

Reconnecting to our Solar Nature

When I first moved to Sweden I undoubtedly fell in love with the green and fresh nature, a very spacious one. There were so many apples on the trees and blueberries in the forest and mushrooms and no one, literally no one there to pick them. At the most the fallen apples were given to cows, which in turn were not milked nor slaughtered but only kept there for decoration.

The meat was all bought from a distant supermarket and if any fruit was bought it came from the other side of the planet. Yet the Nordic landscape appeared and still appears idyllic particularly in comparison with a world becoming increasingly uglier and losing its traditional image. Yet, in this other side of the world people, by far poorer than the Scandinavians still struggle to harvest their nature, to find whatever mushroom is left in whatever remaining of a forest.

The Northern man rigorously maintains a sober image with a sober morality. Houses ought to be painted red even though the paint now is a synthetic one and has nothing to do with the original and it is a Southern worker like myself who ought to do the dirty job. Needless to say the Northern nations have constituted the new and untouchable aristocracy of which nothing can be criticized and even worse nothing can be changed.

All aspects of the Nordic anglosaxon society become untouchable, even the one that ought to transform and shape itself. Creativity and intellectuality need to be channeled within the established dogmas able to include everything, even the most autonomous of thinking. This cementification of life with an appearance of total justice and inclusiveness is imposed, or better over-imposed onto the southern nations.

Life that is so more vivid in the sunny south, under the Nordic paradigm, becomes a most terrible struggle which separates the southern being from its solar nature forcing him to encapsulate himself in factories and the like where all the dirty job is carried out for and in the fashion of the idyllic North. In the South the Northern figures come to enjoy what is left of real life, in a moment in which natural resources come to exhaust.

The one and only way for the south to follow is to liberate itself from such suicidal joke. In the first place the south ought to realize that, in all the human rights moralism of the north, it is under a tremendous joke which can only be liberated by means of rediscovering its autonomy in its solar nature and suspend themselves at any cost from even the local authorities, vassals of the great Nordic financial system from which we got indebted.

The machinery of apparent goodness the North is showing off is only a refrigerator of

life running at the expenses of the rest of the world. Its electricity of what maintains their perfectly polished fridge alive is sucking out and exhausting resources elsewhere. The fridge ought to be unplugged at its source and humans ought to learn again to repopulate the solar areas of the world and live in accordance with nature, away from the sophistication and the artificial ideological living brought forth by the civilized north which so much chaos has generated in its demand for internal order.

This order of all Germanic nations need not to be expressed politically. All these intellectuals and thinkers are better off in front of musical sheet. We need composers of them and the manifestation of the great emotions they have been able to express in older times without trying to apply their schemes of perfect harmonies on other humans, yet composing and artistically creating within their private domains and nothing more.