

FUTURE VOICE[®]



BE HUMAN

HUMAN RIGHTS | VOICES

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*Where are you ?
Here*

*What time is it ?
Now*

*What are you ?
This moment*

Freedom is a valuable asset that we human beings can attain on the path of knowledge and the heart.

Although human rights once guaranteed us this asset, recent events make us realise that these are just words on paper; and how indispensable it is to develop a deep understanding of the meaning of freedom and to truly carry it in our hearts and souls.

Freedom means autonomy on the basis of taking responsibility for one's own thoughts and actions, in respect for one's own being and that of others. Freedom is gained in the struggle, in the struggle with ourselves, our weaknesses, our fears. It is not given to us, and life tests us again and again to see if we are worthy of it.

But once we have truly understood its fundamental meaning and integrated it into our being, it can no longer be taken away from us, even by the most adverse circumstances.

This magazine is dedicated to truly walking a path of knowledge and heart, for only on this path do we realise how unique the human being really is as part of the magnificent creation. And only this realisation leads us to true freedom.

We are describing a knowledge that is in danger to fade into oblivion.

For many centuries, this knowledge and its bearers have been suppressed and eradicated by the most brutal means in order to give way to an abnormality that the Cree Indians call *Wétiko*. A disease of the mind that uncompromisingly cuts people off from their true being and makes them slaves to an evil force that despises people and creation.

Man, nature, creation are thereby exploited with a boundless lack of conscience. Everything that serves this power is squeezed out of creation, used as if it had no value whatsoever; everything that is true is polluted without any respect and disposed of like waste.

This mindset says nothing about the true value of creation, but speaks volumes about those who feel at home in the *Wétiko* attitude.

We are now so widely surrounded by the *Wétiko* epidemic and, in exchange for the true knowledge of what really makes us human beings, we hardly have any contact, so that many people accept this abnormality as a desirable goal.

The following text by Jack D. Forbes is taken from his book: '*Columbus and Other Cannibals*' and represents the last chapter in it.

The book is also primarily devoted to a description of *Wétiko* psychosis and its functioning, which has undoubtedly afflicted the world and is currently approaching a climax.

We recommend the study of this book for a deeper realisation of what is going on in the world.

Manuela Scharifiazad



FINDING a GOOD PATH, a PATH WITH HEART

Text by © Jack D. Forbes

HOW DOES one get on a good path? Gotama tried in his teachings to help his listeners discover their path by understanding that pain and misery arise from self-centered craving. Native American teachers often begin with helping others to understand their relationship to the entire world. It is interesting that the methods used by both Gotama and Native American teachers are essentially empirical, that is, are based upon observation or direct perception (either in the form of 'common-sense' direct experience by way of the senses or by means of dreams, visions, and other non-ordinary experiences).

For example, the fact of our absolute, utter, complete dependence upon the earth is used by native teachers as a part of self-understanding. It is empirically obvious that we are not only children, sucking at our earth-mother's breast all of our lives, but that we are also mixed with, and part of, that which Europeans choose to call the environment. *For us, truly, there are no 'surroundings'.*

I can lose my hands, and still live. I can lose my legs and still live. I can lose my eyes and still live. I can lose my hair, eyebrows, nose, arms, and many other things and still live. But if I lose the air I die. If I lose the sun I die. If I lose the earth I die. If I lose the water I die. If I lose the plants and animals I die. All of these things are more a part of me, more essential to my every breath, than is my so-called body. *What is my real body?*

We are not autonomous, self-sufficient beings as European mythology teaches. Such ideas are based upon deductive logic derived from false assumptions. We are rooted, just like the trees. But our roots come out of our nose and mouth, like an umbilical cord, forever connected with the rest of the world. Our roots also extend out from our skin and from our other body cavities.

Nothing that we do, do we do by ourselves. We do not see by ourselves. We do not hear by ourselves. We do not breathe, eat, drink, defecate, piss, or fart by ourselves. We do not think, dream, invent or procreate by ourselves. We do not die by ourselves.

That which the tree exhales, I inhale. That which I exhale, the trees inhale. Together we form a circle. When I breathe I am breathing the breath of billions of now-departed trees and plants. When trees and plants breathe they are breathing the breath of billions of now-departed humans, animals, and other peoples.

“A human being, too, is many things. Whatever makes up the air, the earth, the herbs, the stones is also part of our bodies ...”

(Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions)

“Who was my mother? An egg? Who was my father, a little animal called a sperm? But where did this egg and this sperm come from? They grew inside a woman and inside a man, but they had their own life-paths distinct from those of the man and the woman. Their bodies, that flesh, my ancestor, grew inside of them and what was it? It was the earth, it was the sky, it was the sun, it was the plants and animals. We are very lucky to have so many wonderful mothers and fathers!”

“I live in a universe. I am a point of awareness, a circle of consciousness, in the midst of a series of circles. One circle is that which we call the body. It is a universe itself, full of millions of little living creatures living their own separate but co-dependent lives. They live, fight, make love, split, and die independent of my consciousness, most of the time. If some of them get disturbed or get hurt they might tell me about it so that I can help them, so that I can get them some food, or scratch them, or get rid of their leftovers.”

