

MAY THE
SELS
SLITHER
AGAIN

#2

*I don't have anything against eels;
they are a big part of my childhood.
I grew up in Hawkes Bay next to the
Mangarau stream. We often used
to go on expeditions with our three-
pronged spears to find the source of the
Nile, to catch sight of a legendary size
eel and stab crawlies. I remember my
brother's friend Jason Parker learning
about how water refracts light while
trying to stab a crawly next to his foot.
His quick jab went halfway through
his foot, and because of the barbed bits
on the end he couldn't get it out. He
had to limp back to our place with it
sticking out of his foot; I think he took
the wooden handle off.*

Anyway I was told that a pamphlet is a place I could whinge, and I wanted to whinge about George Bush, easy target I know. It's his hypocrisy that I want to complain about. Not about freedom or democracy, but Christianity. That he says he's a Christian. I want to whinge about Christians getting a hard time. Cause I don't think people dislike equality or justice or peace or liberation on self-determination. They dislike abuse of power and violence and propaganda and greed. But then I thought, that my whinge is actually about my insecurity. George Bush makes me furious because he's responsible for thousands of deaths and many more to come as a legacy of his rhetoric. But it's more that I call myself a Christian of sorts, and I want people to like me. I want people to like me. I mean, I believe in truths. Like all humans are equal, old cliché but I think its true. You know, Muslim, Asian, PI, Pakeha, old, young all the same. I don't know if there's a God, and if there was, that it's a Christian one. But I find it hard to cope with no meaning or purpose, I mean mental health wise: it's difficult, no meaning, no truths. You see I'm insecure. But it seems to me sometimes, there's a purpose and a presence. Richard Dawkins, unfortunate name, haven't read his book,

but I assume he's gonna talk about God being a construction in our minds, like those French philosophers saying we can't experience anything for certain as "real". Which I concede is true, it's true, how can we know anything anyway, but then how can I do anything? Anyway that's a bit of a rave, back to the eels. There's talk that eels travel over dry land at night to find new sources of water.