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# Indian Symbiosis and the Gringo Parasite

R. Ryan Brandys

The earth is alive. The rivers are her arteries and the soil is her skin. On her surface, entire systems of plants and fish, birds and busy beavers all mingle and cohere and rely on each other like the cellular components of our own human organs and tissues.

The laws of physics govern our cells, tissues, and organs - like the brain. And these organs exist as part of a whole, thanks to the evolution of chemical communication made possible through vast networks of oxygenated blood. Our neurons and dendrites are not individually self-aware or conscious. But they do allow a consciousness to exist as a whole, when all those systems and communicated equilibriums are functioning properly in the background. What we humans perceive as freedom of choice is really only a complex series of autonomic chemical calculations - some on the cellular level, some on the atomic level - and all of them governed by a system of physics that our top minds can still barely understand. Physics governs all. It is undeniable. And for that reason, we have no more freedom of choice than a water molecule choosing its path down a raging river.

Man looks at the birds and the trees, the fish and the seas, and he labels each as insentient and barely aware. It's logical. We see plants lacking mobility, doing only what they are programmed to do; they don't have the capacity to think. But isn't it possible that as a whole, simplistic life is capable of a similar chemical communication, and thus is capable as a whole of being more than the sum of its parts? Could it even be that the Earth is aware?

No. We can't have that. Humans are the only beings capable of sentience and that's all there is to it. That makes it easier for us to torture and abuse Mother Earth without feeling guilty about it. Just imagine. If Mother Earth - Mother Nature - is at this moment aware of how we've raped her, she's probably very pissed off. Especially because she knows we chop her up into little pieces for our millions of selfish reasons.

As a society, we tend to dominate and obliterate all of nature. We rewire her rivers, exterminate her lesser mammals, and decimate her breathing forests - all because our minds are superior. This makes any action we take to interfere with lesser beings - somehow justified.

No! It is our duty, as beings of conscious choice to **NOT MAKE THE WRONG CONSCIOUS CHOICES!** We were granted both thought and the mobility to implement those thoughts. This makes us naturally suited to govern the Earth. Yet we still use our governing minds to destroy the unconscious world that is responsible for our existence!

Again, we've been generalizing with the word "we." There are indeed some cultures out there that see the fallacy of a system that's destroying itself. That's why Indians developed

their own system, one that practices more restraint – for the good of everyone.

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If you want to restrain something at the top of the food chain, you must give him something to fear. A god will work nicely.

This is the reason Indians believe in the Elemental forces: Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water. Each of these forces is alive, and each has a god to be respected and revered. The god of water says, **“Don’t over-fish my oceans. Don’t screw with the directions of my rivers. Don’t do anything to disrupt the delicate equilibriums I’ve set up.”** In short, don’t play god.

Next, we add one god for each of the important animals. We’ve got the beaver god, the turtle god, the panther god, and the wolf god, just to name a few. Indian religions like to say that these animals talk to us sometimes. But linguistic science proves this to be a well-meaning exaggeration. Instead, let’s say that the animals *understand* us, and we *understand* them. We understand the reason they must exist, and the functions they must serve in order to keep the whole planet in good working order. In turn, the animals understand that sometimes their purpose is to be our food. As a part of that understanding, we humans are obligated to show a special respect for the beings that are sacrificing their lives to become our energy. We must cooperate with them by yielding to their needs both before and after we eat them. We should not, for instance, torture fish we’ve just caught by dragging them, alive, through the water. It is our duty to give them a quick and painless death. Lest we incur the wrath of the many gods below our feet.

To many of the western religions, however, god isn’t down below us. He is up there, amongst the clouds, out of reach and out of earshot. This gives man a perfection he can envy, emulate, and strive for. Perfection is altitude. Which explains why man is so bent on having his structures be the tallest things on this planet. It makes Man nearest to god and helps perpetuate the illusion that Man is the closest thing to god of this planet. And just look at the destruction that ideology has caused.

These “god-is-up” religions believe in the superiority of human life above all else because it’s just the easiest, most clear-cut way to not impinge upon the human experience. If you simply believe that human life is the only life worth anything, you can sleep tight after a night of logging the forest.

This system is not self-sufficient, but instead is self-defeating and self-destroying. So it needs something else to help perpetuate it; it needs to be imbued with new life, *or* new death. Chop down one more acre and pave over it. Hunt to extinction the next meatiest species. And support the system that way. But in the end it won’t last; the system is parasitic. It can’t survive without a strong host. Granted, Mother Earth is pretty strong and somewhat resilient, but it’s only a matter of time before she can no longer sustain us. It’s the new form of cultural cannibalism: a culture, eating away at itself – all the while blindly believing it must do so to survive.

They say the taste of human flesh can drive a man insane. This time the flesh is our creature-comforted, economic world. This flesh tastes like godliness, or the closest thing to it. And now we’re addicted to this flesh. Always, we must have it churning in the stomachs of arrogant