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The Intellect and The Truth

An intellectually strong human being is mentally compatible and able to grasp, to voice and to perceive everyday circumstances and the complexities when simplifying Life. Intellect is negatively charged substance that suits and initiates positively coloured elements in the constellation within the system of affections and reason. The system causes reactions within mutual relations between the noble and harsh elements of periodic system of human life. Intellect is like air that dissolves water, it is like water that melts and dissolves wood. It dissolves fire, gravity, laws, methods and even those deeply refined beauties of perfectly organized nature of the atmosphere we breathe. Intellect lives, resides and dwells covered with genius as the constructive manifestation of itself.

Perhaps I would 'intellectually' dare to speak, write and talk entirely about the intellect, but how can I tackle and discuss about something that is impalpable, transparent and elusive?!

It is a power that precedes each action or every constructive comprehension and representation of itself. What intellect creates by forming unique and authentic visions is nothing like the ideas or things our eye sees and catches, but rather the unity and union of everything it puts its glance at, everything familiar to it by the visible 'invisibility' of an innate abstract truth and validity of its visions.

Perception and understanding of the notions of time and place, of your presence on earth and mine, of gain and disappointment tyrannize and psychologically attack people and the major part of their mental constitution. Intellect divides and analyses the facts in question while simplifying complex notions about the meaning and purpose of life and living, of universe and of a man inside this chaotically arranged society. It dissolves and refracts those to simplest particles as if each exists independently and for itself. Heraclitus felt that emotions, behaviour, speech and writing were like dense and coloured mists of thoughts and realizations, and in this thick and fogged mixture of positive and negative emotions it is hard for a man to maintain a straight line leading him towards himself. Intellect does not settle emotions and does not perceive things and objects around it as they are in the light of science- cold and emotionally unbound. Intellect emerges upon the surface of our bodies, leaves them and slowly parts from us floating above our personality and individuality and sees things as facts and not like something yours or mine.

All things in nature are interconnected and dependent on each other, and intellect divides and unveils the form, leaps over the walls and discovers intrinsic attitude between portable things shrinking and summing them all up in a molecule..

Intellect is an innate magic inside a man, it is his wisdom that is manifested through his clear and concrete outspoken expressions. Poems, lines, mathematical solutions of complex life lessons are settled within stormy tides and ebbs upon the ocean of human imagination.

We are all gifted with wisdom, and the difference between people is not in the amount of the power of their wisdom but in the manner and art of revealing, perceiving and feeling the thoughts inspired by wisdom. The difference is in this art he possesses when communicating, spreading, transmitting it through the frequencies of cellular metaphors of ideas. If we stumble upon James Joyce today or Aldous Huxley we should not feel intellectually inferior to them, but rather stand equal, side by side. They possessed strange skills in classifying and shaping facts into magical sentences and explanations which might be something we lack. This constructive intellect creates poems, sentences, plans and systems. In order to speak with our intellect we must breathe life to it by forming it into a picture, into something touchable, into a sensational euphoric experience in the moment of

epiphany. We must learn to speak the language of facts because when a ray of sun passes through the universe it becomes visible only when it touches the ground, a certain object or a place. Then it becomes the Truth. And intellect is the truth.

When we manifest the truth and validity of our thoughts in an honest and truthful manner it revives our intellect. It breathes life to it and makes us wise. Words often spoil and distort the thoughts if we pronounce and speak them for the sake of talking only; they become ¹"*l'art pour l'art*". They become bitten by the tooth of time and hurt our genius and intellect. Silence is a sign of careful listening, approval and acceptance of the wisdom of someone else. It creates a convenient ground for our thoughts to explain and give a meaningful response. Then it becomes truth, an honest exchange of words in the language of the intellect, of facts, of Plato, Kant, Hegel or Spinoza. Great philosophers have spoken in written words and listened with whispers. Maybe they only improved our silence in order for us to feed it with their anti "*l'art pour l'art*" to evoke our ideas from the nests where truth resides.

The truth frees our intellect, and intellect is the key to spontaneous logics and arithmetic of intuitive principles of method of silence which is a virtue. Silence is an instinct which we should follow prior to directing our thoughts towards their vocal and oral manifestation. This process of communication is initiated by an instinct, then by opinion, by knowledge- similar to plants that have their roots, their buds and their fruits. And we should trust our instinct until the end even when we cannot reason it entirely. We must be patient while anticipating the moment of epiphany. Trusting our instinct it will develop and grow into a truth and then we shall know why we believed.

The most difficult thing in the world of men is to think. We seek the truth by travelling on Mondays, Januaries, years towards that goal. We hold on to every ray of light hoping that this pursuit is achievable and tame and present in each Monday, January or a year. But the happiness is in the truth and in the silence of our truthful thoughts; all answers are already present in our minds. We are poets, artists and designers of our own lives. We realise, see, feel, taste and smell our happiness when we clearly organize and constructively gather our ideas and form

¹ "*Art for art's sake*"

them into simple and purposeful sentences. Then we use our oars and we paddle the ship of our life. We find our Moby Dick in the ocean of introspective waves of our personalities.

We are all Ishmaels...

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