

Blurb *Short Lease*

CASS: 'What does it all mean?

[Looks directly at Phyll, asking the question, eyes welling]

What the fuck does it all *mean*?'

PHYLL: '...I don't know, Cass.'

[Big nose blow]

CASS: '...Well I don't mean to be rude, Professor, but seriously—all that philosophy and you're still no bloody use.'

PHYLL: 'Thanks.'

CASS: 'You're welcome.'

PHYLL: 'But, I'd just like to point out that if I *were* any use, it would not be because I had a special Message for you that would tell you what it all meant.

That much I do know. It just isn't that sort of meaning.

Maybe the biggest things can't be said; maybe they have to be shown.

Some ideas are at the outer limits of meaning.'

Cass rents Phyll's spare room on a short lease. She eavesdrops on the philosophy being taught in the next-door room—the last-remaining human teaching in the Hybrid University. Cass is hoping to find some answers. And perhaps she does. But it's not what she expected.

In this found play, a piece of *anthrosalvage* in an era of Artificial administration, philosophical abstraction finds theatrical expression in a love letter to all that is human in the humanities. The result is a dialogue that enacts a drama of philosophical ideas, in a rare fusion of philosophical and literary temperaments.