

Humankind Three Dot O

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Version 2.0 of Humankind is out of date. It's passé, lapsed, antiquated, invalid, obsolete. Look it up on the Mayan calendar. If this version of humankind was a can of beans, it would have a label that says, "Expiration Date: December 21, 2012." Version 2.0 is over. Time is up. People walking around trying to still be 2.0 are simply hanging on to the old way because they don't want to change. They just don't get it. You can't live in the past. And Version 2.0 has passed! Look. It's simple. Basically speaking, there are three versions of humankind. You know how we label computers as version 10.11.7 and 8.0 and all? Well, what if humankind came with an operating system. It would have had Version 1.0, 2.0, and now, 3.0. Version 1.0 humans are the pre-historics. Version 2.0 humans started writing and recording history around 5,000 years ago – and they ended (or should have) in 2012. And we are now in Version 3.0 - though some of you are desperately trying to avoid it. Avoiding 3.0 and trying to still act like 2.0 is like a comedian staying on the stage past when the audience was laughing. It's getting creepy and awkward. It's just not funny anymore.

I look back at Version 2.0 with mixed feelings. I see just about all of Version 2.0 as a kind of an intermediate, awkward stage of humankind – one where we were trying to be grown-ups, but really weren't. It's like humanity's collective puberty. Version 2.0 is what you get when humankind was a teenager with raging hormones. I mean, look at all of the stupid things we experimented with, not to mention what we gave up from Version 1.0 in our reckless, headlong quest for adulthood. Do you remember good ole Version 1.0? There we were walking around our caves, wearing our nifty one-piece fur outfits, - no need to dodge traffic - having fun. We got up with no alarm clock, straightened up the cave, went out for lunch, then went fishing and swimming. *Version 2.0 humans would call that a vacation!* Now that I think about it, it just might be that Version 1.0 felt like a vacation more often than not! I don't believe, for one minute, that picture they gave us when we were little. Weren't you told that cavemen and cavewomen had a terrible life; they pulled each other around by the hair; they were always in grave danger of being killed off by saber-toothed tigers; they weren't too smart, had poor

posture, poor vocabulary, poor clothing, poor grooming - they apparently didn't think of pony tails or buns to keep their hair back; and they used clubs instead of using their words to resolve differences? Isn't that what you were told? Well, I don't believe any of that crap. Isn't it possible that some of the time, Version 1.0 people sang and danced and played games and made great food and well, basically partied? If so, who would *you* rather be: a Version 1.0, on your way to a party, occasionally skirting the La Brea tar pits because some saber-toothed tigers are there eating a woolly mammoth, or a Version 2.0 navigating the L.A. freeways *every day for the rest your life*? Who has the greater chance of survival? Who's got the better quality of work-life?

Securing & Insuring ... If Version 1.0 was the childhood of humankind, then maybe we early humans used to be like you were when you were a child. You may not have shared perfectly; but I'll bet you were more innocent. If so, were you innocent simply because you had not yet learned that people can hurt each other, or could there have been some wisdom in your innocence? Could it just possibly be that in Version 1.0, humankind had family, friends, food, and maybe even a short work-week. What if instead of being brutal toward each other, because we did not know better; we could occasionally be found treating each other equally and sharing food and stuff – without law enforcement? What if getting something from a 1.0 was like taking candy from a baby? *What might that look like?* Think about it.

For example, let's take a glimpse into a possible scenario of the Version 1.0 work week. To compare, start with the Version 2.0, 40-hour work-week. Now eliminate all of the *securing and insuring!* Throw out keys and keyless devices. So, there's no time spent locking the house when you leave, unlocking the car, unlocking the office, unlocking the inner office, unlocking your desk, unlocking the bathroom, unlocking the safe, unlocking the box with the other keys, then there's no time spent locking them all back up. Then throw away digital security and the time spent punching in a password for your phone, tablet, computer, network, bank, or the 35 items you are going to purchase while your boss thinks you're working. And what about all of the time we spend per week ***insuring*** - with phone calls, threats, and marches on Washington - that the contractor did what he said, the school did what they said, the store did what they promised, and the landlord is going to turn on the heat next Thursday at 9:AM eastern standard time? And since we're 'egalitarianly' sharing, forget the time spent on legal contracts that make people write down their names next to statements that swear they'll share, and the time to hire lawyers to

press lawsuits for all of the times they *accidentally* broke the contracts. And, oh yeah, while you're at it, throw out the lawyers who chase after all of those accidents – *that won't get any of your time per week back, I just love the thought of getting rid of them*. Then, how about all of the time we spent making money to buy and trying to understand and trying to make claims on insurance policies that guarantee benefits that the Version 1.0s freely did for each other. ...

Now, add up the time we spend *securing* and *insuring* things. Forget adding up the time our technology, that was invented to save us so much time, interrupts our fun and actually creates untold activities that Version 1.0s never had to do. My figuring is that the Version 1.0 work-week was about *an hour and a half*. Just kidding, but wouldn't it be cool if we had a lot more time to make music, love, and general merriment?

And what about school? Version 2.0 humans are soooooooo proud of our schools. But, think about it. Is education really important? What do you learn there – *reading, writing, and arithmetic*, right? Let's do some math, then. Some say human ancestors have been around for a couple hundred thousand years. Some even say a couple million. When did we start *writing* – 5,000 years ago? Really, no one knows – it's just that the oldest writing we've found seems, by modern dating techniques, to be about then. I'll assume no one did any *reading* until then either. And, obviously, you can't do *arithmetic* without paper, pencils, and of course erasers – all of which probably weren't around until the whole writing thing got going and someone made the first mistake in spelling or adding.

