

# ***A Collection of Essays by Pentti Linkola***

**1993-2006**

## **Introduction**

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When I write or speak about the important questions in life, when I still try to build dams in the way of a devastating flood, most of my friends and many strangers regard me as a naïve optimist. They think that the game is already over, that the life of the planet is in decline and it's crumbling down at a rapidly accelerating pace towards the final suffocation, and there's nothing anyone can do about it anymore.

But I still argue against them. I know the same things that they do, I know that the end of history is nigh. Still, I am talking about very high probabilities, not about certainties. It is almost the same thing, but only almost.

Besides, I am also interested in less than those thinkers and observers, who mean "total solution", that is, preserving the life of globe till the distant future. In an emergency, I am satisfied with delay, postponement (even a slight one) - "extra time for nature", as the late zoologist and friend of nature Olli Järvinen titled his collection of columns. It isn't irrelevant to a human individual whether he lives to 80 or 81 years old, is it, as he will usually hang onto his extra year or extra days - like all animals do.

I see a value in itself even in mere speculation - even if we are just considering and examining hypothetically under what conditions, after what degree of changes the continuation or lengthening of life could be assured.

Ultimately, I'm resigned to just look for an explanation of the world for its own sake, without the aim of reform - at least for the time being. I am constructing a report, and I strive, in a way, to be a historian of the last ages, more insightful and accurate than most. I have had to struggle in attempt to split the chaos into fractions, to divide the wide front of human insanity into sections for examination, as I attempt a difficult analysis after an easy synthesis.

Although my view is a world-wide one and my area of observation is Europe, the nation closest to my heart is, understandably, my homeland. And it is a fortunate coincidence, fortunate in terms of the explanation of the world, that it is this country which is the clearest example of the playground of destructive development in the whole world. Even the ethnologist and explorer,

Kai Donner, stated a long time ago that Finno-Ugric people, of all the peoples, have been the most willing to absorb the influence of western culture, to abandon their own. Faster and more entirely than any other nation, Finland charges into the most horrid of forms of the market economy, uncritical worship of technology, automation, the vapidness of the media, information technology pervading all functions and forms of human intercourse, and adopting English (American) as a second language, but as the first one in an increasing amount of careers.

Amidst all this I'm very quick to note, and catalogue, the good and joyful things in the chaos. These glimmer in this collection of writings as well. They all have a common denominator however, which is that they still exist, I have found no new good that has been brought about by progress. The juxtaposition of good and evil appears at it's finest in my memoirs of Karelia, which I have placed at the beginning of the collection to be a motto of sorts.

There is much repetition in these articles, as they were written for different contexts, and there is much overlap with the texts of other thinkers, with my earlier works and between the ones in this collection too. This is the least of my worries, as repetition is to some extent the mother of learning. How many thousandfold more echoes are in that liturgy which hums and splatters all the time around us, the liturgy of prophets and their flock praising economic growth, competitiveness, efficiency, and "competence."

Sääksmäki 25.4.2004  
Pentti Linkola

## *Karelia*

My father researched the flora of the Laatokka-Karelia region every summer till the years of war, when he met his death. Yet he did not take his son with him to the meadows of Impilahti. I did not see the Old Karelia before the border was closed. When I behold Karelia in a way so different from those who have experienced personal losses there, that background doesn't explain the difference, not even in the least. But, let that be mentioned. I surely have as passionate feelings towards Karelia as the most fanatical of the dreamers about Karelia do.

I did make it to the next stage of Karelia, the Soviet-Karelia, where my powerful experiences started. It's a pity that the mass tourism has so devalued the stories of earlier journeys. I'd like to reminisce sometime about the trip to Petroskoi in the 1970's on paper.

Through perestroika, it was smoothly morphed from the true Soviet-Karelia into the New Karelia, the Russian-Karelia. I didn't rush in with the first waves of tourists chauffeured by taxi or bus. I listened and felt - the complaining of the Great-Finns, the contrasting praise of the friends of nature. Only during the last few years have I then sailed, for some weeks, on the Laatokka, and rowed on the Vuoksi. Not yet with the same liberties as elsewhere in Europe, but halfway so nonetheless.

It then happened that all previous accounts paled into insignificance. There was nothing flawed in their strength and vividness, but the reality of Karelia threw them all overboard. My expectations were in the right direction, but were also so fulfilled that they spilt over. I cannot find sufficiently powerful words needed for the language either, so I'll choose another method. I will try to explain the factors that made our eastern border the most amazing in the world: a hell on one side, a paradise on the other.

It takes time when one treks from day to day in the overwhelming lushness of the islands and the beaches of Vuoksi, in the thickets of willows, wild maples, groves of birches, aspens and bird-cherries, surrounded by all the wondrous birds that can be found from the groves of Northern Europe, icterine warblers, golden orioles, long-tailed tits, red-breasted flycatchers and white-backed woodpeckers, and when one listens, mile after mile, to the abundant clamour of the coastal grass, bitterns, spotted crakes and great reed warblers - it takes time, before one can calm down as a naturalist to ponder the birth of such an ecosystem.

I was aware beforehand, of course, that a grove recovers, renews and grows quicker than the other types of forest. There are now hundreds of square kilometres of areas under study in Karelia, which show that in fifty years, from a scraggy forest full of firewood, a dilapidated strand of boats and pastures, grows a virgin grove, which seems to have attained the final balance. It already has mighty fullgrown trees and the number of decaying blocks of wood, stumps, fallen trees and all the heeling angles of leaning trees that a virgin forest could hold - all of which are needed by the thousands of animals, plants and mushrooms in the grove.

Green groves, green meadows! Where a Finnish clearing of the same latitude lies bare for half a year, reduced to a gloomy black soil, Karelia flourishes with its cattle and grasslands, and the lovely laxity and inefficiency of the animal husbandry leaves flowers room to blossom in. We have to go back seventy years before the clicking of corncrakes similar to that of the modern meadows of Karelia can be encountered on this side of the border. How long would we have to go back in the history of Saimaa before we would encounter the same kind of teeming of ringed seals as at Laatokka, where they are splashing around beside every rock?

Then what about the presence of people on the Karelian Isthmus? Humanity is the key to everything; he either controls or lets go. There, I look at humanity as much as I do nature; I'm enchanted by both. I'm enchanted by the absence of humanity: no rapist, no villa, no pier, no motorboat, even though miles pass. But I'm charmed by the presence of human as well, by those little fishermen, grey and silent, in the shade of a willowbush in a riverbend, which I notice only when my boat almost collides with them. I never see a rod even tremble. The calmness is perfect.

First and foremost, I was captivated by their villages. They amuse me in a joyful way. How is it

statistically possible that not one of the hundreds of sheds and cottages is at spirit level, a right angle? And how is it possible that stacks of boards, piles of whittled logs, concrete pillars and bars unavoidably fall asleep in the high grass and goldfinches' thistles before they would stand up as pompous, unneeded and excessive buildings?

But I also see the main point amidst the junk: passable and adequate homes, hundreds and thousands of small greenhouses and patches where plants grew for cooking. We examined a lakeside village, where houses are loosely placed in the same manner as in Finland, but they are not connected by driveways, rather, they're connected by lovely little paths on which farmers and their housewives carry their bags from the village shop, lively and upright. We approach the village from the side of the continent and find that there's really only one road to the village, impassable for regular cars, as only a Russian truck with a high ground clearance can crawl along its deep grooves.

There was also a three floor Stalin-model apartment house in the village. Merry children and dogs play in the yard. At least during the summer there are no doors to be seen - only the entrances. There's a continuous flow of swallows in and out of them. I did not dare barge up the stairs, and so I still wonder where their nests were - did they ascend to various floors, or maybe apartments, through staircases? Trees and bushes poke at the walls and penetrate inside the building, through the windows. For once, man is willing to be one with nature. A Western friend of nature is definitely stunned.

We encountered an enormous show of hiking and camping at the great lake of Käkisalmi, which has hundreds of islands. Hundreds, probably thousands of rowing-boats populated the sultry lake: there were families, couples, mostly youngsters, groups of friends. I remember one boat distinctly, with its joyous noise of laughter and chat that could be heard far away, even though only one girl, of a student's age, could be seen briskly rowing the boat. While passing close by, I counted seven bare legs, hanging over the edge, cooling toes in the water.

We joined in, staying for the night with the boatgroups during a couple of nights at the islands. A ready campfire site had been made on all the hard beaches, and beds of dried reeds had been left on most of them by the previous campers.

There was incessant telling of tales and laughter at the neighboring fires till the middle of night, boys' and girls' voices alternating, and continuous cutting of firewood with, to be frank, primitive little axes. Saws weren't amongst the tools, so stumps and living trees suffered from a radius of only ten meters from the campfire: a virgin forest started from there. At four o'clock in the morning, the axes started to snap again, fires smoked, there was frolicking and an echo of clamor. It seems it wasn't worth wasting such a lovely weekend by sleeping.

