

Human Evolution



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Translated by Stig Oppedal

Metode

Sun

When Madame Blavatsky climbs up the stairs to the meeting of the Miracle Club. On that evening of 7 September 1875, in New York City, during the era of the fifth Root Race. The Root Race's sixth incarnation has already been launched. The fall from horseback eleven years before in Mingrelia on the eastern shore of the Black Sea. The comatose. Sleep. In the woman's core a seed is planted. The seed will grow in her. Out of her. And become. The world. Fibre by fibre by fibre, human flesh is ripped to shreds. Recalibrated. The colony of future humans, on a peninsula in northwestern Mexico, is the site where the sixth Root Race shall await the seventh. A continent shall rise up from the Pacific Ocean. And it shall complete humankind. The memory of the old Root Race, as tainted by black magic, sank into the ocean. Is a distant din. But now. In the era of the fifth Root Race. There are still remnants of the fourth one in the margins of the world. Those who did not follow Atlantis down into the depths. But who still live.

Caput/7

The statue topplers on Rapa Nui eradicated the Paschalococos disperta palm tree. When the island turned on them and imploded, they attacked the last thing that stretched up towards the heavens. The statues erected on the island peered inwards towards society. When the statues toppled, people turned to one another's insides. They began to eat. The first Europeans talk about this. About the time on the island before they arrived. A century and a half later, in 1866, the last reluctant statue toppler receives the gospel. One hundred and eighty statue topplers are left on the island. Before they numbered ten thousand. Today, Paschalococos disperta is no longer found on the earth. The island is constantly eroding towards nothing, washing away the greenery. Until all the statue topplers have vanished.

Collum/6

In the Sea of Cortés, sheltered by the thousand-kilometre peninsula, the spiny oyster clings to the rocks on the bottom. The people polish their shells into jewellery, hang them around their necks, they say that. The jewellery. Has a power that is the power of the ocean. The jewellery-wearer becomes the ocean's rhythm. Becomes the ocean's inner tranquillity. Like the clear-eyed conquistador

who turned tens of thousands of Aztecs against their own noblemen. He himself. On a December day in 1547. Sank wide-eyed and gently to the ocean floor. Also the spiny oyster, at the bottom of the Sea of Cortés, has wide eyes, one after another along the edge of its. Brightly coloured shell. Oh, the spiny oyster thinks to itself, when it glimpses a figure sinking down to the bottom. Oh.

Membra superiora/5

If you raise your arms out from your body, forwards and into your field of vision. Then. Turn your hands around with your palms face up. The palm of the fifth Root Race's hand will lie there before you. The map of work. And of life. The prophecy Ahau Katún says that what you see shall be destroyed in the great cataclysm. The sun shall turn away. The moon's face shall turn away. Blood shall flow over trees and rocks. The passage of the turned-away moon across the sky heralds death through bad blood. The map of life. Shall be erased. Ahau Katún says. That when the turned-away moon again shows its full moon face, all the blood shall come. You. Child of the fifth race. Lower your arms. Let the blood flow. Out of your hands.

Membra inferiora/4

In 1942, the British haul long-limbed tower structures out to sea. The long legs are drilled down into sandy ground in the brackish water by the mouth of the Thames. *None shall pass*, the figures say. Water striders of steel and concrete with insect eyes turned intently towards the mist. Towards the ships of the enemy. Then. Just as quickly. They are relics. Inwardly dead, slowly eroding souvenirs, left to the flow of brackish water. Then they are. Merely a resting place for seagulls. But nature's water striders do not break the water's surface, do not let themselves be bound to the earth. The female water strider darts around with the male on her back. The legs that bob ever so lightly on the surface membrane are sophisticated sensory organs, like the pathfinder who puts. Their ear to the ground. The water strider lets its legs be the landscape's seismograph. The legs feel tremors from beyond the horizon. Ripples. A prey's struggle with the water surface. The male water strider feels her. Her back. Together they glide across the membrane towards the vibrations in the distance. Only when she goes in for the. Kill. Does he leave her back. He goes along with her. Together they suck the prey empty. Leaving it behind as a hollowed-out shell in the water surface.

Thorax/3

In the third race, the offspring grew forth as a bud on the human body. The heir grew until it finally fell. From the human mother's breast. And became a new human. This is now only found in certain plants. The brood bud. The non-pro-created conception. Grows forth unaided on the ear of the alpine bistort. A cell secreted by the bistort itself. White buds that spring forth on the bistort's dark ears. The buds. Are enticing to birds, few of the bistort's brood buds live out their fate, to fall to the ground. And become a bistort itself. Just as the humans of the third race fell from the breast to the ground. With their bird faces. And lived like people. Still to this day. People decorate themselves with feathers. An unintentional testimony to the people who once were. A bud in the subconscious that reminds us of. The bird faces. That once looked back as we peered down into water's mirrory surface.

Dorsum/2

In the middle of Europe lies the Arlberg Pass. A valley that connects the Lechtal Alps and the Verwall Alps. For centuries the pass stood as an inhuman test of strength, a hazardous route between east and west. Arlberg divided the world, divided language, divided water. The cumbersome pass shaped the human gaze. As seen from Vienna in the east, the land behind the pass was impossible. They called that land Vorarlberg. The land behind the Arlberg. Today in Vorarlberg. The language of the Alemannic tribes, who took over the land in the Early Middle Ages, remains alive. Sheltered. From Vienna's Bavarian language east of the mountain ridge, the dairy farmers in Vorarlberg tended their livestock on the valley slopes. Snow falls on the Arlberg. It melts. And falls again. Today the ridge has been perforated. Trains. Cars. Humans. Their gaze fixed forwards. Into the darkness of the tunnel. Never upwards. Towards the impossible pass. Towards the sky above.

