

A View of Creation

--an explorative essay or comment

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When we watch oceanic waves, we are perhaps seeing something that, to our minds, abstractly represent the sense of 'this is how things got into being', 'this is what creation is like', 'this is how something gets shaped out of pure energy'. For the ocean, when still and pure, is as of nothingness, or plenitude; and yet it can have waves that are suggestive of every shape imaginable; and these waves are constantly in movement, suggesting a creativeness, as of a God.

Beauty as a perfection of form is a concept that makes sense in contrast to that which is sensed to have perhaps not such perfection of form. It is not just a perfection of form, but also a perception of this perfection of form. The perception requires a mind that is responding well, and purely, to existence. In coming, indeed, to an ocean, perhaps seen from the quietude of a beach of some kind, an ocean that stretches far with a wonderfully elongated straightness, the mind is able to connect to a sense of

beauty and thoughts about the infinite may come as well.

You have perhaps heard of the view that a medieval christian, the Archbishop of Canterbury named Anselm, had of God. He saw God as the sum total of the highest of all possible perfections, in beauty, intelligence, love, power etc. Naturally, with such a view, one aspires to God and does not have jealousy or envy or any such thing relative to God, for it is only possible with a sense of generosity when one thus maximalizes the mind to reach to such outmost perfections, even if only in glimpses of infinitude.

You may wonder, how is it that a God thus perfect may at all be interested in engaging in a creation that is full of shapes and forms and intersections, not all of which may seem to be equally perfect? But it can make sense, can it not, to erect something which has the potential to reflect the highest without doing so totally and at all points, right?

Now when we build societies, and build and rebuild our personalities, our relationships, our artworks and science and technology and books and fashions and foods and unfoldments, and do so also together with Nature in all her variations, what are our deepest aspirations? We may quote such and such ideal and idol, such and such teacher, but given the attitude just indicated, perhaps we are as if waves, erected inside an infinitude, in which the highest is to archive glimpses of that infinitude.