The puzzle of the rowing armadas' was solved, as actually two, quite large, boat rental stores with insignificant prices were found on the shores. But from where did a third of the fleet - long, camouflage-colored canoe-pairs, whose outstanding seaworthiness was apparent in the fierce rapids of Vuoksi - originate? We didn't get an explanation until we were at Käkisalmi's railway station near the strand, to which a green, stately holiday train from Petersburg arrived every half an hour. Couples emerged, carrying big bundles, undoubtedly containing a tent, a sleeping bag and provisions. But no, in fact a pile of pieces of cloth and frames of light alloy were exposed: in two minutes, a canoe was built and a young couple was going full speed to the archipelago.

On the journey back, the idyll cruelly shatters on the road. The menace, which we have known was there all the time, manifests itself. Finnish trailer trucks, brightly colored, tuned up, full of brutish strength, rumble towards the west, each with fifty tons of white birches. We meet other Finns in Vyborg. Some anxious girls come to us, they have been to other beaches at the Isthmus, and they ask why the Finnish environmentalists and their organizations can't stop the plundering of Karelia. But what can we do about Tehdaspuu, Enso-Gutzeit, Eno-Cell, who have an other outlook on life and a thousandfold more horsepower?

Visiting Karelia clarifies the thoughts and teaches a lot. Many strange things, memories and associations are evoked.

I suddenly remember Winter War, Continuation War, the newspapers of that time and the speeches by relatives and kin very clearly. I remember the constant banging on about the "clay-legged giant", and that one Finn is equivalent to ten Russians. Now that I look at the strong Russian canoeists and think about the slack youngsters of my native region who are completely enslaved by car and motorboat, rushing around carelessly, I see that one Russian is equivalent to ten Finns at the moment. But it isn't a war now, and they can't compete in a tradewar.

In Karelia, I see, more clearly than ever, through the hypocritical illusion that man and nature could flourish simultaneously. They are always the opposites of each other, either - or. But in Karelia, I see a man, who *ACCEPTS* and *RELINQUISHES*. It is an awesome experience.

At last I understand why I live in constant horror in my own country, to which I'm bonded: why I have the feeling that I was being punched in the face all the time. It is not purely caused because forests have been ravaged and shores degraded on the demands of the market; it doesn't arise from the vast number of paved and concrete surfaces itself, or the excessive garish shine of cars wherever you lay your eyes. It is because everything in this country is raw, smooth, obvious, polished, perfect. The most horrendous thing is that this country is in the grip of order, here everything is in order. The brush saw is the most dreadful of tools. Every grain of sand has been stamped with the additional sign of ownership by man. There is nothing mysterious in Finland, nothing gentle, no faint shimmer anywhere.

For a moment, hope flashes in the groves of Vuoksi. Maybe sometime my Finland too, my Tavastia, will look like this, and will be revived. The grip of the tormentors loosens. My homeshores, my homeforests, are green and lush again. But it is only a flash. That won't happen. The opposite will.

I don't believe that it was good to see Karelia. Karelia is like joy, like the joy of human life always is - you see a glimpse of it, and then it is gone. Sorrow always remains the uppermost emotion.

1993

## Chapter I - Forest

*Translated 13.7.2005*

### *The Old Forest Of Talaskangas*

In the second editorial in Helsingin Sanomat of 27/2 it is stated that a primeval forest with its plants, mushrooms and animals is no more valuable to nature than one chopped down either by coppicing, or simply to an open area, a forest floor later sowed or planted out, the so-called field of trees with its own plants, mushrooms and animals. It is also stated that "lumberjacks do not destroy nature, even though they chop trees down".

All this is surely true. To show that it's definitely so, I'll tell three little stories about three Finnish primeval forests.

The first forest was chopped down like the one in Talaskangas, and then it was cleared of stumps and wheat was sown in its place. There wasn't any significant change; wheat is green nature just as much as three hundred years old pines and roughly shaped, two meter thick aspens are.

Another forest was chopped down as well, and an industrial plant was built on it, and around that, thirty hectares of paved space for warehousing and parking. True, this new natural forest wasn't green, but living humans teemed in it, who are as valuable as the rest of living nature.

The third primeval forest was cut down too, and a piece of rock moved by a tractor drew attention. Soon there was a one hundred meter deep quarry at the spot. Nature didn't change remarkably, the new level a hundred meters below the previous one was of course equally natural. In the course of time, a mountain as much as five thousand meters high had stood there.

For the sake of comparison I'll tell one more story, which comes from the human world, the

initial settings included. There was a city named, let us say, Turku, for instance. A large and old so-called cathedral stood there, and services and other religious events were held there. The shack was discovered to be old, insanely high and uneconomic. It was demolished, and a hall of reinforced plastic with a roof of sheet metal was built on its place, which had low expenses for heating and use. Service went just as well there, but expenses were still seen as too high. The hall was torn down and the site was smoothed down to a field on which services were held on Sunday mornings, and during other times markets could be held, football and icehockey played and so on. On cold winter Sundays the service had to be shortened, but it was pointed out that the gain from the worship wasn't proportionate to the length of it, as a devout and receptive mind is the most important aspect.

1989

*Translated 28.7.2005*

## *The Armored Idiot*

It is a peculiar sociopsychological phenomenon that stupidity and intelligence are distributed not nearly in accordance with the statistical probabilities. There are some fields of study and some professions to which stupidity specifically accumulates, makes a nest, as it's said.

Beginning from the tail end, sociologists, meteorologists, economists and so on come to mind. Well, I put them into this context as comfort and consolation for forestry men, for humanitarian reasons. The professionals in the field of forestry after all are not sharply separate from the skillful people, but progressively. Forest rangers do form a most monumental island of foolishness.

The history of silviculture in Finland truly is a road filled with agony, an endless chain of mistakes and mishaps. When one course of error has been bitterly and slowly left behind, the next one is well under way. And everything always happens over the whole breadth of the country, as is customary in a centralized, systematic economy.

The most well-known example is the mobilization of all the enormous machinery to wipe birch out - just before it arose as the most expensive of valued trees in industry. Equally astounding losses were produced by "kalelointi", or clearing loggings which were used to fell groups of quite young trees there where "the nursery wasn't even." That's how we lost thirty year old trees, and grew - if successful - a nursery covering maybe one fourth or fifth the space from the age of 0.

Anyway, the calculus of the primary school hasn't left a mark on a forest ranger. The whole trade measures, busy with excitement, the thickness of yearly growth rings and thins out a young forest to a good state for growth so that a tree grows at double speed compared to the previous overly dense, stunted and degenerate forest. Although the number of the growing trunks was fivefold there, in time the trees, wet by the forest ranger's tears of joy, became lousy as lumber, which makes a builder rage and despair. I too know this second-rate lumber of nursed forests all

too well: when it's stepped on, a deep footprint is left in the wood.

Through time, the forest has been taxed so that the large logs were chopped down first and the smaller trees grew to be felled in time. There was no other flaw in this other than that, because it was a method of deforestation dictated solely by common sense - the intelligence of every farmer - no help was needed from experts or professional assistance. Because of that foresters named the method "selective felling," and declared it extremely disastrous to the forest. As always, before long they themselves believed in their lie, thinking that smaller trees beneath the stock had languished to worthlessness and lost their ability to grow. That's why a whole forest has to be cut down at once and an evenly aged planted forest grown in its place. This was the birth of clearfelling, the greatest curse upon Finnish landscapes since the Ice Age.

This theory, which still prevails and instructs how to treat the soil of the fatherland is, of course, totally without foundation. In fact, a tree that is left shaded and in a nutritional offside can linger on even for decades, and as soon as it has light and room for living, it springs up in joyful growth. I have closely followed some persistent farmers who have been capable of defying the pressure from silvicultural organisations and selling a new batch of top-quality trees from a marked cutting zone every five or ten years. The remnants of the worthy lumber that have been available in South- and Central Finland depend on these few old men. The productivity of continuously grown forests is greater in the long run than what is achieved by alternating clearcuttings and clumsy plantings.

So, clearfellings were then followed by the entire turmoil of "forest renewal". Terrible crashing and banging; armies of machines, splotching or plowing rocks throughout the land; millions of hectares with billions of scars. And the rebounding variation between the methods of renewal - the result of experimental activity is not seen until years later and these results are not at hand until applications have been in operation on areas the size of Denmark.

What does "natural reform" look like? A few pines are left around the opening as seed trees. I have seen that oddity as well where a spruce wood is cut down except for the seed trees - even during this very year, and it wasn't far away either, because I have collected two years worth of firewood from the leftovers of fellings and chippings of harvesters from that spruce wood. All in all, long before the next seeding year, pines and spruces alike have crashed down in an autumnal storm leaving only the black plates of roots standing upwards. However, a part of the spruces have a three-meter stub left. The opening has simultaneously widened deep into the neighboring section of the woods until the front of the forest has successfully endured the storm.

