

FROM THE NEXT PLANET OVER

Note: these words are translations of thoughts that we think come to us humans from somewhere in space, far away. What we get are thoughts, concepts, images, not these words we must use to communicate with you.

We are not among you. We are on my planet and your are on the planet the Elder asked us to study. We were lucky that we found so many of you allowing us to perceive their perceptions. We have very strict rules about that, we must only share with willing beings. At first we thought all of you were “willing.” One’s other thinks a species so open that anyone can just walk in is suspicious. Then we learned that not everyone is open. We now have contact only with a few of you who are willing to share and know what they allow. Those ones say your species has many varieties. We have perceived the many varieties. Not easy to understand distinctions, not of mind or ability but external differences. What the *Awares* tell us is that your species has evolved only recently and that you spread around your planet without communicating with the ones before. Now, very recently, you have found all the others who had to fit in where they happened to end up. Different environments, different circumstances, created different beings with different thoughts about reality. Is that possible?

The *Awares* also showed that one variety of you has developed a unique brain that makes them think they are better than others of your species. They think they own your planet and that it is their responsibility to arrange ideas and plans for all the ones of your species. They also made extensions of themselves with very simple and limited brains to do physical actions. You have a word for that we cannot perceive: objects that do only what they were given to do. The *Awares* perceive that those unaware units are given enormous power and many are destroying your planet.

All that is very confusing to us. We have asked the Elder to help us understand a species that is mostly wide open to all thought energies and yet is busying, forcing even, to do dangerous changes to the planet itself. Do all open beings not receive anything from their environment?

The Elder thinks it is a phase. Greed will pass. But what is far more serious, it argues, is that many of your species have cut all awareness of your planet’s ecology. Never known from other planets we have studied. A species willing their own extinction?

We studied six planets before we found the Net. Or the Net found us, let us in. Now we have perceptions of many planets. Every one quite unique. Planetary realities are so different that communing perceptions is often impossible. When it is possible — easily possible to commune with your planet’s beings, for instance — it is when the range of perceptions is comparable. You “see” some energies and “hear” others because you have those ways to perceive. Our perceptions overlap. Sharing perceptions with the few of your species was not difficult, but leaves us with many doubts and confusions.

One of these doubts and confusions is your inflamed need to hunt your own species. Some of the Awares have tried to explain it, but we do not understand. From what was learned you do not eat beings of your species, although you eat almost everything else. Then why the hunt? Does it please you to kill others of your species? And if so, what is pleasant about that? One of the Awares explained that it has something to do with your restless nature. Your species moves around all the time, millions of you apparently move to other parts of your planet; for no reason, it seems. The Elder thinks that is a sign of sickness because it makes functioning of the planetary ecology almost impossible. We perceive that many beings of your species do not perceive the planetary ecology any more. Yet another questionable perception we cannot understand.

It is indeed exceptional that two species of beings, on two different planets, have overlapping ranges of perception, and yet cannot understand each other. Perhaps it is because you are so open without perceiving thought sharing.

Who am I talking to? I'm Adam Ndingku. I'm a he, not an it. But these voices, or maybe only one, thinks of all beings as its. No gender. They cannot understand us, and I cannot understand them, although they try hard enough to make me see — they keep saying perceive — them as they see themselves. They say they have three faces, or a symmetry of three, and many brains, or pieces of brain throughout all their three sided beings. Sounds almost unimaginably strange to me. But otherwise they are interesting. Not sure whether I believe they are from another planet. Sometimes I think I am picking up voices from a mental hospital. But I don't know enough about abnormal psychology, psychiatric disorders. I am a geologist, interested in the layers of our history going back millions of years. Have never been very interested in how other people think, or see the world. My wife calls that my abstract personality. She, on the other hand, is very down to earth, she knows all about our wars, politics, and the latest disasters. And she likes music from everywhere. To me those idiotic wars are wasteful and damned inconvenient. They destroy landscapes, destroying what we could learn about our own history. These voices in my head keep asking why we "hunt" each other. How to explain war? I don't understand war myself.

What I learned about their planet — yes, they are eager to explain themselves, their perceptions as they say — seems sort of like ours. I keep asking them about rocks there, but they say they live in water and they know nothing about land. But there is land, that they have not perceived well enough to experience (perceive) it..

I had better explain what I understand their perceiving is about. They mean not only seeing but also hearing, feeling. How they perceive—and thus think of—their reality. They don't know of course whether what they live in is water, but it is fluid and seems to act as they perceive our water.