So, if we're so great at education, ask yourself this. Did any of your teachers ever tell you why people didn't write before then? Did they begin an educational discussion like, "Now children, *what was humankind doing for a hundred thousand years before writing?*" Did they open the floor to theories of prehistoric pastimes? This is what I think about. I have some theories. By the way, none of my theories involve the "*they were too stupid*" picture. I think that's demeaning – along with the clumsy caveman picture. No, my theories are quite inventive, as I think humankind deserves.

Why Version 1.0s didn't write ... Theory #1. Maybe Version 1.0 humans were very intelligent and could write, but they were very poor spellers. They say many geniuses are poor spellers.

Maybe for 995,000 years they were embarrassed to be published for fear of ridicule from the media.

Why Version 1.0s didn't write ... Theory #2. Another possibility is that early humans could not keep track of pencils and pens very well. Think about it – that would definitely stop writing, cold. Maybe a hereditary longing for computers was passed from homo habilis to homo erectus right on through to the neanderthals, then eventually homo sapiens.

Why Version 1.0s didn't write ... Theory #3. How about the theory that early humankind was busy. Yes. Maybe Version 1.0 had a life, so they simply didn't want to stop living it to write it down. Think about it – try selling writing and texting and blogging to a Version 1.0. You catch up with her as she's in the middle of ecstatically tasting some fruit with a partner, on their way to bathe and sun in a waterfall.

You say, "Is that fun?"

She says, "Yes."

You say, "How about you stop and enter it on a blog, then take pictures of it and send them to lots of people to show the fun you're having and *share*?"

To which she replies, "Huh?" Not because she has poor vocabulary, but simply because of her incredulity.

You try another tact, "Isn't there anything about this you need to remember?"

To which she replies, "I like where I am, who I am, my friends, my family, and my time. I'm not at war with any people, nor any part of nature. I don't need a clock. I'm not trying to get ahead in life – I'm not trying at all. I'm actually happy. There is enough food - so more isn't better. My friends and I share clothing, housing, and club accessories, so I don't need money. There are no transportation or communication devices, so I have no appointments with the local garage or internet service provider or phone company. So, what do I need to remember? To remember actually means to put back a part (a member) of something that used to be whole. I am whole.

My life is whole. I know what I need to know when I need to know it. The member parts of my life are all together. I do not need to re-member. So I do not need to write things down.”

But, the worst part about Version 2.0 is the sophomoric arrogance that sometimes accompanies adolescence. Version 2.0s go around like they’re the only thing that has ever lived on the planet, in the galaxy, or in the multiverse. They project themselves onto everyone and everything. Go ahead, try to ask a 2.0 some kind of intelligent question about inclusion. Inevitably the conversation goes something like this.

You: “Is there anything you haven’t thought of?”

2.0: “No. We have a theory of everything.”

You: “Is there any resource you don’t deserve?”

2.0: “No. We deserve any land, food, water, and air we can conquer and defend. But, you have to use your rugged individualism to earn it.”

You: “What do you mean *earn* it?”

2.0: “Well, take farming. That’s a totally good thing to do, right? Well, to earn a farm, you first make boundary lines in the dirt, then you kick out animals and sub-species like weeds and rocks. Next you divert the nearby stream. Then you blockade your God-given plot of land with fences and spray insecticides to protect your crop. It takes hard work and rugged determinism to conquer and fend off all of those undeserving others.”

You: “Is that how your ancestors did it?”

2.0: “Doesn’t matter. They knew nothing compared to us. We are the crowning achievement of humankind and the most important species around. With our science we can figure out how to control nature. Could our ancestors control their lives like we can? They were superstitious. They

were at the mercy of the weather, their enemies, disease – and they were probably bored to death without TV.”

I think that Version 3.0s are going to look back – some of them already are – and laugh at the juvenescent Version 2.0s with their projection backwards onto the ancestors, sideways onto other species, and forwards onto 3.0s. Version 2.0 was not the end of humanity; and to prove it, here I am – a real-life, dagnabbit HUMAN BEING, Version 3.0. Yes, I was Version 2.0; but I moved on. Humankind might go down the tubes; but I’m going to live my life as a 3.0 right to the bitter end. And if, by chance, we make it, then I’m not hanging around with you needy 2.0s who are still trying to act like teenagers in an adult’s world. I’m not going to pretend anymore that Version 1.0s were just children and that all of their superstitious ideas were childish nonsense. There were things I knew when I was a child – like how to taste ice cream and how to see the colors of things. Version 1.0s could see right through walls and into the future. Don’t believe all of that 2.0 advertising about science. Humankind’s childhood is not something to distance and discard. It’s a time ripe with fruits and abilities that we need to regain in order to evolve, just as each person needs to reincorporate the child in the adult phase of life. Don’t listen to the naysayers and the hurters and haters. They’re just holding onto Version 2.0 with all their life, because they’re afraid to evolve.

Yes, I’m going to live on. I’m going to have fun. I’m going to play when I work and work when I play. I’m going to talk while I listen and listen while I talk. I’m not going to seek love and give truth; I’m going to give love and seek truth.