

Web Warfare



'Twas my brother Séamus's 65th birthday. We had a great party with 50 of us gathered for the day from Holland, France, Scotland, England, Ireland and the USA. His wife, Jackie, had delegated me to clean the windows for the occasion. I didn't do a very good job of it, so here I am, a day later, alone and relaxing in the sitting room watching a spider and dragonfly wrestle each other.

The spider is tiny, with a disproportionately big bum (all the better to store her silk in, presumably.) However, even with the oversized tush she's not much bigger than an **8** written in a 16-point Helvetica font. The body of the dragonfly is, at least, 20 times bigger than hers, not counting his very large wingspan, but he got a couple of his legs stuck in her web and there's been a duel-to-the-death going on for the last hour.

My first instinct was to set him free but then I thought, “Who made *me* God?” If I set *him* free must I then spend the next three years following *her* about denuding her web every time an insect gets trapped, thus ensuring that *she* starve to death? Is it compassion, or even justice, that I save the lives of 300 insects and sacrifice hers? What if some of those insects are, themselves, predators? So I shall have saved them that they may continue on their killing ways? What is the algorithm, wisely weighted, that ensures the least amount of murder among Nature’s denizens? Wasn’t God good enough at math to design such a formula? Did he *have* to create carnivores? But then Cleve Backster’s *plant* screamed at the mere thought of having one of its leaves burned. So who’s to say that herbivores don’t inflict pain in the course of *their* daily repasts?

Is Nature “red in tooth and claw” as Lord Tennyson said and as Darwin claimed by his “survival of the fittest” thesis, in his first book, “*On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection.*”? What most people don’t realize is that the subtitle of that book was, “*The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life.*” This is what led to Social Darwinism and what was used to justify colonialism, ethnocide, caste & class systems and the current reign of the Military-Industrial Complex shoring up the corporatocracy and the banksters.

By now the industrious little spider has trussed up all of the dragonfly's six long legs. She spun her filaments about them and winched them tightly together. Periodically, the dragonfly made herculean efforts as he lay dangling upside down, but the spider simply waited patiently and then redoubled her trussing when he had exhausted himself. I could still intervene and force her into a day of fasting, but can I expect *her* to become vegetarian after *I* ate a sirloin steak at Séamus's party? She's really working hard for her meal; am I to snatch it from her now? How does the farmer feel after months of plowing, harrowing, planting, fertilizing and weeding when God sends a drought and wipes out his entire crop?

Nature performs a very complex dance, which can only be understood when we see that, as well as competition, it also involves cooperation and symbiosis. Evolution appears to be much more about creating *balance among species* than about teleologically moving towards a single super species. I suspect that each soul is required to add to its repertoire of roles by playing the part of each species at some stage of its journey into enlightenment. How else can we move from freewill (the ability to do as I please) to freedom (the ability to do as pleases God) or from self-concern to compassion, in the absence of pain - ours and others'?

The dragonfly is fast approaching the stage of learned helplessness - just like the human species which, after 5,000 years of hierarchical domination, warfare, oppression and imposed poverty, seems ready to settle for "bread and circuses", to trade civil rights for national security, and to fall for the false-flag operations, when it is our own "leaders" who are the *real* enemy.

The spider is resting now; she is exhausted from her labors. Does the dragonfly have it within him to make one last effort? How can a creature so much bigger be captured and eaten by a tiny foe? How could 6 million Jews walk onto freight trains and be shipped to the gas chambers? How could 7 billion humans allow a tiny cabal of corporate crooks to bind us, one system at a time, and suck our life's blood?

A huge bumblebee has myopically flown into the web and severed its moorings, dumping dragonfly and spider onto the back of the couch. The spider scurries away abandoning her meal. Is it okay for me now to set the dragonfly free? I believe so. Here goes!

God, please grant *us* a hero; even a bumbling Messiah will do.

Namasté,

Tír na nÓg
June 2013

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Sean". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke extending to the left.