They know that we eat plants and animals, and they say they get energy directly from the sun. Through however many meters of water! Last week I asked whether they also excrete after taking the energy they need. He, or it,

did not understand at first. So I explained in painful detail as much as I remember from some anatomy I learned along the way. How we chew, swallow, then this mush goes through stomach and all kinds of tubes, where substances (vitamins, protein, "energy", chemicals) are removed from the mush and until what is left is excreted as waste. I remember even mentioning that excreta are fertilizer but that civilized people think it is dirty. All of it seemed repulsive to them, and I must admit when I told of it I was clumsy talking about something I have not studied. Eventually, though, we understood each other I think. Yes, they excrete something too, but it is energy, not matter. They take in energy and excrete not less, but a different kind of energy. I guess in a way that is what we do also, but our energy is in the form of matter, the matter gives us energy, and what we excrete could also be energy to plants, another kind of matter. I asked: and you, three faced beings, are you not matter? It had to think about that a long time. Finally it said that they perceive that differently. Yes, they were what we call matter, but they thought of themselves as quantities, bundles, of energy. I must say I can almost follow that. Maybe we too are bundles of energy?

And I am Dr. Elena Sophia Touron de Matchoukov, another of the aware's as these voices from another planet (?) call us.

I can see their world quite well, a flowing lightness, no fixed points, it feels very light and free to me. I'm the one who told them that there are many "varieties" of human. That was misleading I realize now, but how to explain that we are one species biologically but culturally and psychologically we are many types, many cultures, many realities. And even within these what I stupidly called varieties we are different individuals. Constantly at war with each other, and groups of us against other groups. Have not even tried to explain nations. We don't even understand that ourselves. When you get right down to it most countries, nations, are artificial constructs, remnants of some war. Look at all the straight lines on a map. That is utterly unreasonable. I think we, humans, are obviously at a point where all our constructing is running afoul of how this planet really is.

I am a Russian/French/Greek/American, my husband is Swiss. We live, I practice, in Canada. I think we humans are extremely mixed up and confused about who we are, and how we fit into the planet. We in the west think that the entire world is there for our benefit. Even a minute thinking cannot help but realize that is utterly ridiculous. I am a physician with some training in psychiatry, but a specialist gerontology, and that mostly women. Of course that gives me a peculiar outlook on my own species. Old people, an amazing number of them from places far from where they are to die.

It came to me to "explain" how we could have two genders, and how from the two people a third could be born. In all anatomic detail! But in the end they understood, and they tried to explain their reproduction. They have no genders but it takes three of them to "fit together" as they perceive female and male to fit together (penis and vagina, I spared no detail). Three of them, also closely fitted. Each of them then lets go something of themselves and drops it in the hole between the three. The three packages of stuff meld into one in the water, and is then on its own as it grows. Takes a long time to grow to adulthood, they say. From its beginning those new beings are on their own. Not children of a woman. Later they added that

they barely manage to maintain their number. Yes, there are other beings in their water planet that "eat" them, that is. suck up the energy bundle that is a being. And small beings are easier prey of course. The dangerous kinds of beings are mostly larger and faster than they are, but sometimes also smaller, so small they get inside them where they suck the energy so that an individua falls apart. Much as bacteria and viruses invade us, I understand — perceive as they call everything.

To me what they show of their world is all visual, I don't hear anything. Their voices are in my mind, not in my ears. Yet they say the energy waves we perceive overlap the energy waves they perceive. That worried me at first, feeling that I am missing something. But I gave up understanding every little detail. I think it is fun and sort of interesting to try to imagine another world, with thinking beings very different than us.

It bothers them immensely, I think, that our species is so divided that we actually kill each other. They have no idea how warlike we are. They simply cannot perceive that, so I skip that when they ask.

Much of what the Awares said we cannot understand.

There are several new Awares we have found. It makes it hard for us that they are all so different. They say because they have different thoughts about what reality is. How can that be?

Now we are searching for a wider perception of your planet, perhaps the planet itself has many differences that we cannot understand. We too have differences in location. On what you call the poles we too perceive very different temperatures (is that what you call it?), We cannot live there. But there are other beings who live there. And in very deep parts of our planet there is no light at all and species make their own light although we do not know where they get the greater energy to emit light. We know very little of our sun but it must be powerful.

There are some species who can lift themselves out of the water for short times. They are like us but different in that they can get out of what may be water. The species that lift themselves out perceives so much brightness that it almost blinded them until they found substances that they use to protect their perception slit so that the light does not kill them. Some of us have tried that but we cannot get out of our locality even so.