Renewal by sowing has become so rare an event that I can move straight on to the subject of planting. Its popularity is for most part explainable by the gigantic turnover in the growing and selling of tree seedlings. Let's have a quick glance from one tree species to another.

From clearcuttings the enthusiasm spread even further. The last parts of pastures, arable land, and fields of the realm will now have pretty rows of deep green spruce plants. On the second or the third year a late spring frost will strike when the new annual growth is well under way. Deep green will turn into brown, and those rows of plants shall shrivel up into the grass, to the gentle embrace of the damp masses of weeds, and into merciful oblivion.



But the European birch does not mind frost, it flourishes full of vigor. It really thrives having been transported to its own plantation by the elk everywhere through Finland. The elk's method of cultivation reminds one of the old tale about a king and a chessboard: one grain on the first square, two on the second one, then four, eight, sixteen... Two branches on a birch seedling in the second spring, then four, eight, sixteen...

There was too a trend of planting genetically engineered trees for the needs of match industry, though it never developed to a mass movement of thousands of hectares. Guess what? It happened to come about during the same years when the remnants of this fading branch of industry quietly began to move abroad.

Nevertheless, the trade of pine seedlings is the most enormous nation-wide operation. The consequences are appalling to the terrain. I don't only mean Lapland, where nurseries struggle for some years before withering into tundra. Since I was a little child I have watched logging openings in Southern Finland as well, of which the most lush are left dominated by weeds -- during all my lifetime. Or, I'll count how many deformed crooks of a plant still have green needles: last year still every fifth had them, now no more than every eighth do. I once walked to a large open nursery at Hauho, where preventive spraying to snuff out either the grass or coppice had also killed every single 5-year-old pine seedling. Nonetheless, especially at farmlands, I come across some finely prospering nurseries too and do some calculations again: every sixteenth, every eighteenth young pine is at somewhat of a straight line, the others are a most odd collection of curve, loop, multi-branch and angle. The greatest marvel however is witnessed if one pushes and bends these lousy ones: they wobble and bend like a rubber hose, even when thick as an arm.

Everything shows that a forester doesn't comprehend anything about the essence of tree nor the wholeness of forest: how they feel, their demands, or what they tolerate. It isn't ridiculously delicate; it can withstand mole, rabbit, elk - and even storm. So it allows humans to take their share too, through cautiously culling a tree from here and there. Density and shelter are the basic qualities of a forest, and a forest having only one type of tree is usually insane to even try think about.

The drainage of swamps touches on the matter at hand even if in it we go from forests to another aspect of national landscape, which has given the name for this country[1]. The drainage of Finland's marshlands has been identified as the greatest act of ruin against nature in the 20th century. What's interesting in this observation is that not a single seedling has risen, nor will any rise, on a fifth of the drained area, and the profit of the rest of the work is probably about the same as with a savings bank. Billions of dollars were frittered away as imported machines were driven and worn out and imported oil burnt on marshes and open bogs. That money could now be in the state coffers.

What is gained from all this? Massive loss is accumulated at every turn, loss, that cancels out the meager merits and victories elsewhere. In this survey, I haven't said a word about the basic philosophy of forest economy, protection of the circle of life, carbon balance of the globe and other such grand matters. This time I'm interested in limiting perspective to the economy of

small Finland. And even from that standpoint the final result of the forestry trade's fumbling over it's whole course of life has been clearly negative. Without a single forest ranger, or any school of the profession, the same amount of lumber, finer lumber, could have been sold from Finland, and forest fur would have been incomparably bushier. The unforgettable definition of the forestry professional -- "the armored destroyer" -- by the great man of programs for national parks and marshland preservation, the late Urpo Häyrynen, can for a change be substituted with the nickname "the armored idiot".

1993

[1] 'Finland' translates to 'Suomi' in Finnish. The word 'suo' means 'swamp' in Finnish and forms the first syllable of the country's name in Finnish.

*Translated 13.8.2005*

## *The Green Lie*

If I could read people's minds I would disguise myself as an interviewer from the center of statistics, take a sample of five hundred forestry professionals and ask: do you really believe in Finland's forests surplus through logging and increasing of lumber reserves during the last few decades? But the seal of that mystery will never open. People answer regular questionnaires like they want to answer. I know that the forestry professional is stupid, but I shall never know *how* stupid he is, how much of an opportunist's cunning is included.

Innumerable naturalists cruising the country, countless sharp-eyed laymen harassing me with visits, on the phone, on roads, streets and trains and keep asking the same chorus: Where are the savings by logging, where are the decaying forests, where are the dense woods anyway? They drive through the whole network of roads in the land from Hanko to Utsjoki and from Vaasa to Ilomantsi, roam cartrails in the woods till the very last curve and observe every coast and island in the country from their boats. They rove also the insides of forests by picking berries, mushrooms and hunting - or for no particular reason. But they do not find anything other than fields of stumps, in them nurseries thick as an arm at best, or middle-aged forests thinned out near to having only seedling trees, actually them being nurseries, too. They say that genuine, fully grown trees - the ones which have to be hugged with the whole length of one's arms - are encountered only in built-up areas and yards of mansions. What increases the amount of cubic metres of lumber in statistics?

My own position is truly unfortunate in this matter as in many others as well. Many people attempt to assure, either in conversation or polemic in papers, either to debate or to console, that I am either imagining or that I want to overstate for some reason or other. I'm "a lord from Helsinki" at one time and "a scraggly beard" at another or a "fussmaker", who has no clue about the reality of either "the people" and "a regular working person" or "countryside" and "economy". Appalled, I have to point out that I've lived precisely in all that reality and seen everything with my own eyes. I've gone through the whole post-war history of the ruin of countryside, the mother of Finland's landscapes and forests and the crumpling and smearing of

the fatherland's motherly face. I have surely committed a mistake, but not of the kind that my opponents assume. I have kept my eyes too open and listened too alertly, sniffed around for too much, seen and travelled too much - and I remember too much. And so, my soul has received wounds. But I am persistent, I'll have my "difficult clinical depressions" treated, and again, I'll try to save what's left to save, hitting my head against the wall.

I just noticed that something small is already getting rusty, that I can't remember by heart every one of those regions in whose forests I have journeyed wearing either rubber boots or ski boots, a compass leashed under the waistband, and a map wearing out little by little. And so I browsed through my notes and I wasn't able to go through all of them, but well over 250 counties ended up on the list, roughly the half of Finland's counties - according to the division of regions from the 1950's. The sample is sufficient and I immediately know that there aren't many others who have first-hand knowledge about the condition of Finland's forests. I also have a field of assay of about ten central-Tavastian villages in which I have travelled through almost every small owner's forest segments, most of them far and wide.

I haven't sat in a satellite and in that respect I trust the satellite pictures of wintry Finland, Sweden and Russian-Karelia, introduced by Mikko Puntari. Or rather, I didn't need those pictures myself as I had seen the same picture from the ground: the same bushy steppe, the same snowy desert, and, instantly behind the border, the dark wall of forests in Sweden and Russia.

What all is included in "my life in the forest"? Can one bring up main points from it, form it on paper? "Condense, condense", asks the editor. "Let the memories flow", "tell to younger ones", "remind peers", demands my own veteran-self, the yearner for the golden youth. I try to travel the middle road.

I had time to spot many virginal forests untouched by ax, beginning from the large wooded islands of Åland Islands, in the heart of great trackless forests of southern Tavastia, in Ostrobothnia of Suomenselkä, Karelia, Kainuu and southern Lapland. There were such wilds too in which one would encounter a rare giant stump from times long past, maybe once every hectare. It was recalled in villages that a couple of selected straight giant trees were sometimes taken for the needs of shipbuilding at the coast, trunk in its full length, dragged by five horses at the beginning of the journey. One could walk for miles and miles of Vienan wilderness in the wildlands of Mujejärvi and Jonkeri in Nurmes and Kuhmo, without any trace of humans: no chip, nor remains of a campfire. I know from there what it is like to fall into rapture, to an otherworldly mental state, to lose oneself from the map on purpose with only a rough course of the compass stored in the depths of the mind - and then walk straight onto an ancient pine inhabited by a golden eagle and its fledglings, without realizing what province I was in, Oulu or North Karelia.

Oh the former mighty wildlands of Ranua and Pudasjärvi, I wandered there too at the tracks of golden eagles, oh Palovaara and its wildly free pack of summer horses beyond all paths, a bell jingling about the neck of the leader, oh Vilmivaara and Soidinkangas, beyond the grace of all gods! It was there that I made my life's record in walking, 36 hours in a steady stream, when a companion of mine got lost in the wilderness without a compass and had to be searched for. And elsewhere, oh the enormous worksites of Pudasjärvi at which wide marshlands were cleared into

populated areas - and oh the bitterness of state forest's landlords, technicians and foremen of the time, when their finest pine ridges on the necks of open bogs were shared between veteran farmers.