(Jack D. Forbes, What is Space?; Jack D. Forbes, What is Time?)



“Another circle is all of the other things which I am completely dependent upon – Gishux, the sun, the air, the water, and so on. Another circle is all of the things that fill my consciousness – the things I see, smell, hear, and so on. Another circle is the source of my dreams, consciousness, insights, gifts or powers, ideas, and ,intuitions’.”

(Jack D. Forbes, Kinship is the Basic Principle of Philosophy)

But all of these ‘circles’ are not really separate – they are all mutually dependent upon each other, they are all mixed up with each other, they all overlap and move in, and out, of each other.

And that mutual dependence blurs into the circle of love, that mystery, that glue that holds all of this together. Scientists may call it attraction, or affinity, or magnetism, or gravity, as well as affection, symbiosis, kinship, community, family, compassion, or whatever. But there is that circle, that mysterious circle, that makes life possible.

But Europeans of modern times, and other materialists or dogmatists, seldom undertake this kind of analysis, an analysis based upon empirical frankness and an honest desire to *learn*. Instead they allow myths and dogmas to distort or predetermine their conceptions. (I do not pretend that my thoughts as such, are 'true', but merely that they express my feelings and perhaps point in a direction which others might find helpful.)

Maybe it's this: many Europeans cannot tolerate mystery, especially mystery in the 'real world'. Native People, on the other hand, admit that there is mystery, and accept joyfully the task of living in such a wonderful world.

'Love' is another thing. Many modern peoples and *wétikos* everywhere do not love the earth. The earth is dead, they say, just a kind of a big rock, and besides, even if it were alive it has no soul, or mind, or spirit. So why love it? Why love anyone or anything? Why love one's wife? Do you love her because she is alive? Do you love her because she has a soul? Do you love her because she has a vagina which makes your penis happy?

***Wétiko* Psychosis**

For several thousands of years human beings have suffered from a plague, a disease worse than leprosy, a sickness worse than malaria, a malady much more terrible than smallpox.

I call it cannibalism, and I shall try to explain why. But whatever we call it, this disease, this *wétiko* (cannibal) psychosis, is the greatest epidemic sickness known to man.

Brutality knows no boundaries. Greed knows no limits. Perversion knows no borders. Arrogance knows no frontiers. Deceit knows no edges. These characteristics all tend to push towards an extreme, always moving forward once the initial infection sets in.

Imperialists, rapists and exploiters are not just people who have strayed down a wrong path. They are insane (unclean) in the true sense of that word. They are mentally ill and, tragically, the form of soul-sickness that they carry is catching.

Wétiko is a Cree term (windigo in Ojibway, wintiko in Powhatan) which refers to a cannibal or, more specifically, to an evil person or spirit who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible evil acts, including cannibalism.

The overriding characteristic of the *wétiko* is that he consumes other human beings, that is, he is a predator and a cannibal. This is the central essence of the disease.

Cannibalism, as I define it, is the consuming of another's life for one's own private purpose or profit.

He believes that he is justified in depriving other people of their land, lives and freedom because he possesses a 'superior culture' and 'the truth'.

There are many psychological traits that help form the *wétiko* personality. Greed, lust, inordinate ambition, materialism, the lack of a true 'face', a schizoid (split) personality, and so on, are all terms which can be used to describe most *wétikos*. But one of the major traits characterizing the truly evil and extreme form of *wétikoism* is arrogance.

In any event, the *wétiko* psychosis is a very contagious and rapidly spreading disease. It is spread by the *wétikos* themselves as they recruit or corrupt others.

What we have actually seen in the past 2,000 years is not the rise of civilization, but the rise of brutality and barbarism ...

*Excerpts from the Book: Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals:
The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism*



Love is a mystery. So in one sense it does not matter whether the earth is alive or not. Our love for her is something we give. And in return she gives us her love. Does she ask if we are alive or have a soul? How do we know that we are alive? We move, but everything moves. We change, but everything changes. We breathe, but everything breathes, each in its own way. We procreate but so does everything else, inorganic or organic. (What is procreation? The process of producing 'youngsters'? Then perhaps the planets, moons, and so on, are children of some departed sun who gave its life in childbirth. Then we are the youngsters of the earth. Ah, but the earth cannot produce us by herself alone. But who can produce youngsters by themselves, or by itself? Not humans! Without food, air, water, and heat there is not going to be any sexual intercourse or any new little babies. *We cannot reproduce by ourselves.* Nothing can.) And death; death is another circle that affects all things. How can a sun die if it never had life? All things participate in the circle of death, but as mentioned earlier, death is life. The egg died (or changed) to give us life. The sperm died to give us life. We all die to create life.

And so we learn, if we are willing to travel a path of knowledge, something about ourselves, which is to say that when we study ourselves, we are studying the universe and we are studying part of the Great Creative Power, and when we study the world we are also studying ourselves. But to follow this path one does not study like a dogmatist.