The new Awares are not as open and our conversations are often broken when they do not want to answer. Or, perhaps, they cannot.

We have had a large gathering among us and decided to study the not-water part of your planet through the many of you who are open but not aware, or barely aware. For a long time we have communed with the other beings in your water. There are several species of your beings who can perceive us as we can perceive them. Some say that they used to live on land but they escaped in the water to flee from one of the dry land species. Perhaps they fled from you.

The whole of us has decided that perceiving more of your not-water is an important element that we cannot get through the perceptions of the few Awares. They seem to hide from us what their own perceptions of your planet are.

We learned that the surface of your planet is so enormously different, one place from another, that we cannot make much sense of it. It is flat and in other places very up and down, the water—maybe the same as our fluid—comes in different forms, some not fluid, others ethereal. Your planet must be bigger than ours, the gravity is greater.

We too have rivers and streams and very deep places and large parts where the rocks come high. There may well be beings living above but we do not have perceptions of them. We have occasional flashes of perceptions with other beings where we are, but never enough to make a whole perception. We know of other planets where we have perceptions of beings not in water, but they are one, not split in so many kinds of thinking that we perceive from you.

When we perceived your not-water part the most astonishing perceptions are the objects that do not look natural, all straight lines. We are told they are “made” by your species. Why? And how? We are greatly discouraged by our not understanding.

I remember the day I almost drowned, it was three summers ago. As always – these last three years anyway – we went to what my father calls “our cabin”, and mom calls “the seaside.” Long ago I invented another planet, when I was seven, maybe eight. A water planet, where people lived under water. They swam like fish. But every time I thought of them they corrected me. They did not swim forward like fish, they were always upright and sort of moved their whole bodies, and so moved around. So I tried to go under water and move like they do. I did not know I could not breathe under water, Dad got me out. I was a boy then, only eight. Now I’m eleven and know better.

They, the people I imagined, say that they are real. But that cannot be because they also say they are on another planet and when I answer and they answer it is like a regular conversation. That is impossible because on another planet they must be light years away from us and nothing goes faster than light. So it would take years to say something before I could hear it, and years to get my answer back to them. Thousands of years. They say thinking is not like light, it is in-stan-ta-ne-ous – I had to look that word up in the dictionary. They don’t really speak English. They think thoughts and I put words to it. So I know it is all in my mind.

And they say they have three faces. I did not imagine that. How can one person have three faces. And they say they have no eyes or ears but they perceive through a slit, like a deep straight line from the top down. The librarian who lets me read science books told me to find how animals see and hear. It’s true they do not all have ears and eyes, and we do not know what they see or hear. The Librarian, Miss (she doesn’t

like Ms that sounds like Muzz) Hartford. She thinks I am smart, she encourages me. That is more than I can say for my parents.

Oh yes, my name is Paul Santander Wallace Miller. That first second name is my own invention. Wallace is my mother's name. Why do I have to carry my mother's as well as my father's name? I invented Santander, it sounds exotic. I like that word. Both words: exotic and Santander. When I grow up I am going to call myself Santander and perhaps invent a more interesting last name. Or just one name. There are people who have only one name. Very cool.

About those aliens who say they really exist and talk with me. They do not know much. They keep asking me about my friends, and other people. I showed them pictures in my head of black people and brown and Chinese and weird primitive people who wear no clothes but paint themselves with lines and dots of red and white. From library books. Of course I know black kids in school but they are not black at all, a sort of dark white, or gray, and really no different than me. A girl in my class is from India. She is very beautiful, I think I shall marry her when I am older. Those aliens say we should all understand each other, they don't know about languages that are all different. Miss Hartford, says I should learn another language. She gave me some books that are supposed to teach me to speak french but without hearing what it sounds like how can I learn? She says she will get me some disks.

All planets we have observed go through stages and changes. All beings — what you call life — on all the planets we have perceived have to grow up of course. They go through phases, from innocent to knowing that there is much to learn, to a long period of stability within the ecology of the planet. And finally fading, to be replaced by other beings. Yours is unique in many ways. You had an almost explosive growth after a long period when you grew from an earlier version that still exists. No, we have not known you that long, but “we” is not the beings of now, we have the knowledge of all of us before as well. We, all of us through a very long time, have perceived you..

We have observed that your planet wobbles. It goes through extreme changes. You had explosions of ever more and newer beings, in sizes and shapes that came and went. That was strange, but we know a few other planets that are almost as extreme, always at the edge of total extinction of all beings and then an explosion of new forms of being.

