

Arcturus Report

Late one evening, after dinner with some very talkative people a friend and I were washing dishes. I was tired and wanted to go home; I imagine he did also. There was nothing more to say, and I cannot remember that I even thought of anything. When quietly, and very casually he said, "Where are you from, really?" Without thinking I answered, "Arcturus."

My answer woke me from a thoughtless state. I was not sure what he meant, he may have meant, where were you born, or where did you grow up. Certainly I had not consciously thought about being from anywhere other than earth. Yet, as I said it, it somehow felt right.

I have lived all over this earth. Always close to the world-circling ocean, it seems. I have known people who spoke many different languages, and speak a few myself. Wherever I went, even traveling, I was passionately interested in getting to know something of the local culture, I got to know local people. I made it a point to learn at least a few words of the local language even when I stayed somewhere only for a week or two. I grew up in a small town and always preferred the natural world to cities. People said I must have gypsy blood, now I suspect my restless wandering goes all the way back to the nomadic first humans.

In earlier years I was a "healer", I felt energy coming through my hands — especially the right hand — that I could direct to heal animals and sometimes people. I was fortunate to grow up in a society where that was accepted without question; in today's society such unorthodox "healing" is frowned upon, denied, and even illegal.

And for as long as I have been aware I have known that I am an observer rather than a doer.

When I went to a university. It seemed natural to study medicine, not only because my father was a doctor, but because I thought medicine was the science of healing. I soon learned that western medicine has little to do with healing. Modern medicine is based on killing disease-causing invaders, not healing the body.

Later I studied psychology in Holland, in England and in the United States.

Perhaps thirty years ago, shortly after I had so unthinkingly said that I was "from Arcturus", I imagined that if indeed I am, then I must be here as an observer of this earth and its many varieties of life forms.

Now at the end of my life, I am considering what I might report to Arcturus, if that is indeed what I must do when my time here is up.

My report would, of course, not be in English, or in any language that I now know. This can only be a limited version of my report, translated into today's English.

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The planet I called earth when I lived there—also named “the world”—is a heavy planet. All its life forms are made to withstand the planet’s intense attraction. Even flying beings have developed a variety of clever mechanisms to maintain themselves aloft, mechanisms that utilize the density of the planet’s atmosphere. Life forms occupying the surface and upper layer of the waters of this planet perhaps feel the least of its gravity, but in the deeper layers they must cope not only with the gravity of the planet itself but also with the increasing weight of water above them. This planet holds all its life forms in a close embrace.

The planet is very much alive. Its surface moves and changes constantly, its atmosphere flows and circles the globe slowly or rapidly, making extremes of weather. The varieties of life forms is unnumbered; shapes and hues are everything from fierce to playful. Species have adapted to the planet’s different environments in many different ways, always and everywhere in constantly shifting ecologies. Life on this planet is obviously anti-entropic. It is a planet of immense varieties and a complex and ever shifting harmony.

My experiences of this planet, coming through the many senses of the human life form, were always colored with awe. The varieties of life interacting invariably left me spellbound. I had a very rich life, I was privileged from birth and did not have to suffer the gruesome poverty of so many humans, nor the disabling diseases that are rampant almost everywhere except in a few favored populations. I was blessed with many relatives and friends who supported me.

From my earliest years I learned to relate to other humans who differed in many ways from each other, spoke different languages, had different ideas about the world we lived in. My closest bonds were with those people around me who were less favored — often making me ashamed of my privileges, a feeling that never quite left me as I grew older.

One species of the millions of different species of this planet is now clearly the dominant species, able and willing to control, and even eradicate any other life form they do not like,

I shall refer to them as “humans.” They have many other names for themselves, but this one seems the least burdened with meanings. Humans are unique perhaps in many ways. Some, but not all humans acknowledge that they are obviously related to all other life forms on this planet.

These last years I have wondered what makes humans so different from other life forms, even those life forms they are genetically related to.

