

The Lie of Environmentalism: A Love Story



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It is such an amazing revelation to see how the environmentalism movement is perceived today. It is stupefying how logic has been subsumed beneath the manic desire for mankind to keep telling itself a story about its purpose here on earth. Humans have been the only species who have told themselves that the natural world is a tool which they can manipulate to ensure a better standard of life for every member of its species (somewhat excusable) and also pollute

and destroy it so that certain members of nation-states can have slightly better standards of living than others (utterly inexcusable, supremely illogical, and lethal). We have taken the role of the common street pimp, man-handling and exploiting this hot piece of planet in a manic panic to lead slightly better lives than others. We lift up her sparkling blue dress and thrust our will in, groping her green forests as she groans, and wheezes, and struggles. Common knowledge would tell you that this is a victimless crime, that the Earth's bounty is boundless, and that future generations will always come before they pass her on. And though the subtle whisperings are smooth and seductive, and make you wanna jump right in line, this fatuous bag of claptrap must be reexamined, its parameters redefined, and its faulty notions and suppositions disproved with great haste, friend and relatives, because as soon as we start, it's gonna take a couple hundred years to heal the earth.

Popular sentiment would have you believe that the world has experienced one major religious revolution – that of the macro-switch from polytheism to monotheism, done muchly by the story of the Iraqi Semite Abraham, which sprouted the devotions of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. The Modern World has hypothesized that this grand leap is a result of the evolution of the human consciousness from that of the childlike wonderment of animated woodland and river spirits to that of a single Creator of Them All. But then a nasty little trick happened – and humans, we're so

hilarious, we used it as a justification for the worldwide destruction of the environment.

Here's what happened: At the same time mankind was developing theories that there was One Being who linked all the religions of their different cultures, a conspiracy was going on. Amongst most religions at the time ALL OVER THE WORLD (lump in South America, Africa, and Oceania) there existed a paternal sky god who created earth by impregnating a female earth god. This parallel fit nicely with the observation of rain fertilizing the earth for vegetation. In most of those beliefs, the gods maintained equal status, as necessary for the circle of life. But amongst the tribes gaining dominance in what would become the Western World, myths started changing from a tale of equitable love to one of conquest and control, to reflect the growing trend of those tribes conquering settled agricultural communities. So the story soon became that this One God was a masculine, vengeful god, and his will be done. Well you can see the stage soon was set for one of the greatest conspiracies of all time to unfold, the one in which civilization is bound with the responsibility of taming this earth like a frisky little filly, holding her down and givin' it to her *reeeeeal* nice-like. We tamper with the oceans there, diving in and taking just what we need; we fondle the wildlife, purr and coo and tell them it's alright while we slaughter and terrorize them; we tap that rainforest, banging her shit like a 20-buck-a-room-motel hustler. We have utterly and every way

dominated and subjugated this freely given bitch, and are always looking for new positions do it in.

And what we do is, we tell ourselves that that's just how it has to be in this hard life, baby. We don't have time for that sentimental nonsense about "Daddy be good to me cuz I loooooove you." We don't wanna hear that *shit*. We ain't got time for it. Cuz bills need to be paid and our children are hungry and it's cold. And anybody out there that's trying to stick up for the poor girl, hugging trees and body-shielding whales, well, we shoot and bulldoze them, and strongly encourage their children to eat more meat patties. To call this twisted rationalization for exploitation anything other than a bold-faced lie is furthering the cycle of abuse, habit-feeding into the disease.

