

20190930 **Boy Religion Orchestra** Viktor Nonong Medrano

I have known for several years now that many, in my own community of Lulu Island and outside of it, do not interest themselves in the thoughts, nonreligious or religious, of a "boy" as myself, but imagine a grandfather's or grandmother's perspective as optimal. I am "sorry" about their unfulfilled expectations.

My belief system now consists of a tendency towards Science, Buddhism, and Animism. I think that Science can explain the stance of Animism. Even some ideas in Buddhism may be scientific. Like some bireligious Buddhist-Shintō Japanese, I contend with Buddhism's soulless perspective and Animism's soul-filled perspective. Buddhists believe that the Self, soul, is an *illusion*. There is, instead, an ever-changing stream of consciousness or karmic tendencies. Meanwhile, Animists believe that there are souls or spirits everywhere in Nature, such as plants, animals, fungi, rivers, mountains, rocks, sky, moon, stars, people, other beings, etc. Bireligious Japanese opine that "soulless" and "soul-filled" do *not* really conflict. The stance is similar to India's Jainism. Shintō and Dào are Animisms, with ideas tending towards *panpsychism* or *pantheism*, respectively the *mind*-like aspect or the *god*-like aspect, at some level, in everything.

As a god-like boy, I have to contend with some strangers walking invasively perpendicular to my walking path. They think that I am the centre. They think that I may be responsible. They want to express their misery. They want to alleviate my solipsism. They are expressing sexual anguish. They confuse themselves about religion. They are afraid of scientism. They are afraid of science fiction. They are afraid of Tagalog, Lojban, or some other language or people. They want me to talk about or write about

their ethnic group. They may feel arrogant. They may feel humiliated. They want to alleviate boredom. They want to commit sodomy. They want me to feel older or dirtier. They maybe want to commit suicide. Indeed, many times, the culprits are Hong Kong Cantonese, here on Lulu Island, but not always really. Maybe, they are really *cryingly* desperate, and some maybe do want to commit suicide already. I think that they are really *not* good or effective in communication, as they might be pseudo-autistic. Even if another people is just manipulating them, *allowing* others to manipulate them is a *fault* in itself. There may be a racial issue, being that I am a *mestizo* caught between several races. (Esperanto and Spanish share the word *mestizo*.)