Humans consider themselves the only species that is “sentient”. The dictionary defines that as “capable of having feelings, or perceptions.” Clearly mammals, the class of animals humans belong to biologically, also perceive and have feelings. My impression is that what most humans mean when they say they are the only “sentient” beings, is that they are aware of being aware. Many humans also believe that they are the only species with intelligence, which also of

course is a gross simplification: obviously many other species have intelligence.

After observing humans for a long life time, I think that what makes them unique on this planet are, for instance, the fact that humans can and do hurt, kill, even torture individuals of their own species, that they think their individuality is all important, that they are able to think of things and ideas that have no, or very little basis in observed reality.

Being able to fantasize, to imagine is a uniquely human ability. It has shaped their history for the past ten thousand years at least. I have come to understand that it is not "awareness" that sets them apart — obviously animals have awareness, and some experiments suggest that plants have awareness in that they too react to changes in their environment.

The human ability to imagine and create human-made realities is obviously unique. Humans can and do imagine whole constructs of ideas that often only barely relate to the givens of this planet.

These imaginings take make forms.

For instance, today humans imagine reality with a very narrow definition of what is "real." The only "real" reality is that of the five senses (the only ones recognized), a material reality that must be measurable if it is to be considered "real.". Everything else, for instance feelings, hunches and intuition is "imagination".

At the same time many of the humans who believe that *also* imagine there is another reality that is "spiritual", a word that has lost much of its meanings because there are so many meanings attached to it. Usually "spiritual" means extrasensory, a reality which cannot be known with the five senses of the body. Because of that limitation, spiritual realities are often thought to be only accessible to special people, who then acquire great power over other humans. Through the ages countless special individuals have appeared, all over the planet, each one attracting his own followers (these special individuals who were able to know what others could not perceive were almost all men). More often than not followers went out to convert other humans to the one truth they profess to possess, in order to prove to themselves that their truth is indeed The truth.

All over the planet followers of one religion persecute and execute, or go to war, with followers of other religions.

For the past many centuries humans have also imagined many different ways of organizing human societies. Even a cursory study of these many systems of governing makes clear that all of them ultimately concentrate power in the hands of a few. Here too it is obviously essential to convince others that some system of governing is *better*. I cannot think of a single imagined system that did not commit violence to other humans and/or to their own environment.

Yet another way the ability to imagine has been used is in the development of what is called "technology," using knowledge of the givens of the planet to imagine and create machines of all kinds that are extensions of human abilities and perceptions. There is perhaps no human activity or perception that has not

been augmented or grossly exaggerated by machines.

During the last few hundred years these machines have made life on this planet very different. In the favored parts of the planet, many individuals today live as kings and emperors could not have dreamed possible in past ages. In the last fifty years humans have imagined and created substances that kill organisms that cause diseases and life forms that compete for the foodstuffs humans grow in enormous quantities.

Because of these technological wonders humans today feel themselves apart from the givens of the planet. Humans believe they control their environments and so all aspects of nature.

One of the perhaps unplanned consequences of these changes is a geometrical increase in the number of humans on the planet. For probably a hundred thousand years there were less than one million humans in all habitable and relatively friendly environments of the planet. Today the number of humans has grown to six billion individuals and is still rising.

It is becoming obvious that the extreme aspects of a way of living almost totally unconnected to the realities of the planet is becoming more restricted to the most favored individuals only. The proportion of humans living lives of poverty and ill health is increasing. This planet that has such marvels of technology also still costs 24,000 children who die each day from hunger.

It is said that fully one half of all the new inventions the human capacity for imagination makes are in new weapons of all kinds. Some of these weapons are indeed so terrible that if they were ever used they might extinguish all life on this planet.

It seems obvious that, as yet, the ability of humans to imagine has not been matched by the wisdom to use this ability in ways that would further the well being of the planet, or even of humans themselves. Today the human ability to destroy the environment greatly surpasses the ability to manage the planet. Unless major adjustments are made by humans to their own imaginings, the worldwide destruction of the environment will endanger the survival of the human species itself.