I also remember the innumerable forest cabins from the backwoods, into which lumberjacks or forest workers - the word 'chopper' didn't exist yet - carried food from miles away by paths and causeways. I remember their wintry fuss and nocturnal group-snoring and the summery silence and the two old cottage guards who lived there round the year. I recall log transports from wintry skiing trips: they appeared silently as ghosts, the lower branches of great spruces suddenly turned aside like a curtain and the creaking of sleigh's skids wasn't heard until then, nine steaming horses glided past with their enormous burdens from backwoods to the stockpiles at coastal lands. At spring there was no trace left of the road besides bundles of straw - laid out by the roadmaster of the logging on the steepest of hills to slow down the loads - which were carried away by ospreys as softening to their nests at the highest tops of pines. Back then, forests had quieted down into unbreakable peace for half of the year; men were at the shores and the piles at roadsides with their peeling irons, upper body bare on sunny banks, even since March, and they were working at fields after the first of May.

I vividly remember the first roads for bicycles and mopeds in the state parks of Perho, Halsua and Lesti. After these arrived rugged and trampled roads, frozen at winter - which didn't last any longer than the former did. Now a network of gravel roads of hundreds of thousands of kilometres has parceled out the coat of woods into small pieces, slaughtered the Finnish forest. And as a secondary consequence it has decimated the ponds of the woodlands, brought them an exhibition of fibreglass boats, booths and junk busses: all the glistening variations of the colours of the rainbow.

It was started in the 1950s by the Korean trade cycle, the rumbling and rolling of clear cutting. I recall the first opening of a hundred hectares at the backlands of Luopioiset in forests of Yhtyneet Paperitehtaat; it laid there bare after a prescribed burning, black and vast. My traveling companion, the late Pekka Putkonen, afterwards a doctor, named it "Kullervo's Curse", and by that name it appears in my observation notes to this day. Also that opening was widened with the help of saws and two-man saws. Men and work force were available in infinite amounts, as they are still available nowadays, even to cut trees down and into pieces with a knife. But the machine was preying already and it soon struck into the hearts of the wildlands, and elsewhere too, to deprive man of everything of he is worthy; mighty labour, effort and struggle. The first chainsaw on a snowshoe journey in the backlands of Pälkäne's Ruokola signals a horrendous break in my life - and during the same year's August, the first grand logging of chainsaws in the virginal pine forest in Naarva of Ilomantsi... Then the logging site of this spring, in 1993 - well, nevermind.

But first and foremost I remember what has happened to trees. They vanished before my eyes, melted away like snow. Shield barked pine woods disappeared, dense and shadowy eternal spruce forests dispersed, and they were replaced by bushes of nurseries, if they were replaced with anything at all. Every birch thicker than a leg disappeared. Aspen groves were wiped into extinction most precisely, the old holey aspens, as by wriggling on them I could ring almost three hundred jackdaw fledglings and owls and stock doves in addition to them, still during the most diligent summers of the 50s. Clear felling started from backlands and not until the 80s did they

reach the woods beside yards and coastal copses. All told, the quantity of trees decreased at an inconceivable rate. I estimated in Tavastian villages that at the beginning of the 1980s there might have been one third left from the number of trees at the end of 1940s when measuring in cubic metres - a loss of about two thirds in thirty years. The dearth was even more severe elsewhere in the land, all the more profound in the north. Already at the end of the Fifties an old master from Pudasjärvi was angry because he couldn't find even a child's whip from the whole village.

Against reality, the efficiency of the propaganda by the forest industry is amazing. What I've said above was witnessed by eye and satellite photos all over the country. The testimony by the forest industry about savings in logging and growth of the state's timber reserves was after all swallowed by the majority - the one that does not wander woods or watch them even from their cars, the one that considers all green that is not field to be forest. That lie has been swallowed by the public word, throughout every paper. Recently to my bewilderment, I found the same statistics about the growth of trees' quantity even from a book made with care and acute in many senses, "The state of the environment in Finland." It's like Goebbels used to say: every claim is true when it's repeated often enough.

What is behind all these forestry statistics? How have they been collected? It just befell to me as I feared at the start - I lapsed into reminiscing, lost pages, and tired the reader. I'll give him a week for recuperation and hopefully re-attuning.

1993

*Translated 28.8.2005*

### *It's Dark In The Woods*

How have this land's statistics that point out the growing of timber reserves and savings by loggings been collected and obtained? They were compiled by the Department of Forest Research, which main duty is to acquire research findings for the needs of the forest industry. That firm has nothing to do with unbiased, academic science, although the big crowd - and the main editors of some newspapers - often believe so. The department's name, having a scientific ring to it - and the nomination of the departments officials to professors - is as brilliant a bluff as the official title of the forest feller: "forester".

The Department of Forest Research is a tool for the forest industry - a branch which it is at one with. And the industry, and major corporation, this Kymmene, then Repola, then Enso and Serla, and the tradesman; it bargains, makes "Geschäft" and business, and basically it isn't interested at anything else at all. And it can't be either, especially about morality, as the bank and the market are its only gods, it will sell even its grandmother, it will enlarge its store and sell and sell as long as there's merchandise and in the end it sells out. For it does not comprehend most things in the world and future is one of them. A trader's calculations of profitability do not reach to the horizon.

To have an advantageous forest statistic made is the most profitable of businesses. It's worth investing in, budgeting great sums of money for, preparing with care and cleverly disguising. It is hard for me to believe that the forest survey groups, who to my knowledge do travel their routes marked on map, would not do honest work and leave their results misrepresented. But how many persons are before the summaries and totals? Through an intermediary, I have heard that the publisher of the satellite pictures would have sought to examine the original material of the surveys, but they weren't public files - the archives of Metla (abbrev. of "the Department of Forest Research") did not open. I do not know if this is true; however, things like this usually are.

Can anyone imagine that the forest industry could publish a statistic which indicated decreasing of timber reserves, not to mention revealing that the decline has been catastrophic. Besides selling forestry products it also buys raw wood. What position would it then hold in a price negotiation with a forest owner? It knows how to trade, and the decisive matter in question is to have the buyer believe that there's a surplus of the product so that the buyer's market prevails. Furthermore, one must attempt to convince that the surplus is still increasing; that the amount of timber is great and growing as well, because then the forest owner will not only sell cheaply but he will also sell more of his trees, as opposed to withholding them in hopes of a better offer. My own guess is that according to the Department of Forest Research, timber reserves will be increasing even when the last currant bushes are being torn from peoples' yards for the pulp mills.

Another fly can be hit with the same slap, much less significant, much smaller but nevertheless bothersome and useless. When the people are assured that timber reserves are increasing, the sharpest edge is dulled from the nature conservation's criticism. When the forest industry churns out slogans verging on insanity just to be sure, such as: "The forests are just rotting there", "change into impassable thickets", "axe is the best remedy for forest"; when it speaks of "sparse usage", of "dilapidation" and "bogging down" or "suicidal spruce forests", it treads the dangerous grounds of reckless management. Nevertheless, it is "taking safe chances" as all their claims are true, provided they are repeated often enough. It knows too that it can repeat statements and slogans frequently enough, as it has much money, and, likewise to their colleagues in Naples and Sicily, a great army; the trade of forestry which does what is told from above.

Of course biologists have the endurance to straighten these absurdities a few times. They remind that Finland's forests have been growing since the last Ice Age without the help of the man and that the trees of old forests naturally renew like all vegetation does as the old age class dies off. The Man is instead always in the forest like an elephant in a porcelain store. But researchers and friends of nature grow weary; they don't have the resources for a constant battle of information. They are the most small-numbered minorities in this country and their cheeping is easy to quell. This writing too drowns under the massive beating of drums.

Critics who have slipped into our ranks, Trojan horses, are a trickier problem for the forest industry and a fouler of their own nest such as Lähde, Vaara or Norokorpi, is then grilled with such intensity that the snarls directed at bystanding protectors of environment feel like a pat to the head in comparison. The forest opposition can't be envied!

I once asked a forestry professional how the obedient consensus of the male-dominated trade of

forestry, which only the few stubborn strugglers dare to defy, can be explained; how this mafia is really constructed. How is it that there is forest education in many institutes and a faculty of forestry sciences in most universities, and why will none of them begin to straighten out even the most awful of the twisted policies; why is almost all the criticism coming from outside the profession by the basic research by scientists and nature conservationists? Why don't we group up and start backing Lauri Vaara, for example, who doesn't question the justification for forest economy, doesn't speak with the mouth of a protector of environment, doesn't even criticize the methods of silviculture, but just points out the heavy mechanized harvest's horrendous unprofitability to forests, national economy and countryside's commercial structure and employment alike in a mathematically unshakeable way, compiling evidence point after point?

