



Thinking light(ly)

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LIGHT

A prerequisite for the birth and continuance of life is light.

Sunlight.

Without it no light could be produced even in a nuclear power station.



In the words of the poet Pentti Saarikoski.

A starving human is on the level of an animal.
Because his life has a purpose.

The globe is not a soccer ball, as Johnson imagines, as Hitler imagined.

A human can be killed
But the sun can not
 The sun shall die
 But it cannot be killed.

The sun is Almighty.
There is no other god.

The sun does not demand offers or require martyrs.
 It is not a sentient being.
It does not redeem those who bow to it nor does it punish dissidents.

It is impartial, it does not comment, it issues no orders,
it warms because it is warm,
it does not move,
we move and suck its warmth like a baby sucks milk.

But the sun does not care about us.

(Pentti Saarikoski. A letter to my wife, 1968; in prose, translated by the author)



Nature is full of colors visible to humans.
Manifold fuller than the average city dweller perceives..

Everything a human can experience with his organs for seeing
is in a dynamic flux of colors.

But colors do not really exist.

Surfaces just reflect differently the energy, directly or indirectly.

Which is:

sunlight ...

There is nothing else.

The human being is a strange animal.

The human brain can distinguish countless colors.

Seeing which is not imperative for survival.

All other animals choose from the congestion of surrounding information only such
colors, forms and movements which are significant for their survival.

Like for food, mating, threats etc.

So, why?

Why “unnecessary” seeing?



VISIONS

Art does not make the world a better place, quickly.

But it has insidiously altered human values and consequently also actions.

Pentti Linkola wrote:

In the present situation on earth all concern for what a man does to his fellow man – from the cruelest torture to the most exquisite love – is dated, belongs to past eras, secondary.

The crucial issues of this era must refer exclusively to the relation between man and nature.

Every philosophy, every way of thought, every political movement which is based on what man wants is fundamentally astray.

The basis can only be the requirements for the well-being of global nature.

After unraveling those we can calculate what is possible for humans.

(Pentti Linkola. A primer to thinking in the 90's, 1988-89)

A lot of unraveling of those requirements has been done.

Calculations have been made.



Alas,
the possible
is not in the least desirable
for the majority of the world population.

The archetypal experience of delight
of the sun appearing through thinning clouds
after a week of pouring rain
is certainly common to all humans
living in the cloudy parts of the earth.

A strong sensation of **light**; which the human brain transforms into colors.

Appreciating that indoors may be a substitute.
Searching for sensory experiences outdoors is not a part of normal life...
for urban humans.

Such appreciation is a reminder of the fact that light makes our world.

We – you, me and the mountains – are what we are.

Atoms.

But together: unbelievably gorgeous



The Egyptian queen Nefertiti is a legend.

As a human?

No. It's the legendary beauty.

In European literature the name Nefertiti has been interpreted to connote

“Beautiful”.

But according to linguists and cultural anthropologists the language used during that era in Egypt did not contain the concept Beautiful.

The connotation of the word “nefertiti” was:

purposeful, adequate for a task.

I have no more to say.

About beauty.

About Nefertiti-nature.

But about nature hear me.

it needs not be beautiful. That is romanticizing and esthetising.

Nature is purposeful, that's all.



And that is beautiful. Because it is purposeful.

Purposeful for its own purpose.

Are we consequently a part of nature, which is beautiful?

No.

We are a part of nature which is purposeful for its own purpose.

If such a purpose exists.

And regardless of the credo humans have built up

lifting man above all else,

the crowned ruler of the universe

there is no way of escaping what they are.

Beautiful...well hardly.

Purposeful... in relation to the moon not more than a dog barking at the moon.

Yet insight, even when masked as beauty – art or science – works its way.

For somewhere deep lurks still the connection to rocks and waters and plants and animals.

And discovering and feeling that creates a joy of wholeness.



And just maybe

for sometimes I am an optimist,
and I force myself in such a direction
when I am not

maybe

such experiences will affect the collective human consciousness.

The wheel turns
much slower
than a human life.

Searching in our history one fathoms how dramatic changes to cultures –
to their value and belief systems and through them to

human action

– have been created by visions.

Visions

Seeings

show us the light