Abdomen/1

In *Walden*, Thoreau writes: All change is a miracle to contemplate; but it is a miracle which is taking place every instant. The tapeworm. Grows inside the intestinal system. Prudence imprinted in the parasite's tissue allows it to understand that it must live undetected. For the host, the tapeworm grows without causing

any symptoms. Segment after segment grow out of the tapeworm's head and fill up the host. Create a long line. In 2017, the Sioux people in North Dakota were fighting the black snake. The plan is: Bury the snake in the ground, segment by segment, let the fracked oil lick its 1,900-kilometre-long abdomen. No, say the Sioux people. No more. Not here. The tapeworm wiggles. Undetected. A new segment grows out of the tapeworm's head, connecting to the thousands of segments that curl through the host. Each tapeworm segment is a bud. For a new worm. Every tapeworm is thousands of tapeworms with the will. To create their own destiny. Thoreau writes: We are so intimately connected to life that we say. This. Is the only way. But the truth is. There are as many ways as we can draw. Radii from a centre.

Moon

The first Root Race were dark giants. Pillars of ether and soil that became intertwined, laid themselves down before the teeth of the tigers of wisdom, willingly allowed themselves to be devoured in. The certainty. That their fall was part of the great spiral. On the first day of the year, before a snowfall, the god Tezcatlipoca, the last of the first Root Race, laid himself down before the tigers, allowed the matter to be incarnated in the tigers' stomachs. Snow falls. Seasons change. In 1854, a ship sank in the tempest that raged off the Cape of Good Hope. The survivor, a woman, makes it to shore, beneath the cliffs. She shakes off the seawater. M.i.r.a.c.l.e. The woman travels. To Kashmir. To Tibet. To Java. Farther. Farther. On 7 September 1875, she climbs up a set of stairs in New York City. In her female body an esoteric phantom rages, wants to. *Will*. Make its way into the world. It says: In the distant future, at the climax of the seventh Root Race, the Earth shall become a moon. And the moon. Shall plant its after-birth. Just as our moon planted. Us here. On the planet Mercury, the new spiral shall take shape, a Janus-faced reflection of our time on Earth. Like the charred remains of trees, turned up towards the atmosphere.



Miriam Sentler - Fossil Fuel Mnemosyne (2022) sketch, pastel pencil on paper.

Note on Human Evolution

“Human Evolution” is a series of texts I wrote in the autumn and winter of 2016 for an anthology released by the excellent Harstad-based publisher Utenfor Allfarvei. The point of these texts was to say something about human evolution and, not least, humanity’s evolutionary impact on our environment – about how the current fate of the planet is at our mercy, and probably will be ever more so in the future.

Before I commenced on this project, I had only a vague awareness of theosophy and of how Madame Helena Blavatsky’s root race theory sought to explain the workings of the world, but I was reminded of her ideas and began brushing up on them when I was looking for some kind of framework for what I wanted say with my texts, one that could serve as both an entrance point and a structure. Madame Blavatsky’s neo-religious teachings, above all her theory of the so-called root races, are often regarded as the foundation of modern Western

theosophy. They seem to me to be so detached from reality that you almost get a kick out of reading them – even as it seems like they might also be onto something profound. In essence, the root race theory claims that planetary human evolution unfolds over seven stages that Blavatsky calls root races. Humanity populates the planet during these seven stages, each with their own race, and by the time the seventh race is over, humanity will have made the planet as barren and uninhabitable as the moon. When humankind has used up a planet and turned it into such an uninhabitable moon, an offshoot will migrate to a nearby planet where the cycle will repeat itself. In Blavatsky's theory, our moon is the previous planet that humanity inhabited, and when we have used up our current planet, humanity will simply journey on to Venus. But as things stand, we are now on Tellus, steaming ahead into the era of the sixth root race, with the seventh root race not that far off. It all feels so utterly absurd, but at the same time terrifyingly accurate.

For it is as though the root race theory, for all its absurdities, allegorically puts its finger on a chilling futuristic scenario. For it feels like an early, deterministic premonition of something most of us have only truly understood and realized over the past decade, namely that we humans are thrusting our planet headfirst towards ecological ruin. In this light, the root race theory may also be a clairvoyant stroke of genius, a Frankenstein's monster that Blavatsky creates in order to articulate something that she was unable to express any other way, but that now – far into Blavatsky's future – finds a kind of resonance as humanity faces a climate crisis we have created ourselves, like a telegraph converting a message into a set of signals that can be transmitted to far-away recipients. It was precisely this duality that made the root race theory an excellent allegorical framework for a text cycle that wanted to say something important about the world of today and tomorrow. Moreover, Madame Blavatsky's teachings give us access to a richly intense language and cast of characters, something that allows both the completely absurd and the acutely essential to rub shoulders with each other through the texts, as something at once very untrue and very true.

Each individual text in the cycle serves to associate the root race in question with a corresponding part of the human body, given that the discipline of anatomy conveniently divides the human body into seven primary components, just as there are seven root races in Blavatsky's theory. Allowing the human body to be part of the cycle structure is meant as a reminder and as a concretization of what is ultimately at stake for us humans, both in the texts and in our future. An amusing side note in this context is that while Madame Blavatsky contended that she was living during the age of the fifth root race, she claimed that certain populations in her time were in fact anachronistic remnants of the fourth root

race. The way she describes these remnants, it seems clear she is alluding to what today are referred to as the world's indigenous peoples. In this way, perhaps Madame Blavatsky is also letting us know what we need in order to prevent her premonitions of planetary doom from becoming reality.

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