

HOMO VIATOR MANIFEST – Part I

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What do we withdraw from this fabled lands, from this enticing unknown islands at large?

We aim at a near return of Man, in full strength, to the Spirit of Adventure, towards a new quest, which was first dreamed, then imagined and finally sedimented in our species' core, offering consistence, permitting no retreat, towards the next step, that must and will be, the embarking of members of the Human family, fellow creatures with the Beyond as flag, onboard a New Era of Discoveries.

We, future Homo Viator, shall not fall in the traps of conformity and granted satisfaction, for evolution to occur we must have not only the will but the daring to be the apple that returns to the branches, the tree that returns to the soil, the soil that returns to the meteor, the meteor that returns to the outset.

In order to evolve we must delve in our primeval past and bring back, to the present, the survivor and the adventurer in each one of us.

We are the vehicles for the Tomorrow.

From the deepest of us, among us, are already the future pilgrims of worlds beyond Earth.

With audacity we must tame time itself to the measure of our own path, allowing us to behold human footprints on those unexplored grounds.

Far beyond the boundaries of our own planet what will we sight? Our own achievement.

This is the path we must follow, this is the Grail we must seek, a pilgrim's dream, we will conquer the void, and there, on those far lands, seeds will germinate, a smile will be seen, and a singing voice will be heard.

Dreams. Of future.

Of a future taking place where valleys were once ice, where ice was once sky, where sky, once, shredded the land.

The future pilgrim is all this boundary, all this distance in between, all the will to unite Earth and distant shores.

The future pilgrim is the return to the incredible.

It will be, of the worthy Man, the sighting of a whole New World, because him, with his feet

roaming a new haven and with his head under an unseen vault, will give form to senses and, by doing so, he will not be a spectator but an architect of a new home for Mankind.

Step by step the pilgrim will arrive its destiny.

We have always set our eyes on distant horizons, and wondered what lay just beyond the limits of our vision. In some, the urge becomes so powerful that there is no choice, no choice at all but to go there and find out.

Some say that horizons are no more; some say that the millennium is at hand, or that the end is near, or that seeking to reveal the unknown is wasteful until our tiny patches of land on this world are made into Paradise and nothing less...forgetting that at one time in our distant past every corner of the Earth was an alien and unforgiving wilderness, won and transformed through sweat, blood, and sacrifice by their distant ancestors...

But some, the spiritual descendants of those who struggled and died, see no horizons at all.

They look up. It has always been so.

Countless fish were content to swim the ancient seas, but for some reason a precious few felt a compulsion to break the mirrored ceiling of their world. Certainly they had no need to rationalize this compulsion to leave the safe and familiar for an utterly incomprehensible new environment, for they could not reason, they could only act.

As it turned out, their decision was correct.

Homo sapiens-- "Man the wise" - faces an identical situation, as some of us look up to the endless horizons of space. The only difference is that we can sense remotely, reason, and understand; our excuses for not yet making the second great transition of life a permanent reality are therefore poor indeed.

Today, as this words are written, the stars are as far away as ever. We will not reach them in this lifetime, nor in the lifetime of our great grandchildren. But the worlds of our solar system are within our grasp, if we only dare to reach out for them.

But the truth is, the universe doesn't care if we explore it or not. Whether we meekly accept our self-imposed exile on Earth for generations to come, or dare, with aching, bleeding fingers, to scrabble and scramble our way up out of our Homeworld's gravity well, it will go on about its business. Its snowflake blizzard of galaxies will waltz on majestically; its groaning black holes will greedily devour the poor planets and stars that venture too close to their gaping, Hawking radiation-leaking maws; its supernovae will flare, flashbulb-bright, in the curving, star-frothed arms of the spiral-shaped star cities that glow like fireflies out in the Deep Dark. It will go on.

The choice we face is stark, and it is this: as the universe performs its glorious mysteries and tragedies all around us, do we want to be mere audience members, timidly watching the drama from the anonymous security and darkness of the stalls, or do we leap to the stage and join in?

Do we stay here, on Earth - where it is safe, and warm, where there are cool winds to caress our faces - content to stare at mere images of the Wonders of the Universe on our flickering flat screens, click-a-clicking our computer mice on one image after another, convincing ourselves that we're "exploring", or do we turn off the computer, pull on our boots, throw a rucksack over our shoulder and Go?

Many insist we have already "gone", because the solar system has been - and is still being - explored by countless winged robots. Each of these fragile metal butterflies is a marvel of technology and engineering, proof that, given enough time, money and inspiration, apes can achieve remarkable things. But they are, when all is said and done, only machines. They have no hearts, no minds, no souls. When they see their target worlds, their rings, their atmospheres, they don't actually "see" anything; they record and catalogue pixels and have no sense or appreciation of the beautiful colours, shades and tones displayed before them. When they photograph a raging storm blossoming within a planet's atmosphere, or sunlight glinting on particles within a ring system, they don't feel a thing.

But if we were there, with our minds and hearts working in partnership, with our eyes saucer-wide with wonder and our evolved monkey

paws shaking with delicious awe, we would. I would. You would.

Let History celebrate and not condemn us.

Let us go, and let us go now.