"A man goes to knowledge as he goes to war, wide awake, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance For me there is only the traveling on paths that have heart, on any path that may have heart. There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge is to travel its full length. And there I travel looking, looking, breathlessly ... Try it as many times as you think necessary. Then ask yourself, and yourself alone, one question ... does this path have a heart? If it does, the path is good, if it doesn't it is of no use. Both paths lead nowhere; but one has a heart, the other doesn't."

(Carlos Castaneda, The Teachings of Don Juan)

Following a path of knowledge should not be a matter of dogmatism, nor should it be a matter of surrendering one's life to someone else, or a matter of ambition or simple gratification. There are many kinds of paths, such as the paths of Carlos Castaneda, focused on a deeper and deeper understanding of other levels of reality, levels normally reached only by means of dreams, visions, and/or a concentrated spiritual quest. As Juan Matus tells us (through Carlos) a path is only a path and one should not follow it if it goes against one's inner feelings or convictions. But one's decision to keep on the path or to leave it should not be based upon fear or ambition. According to Castaneda's teachers, a 'warrior' is different from the average person because of the consistent choice of a 'path with heart'. The warrior knows that the path has heart when he or she finds a 'great peace and pleasure' traveling on it. The path with heart leads one on a 'joyful journey' while paths without heart will lead to curses and weakening.

(Carlos Castaneda, A Separate Reality und The Teachings of Don Juan)



Native American teachers also look to the universality of death and to the impermanence of all material things as a source for guidance in conducting one's life and finding a good road to follow.

Is it perhaps true that one lives on the earth?
Not for always on the earth:
only a little here.
Although being jade it shatters;
Although being gold it breaks;
Although being quetzal plumage it tears,
Not for always on the earth:
only a little here.

(Miguel León-Portilla, La Filosofía Nahuatl (Aztec Thought and Culture))

Let us see, is this real,
Let us see, is this real,
This life I am living?
Spirits, who dwell everywhere,
Let us see, is this real,
This life I am living?

(Pawnee song, in Astrov, American Indian Prose and Poetry)

JUAN MATUS tells us that:

“Death is the only wise adviser that we have. Whenever you feel ... that everything is going wrong and you’re about to be annihilated, turn to your death and ask if that is so. Your death will tell you that you’re wrong Your death will tell you ‘I haven’t touched you yet’.”

(Carlos Castaneda, Journey to Ixtlan)

“But while your death can reassure you and make you strong, helping you to realize that you still are alive in this marvelous world, one’s death also teaches us to gain control over our own lives. We do not have time to live as pimps for *wétikos*. We do not have time to engage in petty jealousies or ugly acts. Whatever you are doing now, may be your last act on earth. It may very well be your last battle.”

(Carlos Castaneda, Journey to Ixtlan)

Knowledge of death helps us also to find a good road, because perhaps it can bring us to deep considerations of our place in nature.

Black Elk said:

“It is good to have a reminder of death before us, for it helps us to understand the impermanence of life on this earth, and this understanding may aid us in preparing for our own death. He who is well prepared is he who knows that he is nothing compared with Wakan-Tanka, who is everything; then he knows that world which is real.”

(Black Elk, Sacred Pipe)

A predilection with death alone, though, without other understandings, might be injurious. A seeker after wisdom will be very much aware of the inevitability of death.

“But to be concerned with death would force any one of us to focus on the self and that would be debilitating – so the next thing one needs to be a warrior is detachment. The idea of imminent death, instead of becoming an obsession, becomes an indifference.”

(Carlos Castaneda, A Separate Reality)

The fundamental message of one’s own imminent death is to live a life that is worthwhile, one that is filled with precise acts, beautiful acts, meaningful acts, that help to take one along the pollen path, the path that only a wisdom-seeker can travel. And what is a wisdom-seeker? A man or a woman who fearlessly seeks to be truly authentic as he or she travels onward in beauty and humility seeking knowledge.

A voice said (to Lame Deer):

“You are sacrificing yourself here to be a medicine man. In time you will be one You will learn about herbs and roots, and you will heal people. You will ask for nothing in return. A man’s life is short. Make yours a worthy one.”

(Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions)



Sadly, the world of the *wétikos* tends to divert us from our authenticity, tries to degrade us, tries to fool us with the false masks of arrogance, sophistication, and hedonism, tries to lure us off our road with the temptations of greed and materialism, and teaches us to quest after victories which are hollow or meaningless.

“Your friend (an old, wealthy man) is lonely because he will die without seeing. He feels he threw away forty years because he was after victories and found only defeats. He’ll never know that to be victorious or to be defeated are equal Our lot as men is to learn and one goes to knowledge as one goes to war And so you’re afraid of the emptiness of your friend’s life. But there’s no emptiness in the life of a man of knowledge, I tell you. Everything is filled to the brim ... I am not like your friend who just grew old. For him, his struggle was not worth his while because he was defeated; for me there is no victory, or defeat, or emptiness ...“

(Carlos Castaneda, A Separate Reality)

It is not the concrete, material results of one's life that are important, for all such things can be destroyed, lost, or dissipated rapidly. It is rather the quality of our acts, of our struggle, of our motives, of our love, of our perseverance which are truly significant. As Black Elk said, "The power of a thing or an act is in the meaning and the understanding."