Humans do not like to think about this. For some reason that I do not understand, humans have come to imagine that it is possible to continue to increase the depletion of the environment without consequences. Some humans imagine that the human species is so special, and so blessed, that before humans can destroy their planet and so themselves, other beings from other planets — or other dimensions — will intervene and rescue the human species from their own follies. Particularly, the most favored humans cannot imagine that they will have to adjust their way of life down to a level that is sustainable.

Perhaps that is another uniqueness of humans: humans have made themselves increasingly different from each other. Although there is only one human

species (they can and do interbreed continuously), humans accentuate the differences they perceive, and within each human community they vie for power and other attributes of being different.

The imagined realities humans create have become so commonplace that hardly anyone is aware any more that what they consider reality is an illusion, with almost no relation to the natural reality of the planet. At the same time, all humans know that there are indeed many realities we can and must choose from.

Sciences and techniques have been invented to influence humans to choose — subtly, or not so subtly — one reality over another, one religion over another, one system of government, one science, one theory, one idea over another.

The most insightful remark I can make about humans is that they are full of paradoxes.

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An enormous bulldozer showed up early this afternoon, riding on a long trailer, with six wheels, three on each side, its front resting on a short truck also with six wheels, two in front and two double wheels in the back. The bulldozer driver pumped out puffs of black smoke for several minutes before the engine caught. The big monster eased off its carrier, then blithely headed into the jungle across the street. Half an hour later the creaking and groaning sounds died out. The driver left. It is now late afternoon; the machine sits there among the trees.

I moved here less than a month ago, and felt at home in this quiet neighborhood, with almost no traffic.

Developers, people who own many parcels of land and build houses on them so that they can make profit from the land as well as the house. Today the preferred way to prepare a lot for building is to crush the forest, tear down all the trees and shrubs, flatten the ground and bring in many loads of gravel or cinder. The land clear to the boundary line. Then you build a house where you want it, probably aligned with and facing the road. Then you plant trees where *you* want trees to be. Never mind where nature planted trees.

Yes, today's humans have a fierce need to change the physical features of their planet, and in so doing change the life forms of the planet, and of course change each other.

Sadly, humans rarely consider what consequences these changes they so readily make may have even in the near future. Land in the natural state has value only as real estate. "Nature" is something we create for tourists to look at. People on this side of the island sell full grown coconut trees (about \$100 each) so that they can be planted on the other side of the island, where it does not rain much, so the trees have to be carefully watered. It makes the otherwise sere landscape look more as tourists expect a tropical island to look.

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A lifetime ago, when I was young, there was a sense among humans almost everywhere that they were on the threshold of a new era, full of possibilities for miraculous improvements in their living circumstances. Humans expected clean water, healthy children (and lots of them), decent houses, good food, rewarding work...

In a few favored parts of the world many humans were indeed able to live as no kings and emperors had ever lived before. They lived in palaces, with ever more machines to serve them, they ate food from all over the world, prepared in factories that added substances never before imagined. Humans invented entertainment, which soon became one of the great industries of the planet.

Lesser improvements were made in other parts of the planet. Probably as a consequence of some of these improvements and inventions the number of humans increased exponentially. It took more than a thousand years for humans to double their number, then in a few hundred years the number of humans doubled again, then it doubled again in eighty years, then in forty years.

Of the six billion, three hundred million humans today a small portion lives exceedingly well, but a vastly larger number of humans live lives of hitherto unknown poverty, filth, disease and often starvation.

During the last century many millions of humans moved away from their ancestral villages, often to ever more monstrous cities, sometimes to other countries even other continents. Forms of governance changed, wars were fought. For some humans life became better, for more humans it became a great deal worse. In their haste to change every aspect of the planet, ancient cultures were discarded, losing insight and wisdom.

