

Date: Wed, Dec 24, 2008 at 2:57 AM

Subject: Just want to talk

Mama,

I'm sorry in a variety of ways. I'm sorry that I wasted time, I'm sorry that I hurt you, and I'm sorry that I was a bit stubborn.

I looked up "do plants have feelings". Again, some people might find that humorous, but I take morality with absolute seriousness.

I told Sandro that I didn't want him to find me annoying - I was asked to explain my views to the family. He responded that he didn't understand why I care.

I don't know why I care. I really don't know. I think about the self interested in my caring about morality. What use do I have of believing that life is for the most part suffering and hopeless? It is the truth, but why do I seek to embrace the truth if it is harming? According my "man is selfish" thinking, the truth would be harmful for me. Perhaps if I write some script with that message and somehow people agree with me, I might have the use of respect. But respect in what world? Why selfish motive would I have to admit the world is one of eternal suffering?

For some reason morality constantly pervades my thoughts.

Anyway, I went online I looked up "do plants have feelings". Most of the results were a surprising "yes", but numbers alone do not necessarily equate to truth. What equated to truth, or at least the most likely answer, were the scientific results I found which support the idea that plants have feelings.

The reason that matters is that if plants have feelings just like all animals, then killing an animal for food is just as moral as killing a plant for food. Therefore, we kill only for survival and we are allowed to kill a pig for food just as any lion would kill for food.

I read for a while, around the Internet, from different sources. One in particular intrigued me. I will provide the link, but I don't necessarily encourage you to read all of it:

<http://www.urbanscout.org/hey-vegans-plants-have-feelings-too/>

There are a variety of arguments, but one passage in particular struck me. The author of the article was citing another author's text:

"As is true for most children, when I was young I heard the world speak. Stars sang. Stones had preferences. Trees had bad days. Toads held lively discussions,

crowded over a good day's catch. Like static on a radio, schooling and other forms of socialization began to interfere with my perception of the animate world, and for a number of years I almost believed that only humans spoke. The gap between what I experienced and what I almost believed confused me deeply. It wasn't until later that I began to understand the personal, political, social, ecological, and economic implications of living in a silenced world."

Immediately - immediately! I connected this with a wonderful passage in the beginning of a book I bought called Native American Testimony. Luckily, I found the passage quickly:

"You will sleep on soft beds and will not like to rise early. When you begin to wear heavy clothes and sleep under heavy covers, then you will grow lazy. Then there will be no more singing heard in the valleys as you walk."

Now the obvious question is: what if the whole singing thing is just a metaphor? Maybe. But I've read a great deal about near-death-experiences online and there is a unanimous recurrence of heavenly music, which is supposedly indescribable.

Science is weak. We don't understand so much. Yet it is sometimes, or perhaps usually, foolish to accept any idea with scientific evidence. You need proof! But what if something is true, but there is no way of measuring it scientifically? We have no instruments to measure the existence of God. I don't think God, as some kind of life force, as a force of love, is ridiculous. Biblical stories may be fictional, and a humanoid God may be fictional, but a God of pure and simple love seems so simple, beautiful, and somehow true. Either way, science has absolutely no explanation for the purpose of life. So we cannot place our beliefs of what is real and what isn't entirely on science.

I don't know is usually the best answer for questions like this, but really, what if there is "singing in the valleys"? What if stars do sing? What if there is love?

I was trying to poke holes, as Sandro said. And often I didn't know what to say. But never mind that. Here is the point:

I believe in these Native Americans. Call me a fool, but I do. And their lifestyles were, in a word, about thankfulness. So I will take - I will eat an animal, as it is likely equal that plants too can suffer and so it is an equal kill morally, because, like Tata said, I must survive. It just might be the same - killing a human and a plant.

That was the grave obstacle of our discussion. And now I just want to live my life in thankfulness.

But I will not lie. I will try my hardest not to lie. If I think you are the moral equivalent of Hitler, I will openly say so.

But now, seeing as to how plants suffer (they can detect the very thoughts, the mal-intent of human beings, as explained in the article I cited), or at least that I quite aptly believe they do, my ideology will be to kill to survive, as I must, but in utter thanks. In pure gratitude, just as those beautiful Native Americans who I love so much did.

Crazy. Animism is the (sort of) "religious" belief of the author of the article. It means that everything, even inanimate objects have souls. Actually, now I encourage you to read the rest of the articles.

Plant suffering is a big deal - of course. It is an integral part of the moral ideology I presented to you. Now, taking into account the survival dependency of humans to kill animals to survive - plants and animals, no difference - you're not Hitler.

The differences I can now say are not slight, but vast, as the scale is much smaller.

We can be sure of nothing. But we can try. I don't know if this is just my mind contriving the most convenient truth to prevent me from hating the world, but my new ideology makes sense. In no way does my old ideology make more sense.

I know, such a teenager. Changing life-altering world views in the matter of hours.

But whatever. I am a teenager, still, technically.

What about you? Do you remember how the stars used to sing?

Love,

Your son, Tin

P.S. Maybe this is a completely absurd theory, but maybe children love their stuffed animals so really because they are more in-tune with their natural senses. Children do love inanimate objects.