The forestry professional's answer was thorough: All posts in the trade are either directly in forest companies or connected to them. If some educational institute of the forestry profession began to teach in a way which diverged from the one marked out by the forest industry, the first graduating class would be left unemployed. Furthermore, the grapevine reaches everyone in a small country: the next autumn the institute or the faculty is left without students. It's that simple.

For decades I have on occasion observed the struggle of the prey in the spiderweb spun by forestry officials and companies. He who journeys much also sees much, and he who sits at many tables hears a lot. How many stories have I heard about the unscrupulous businesses of forestry professionals. The silvicultural association, which has the position and rights of an authority, prohibits further loggings from a small-holding's forest after a few thinnings. After a while a forest ranger arrives to the house and he is concerned, as is the master, or his widow: earnings are finished and the area tax keeps on counting. They ponder and ponder. Perhaps the ranger could redeem the forest by renovating it so that it would produce timber again after twenty years, barely coping with the area tax through his salary until then. Some kinsman may warn the cottage folk but what use is it, money is a must. The transaction is made, the ban on the loggings ceases immediately and the forest ranger sells timber at the first winter for two or three times the purchase price.

Larger transactions are arranged with the forest authority and company. I closely followed one episode throughout the seventies. A young master inherited two hundred hectares of sturdy pine forest from his cheapskate of a father. Marked trees began to form and the master consecutively bought six Mercedes Benzes - which had to be white, as well - and then rolled and crashed them one at a time. He was fortunate too, as only the sixth one took away his licence. Anyway, a seventh one was ordered and I recall there was a long wait because the import dealer didn't have any white models that time. It was five hundred meters from the house to the local bar, and now the licenceless master drove five hundred meters to the opposite direction by a road of his own to the beach, from where he drove seven hundred meters with his motorboat to out-of-the-way corner of a bay and thus was spared from a three hundred meter walk to the bar.

But another story ran on beside that one. His pine forests were in two sections: one on the mainland, the other on the island. The forest on the mainland was worse off and quite used up, while the island was left with quite a lot of trees, but the silvicultural association locked it up. He began to lose his money now and eventually ran out. Of course, he panicked by selling the woods along with its floor on the island. The big farmers of the village coveted the section - even

greatly - but in the end, who would engage in such a risky bargain: a logging ban in effect till the unknown future, the capital at a standstill and the area tax is always running. The Kymi corporation, it wasn't yet Kymmene at the time, swindled and swindled for three years, and after that, the purchase price wasn't anything notable. As usual, the logging ban came to an end at the moment of the transaction. Kymi's own men told me the exact numbers. On that occasion the price of the sale of standing timber which was taken from there in the first year was precisely five times the purchase price of the forest. And that wasn't even an emptying felling.

But let's return to the balance of forests of the country. I was in the heart of Savo this spring on a business trip - me too for once - buying a patch of forest for the upcoming nature preservation trust. I familiarized myself with the plan of forest economy in advance. During the last few years an enormous undertaking was accomplished in Finland which was quite unique: all privately owned forests were examined and logging plan created for every hectare. The patch in question was divided into patterns of one or two hectares with detailed information provided from each: the main type of tree, average age, and cubic volume. Judging by the information the forest appeared rather interesting.

We explored the forest thoroughly and were more and more disappointed after every meter. Not a single tree was felled after writing up the plan, but the information wasn't accurate at all: not about the composition of trees' ages and certainly not about the cubic volume, as one third of that was clearly open air. I can, with sureness, estimate the amount of forest in cubes, and this time I even was accompanied by a ranger - an acquaintance who actually was the forest purchaser for the company - and he shook his head at the same pace as I did. Faintly, we headed back; it wasn't very uplifting that even this humble forest was surrounded by hundreds of hectares of clearly logged area.

The experience is so recent that I've only gotten to tell it to one of my neighbours. He instantly had a similar experience to share: he had felled one of his spruce patches according to his forest economy lay-out, and he received two thirds of the amount of timber the plan had promised. I then called the province's environmental offices representative of purchases and was told that they were accustomed to deducting ten to twenty per cent from the tree estimates of the forest economy plans. On the grounds of the said experiences from the "private sector" those percents are likely underestimations as top prices are striven to be paid in the governmental purchases of nature conservation areas for the sake of image.

What can we deduce from this? Gullibility is seated in humans like a louse in tar. Even after everything I had witnessed before now I had maintained an impression that the tentacles of the forestry mob do not reach into every curve and into little units. Above I have already surmised that the terrain labour of making inventory about the country's forests would be done honestly and that the material wouldn't twist until it reached the offices of the department. But now the old fox receives a surprise after all. What kind of instructions have the writers of these plans of forest economy been given? Has the national forest balance been thoroughly manipulated, area after area?

1993



## *Finland Equals Forest*

I was brought up well. Even as a child I knew that even a wrongdoer shouldn't be treated poorly. I have also striven to adhere to common sense: inspection first, judgement second. Because of that, let's go through the statistics of the Department of Forest Research. Previous surveys missed the claim about the acceleration of the growth rate of trees - which stated that trees growing at the same rate increase in thickness more quickly than before.

It is naturally clear that the outrageous assertion about the growth of the country's timber reserves has to be explained in some way other than as a heavenly miracle, regardless of the fact that the amounts of timber exported from Finland keep reaching all-time records annually. These statistics are trumpeted by the forest industry triumphantly. It uses them to prove what a benefactor it is to the society, the true supporter of the folk, victorious even over the depression. And those statistics are presumably correct as they aren't just the forest industry's, but also the statistics of the administrations of customs and port. Additionally the fact that they are accurate is indeed visible in the landscape of Finland.

But will wonders never cease! The statement about the acceleration of the growth in thickness of the trees is also sound in healthy forests - thanks to the increasing of carbon dioxide and nitrogen in our atmosphere.

However, how large an impact the growth rate has had on present-day timber reserves in this country is an entirely different matter. In fact, it is just about the growth of the so-called expectancy value of forests, and the future of the nurseries. There are tragically few grown forests and they are excessively sparse; quickened growth won't yield many extra cubes from them. And expectations are severely over-optimistic with nurseries. First of all, the acceleration of the trees' growth isn't very many percents; the trees still are and will always be a hopelessly slowly growing plant in Finland. The whole area of nurseries is no doubt large, but the failures, for whatever reason, have to be deducted from the calculations. I have seen too many of even those oldest of pine nurseries of "the time of Korea", those appalling monocultures, which have browned to their tops in the grasp of sprout cancer: these were only 30 to 40 year old young woods.

At the moment, nurseries are desperately young on average. In addition to the completely failed ones, there are delayed nurseries which have been created only after the second or third try or through mending plantings. Even the successful swampland nurseries are very young, just small twigs, as the emphasis on ditching the marshes wasn't until the 70's.

The oldest noteworthy age classes of seedlings are now 40 years old. A layman can believe anything said about their volume, whereas I must again be the gloomy expert. I have felled, lopped, cut, carried, piled and hauled with my horse a few hundred solid cubes of pine and spruce pulpwood from these very sites of first cuttings. And I know all too well how unbelievably many two or three meter long trunks one solid cube can hold in itself, and how awfully little timber there is in the nurseries until they really begin to grow in their fifties.

When the last genuine body of wildlands in Finland beyond the lake Inari was destroyed, I became to know the Northern Lapland's regional ranger, Veijola, as a competent opponent who left a pleasant memory as a person. Matters were actually discussed both in an office in Ivalo and on a pile of logs in the backwoods of Kessi - until the conversation was left for Inari's police, central criminal police of Finland, highway patrol and the frontier guard to deal with. Before that Veijola truthfully explained the forest balance of the area at his responsibility. On one hand he had primeval forests untouched by ax, and on the other, logged sites - primarily clear felled areas in which nurseries can't yield any timber for a long time. They don't offer significant work with the nurseries either - which can't be afforded unless the area starts producing selling profit. If all the old forests were left unscathed, a gap decades wide would form in the felling business, and there would be unemployment for several decades in the forestry profession in Inari. Employment is the number one priority for Veijola, and his position is consequential. It is an other matter that according to friends of nature and forest biologists, efficient forest economics should never have been commenced at these latitudes, let alone continued.

Variables altered appropriately, the situation Veijola describes can be generalized over the whole country. Timber reserves of the day are in horrible dearth and the production from plentiful nurseries moves far over the next millennium - presupposing that forest damages will not grow significantly from their present levels. But they likely will...

