was nobody there last night and I saw myself creeping around as though there was. It seems like a dream now, like an extended nightmare, as I crawl back in bed, I hope I can sleep now. But that's not all. It's like I was watching the entire episode, detached, as if it was two of us there. And I wonder.

It's not obvious.

I wonder what happened to my dream and I wonder about death, what happens when we die.

And the bones. Scientists picking at our teeth. Tossing our skulls around. I mean, I'm looking at my body right now and I hear my heartbeat and I snort and I have to take a leak, I'm a complete slave to these biological processes.

That makes sense. I can understand that. We have our periods and the blood washes through us like we are mere instruments of nature, vessels for the rushing of blood and liquids and God knows what else. We're being flushed. We have no choice in the matter.

So what did this guy mean, your friend, about freedom of choice?

I don't know. He thinks God created the Universe.

Okay.

In six days or the Big Bang and the subservient, I mean subsequent tumult.

Stars and planets and flying rocks.

A tiny dot of Conscious Will?

God?

Something must come all the way down to us. Like the Logos.

**4/17/19**