The *wétiko* psychosis is a sickness of the spirit that takes people down an ugly path with no heart. They may kill, but they are not warriors. They may learn skills, but they acquire no wisdom. They may be surrounded by death but they do not, or cannot, learn its message. They chase after the riches or rewards of a transient world and delude themselves into believing that big tombs and monuments can make it permanent. Above all, the *wétiko* disease turns such people into werewolves and vampires, creatures of the European's nightmare world, and creatures of the *wétiko*'s reality.

They have taken their Satan to the four corners of the world, and they have made him their God.

But this earth of ours is not ugly. Nor this sky, nor this sun, nor this moon. Nor are the animals and the plants ugly. We live in a mysterious, marvelous universe and it offers us a chance to be cured by its loving embrace.

“Peace ... comes within the souls of men when they realize their relationship, their oneness, with the universe and all its powers, and when they realize that at the center of the Universe dwells Wakan-Tanka, and that this center is everywhere, it is within each of us.”

(Black Elk, in John Epes Brown, “The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian”, Tomorrow (Autumn 1964))

The idea of following a good path, a path of beauty, has been central to most Native American philosophy. The annual ‘Big House’ ceremony of the Lenápe people was, in fact, an enactment of the task of human beings in following the ‘White Path’ (Path of Light) of the Creator, overcoming obstacles represented by greed and other negative social possibilities.

“I am truly thankful, my kindred, I am happy that I stand in this our father’s path, the beautiful White Path of the Great Spirit So perhaps if earnestly we help each other, quite unexpectedly we might gain a spiritual victory if he, the Creator, hears our appeal.”

(Witapanoxwe in Frank G. Speck, Delaware Indian Big House Ceremony)



One path often followed by Native People is to learn directly from the animals and from the earth:

“I have noticed in my life that all men have a liking for some special animal, tree, plant, or spot of earth. If men would pay more attention to these preferences and seek what is best to do in order to make themselves worthy of that toward which they are so attracted, they might have dreams which would purify their lives. Let a man decide upon his favorite animal and make a study of it, learning its innocent ways. Let him learn to understand its sounds and motions. The animals want to communicate with man, but Wakan-Tanka (the Great Spirit) does not intend they shall do so directly – man must do the greater part in securing an understanding.”

(Brave Buffalo in Densmore, Teton Sioux Music)

Love of mother earth was not simply an abstraction for many Native Americans. Luther Standing Bear tells us how the Lakota people loved the earth:

“The old people came literally to love the soil and they sat or reclined on the ground with a feeling of being close to a mothering power. It was good for the skin to touch the earth and the old people liked to remove their moccasins and walk with bare feet on the sacred earth ... the soil was soothing, strengthening, cleansing, and healing ...

Wherever the Lakota went, he was with Mother Earth. No matter where he roamed by day or slept by night he was safe with her.”

(Standing Bear, Land of the Spotted Eagle)

Thus it is that the process of learning from the earth, the animals and 'nature' cannot be cold and 'scientific' only, but must include love, the magic stuff of the universe. Juan Matus tells us of the 'beloved' of Genaro, a Mazateco knowledge-seeker who, at that moment, became a luminous ball, swimming on the earth:

"Genaro's love is the world ... He was just now embracing this enormous earth but since he's so little all he can do is swim in it. But the earth knows that Genaro loves it and it bestows on him its care ... Genaro roams on the paths of his love and wherever he is, he is complete ... "This is the predilection of two warriors," he said. "This earth, this world. For a warrior there can be no greater love This lovely being, which is alive to its last recesses and understands every feeling, soothed me, it cured me of my pains, and finally when I had fully understood my love for it, it taught me freedom."

(Juan Matus, in Castaneda, Tales of Power)

For some, the Good Red Road includes the necessity of suffering, or of the sacrifice of something which really belongs to us alone such as our very flesh, or, for others, our lives as they are lived in service to others.

“The way I look at it our body is the only thing which truly belongs to us ...”

"The difference between the White man and us is this: You believe in the redeeming powers of suffering, if this suffering was done by somebody else far away, two thousand years ago. We believe that it is up to every one of us to help each other, even through the pain of our bodies We do not lay this burden onto our god, nor do we want to miss being face to face with the spirit power. It is when we are fasting on the hilltop, or tearing our flesh at the sundance, that we experience the sudden insight, come closest to the mind of the Great Spirit. Insight does not come cheaply, and we want no angel or saint to gain it for us and give it to us second hand.”

(Lame Deer, Seeker of Visions)

What this kind of perspective might mean in terms of the gift of one's life is expressed by Cesar Chavez, the great Indigenous-Chicano organizer:

“When we are really honest with ourselves, we must admit that our lives are all that really belong to us. So it is how we use our lives that determines what kind of men we are. It is my deepest belief that only by giving our lives do we find life. I am convinced that the truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally non-violent struggle for justice. To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us to be men.”