But the environmentalist has always been there, since the very birth of society, chugging alongside, keeping pace and defending the Giver of Life. In Rome, bacchanalias were sexual odes to **nature**, set under leafy canopies and flush with the frenzy of primal aggression. In medieval Europe they were called wiccans, but were really young girls who distrusted the masculinization of their culture and looked back to the planet for keys to better living. In South Asia they were called Buddhists and Jainists, some Jain sects even going so far as to wear masks and sweep the path in front of them, in the effort not to inhale or trample microscopic creatures. The Far East went so far as

to close its borders to the West, China and Japan both choosing cultural stagnation to mixing with the “blue-eyed barbarians” who had such a low regard for the natural world. It merged into spiritualism in the Americas, with most Indian tribes praying to and thanking nature before the hunt and harvest. Later, in 17th Century England, the artistic and literary movement called Romanticism blossomed, with its reverence for nature and abhorrence for the rampant technologies slicking up their streets and lungs. It found its American sister in the New England philosophical school of Transcendentalism, with Emerson’s and Thoreau’s scathing indictments of the Industrial Revolution. And lest we forget, the great hippie movement of the 1960’s was the most recent surge of environmentalism, with its sonic assault on the futility of war and consumption. But with every generation we tell ourselves the environmental spirit is something new, and only a fad, and not at all a self-defense mechanism the planet uses to remind us that she has a soul.

The straight dope is that we depend on this earth for *life*, and her health is our health, in every way you can imagine. There is no greater legacy we can give to our children than an earth as close to the one God gave us upon our awakening into this consciousness. And don’t we owe it to the earth? Not just for the miraculous bounty she gives, but for the ridiculously beautiful colors, sounds and smells She provides for no reason at all – a flower with 15 hues of blue; a

crisp pine musk, washed clean with a spray of sea air; a chorus of canaries, pleading a plaintive lullaby to loves lost and won. The epic of nature is a magnum opus, resonating with muted hushes and great peaks and valleys, swooping movements and subtle breezy arrangements. To suffer how we treat her is a hard, hard thing, but we perpetuate the lie that she was put here to serve us, and serve us she will, and it's what's good for her. But I'm not so sure.

Furthermore, what if mankind *was* put on this earth to lay dominance over her? Would that excuse our abuse? Don't we tell ourselves that a society is judged by how it treats its most helpless members? Why do we tell our children fairy-tales like that if we don't mean them to follow them when they grow up? And isn't that what *we* were supposed to do?

Treating the earth humanely will be a symbol of our evolution. And the worst part is we know it and we're too afraid to let go. We have no need to fear organized reprisals like bird attacks or random tree squashings once we enact our peace treaty with nature – at least I don't think so. And we have a pretty good road map for how to do it – many of those self-same trodden-over agricultural societies had ingenious ways of working with nature and had convenient thrifty lives, though some did sometimes stray down the path of resource exhaustion in pursuit of commerce. It seems to me with the current state of human advancement, we could come up with some dandy

ways to fuse current technologies, ancient medicines and innovations, and convert this into a sustainable world in a decade or two. Of course, that will take a major overhaul from world governments, who have been raised in the tradition of the studly conqueror, so that will be a tough road to hoe, my friends.

But it is certainly not too late, and might be as simple as coming up with cool cartoons that re-educate our children on what living on earth IS. Kids grow up fascinated by nature anyway, so to flourish and nurture that instinct would only be the gentle nudge of a summer's breeze. And what's more, this education might be our only chance to ensure the safety of their children in the coming millennium, sure to be one of maximum crowding and tense desperation without it.

But first we must fight the lie. Today, with us, in everything we do. Recycling must be the first notch on a ten-valve spigot. We must conquer our fears of the wild and conversely embrace the wilderness in each of us. The sprawling ooze of society has been a painful numbing of our natural selves, bursting forth in mass shootings and sexual predatorism. We must embrace the female, embrace the organicness of our humanity like we love it, like it only wants to make us happy, cuz we both deserve it. To push her away is a silent plea for help, a repressed expression of our own self-loathing. Mother

Earth is the chain-smoking cop's wife, wondering what kind of mood we'll be in when we get home tonight.

I'm ready to say "It's alright, baby." I'm ready to take my woman by the hand and promise to be a stand-up, do-right man. I will snuggle in her warm bosom and treat her like the earth-bound goddess she is, because she's been patient, and long-suffering, and all-giving. Now you rest easy, sweet mama, everything's gonna be hearts and flowers come sunup.