As the most outrageous of swindles exaggerating the growth rate of forests I recall a two-page coloured advertisement by the Central Association of Forest Industry in the newspaper Helsingin Sanomat a few years back. A famous man named Esko Ollila, a kind of guest star in banks and administrative boards, perhaps a minister at some point - you know the type of man - was shown on a meadow in front of faraway hills covered with blue forests to express some immortal words somewhere in Pelkosenniemi or Savukoski. The forests of those hills had helped Finland to get on its feet after the war, the lumber serving as reparations, and they stood there once again, strengthening the realm's well-being as vigorous raw material for the forest industry. As a funny coincidence - although it probably wasn't noted by very many - an old forest technician from the same latitudes, Kittilä and Muonio, was interviewed on the radio during the same day. He mentioned that he had visited his first logging site from the year 1934, and he told the interview that those pines had grown to the thickness of fence poles.

I reckon I have spoken enough about these, should I say, "surface level" crimes of the Finnish forest economy. May it be a woeful example of its power in this country. A friend of nature and forests has to wriggle all his life in the economy amidst its valueless and raw undertakings, and has to debate with its own arguments. And still, the actual condition of his forest is lightyears away from solid cubes, pulp, ditchings, plowings and plantings. As a landscape and biocenose an economical forest is much further from an actual forest than a wheat field.

In a genuine Finnish forest there are a dozen varieties of trees and all the age classes from tiny seedlings to 400 year old pines. One fourth of them are alive, another snags, third cracked stubs and the remaining trees are lying on the ground. It is an immeasurably rich biocenose of thousands of species of plants, mushrooms and animals. Most importantly, the forest is a sanctuary where man won't rage and ravage. According to the grand writer of nature ,Allan

Paulin, the forest is a place to sit in complete silence, until the rustling of small feet is heard.

For a lover of nature the fate of the forest is a matter of life and death. Finland equals forest and it has the appearance of its coat of woods. Sure, Finland is also the land of lakes, sea, swamps and fells, but it is predominantly the realm of woodlands. It is a landscape populated only slightly by cities and villages. Architects and constructors play meager supporting parts, as Finland is created by forest owners and rangers, and therein lies their staggering key role - and the shattering burden of sin for skinning this country.

In the natural economy of the world, whose significance has risen as a question of its threshold for humans as well, the importance of forests is essential. Besides producing oxygen, it has a crucial role in adjusting climate: windiness, rain levels and temperatures alike - and almost always so that the forest maintains conditions more beneficial for the diversity of life, and for humans too, than a bare area does. But in the situation of the modern world the most essential matter is that of binding of carbon in atmosphere to the vegetation and primarily, trees. Finland logged bare and open is shameful in this connection, among others - and vice versa, the re-forestation of Finland's great acreage would be an invaluable favour to life on this planet.

According to a national statistic - again from rhetoric to statistics - there are 94 m<sup>3</sup> of tree in one hectare on average, and when we have to, judging from past experience, subtract almost a third from this count, it probably is 60-70 m<sup>3</sup>/ha in reality. As a matter of fact, it is unimportant which figure is the correct one as both of them are catastrophically puny. A full-grown and dense forest on a fresh moor in Southern Finland has at least 800 m<sup>3</sup>/ha of tree. I've heard from a layman source, which I haven't got to verify, that there is a model forest of the Honkola manor in Urjala which would have 1200 m<sup>3</sup>/ha. A great portion of our woodlands are barren moors of heather and lichen; there are stunted woods at crags and so on but most importantly, their yields degrade the further north they are. We can nevertheless estimate that our forests should have 300-400 m<sup>3</sup>/ha of tree on average - five times the present quantity. This would require almost the present effectiveness in preventing forest fires, and efficiency is well needed on that area.

Instead of our forests binding carbon as much as possible to reconcile the sins of the industrialised world, Finland's forest economy rushes headlong and in the frontline of rolling out ecological disasters. In no other nation is the main industry practised on a full scale on eighty percent of its land. No other branch of industry produces or transports such enormous volumes of material on land and sea, or covers up as much green productive soil (and thus deprives itself from own source of raw material) with their own roads, depots, factory grounds, warehouses, terminals, etc. The figures of the energy consumption by the forest industry are astronomical. When we begin from the building and usage requirements of its equipment, powerplants, oil drills and mines, and stop at the sales and distribution of its products to homes all over the world, considering the lifespan of all the machinery and products, we understand why the globe is asphalted, erodes and desertifies, and drowns in pollution and its own oceans as the climate warms up. In the light of all this, participating in the business of the forest economy is working as a genuine crook.

Let's look a bit deeper. There are also people who admit the massive damage and ruin of the environment by the forest industry with a sore conscience, but they see them as inevitable -

destined to happen. "Finland lives on the forests" is a belief held by the persevering majority. In reality, the slogan is nothing but an absurdity. In Finland, likewise to every other country, people live on cultivation, cattle-farming, gathering, fishing and hunting. The forest economy produces, in addition to the little firewood and construction lumber that's necessary, only luxury, of which 90 per cent is harmful to man in every aspect.

By decimating its woodlands, Finland has created the grounds for the prosperity, which we can thank for giving us - among other things - two million cars, millions of gleaming, grey-black boxes of electric entertainment, their thousands of variations, and unnecessary buildings covering green earth. Wealth and surplus money have enabled the nearly incomprehensible plotting of casino economics and mindboggling social injustice, in which the roulette of golf-courses, top hotels, holiday palaces, cornering and Swiss bank accounts has ended up financed by "the ordinary people". But foremost, because of this wealth people are more frustrated, unemployed, unhappier, more suicidal, immobile, worthless and without purpose than ever before in history. A downright miserable exchange.

1993

*Translated 2.10.2005*

### *A Letter To Hannu Hautala*

I have got to read your and five of your companions' writing about "Forest War" in Koillis-Sanomat 22.11.1994.

I have witnessed a lot of gloom in my life but not a single as deceitful and foul attack against protection of life. With it, you stab a knife in the backs of the only people, forest activists, who actually do something for nature in this country. I wish those lines of yours would have at least been an answer to the interview in the paper, but instead you have spontaneously sent your filthy writing!

I sat a long time with you in the snowfalls of the last spring. You are undeniably quite sociable. The visit left a positive memory, although conversations were primarily about the huge royalties from your books and your lifestyle of a renaissance lord; not a word about environmental conservation. As I left I thought wistfully that perhaps the world can bear one extraordinary, immensely rich personality, even though he is also great as a burden on the environment with his ateliers, studios, snowmobiles and million dollar gear. I took consolation in that your books and paintings have indirectly raised favourable feelings towards nature - at least in times, when such basic shaping of the crowd was needed.

Your stance in Koillis-Sanomat, which you wrote as "you were worried about the potential misunderstandings which had occurred in the 'forest war'" collapsed everything: you are an atrocious, cynical cashier of nature. I am ashamed to have your books in my library.

You think that "it's perfectly clear that conservation of areas at the proposed scale (23500 ha)

isn't realistic". So your gang has the nerve to state that the tiny fragment of woodland preserved in the south-east corner of raped Kuusamo is too large to be a conservation area? You must be aware of what all researchers in this country know: that amazingly, scandalously little of forest, timber, trees counted in cubes have been protected in Finland; a miniscule fraction even from the most cautious of international standards. We do have preserved mountain fell birch woods and tundra, plus somewhat of bare marshlands...

Has all the knowledge about conservation areas escaped your wits - even the fact repeated over and over again, that protection of species and fostering of the biodiversity specifically requires large consistent acreages, and that the saved chips of some few thousand hectares are just tiny islands where many species cannot survive. The 23500 ha of south-eastern Kuusamo would be, if not a hectare was lost from it, a preservation area of a helpful size and especially if larger areas could be connected to it from behind the border. Like the honoured researcher of primeval forests, Yrjö Haila, wrote in Helsingin Sanomat: "It seems that the most valuable of wild woodlands have been discovered from Koillismaa, near the eastern border and in lands of the shared forest of Kuusamo."

"The thought about the conservation of the old parts of Kuusamo's shared forest doesn't originate from the nature club. Also, we the members of Kuusamo's environment club do not approve at any rate the illegalities that have occurred on behalf of protection." The hypocrisy about "illegalities" is your writing's madnesses. I have been among friends and students of nature for years, and you have to know what everyone else knows: that Finnish law is exactly what environmental conservationists are fighting against, their arch enemy. You know, if you want to, that the Finnish legislation, the law book, is the instrument of economical growth and raping of nature and even ruining of the coming human generations, and it must be re-written in order to survive. You speak like the most dreadful of MTKK's (The Department of Forest Research) gangsters that areas under environmental conservation (those, in which rape is abstained from) should be recompensed fully for the forest owner. In other words, the owner doesn't have even the slightest responsibility of preserving the fatherland. And you know perfectly well that this very principle of full repayment prevents the realizing of preservation programs. I don't expect even a single sane thought from you like the one of forming of conservation areas, but must you too attack protectors of life, who defend nature with personal sacrifices and in hostile environment? I wholeheartedly agree with Yrjö Halla: "The protection of Finland's woodlands would be in a lot worse shape if not for the contributions of nature preservationists... Forest activists should be given an honourable mention on the next independence day..."

