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The Perception and Intrinsic Nature of Beauty

I have always strongly believed that the world has been progressing towards an overall goal, this being a desire to achieve the most unique victory which involves Us- inhabitants, residents and citizens of the planet Earth, the achievement being the upgrade and improvement of livelihood emphasizing and promoting basic human rights, most importantly, the right to life.

However, what happens is that some people have different perceptions of what represents *modern*. This diversity in opinions is quite visible in understanding the word *modern*. To some people a certain 'modern trend' may seem absurd or irrelevant while to others it relates to the latest and most current trends.

So, my question is: 'At what point does a modern turn into distastefully unpleasant, derogatively and argumentatively absurd and unnecessary proclamation of activism and revolution of future life and our future presence in time?!

Several years ago, while I was standing at the traffic lights, waiting in anticipation for the street Godot, to others more familiar as the angry, red, inflamed little man, to allow me to pass the street by turning green, a woman approached me, dressed in humble and unpretentiously elegant clothes and made a comment addressing it to me, as if she wanted to share this thought with someone closest to her, at least distance related. She mentioned that people used to dress up in a distinctively simple, elegantly attractive and appropriately desirable clothes. Their posture, their uniquely assertive attitude and perceivably clear look reflected their inner beauty which was so visible in their curious eyes.

My intention is not to align myself with extreme adversity because in my personal opinion I consider it to be something far from the extreme- where IT stands for something that has existed long before us and our omniscient and introspective notions of what *modern* is. Generally speaking there used to be time when upon encountering, noticing or passing a woman by one would become aware of her and experience all the sensuality she conveys: the smell of her

perfume, her delightful aesthetics, and her gazelle-like elegance in movement would leave the spectator's eye mesmerized, hypnotized and breathtakingly astound. Men used to demonstrate their manliness by being charmingly attentive, imposing and courteous in their behavior towards women. This unique approach and attitude was also visible in their interpersonal relationship with people in general.

Isn't it ironic that we are constantly going backwards while struggling to go forward?!

It seems to me that, nowadays the majority of men and women have grown into morosely sorrowful, wretchedly unhappy primate species to which humans'' belong to'', having and showing nothing but disrespect towards one another. I say this being well aware of the fact that I myself am a member of these genders, the more delicate female one - 'delicate' in relation to female physical features.

Verbal communication has lost the essence- it being a feeling when we respect someone's opinion even when we disagree with it; we respect that person's right to HAVE an opinion.

But no, the situation today is that people *a priori* discard all that which is not in accordance with their individual opinion and shortsightedness. We are being too selfish, paying attention only to ourselves.

Is it a tragedy to give us a chance to know someone else, to listen to their thoughts, value their opinions, and at least try to take into consideration the possibility that, perhaps, these people want to share the same endemic ground of understanding.

Beauty does not stand for only the physical comprehension and acknowledgement of itself but it also involves and contains that aura which is situated right above our heads, and is clearly visible in the beholder's eye that yearns and longs to see it.

Audrey Hepburn is an embodiment of this particular beauty, a woman who on one hand, draw people's attention in a sophisticated and distinctive manner which was sufficient enough to excite the curiosity of the most prominent, acknowledged and skillful designers such as Hubert Givenchy, while on the other hand the beauty of her thoughts proven to be worthy of being awarded with Presidential Medal of Freedom in recognition of her work as a UNICEF Goodwill Ambassador.

Maya Angelou is an embodiment of such beauty as well, a personification of a contemporary historian, poet, and educator, activist in the fight for human rights, an actress, and a play writer. A woman, who values, understands, appreciates and unselfishly shares spoken words and considers them to be representation of unique culture of living.

Our mothers are embodiments of this Beauty. My mother is a living proof of a walking human beauty, person who is not famous or known worldwide, a person who, in being benevolent, honest and goodhearted raised me properly.

A homeless person is an embodiment of beauty, a person who would rather humbly ask for food or money than steal it.

An embodiment of this Beauty is Nikola Tesla who, among other things, brought electricity to the world, similar to Prometheus, a demigod of Greek mythology who gave fire to the human race.

Let us try to behave and think in the same way Audrey, Maya, Nikola, our mothers, colleagues did when it comes to our own personal development and growth; let us try and work some more on improving mutual communication because if we do not at least try to do so our children may grow up thinking that it is fine and modern to 'be stupid' and foolish, that it is fine to use impolite vocabulary, that it is fine to leave an old lady standing in the tram while they sit, that it is fine to torture and throw rocks at animals, that it is fine to mock and make fun of people with special needs.

Now, maybe some may react that this is a Utopian way of thinking- but why Utopian when my parents raised me in this particular spirit and with these particular convictions, accompanied by the stories and lessons on what is good or bad, what is human and what is not in order to allow me and enable me to make decisions for myself. And they are not either famous scientists or politically corrupted people but only, and most importantly, proud parents I hope. They should be distinctively famous for their personality and inner beauty they carry, have and share. And they are only humans, just like Nikola, Maya or Audrey, neither better nor worse than other inhabitants of our planet; neither better nor worse than someone who was unable to pursue their career by getting a university degree and yet he or she is well literate and has successfully graduated from University of Lifelong learning; neither better nor worse than a taxi driver, baker or lost generation of Hemingway and Gertrude Stein, neither better nor worse than you and me.

And I thank them for that.

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