But the one eccentricity of your planet that is beyond our knowing is that you now have one species overwhelming all other species. An ecology cannot survive when one species controls the ecology itself. We think that perhaps that is why the species

is split in many pieces. The pieces may become new species; even now you act like different species. That would explain the many varieties. But within your species there are beings, a group perhaps, who have great power over all others of your species? Your species is also unique among all other species known by killing all beings you think are a threat and then you fiercely kill each other. That need to overwhelm is within your species as well. We have never perceived that on other planets, and we are trying to understand. How can a few decide to change the being of other beings like themselves? Where does such a thought come from?

We cannot perceive another species that does not act like a species. A few Awares have told us about a desire to decide for others. A concept we do not have. A kind of desire, much more than desire, a need to have that power over others of the same species and all other species. We do not know that concept, we cannot perceive that. One of the Awares does not want to believe we are real because of what he calls "time." Our perception is duration. We have not much knowledge of duration but we do not perceive there is a long duration between us when we share thoughts. Thinking is not light.

We do understand that it is increasingly difficult to continue this sharing. It is a great challenge. There is a oneness that your species evidently does not know.

The aliens as I think of them want me to give permission to enter the minds of people who cannot hear them. How can I do that? Or, how could I forbid that? They want to perceive what our world looks like. They think of it as rocks, only rocks. They have never seen or felt desert or growing plants, or mountains, rivers. No, they say they have rivers and mountains, but under water. Yes, I can see that. Apparently they have peaked because they have seen buildings and cannot understand what they are. When I told them we have made them, they are not of the natural earth but human constructions. They cannot believe that, I think. I tried to share pictures, even large screen representation of dams and roads, but they cannot understand the concept of an image of something on a screen, or a piece of paper.

I find it more and more difficult to communicate— share perceptions as they say. We see and live in realities that are too different. To them it all comes down to how our species is so split in different groups, nations, tribes, political partis, corporations, governments, with some people with immense power over others. They say they have individual differences, but not groupings of beings. And they think of their individual differences as interesting and worth perceiving. To me it feels as collecting books or paintings, interesting but it does not affect me.

Really? Wat a minute, I am not affected by reading or seeing paintings? I remember seeing Picasso's Guernica the first time full size. That changed my view of war. What a shock that was!

They may be better than we in mind-to-mind, but I am losing interest in the exchange. It is easier to communicate with my own species, however different

they are from me and my culture.

Well now, I am not too sure of that, to be truthful. When I spent a year in Hungary and traveled through Europe, I found it impossible to give people even the simplest idea of how Africans see the world and how they think. And all Africans are not the same either.

Oh man, we really have become strangers to our brothers and sisters. The aliens—they have no names, and no name for themselves—really have shown that to me.

But hey, you there on the next planet over (yes, I have learned to call them, I don't have to wait for them to call me), I am going to end this sharing. From now on I no longer give permission to enter my mind. And believe me, I know when you try. Goodbye, it has been interesting to know you, but enough. Over and out.

Some Awares do not want to be aware any more. Just as we began to perceive some of that strange above the water scene. Your species has moved rivers and mountains. They say they have "made" all those quaint unnatural looking rocks they live in. Small ones for a few beings, and enormous ones for many beings. And they are all over the planet. How can a planet function with so much change going on all brought about by one species? And not even by the whole species, but perhaps only a very few who tell other beings, who are the same species, what to do, where to go, what to think... The few must have found a way to make the others of their species not think at all. Is that why they are so open? Their minds have been cut loose from reality?

Those voices in my head are not very smart. They are talking to me about why we have houses. How else could we live? And roads and cars they have never heard of. I tried to tell them about money. That really freaked them out. What is money? I don't know either but it is what we all need to live. Is it food they asked. No, it is not food, but we use it to get food. How can there be something between you and food? I would be a criminal if I just went to a store and started eating. They just don't get it.

I must invent other people. These under water people are too stupid to "perceive" as they keep saying. Hearing and seeing together. We do that also, what's the big deal?

Yesterday and the day before they kept asking me around the issue of hierarchy. They cannot "perceive" that concept. A few having power over others. They barely understand

power. Owning. Territory. Government. Nations. All these concepts are unknown to them and so there really is no possibility of communicating. I told them I give up. They cannot perceive us, we are too different.

In the beginning I was thrilled when it finally dawned on me that it might actually be possible to communicate with people on another planet. Maybe we could learn how to get out of the enormous mess we are making of our planet. But these people, or beings as they say, don't have a clue. They are too different to teach us anything at all.