(Ahora!, vol. 3, no. 3, January 28, 1972)

For many, true wisdom and beauty is found in living one's life in such a manner that 'good acts', acts of beauty, gradually and incrementally lead to a depth of spiritual understanding every bit as profound, albeit different, from that experienced by the directly personal spiritual quest which, after all, can be marred by excessive self-centeredness.

As a Navajo woman, Mary Morez, has said:

“When I grow old, I want to know I've left something behind. Not as an artist, but as a human being who loves and cares and tends and helps other human beings. To do that is to walk in beauty.”

(Mary Morez, Arizona Republic, November 22, 1974,
as quoted in Katz, I Am the Fire of Time)

And finally, when death touches a new path will open up for us, a path faced by most traditional Native Americans with confidence and beautiful thoughts, as illustrated in this old Wintu song by Jim Thomas:

“Above shall go
The spirits of people
Swaying rhythmically,
Swaying with dandelion puffs in their hands.”

(Jim Thomas, in D. Demetracopoulou (Dorothy Lee), Wintu Songs,
Anthropos, vol. 30, 1935)

*Excerpt from the Book: Jack D. Forbes, Columbus and Other Cannibals:
The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism*



THE UNIVERSE

IS OUR HOLY BOOK

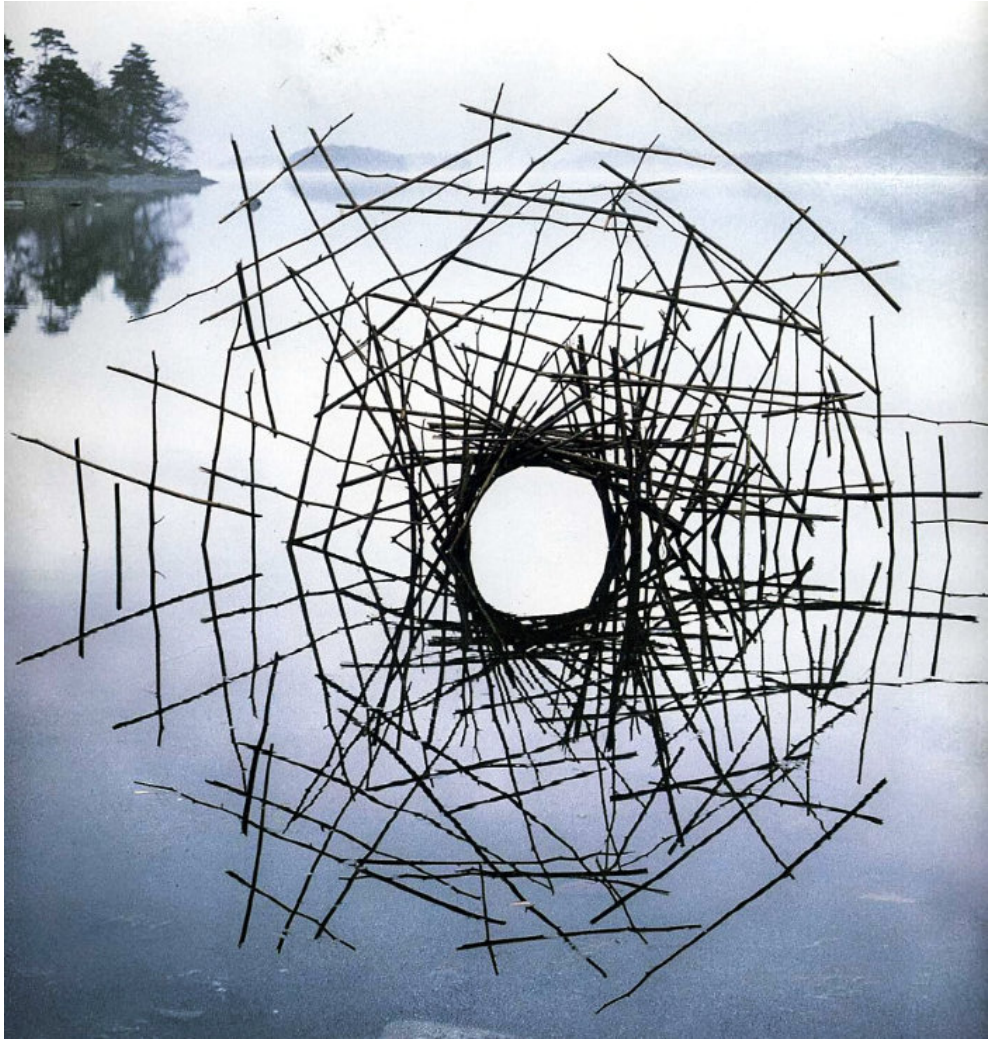
Poem by © Jack D. Forbes

The Universe is our Holy Book
The Earth our Genesis
The Sky our sacred scroll
The Animals our teachers
The Mountains our prophets
The Winds our equations
The Birds our prayers
The Flowers our miracle
The Sun our source
The Moon our messenger
The Waters our testaments
The World our study

The Great Mystery our Grandfather and
Grandmother, indeed
our Beginning and our End.