Since a small boy I have observed the condition of Kuusamo through my uncle who lives there and travelled criss-cross the county at summers and winters in the 1950's, infinitely more comprehensively than you ever have had by driving to a few hidden tent sites of yours. I know - at the accuracy of a single patch of grass - both Kitkas, Kuusamojärvi, Muojärvi, Joukamo, Kirpistö, Kiitämö and Suininki from countless of rowing trips, including innumerable little lakes and ponds. I journeyed at the peregrine nests of Kouvervaara when you were sucking your mother's tit, and Julma Ölkky and Somerjärvi at a time when those places saw a dozen hikers per year. I suppose I was the first naturalist to hike to Näränkäväära, invited by the head of the house at the time, Reino Mäntysola. Even the most insane of rangers' deliriums of future weren't haunted by forest roads at that time, and one could get across the lakes that cut the path by being

rowed by little flaxen-haired girls and boys. I explored the hawk nests at the rocks of far hillsides with Mäntysola, and we rested on a field at a yard atop a hill and to the west, we had a breathtaking landscape before us - divine, pure, without the cutting wounds from clear fellings. Two-barred crossbills chattered in spruce woods.

The last long and extensive trips to Kuusamo took place on this decade. I know the every little corner of this land like the back of my hand, and I have followed Kuusamo's alteration especially sharply. It does hurt. Barren opening next to another - and Kuusamo's people have such a material standard of living that it shocks the people living in the modest conditions of southern Finland's rural areas. The average number of cars per household is from three to four plus snowmobiles - at every cottage, far away from fishing grounds, just pure luxury. During summer at the yard or rusting behind a shed, as disposable commodity. And booze flows. This is the bullying you are defending.

Shared forest is in itself the most crass and worst form of forest owning. No personal ties to the forest as the only connection is the dividend coming to bank. That doesn't differ in any way from other stock economists and jobbers. You are defending these coupon cutters. Even though the collective forest was forcibly claimed by the state as a nature reserve, wrong would undoubtedly be committed according to the ideals of capitalism, but not greater an iniquity than what has befallen those tens of thousands of Finns who have lost all their savings and reserves for old age in the last few years' staggering of the Homo Sapiens. There would be plenty of room for that injustice in the exuberance of Kuusamo's people.

I'm the most horrified when your gang announces to school the young nature enthusiasts of Kuusamo. I wish that some providence would discontinue that undermining of yours. You are cowards, wretches and rats. I hope that through you, greetings will be delivered to your five other rat friends - Paavo Hamunen, Olli Heikkilä, Jyrki Mäkelä, Seppo Määttä and especially Heikki Seppänen. I have heard that he was the main bully also behind that car race of ornitologists that fills the last corners of your utopia with exhaust gases.

1995

*Translated 9.10.2005*

## ***The Forest Covering Must Be Restored In Finland***

Many speeches have been heard about forests this year. The subject should be topmost, always and not just in waves because Finland equals forest.

But when many are confused after what they've read and are demanding the ultimate truth about the condition and utilization of Finnish forests, they are on wrong tracks. People are very similar with each in physical attributes and emotional life, but light years apart in opinions. Regarding woodlands, some hold Finland's economical growth as the highest value, others the preservation of life on earth. No discussion can arise between these two stances, we have to settle with separate speeches. Part of them may still be valuable.

The outlook on forests is thus linked with the most basic of questions and values, conception of life, human and its place in biocenosis (biosphere). For a protector of life, tender of life's diversity (biodiversity), it is an intangible thought that all the area on earth would belong only to one animal species, human. Behold man, he says. Behold him in Bosnia, Palestine, Rwanda, Kurdistan - or behold it at a Finnish division of inheritance, sex phone, trade union movement. Is it above all other forms of life, does it have the right to command over the fates of all the millions of basically similar species, is it the image of God?

For a preserver of life, forest is the last piece of land that is left for nature. He may accept construction lumber for modest buildings and sparing use of firewood and a part of the returns from mushrooms' and berries' harvest. Forest industry on the other hand, does not have anything to do with the livelihood of man. Living is acquired from agriculture, fishing and gathering throughout the land. Forest industry is only used to achieve luxury, "economic growth".

The protector of life leans on rockhard reasoning. The science of the world is unanimous in it's judgement: if economic growth is continued, the human culture will collapse in a few decades. Those who think in longer terms see human extinction after the ecological catastrophes. The avalanche of other species' extinctions is already humongous, half a million animal-, plant- and fungal species in a year according to the statistics compiled by the Finnish science centrum Heureka.

The report by the UN-constituted Brundtland committee was the result of many compromises and dilutions. Nevertheless, it concluded at halving of energy consumption of industrial countries as a minimum requirement. This means that in Finland, in addition to energy consumption of households, traffic, construction etc. also forest industry has to be cut down to half. In the light of this, increasing forest industry's capacity even more by founding Rauma's pulp factory, is an enormous environmental crime and primarily classified as insane.

The same applies for all the first aid issued by the land's decision-makers, striving back to economic growth after the recession, onto the path of destruction. Nothing have they learned, nothing will they understand. Unbelievable speeches related with this occur in the public. Mining counsellor Casimir Ehrnrooth inquires that how the society can tolerate such a delayer of timber trade like the Department of Forest Research. The real question is: how the society can live with such a whip for the economic growth, arch-enemy of the biocenosis and mankind.

If we have a look at a less significant, distinct problem, the quality of man's life, the burden of sin is blood-red upon the shoulders of the forest industry. Precisely it has acquired the supplementary luxury for Finland, which's misfortune is culminated in horrible casino economy. The timber torn from woodlands is accountable for high technology, automation, high level of education - and the huge decline of our standard of living: massive unemployment (including the meaningless shelter jobs and aimless studying), frustration, emptiness, gap between generations and genders, and physical deficiency resulting from abandoning physical work.

The wintry writings of German newspapers about the devastation of Finnish forests received much more attention than similar indigenous calls for help over the course of years. This time the

dog which was hit by the stick, also whined very noisily. Forest industry's campaign of lies has been remarkably vigorous. To someone who has like me journeyed through the forests of over 250 Finnish counties, the writings and photos of German papers seem to point at the right direction, but are still very tame when compared to the nightmarish reality.

Virtually, Finnish woods are stripped so bare, so sold out and first and foremost, so long way off from genuine diverse natural forest, that the resources of language will not permit excessive words. Finnish forest economy has been compared to the ravaging of rain forests. Nevertheless, the noteworthy difference is that there is a half or two thirds left from rain forests, but from Finnish forests there is left - excluding arctic Lapland - 0,6 per cent.

If we think about timber reserves instead of forests, we know forest industry's own statistical number which states that there are 94 solid cubic metres of timber per hectare in Finnish "forests". Many a factor speaks for the fact that the number has been forged as too large. But it would be horrendous even if it was true: full forest covering would be at least 300-400 cubes per hectare on average. Merely the rectifying of global carbon balance, the most grave of grand problems, would require that forest industry was shut down for decades.

Over half a century I have seen dozens of forest preservation programs and newsletters. All of them have been practically destined to end up to trashbin. The guidelines of "softer silviculture" of this spring may point to a more serious purpose. Environmentalists, those easily swindled ones, have received them with cautious favorableness: as long as it is seen in the reality of logging sites... In fact, it seems that the factory in Rauma would waste everything, according to calculations.

My 1450 km long trip through the woodlands of Eastern Häme and Savo only strengthened the despair. Fellings were more ferocious than ever if possible, the total length of wood piles very many kilometres, and they had logs younger than ever before in them, 20 to 30 year old wretched little ones, clear cuttings and plowings remained unchanged. A strong impression is left: that soft programs are a hoax after all, designed to trick European paper buyers.

In the "Suomen Luonto"-magazine forest doctor Risto Seppälä demands that "environmentalists" resign from additional aims "in the name of honesty", pleading the new forest platform. From what has been said above, even Seppälä will probably realize the insanity of the claim. A meagre compromise of a kind would be that half of the woodlands were fully protected. That would simultaneously be the recommendation of the Brundtland committee. But it is absurd to think of a compromise with the defiants of economical growth, whose all arguments are those of ruin and doom.

1995

*Translated 20.10.2005*

## *Story About A Logging*



Last winter the last forest, an old fir forest loosely spotted by large birches, by the side of home village's road was felled. Simultaneously tall seed pines were taken from a widespread opening at the opposite end of the road; an opening made fifteen years ago, on which thumb-thick seedlings grow now. I currently live on a hectare of plot almost in an island, surrounded by logging sites. It is spacious and roomy.