Guess the only thing that I have learned is that they think of their own species as one. Not the same, but the oneness includes individual differences. I guess that is sort of what we mean with democracy. Or did. Now I don't know what "democracy" is any more. Our and our neighbor's governments are still supposed to be democracies, but they are really owned by corporations, and they are not interested in us at the bottom. My husband wants to move — but where would we go? Are there any democracies left? Switzerland, he thinks, or one or two of the Scandinavian countries. But he has not been home to Switzerland for 20 or more years. Maybe Iceland, I suggested.

Anyway, I'm finished with these beings supposedly from another planet who live in their ocean. I'm no longer letting them in. They cannot grasp our very complicated world.

The end. This is me, robert.

Did not want to join at first, but decided this needs an afterword. My reality, my here and now, is not a breaking-down rudderless boat bobbing on a stormy sea. My reality must fit into the larger and largest realities. Reporters worldwide do a fair, sometimes good, job of recording the many heres and nows today. There is a need for a deeper and wider view.

I think it is because somehow history is speeding up. Changes happen so fast and close together that we cannot remember yesterday. Our global world has become so seen, but not understood, that we ignore it. Little snippets on TV. We've long laid aside any consideration of the ecology of the planet. Nature has become a resource, ours to use and abuse. There is great need for a wider view.

Reporters show us what they record, flashing in and out of our awareness when we are sucked into TV. We cannot deal with what's behind these snapshots, so the world becomes an album with faded pictures that mean nothing any more. The wider the world becomes—the internet makes it instantaneous—the narrower our view. It only takes one movie to convince us that those flat pictures are the enemy. Enemies are to be killed — from halfway around the world, without process of law or justice.

There is great need to remember the wider view that we, humans, are all one species. No other species on earth kills its own as gruesomely as we do. Is that what makes us different from all other Life on earth? Aren't we at least curious about others, our distant relatives after all. Hunting our distant relatives blinds us from seeing what is really going on: the destruction of this planet, and serious considerations about our own survival as a species.

I see hope in the Occupy Wall Street movement although I much prefer the name We are the 99%. We think it started a few months ago in New York. How about a wider view.

In 2010 a ninety-three year-old Frenchman, Stéphane Hessel, wrote a pamphlet, *Indignez vous!* Be Indignant! Hessel is a survivor of the French Resistance of WWII. He reminds us that we resisted not just a foreign occupation but basic principles of human societies. Equality, human rights, a balanced economy that sustains all and is sustainable. Here we fit those ideas into the word “democracy.” With those memories he reminds us that in the Resistance groups like unions, political parties of all colors, religious organizations, worked together against a common enemy, the occupier. Be indignant that now these groups fight against each other and so we have lost sight of the occupier.

His pamphlet became viral in France and French-speaking parts of the world. The indignation blossomed in Spain where they called themselves, The Indignant. This year, 2011, it was translated in English as *Time for Outrage*. Not exactly the same as *Indignez vous* perhaps, but expressive. I have no doubt that somehow that feeling of utter indignation then viraled to the Middle East, and many other countries, and to Wisconsin, then a few other States, now Occupy Wall Street, We are the 99%.

The name Occupy Wall Street points to Banks, money. Money is a fiction, numbers in a computer.

I am an unknown survivor of another Resistance in another European country, only a few years younger than Stéphane. I too am indignant about the accumulation of that illusionary money in a few hands because it gives them power, and with that power they are almost succeeding in breaking down all the principles we fought for 75 years ago.

But it is the principles I want to fight for. It is not Banks that oppress us, it is people. It is a System. One of our two political parties is identifying itself with Banks and money and power. Probably both parties are. That is why I prefer We are the 99%, a non-partisan groundswell from the bottom against the occupiers. We, the 99% are the *occupied*.

In the Resistance I remember one thing stands out: we were very clear who the enemy was. Most of the occupied would stand with us if needed. Today we are not clear about who, what, it is that occupies us. Banks, corporations, political parties?

No, it's the system that has been taken over, and broken. Our indignation is about not being treated as humans. The inequality between the powerful and the downtrodden has become too great. We want to get out of crooked thinking.

One of my most pressing wider views is how can a species kill and torture its own in ever more disgusting ways? From what I know there is no other species on this planet that does that so systematically and so successfully. That too is a crooked way of thinking.

We went wrong when we cut our roots not only with nature but with each other. Humans becoming inhuman. Surely a sickness. In sickness we have become dangerous to each other and to the planet.

Can we find a way home, or will it come to fighting our way home...

robert wolff november 2011