And it is said that
our Garden of Eden is
Elami hakimik
which is the entire world
and we have never
been expelled from it
for,
in the magic garden
of the Creator
we are living still
with all of our relatives
as the old ones say,
the four-leggeds
the winged ones of the air
and the creatures of the waters.

The philosopher-teachers of this Native
America,
The American philosophers,
tell us,
above all, they say,
we must be relative-like
with the Universe
and with all of the other
creatures
which are, together, our Sacred Family.



And our Mother and Grandmother is the Earth
upon which we graze
upon whose breast,
it is said,
we suckle all of our lives
never being weaned.

And our Father is the male
power, coming from the Grandfather-
side of the Great Mystery
nourishing us with the colossal
immensity of the Sky, of the Sun,
still also of male rain,
without which the Earth
could feed us not
and all would die.

And the Old Ones say:
look outward seriously
look inward intently
look outward carefully
look inward diligently
look outward respectfully
look inward humbly.

The Old Ones say
outward is inward to the heart
and inward is outward to the center
because
for us
there are no absolute boundaries
no borders
no environments
no outside
no inside
no dualisms
no single body
no non-body.

We don't stop at our eyes
We don't begin at our skin
We don't end at our smell
We don't start at our sounds.

I can lose my legs
and go on living
I can lose my eyes and go on living
I can lose my ears
and go on living
I can lose my hair my nose
my hands
my arms
and go on living
but if I lose the water
I die
If I lose the air
I die
If I lose the Sun
I die
If I lose the plants and animals
I die.

For all of these things
are more a part of me
more essential to my being
than is that
which I call 'my body'.

A mountain for seeking visions,
An ocean for getting dreams,
A lake of mirrors to give us names,
Sacred Circles arounding us.

Black Elk has told us that
at the Center of the Universe
dwells Wakan-Tanka
the Great Holy,
and yes, that Sacred Center
is within each of us, as with
Huehuetéotl, the Sacred Fire,
in the Center of the sweatlodge.

And we know that our eyes are
not windows,
that indeed we do not
'see' the world at a distance,
that our 'seeing' is within
our heads, within our minds.

For if the eyes were windows
we could pick up a dead creature's
eye and look directly through it
like clear glass
but any hunter knows
it can't be done.

The visions we find on the mountain-top
inward they are looking in dreams
outward they are looking for signs
but both inward
and outward
do not leave us
for we are not separate
we are like the atomic nuclei
which cannot be studied
except in motion
because motion is of their essence
and we cannot be studied
alone
for we do not exist alone.



My seeing, ordinary seeing
is, after all,
part of a continuous bright path running
from the Sun
which gives us light
through all of the jects
(the comings and goings)
which assume the forms
of colors
and shapes
and images
in my mind, yes
and all of these jects
are part and parcel
of a Rainbow Path
a stream of continuity
which arrives in my consciousness
as brilliant pictures,
as seeing.

But there is no break
there is no wall
the eyes being only *one more step*
from Sun to Me
and the eyes themselves
and the nose in front
and the brain when seen
are also part of the same
transaction belt which we call the
ject-stream of knowing,
the two-directional path of perception.

Is this life real
that I am living
Is this life real?
Spirits everywhere
Tell me!
Is this life real?
so says an old Native song,
a song straight into our heart of wonder,
of not-knowing what it all means
since all seeing
is inward-seeing
in the brain
in the mind.

But these brain-visions
are not 'ours' alone
we are not inventors of them
for the perceptual transactions
the ject-stream
the Rainbow Path
flows whether we like it or not
it *bangs* upon us
it *howls* within us
it *bowls* us over with its force
it *caresses* us with its sweetness
it continuously surprises us
it is our Universe
and we are not bounded by it,
we are, indeed, its vibrating,
glowing receptors.

Some scientists say
the world started with a 'Big Bang'
but there is no 'Bang'
without an 'Ear'
without a 'Hearer'
for sound is a ject-stream
incomplete without a receiver.

Some scientists think
they can study a world of
matter separate from themselves
but there is no
Universe Un-observed
(knowable to us at least)
nothing can be known
without being channeled
through some creature's senses,
the unobserved Universe
cannot be discussed
for we, the observers,
being its very description
are its eyes and ears
its very making
is our seeing of it
our sensing of it.

Is there Light without seeing?
Warmth without feeling?
Explosion without pushing?
Motion without two
without plurality?
Without a point of otherness?



We and all the animals and
living things
We complete the world
We are its skin
its membranes
We are its tops
its bottoms
We are its flutes
its drumheads
We are its maracas
its voices
We are not alone,
not separate.

If the world be a drum
we are its taut skin
vibrating
with its messages.

If the world is a vast movie
we are its screen
showing bright colors
sounds and even touches
in the theatre
of our minds.