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Living as a human I too was caught in the web of many imaginings of course. For many years I was taught by people who were regarded as wise and learned that imagination was nothing, nonsense, existing only in my head (meaning not in the real world). Reality, according to these wise men was only what I could see and hear and feel; what could be measured, in short. And so I learned measuring. What I was supposed to measure was human behavior, but human behavior is difficult to measure, so all I was able to do was count elements of behavior. The science of measuring is called statistics, a branch of mathematics, both "sciences", among the most abstract of imagined structures of concepts made up by humans. In the study of sciences it is said that mathematics began when humans learned (from the Muslims a thousand years ago) the concept of zero, null, nothing.

For half my human life I lived enmeshed in concepts woven through and

around other concepts, all of them imagined. It becomes a game, of course. Once humans ceased to live with planet as it is, there is no end to the complexity of imaginings.

Then I met a handful of very ancient humans who had not learned to imagine. They lived exceedingly simple lives, eating what food they could find around them, building simple shelters with materials readily at hand. They hummed little songs but they did not know entertainment. They considered plants and animals as their siblings, integral parts of their world. They had no government, no leaders, no social contracts.

I have written about them, and perhaps I should not have. Readers read an idyl, but that is not what I experienced. I saw humans who lived as part of the planet, as humans must have lived for a hundred thousand years, before we invented such concepts as owning. They were truly nonviolent, they avoided confrontation by melting into the jungle, becoming invisible.

For the second half of my life I have thought about what made them so different. Gradually — as I reread my notes of the time and went back to my memories — I realized that they had not imagined imaginings. They lived in very intimate and close contact with the earth and with each other. They felt each others' feelings. In fact, I now understand that they knew each other's thoughts. When you can know what another is thinking, you cannot lie. When you feel another's pain, you cannot deliberately hurt another.

It has occurred to me that in today's worldwide civilization, the ability to empathize is deliberately trained out of children as they grow up.

Modern humans deny that it would be possible to connect mind-to-mind, but cannot deny that "pets" (animals owned by humans) do communicate quite well without words. My guess is that humans once knew mind-to-mind communication with each other as well as with plants and animals as a matter of course.

One of the consequences of the inability to feel with another human is the ability to inflict almost unthinkable cruelties on others. Humans can use their almost unlimited capacity for fantasy to think up brutalities and tortures because they cannot feel what the other feels. Violence and cruelties are becoming more common almost everywhere on earth.

Another, and perhaps more important consequence of the inability to empathize, however, is that humans are able to lie. They have (acquired?) the ability to tell an untruth they know to be untrue in order to mislead others. As far as I can tell, this ability to lie is unique to humans; in fact it is one of the most telling differences between humans and their nearest biological relatives on this earth, the apes.

Deliberate falsification of facts, and its large-scale application in advertising and propaganda, has become one of the underlying principles of modern trade as well as government, and a seemingly essential element of ordinary human

intercourse. The last century saw many refinements of this tendency, in, for instance, the proliferation of half-truths, withholding all the facts, or using words that are known to have an emotional appeal within a message that may be less palatable.

In addition to advertising and propaganda, techniques for twisting, embellishing and coloring truths have blossomed in what is known as “the Media”, structures of instant communication. One of the new technologies is that of broadcasting by various means what is known as television. The vivid images and sounds that are broadcast everywhere can be reports of events and stories. However, they can just as easily be made-up stories, staged far away from where the action is supposed to have taken place. For reasons that I do not understand this medium has the capability of mesmerizing viewers to such an extent that at least a part of their judgment can become permanently impaired. It seems that a majority of people who watch television regularly — many hours each day — have been so afflicted. Television is junk food for the mind.

The ability to tell untruths and probably eventually to believe these untruths oneself lies at the very core of the predominant civilization of this planet. It is what makes possible the continuing conduct of behaviors deleterious to the common good, to the environment and so ultimately to oneself and of course one’s offspring.

It is one of the most baffling qualities of human beings. How can a species continue to mislead itself and thus hasten its own extinction?

It seems unlikely that humans today can go back to being innocent voluntarily. It is thinkable that after the Fall the remaining humans may find again the ability to be in the present, and to be part of the planet. Perhaps humans will seek to find their ancient connection with the planet when all else fails.

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What humans call “civilizations” have been known only in the recent past, perhaps ten thousand years. Civilization is humankind’s concerted attempt to change the world into an order of their own invention. For the first hundred thousand years of their existence humans, as all other species, were content to leave the world they found fairly unchanged. At this time in their evolution their hunger to “conquer” nature seems overwhelming.

All civilizations were designed by humans to control and change their environment, and each other. All civilizations have been elaborate hierarchies based on invented ideas of one or more deities who need to be placated, worshipped, obeyed. Today’s civilization is based on an illusionary vision of the planet as resource, as matter only, to be plundered at will. All civilizations put a few humans in a position of power over others. And the greater the distance between the few and the many, the greater the fall.

The present civilization is perhaps the first that is worldwide. In earlier ages humans knew relatively little of the planet as a whole: they knew the world

they could encompass with the means of travel available to them. Today travel and information is swift and all encompassing, making civilization spread faster and wider, but there is no evidence that this civilization can survive its own excesses.

At the end of my life I am saddened by what seems to be the almost total eradication of all virgin wildness that survived into the last century. And with the eradication of the wild, thousands of life forms find their own existence threatened often beyond recovery. The planet is becoming poorer.

I have seen the ballooning of this human-imagined reality, which suppressed and then replaced ancient ways of living. The human world has become a dangerous place.

These last few years I feel ever more strongly that the magic of this planet is its harmony in variety, a principle that "is," and has little to do with the way humans are trying to force the world to be. The magic, the spirit as some call it, of this planet is seemingly forgotten, but I know that it is still here.

Perhaps today's man-made chaos will break down the artificial structures and systems so that the spirit can flow again.

Of course there have always been humans who lived exemplary lives of great compassion and understanding all through the turbulent histories of the last few thousand years. But at this moment in the evolution of planet earth I sense the inevitability of a watershed, a time when humankind must face their inattention to what they have wrought, and turn to find a path that may lead to their survival as a species.

The previous century may have been the bloodiest in human history, with probably more wars and more casualties than ever before in the history of the species. Some humans now think that their nature is to be ruthless, cruel and violent. I doubt that, because if that were true, the species would not have survived this long.

There are indications that today a significant number of humans are beginning to accept that very basic changes must be made in how they live their lives. Fouling of the environment, waste of all kinds, misuse of the earth and her resources, all these can no longer be.

The most hopeful sign is that there is a growing recognition that such changes must come from within, from different values, different expectations, rather than from yet more laws and rules — from facing the realities of the planet, rather than more imaginings.

How can we humans be other than cells of the living organism that is the planet? Underneath all human imaginings there is a spirit that is tuned to the planet and so to the universe. The spirit will survive.

I can do no better than close with this
RECENT MESSAGE FROM THE HOPI ELDERS

*You have been telling the people that this is the Eleventh Hour.
Now you must go back and tell the people that this is the Hour.
And there are things to be considered:
Where are you living?
What are you doing?
What are your relationships?
Are you in right relation?
Where is your water?
Know your garden.
It is time to speak your Truth. Create your community. Be good to each other.
And do not look outside yourself for the leader.
This could be a good time!
There is a river flowing now very fast.
It is so great and swift that there are those who will be afraid.
They will try to hold onto the shore.
They will feel they are being torn apart and they will suffer greatly.
Know the river has its destination.
The elders say we must let go of the shore, push off into the middle of the
river, keep our eyes open and our heads above the water.
See who is in there with you and celebrate.
At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally.
Least of all, ourselves.
For the moment that we do, our spiritual growth and journey comes to a halt.
The time of the lone wolf is over.
Gather yourselves!
Banish the word struggle from your attitude and your vocabulary.
All that we do now must be done in a sacred manner and in celebration.
We are the ones we've been waiting for.*

*The Elders
Oraibi, Arizona
Hopi Nation*