If the Universe is like a great ocean
we are its tidal stream
its pampico
with an ebb and a flow
for we both receive
messages
and transmit as well
indeed, becoming messages
for others.

Perception is not a one-way stream
it is a transaction
a going both ways
a ject as I call it
a coming and a going
a pamptico
a tidal estuary
back and forth.

And we are at the tip of the pamptico
like mussels
and barnacles
and sea-urchins
and shore crabs
waiting for the
tide to depart
waiting for the
tide to return
but for us the flow is continuous
simultaneous
in both directions
transactional perceiving
a true trans-jectory
a constant pamptico.



Communion it is
for us
a constant com-union
bound with the glue of glues
to all that is.

We have a Body of the Close Vicinity
a constantly changing
growing
aging
dying
replacing
rebuilding unity.

A Universe of the Close Vicinity
a world of cells
of molecules
of living creatures
bound up with us
interlocked with us
living, dying, and being born
independent of our consciousness.

And in that Universe of the Close Vicinity
there is also
a whole world of little bugs
bacteria and other strains
who habit with us
and such is the mutual
dependence of our interaction
that they digest our food
and feed us
for we could not exist
without them,
nor they without us.

So we are a series of circles,
we live in an endless
sequence of circles
of aroundings
our Consciousness is one,
our Body of the Close Vicinity
another
our Universe of the Close Vicinity
encompassing more
our Body of the Near Vicinity
being the air we breathe
the salt water of which we are made
the plants and animals in us
all that is our flesh
and which goes in and out
of our flesh
for the Earth is also our Body
and the Air around it
and the Sun.

What a crowd of marvelous
Bodies we have
of circles
circles after circles
to the very edge
of the feeble state
of our knowledge
out there
where Light bends
and galaxies hurtle away
from each other
seeking perhaps edges of the Great Mystery?

Existentially
our core
the center of *our apple*
is Consciousness
for we are
after all
Aware
Receiving
Imaging
Insighting,
Self-Aware we are
I, ich, yo, je, ni
My, mich, me, moi, ni



And what is this Ni-ness
this I-ness?
Ego
Id
Super-Ego?

I think not
for we cannot divide ourselves
into that which we cannot
perceive, cannot know.

We are
an awareness of self-awareness
of two-ness
of I and other
Of a point of self-awareness
in a sea of things
a sea of images
a pamplico of flowing
changing sensations.

But there is a steady center
to which we believe we can assign
a history, a name.

Images brought by Light and Touch call me 'Jack'
I call myself 'Ni'
in Lenápe and Renápe
in English
I am I-me
in Castellano
yo-me
in Dutch
ik-mij

Sometimes I'm 'Forbes'
or 'Papa'
or 'Dad'
or 'Honey'.

I am named
and that is a marvel
to think on,
that we are named!
for naming
is so fundamental
to be named
is to be perceived!
I am named,
therefore I am?



Mbyá people of Paraguay
in the story of creation
tell us that The Creator
Namandui
conceived the origin of human speech
conceived the foundation of love
before the existence of the Earth,
before the existence of human beings,
a short sacred hymn of words
was conceived
and we were created to speak,
to give names to things,
to pray
to sing sacred words of love
were we not?
from the very beginnings
names of the perceived,
of the world?

A mountain for seeking visions,
An ocean for getting dreams,
A lake of mirrors to give us names
Sacred Circles surrounding us.

To give things names
To give things numbers
with numbers and names
we organize,
we structure, yes, we shape
our special world
Names come at the very beginning
can anyone dream up a world
with no names, no words
no markers, no pointers
no categories, no distinctions
All the animals have names
Smell #1, Smell #2
Smell #3
What is my number;
the number of me?
am I one or 50 billion?
My body of the Close Vicinity, well,
it's 50 billion living things,
the only thing I have
that is 'One' is my
consciousness,
All else can be divided,
multiplied, extended
So my number is,
in the Maya way,
One Consciousness.

But the small child
or the big adult
becomes frightened
when the body of the Close Vicinity bleeds
or has a malignant growth
but neither is alarmed
if there is no air –
is that true?

Shall we deprive
an arrogant
self-styled independent man
of his air,
covering his mouth and nose,
and shall we watch him kick
and scream
like a frantic baby?

The air and the water
and the plants and animals
are all part of that
same circle of bodies we must protect,
for they are all part of us
the oxygen
must be renewed
within us
constantly
forever
and the H₂O
as well.

Thus, it is seen that our bodies are not one
but many
and all linked, one to another,
like Siamese Twins.



Consciousness rests like
a well-set jewel

in a golden ring of cells
in a silver ring of nerves
in a ring of bone
in a ring of blood
in a ring of light
in a ring of sound
in a ring of taste
in a ring of smell
in a ring of touch
in a ring of food
in a ring of flesh
in a ring of air
in a ring of water
in a ring of motion.

And it is Motion,
it is Movement,
Uli in Nahuatl,
which is our Original Mother-Father
which comes from
Ometéotl
the Dual-Spirit
of male and female
of what the Maya call
Heart of Heaven, Heart of Earth,
Hurricane, the Begetter, the Maker
Grandmother, Grandfather,
and what we call also
Kishelemokong,
the creator of us all, and
Getanitowit
the Great Creative Power,
the Great Mystery
which is not one
which is beyond number
which is able,
the old ones say,
to think and thereby move,
to think and create a world.

Because, perhaps,
the Great Mystery
is like a huge atom
already in motion
motion being its nature
male and female
being its gender
like Huracán
motion and power
being its thought.

Perhaps we are Ideas in the mind
of our Grandfather-Grandmother
for, as many nations declare,
the Universe
by mental action
was created
by thought
was moved
and indeed we know
only consciousness
for all else
is *within* consciousness
even as soup
cannot be soup
without resting in its container.

So be it well proclaimed!
our boundary is the edge of the Universe
and beyond,
to wherever the Creator's thoughts
go surging.

The Universe is our Holy Book
The Earth our Genesis
The Sky our sacred scroll
The Animals our teachers
The Mountains our prophets
The Winds our equations
The Birds our prayers
The Flowers our miracle
The Sun our source
The Moon our messenger
The Waters our testaments
The World our study

The Great Mystery our Grandfather and
Grandmother, indeed
our Beginning and our End.

JACK D. FORBES | 1934 - 2011

Poet, scholar, and activist Jack D. Forbes was born in Long Beach, California, to Powhatan-Renapé and Delaware-Lenápe parents. He earned his BA, MA, and PhD from the University of Southern California. In the 1960s, Forbes became an active and influential member of the Native American movement. He joined the faculty at UC Davis in 1969 and helped start the university's Native American studies program, one of the first in the nation and one of the only to become an academic department. Forbes's commitment to indigenous rights in higher education also led him to found the now-defunct Deganawidah Quetzalcoatl University in 1971.

D-Q University was the first all-Native American college in California outside a reservation and the second tribal college in the United States. Forbes also taught internationally at institutions such as Oxford, the University of Essex, and the University of Warwick; in 1984, he received the Tinbergen Chair at Erasmus University Rotterdam.

Forbes's scholarship focused on "how racial/ethnic identities are formed, by whom and for what purpose", noted Ines Hernández-Avila, chair and professor, Native American studies, UC Davis, in her tribute to him. "Jack was a man of magnificent vision, with a poet's heart. He devoted his life's work, passionately, brilliantly, as a true great spirit, with all the power of his words and actions, to finding indigenous peoples, recognizing them, and celebrating their faces and hearts in all their colors."

Forbes's critical works include: *Apache, Navaho and Spaniard; Columbus and Other Cannibals: The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism; Africans and Native Americans: The Language of Race and the Evolution of Red-Black Peoples; Only Approved Indians; The American Discovery of Europe*. His books of creative work include the novel *Red Blood* and the poetry collection *El-Lay Riots: Memorias de Ya-Town and Home Boy Poems*.

ALL ARTWORK

ANDY GOLDSWORTHY



“We often forget that WE ARE NATURE. Nature is not something separate from us. So when we say that we have lost our connection to nature, we’ve lost our connection to ourselves.”

Andy Goldsworthy

Andy Goldsworthy (British, born 1956) is a sculptor and photographer whose site-specific artworks directly engage with the environment, incorporating natural specimens and found objects into semi-permanent sculptures, which are then extensively documented in photographs. Goldsworthy grew up in West Yorkshire, and worked as a farm laborer from an early age, an experience that allowed him to develop an intense awareness of his surroundings and an appreciation for the ephemeral qualities of landscape. He studied Fine Art at Bradford School of Art in his hometown, and at Preston Polytechnic in Preston, Lancashire.

Although the physical survival of his sculptures is rarely ensured, Goldsworthy photographs his sites before, during, and after he has created his structures within the landscape, allowing these photographs to serve as permanent records of each piece. While most of Goldsworthy's well-known works are created outdoors in remote locations that hold a personal significance to the artist, some of his pieces have been shown in galleries, and his reputation as a progressive and environmentally conscious artist has made him a popular candidate for public commissions.

With several books published documenting his process, Goldsworthy's projects have reached an even larger audience, making him an artist of international repute. Goldsworthy has worked throughout America, Europe, Australia, Japan, Canada, and the North Pole, and has permanently resided in Scotland since the early 1980s.

“Movement, change, light, growth and decay are the lifeblood of nature, the energies that I try to tap through my work. I need the shock of touch, the resistance of place, materials and weather, the earth as my source. Nature is in a state of change and that change is the key to understanding. I want my art to be sensitive and alert to changes in material, season and weather. Each work grows, stays, decays. Process and decay are implicit. Transience in my work reflects what I find in nature.”

“I want to get under the surface. When I work with a leaf, rock, stick, it is not just that material in itself, it is an opening into the processes of life within and around it. When I leave it, these processes continue.”

Andy Goldsworthy



HUMAN RIGHTS



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