This opening was indeed made at winter, not at the beginning of summer when animals breed and flowers bloom, like half of clear cuttings of the area. I have noticed this good aspect, which must always be discovered from matters. A creek flows through the opening and a sparse row of single trees was left on its edge, to "protect the key biotope", I assume. They don't protect the microclimate of the creek nor any ferns. It would have been better for the landscape if this wretched line of trees mutilated by logs felled next to them wasn't left to haunt there. All in all, some other trees were left in the opening, each after gaps of twenty or fifty meters.

The logging itself was impressive, like they are nowadays. There is no greater lie than the one about countryside becoming desolate. Now it is truly alive; there's booming and crashing, screeching, crunching, squeaking and howling and clanking of steel scoops.

The main of the job was carried out by two multitask machines painted eco-friendly green. After opening up this gap they moved on to "the large forests" beyond the state road. The virgin woods of my youth and even middle age were all wind-blown scanty woods. Still there was enough work for the machines, further and further away every passing week: gradually crashing changed into banging, banging into distant booming in the end, until it faded inaudible as spring arrived.

Equally heavy trucks took the logs away. I do not know where they were taken this time; earlier dead trees were taken from here to Kaskinen, 300 kilometres away past many forest factories.

Then a new, gigantic red tractor came and hoarded branches and tops with its claw into great pyres beside road. This is done to ensure that there isn't even humus left on the opening. After that, it was the turn of a yellow excavator that tore ground into ditches. During the last years all logging sites here have been ploughed, sometimes even two years after the felling so that green sprouting raspberry bushes have been ripped off and the scenery has been rendered once again monotonously black. This time ploughing was carried off immediately (hooray, found a second good aspect).

All these machines avoided a little patch of preserved trees (third good aspect!). Midst the mighty fir woods there was a small damp concentration of trees, in which no value trees grew. A pretty little tuft of alders was left there. At summer, a local villa inhabitant felled the alders as firewood by the request of the owner of either the forest or opening (the third good aspect is cancelled).

In March I was journeying to a village with a horse and I happened to be in a hurry as well. The road was blocked by two trucks, one carrying a wood chipping machine, other a chip container. At least they gave road for me by backing up inconveniently far off to state road and rumbled on back. I was still quite badly late. The whole enormous mass of snow from the last winter, a mattress half a meter thick, laid on the piles of wood chips. Half of the contents of the chip load

was snow that had swirled in. I concluded with my common sense that the energy released from burning the chips is used up in drying up the chips themselves. Some days later I happened to read some calculations from a newspaper, which stated that the efficiency ratio of soaked wet wood chips verges near null.

Then came spring. Giant machines had trampled the road so dense, that frost had frozen the drum shut with oozing waters at the depression. That drum had never frozen before. There was a half a meter pond for many weeks on that road. Fortunately the road was inclined so that pedestrians and people who led their bicycles could get past it along the other shoulder of the road (a new third, good aspect).

At the edge of summer Taimi-Tapio's planting group arrived and planted spruce seedlings into the opening (so small, that I have seen but two tiny green dots from the road with my bare, old eyes). Cardboard boxes weren't left scattered about the opening (fourth good aspect) but were piled up on the side of the road into three tall pyres. And there they were left, increasingly faded, cracking under sun and in rain. Luckily, rains were really uncommon last summer (fifth...). Regardless of that, it looked like three truckloads of household waste had been dumped by the road.

It was discussed with the president of the road government that whose responsibility it is to remove the piles, owner of the opening or the planting company. The latter assumption proved to be correct. The president then caught up with the forester in question. Nothing happened. After all, we are talking about forestry professionals (not a single good aspect). In August as I had been dazzled by the junkyard scenery on some twenty village visits, I complained to Valkeakoski's inspector of environmental preservation, who called forwards to Taimi-Tapio. The piles stayed.

In September I visited Valkeakoski to negotiate with the inspector. I appealed to the fact that the road is formally city's street, with street signs and all (although there are 7 kilometres to a shop or bus stop) and that twenty households live by it, including summer cottages. Couldn't the construction- or park department of the town clear up the waste with their equipment and bill the party in question afterwards? The inspector thought with the heavy burden of experience on his shoulders, that it would lead to a complaintment circle of years and that the town probably wouldn't risk to get its fingers burnt. Nevertheless, we devised a plan that based on the well-known meager mental capabilities of foresters. Presumably, they wouldn't be able to imagine the whole process to its end when confronted, all the way to the triumphant complaints. A mere stern threat would not have the town into a difficult intermediary, on the other hand it might work. During half-way of September the piles disappeared, after a three and a half month long season of decoration.

I have gone ahead of me. At the start of June, during a weekend, the first storm arrived and felled many lone trees from the opening (and the spared row from beside the creek). One of them dropped a telephone wire. It was exactly because the storm that I had to discontinue my three month long row after aquatic birds and visit home. I needed phone by then, but I managed with a two kilometer hike to a neighbouring village, because the line was cut for three days as electricians came on Monday.

But the storm of midsummer was harsh and spanned over the province. It fell more trees from the opening (only a few were left). The telephone wire came down again by many pole intervals. A world without phone would undoubtedly be a much better place to live in. But then the life of humans would be arranged in another manner. Now that we have assumed attitude that phone exists, its absence causes great difficulties. I had to call about the endoscopic surgery to hospital, my 92-year-old mother, fellow hikers, and taxi to transport me back to my boat in the far away villages. I visited home for two additional times, many days between them, and still the village was without phone. I cycled in turns to acquaintances in nearby villages whose phones worked.

After many tries the failure had been managed to be reported. On the second week I called a couple of times from those acquaintances to the fault center to find out about maintenance schedules. The phone had been cut before too, and then it was called from the village to Valkeakoski or Toijala and electricians came the same day. Only the national fault center works now. Welcome to Sonera's free service. We are reserved at the moment. You are in the line... Then five minutes of music. Welcome to Sonera's free... Five minutes of music. Welcome to Sonera's... The same indescribably sweet voice which aroused a lust to kill.

Connection was never established, but precisely after ten days electricians arrived. Sonera had fired half of their electricians and the situation was uncontrollable after the stronger storm. A close neighbour of mine is involved with the story: a 85 year old woman living by herself, whose daughter calls her daily from Tampere to make sure she is fine. It was of almost inconceivable luck that her grandchild had a short vacation at that beach cottage just when the lines were cut, and he could take care of his grandmother and simultaneously maintain connection to Tampere with the threefold rate of mobile phone.

Piles of waste are gone and the phone (and the old lady) is working. But the covering and merciful snow is delaying. Now that forest economy doesn't have restraints anymore nor restrictions on the brutality of its methods (I don't mean the paper paragraphs of the forest law or swindles like certificates, but reality), and that ploughed openings of former woodlands connect with each other and fields in deserts kilometres wide, the nightmare is absolute. Yet fifteen years ago all houses of nearby villages had cattle and half of the field was green grass. Now there isn't a single calf or green patch of grass. A great share of the village area is plowed, fields and forests torn into black soil.

This is my Fatherland. Fatherland must be loved. So I love this. I love, love, love, I assure myself. What else would I love if not this? It must be loved, an intangibly bitter must.

1999

*Translated 27.10.2005*

## *Is WWF Favoring Crime?*

At the beginning of February media shocked the Finnish friend of nature in an exceptional manner. The strike came from an unexpected direction and thus was especially unsettling. International WWF, the World Wildlife Fund, had given an announcement which stated that Finland was - after Switzerland - the second best of EU-countries in forestry. Estonia and Latvia came off as the worst.

We know that the forest economy of Finland is the greatest environmental catastrophe of the new Europe - result of the massive clearing for fields centuries ago. Our 200 000 km<sup>2</sup> of woodlands have been utterly razed after the wars, our timber reserves are now 50-70 solid m<sup>3</sup>/ha: in other words, just a little over 10 per cent of the full, natural amount (400-500 m<sup>3</sup>/ha).

The bulk of the Finnish so-called forest is either new, bare opening which can't be discerned from a field at winter like now, or nursery thick as wrist at most. Tree-filled patches are stand out from landscape as tiny islands and tufts. They too disappear at an incomprehensible rate, harvesters open hundreds of new sites every day.

Nothing like the devastation of this kind happens in any other European country (praises to all gods for that). In 1986-98, I have myself made forest inventories of thousands of kilometres in the most of European countries, so the situation there is more than familiar to me. (In the homeland I have made inventories of tens of thousands of kilometres of woodlands in nearly 250 counties during the years 1948-99.) In most European countries - Germany especially - forest covering is almost untouched, although originating partly from ancient plantings and manipulated for some time. Estonia, Latvia (and Lithuania) have the most overwhelmingly inviolated, fabulous virgin forests.

I have discussed about this public statement, which's information regarding Finnish silviculture is from Finland, with Timo Tanninen, the head secretary of WWF's Finnish fund, without receiving a clear explanation. To clarify matters he has sent 135 pages of English text - straight to the trash bin (how can it occur to someone that a friend of nature and protector of forests from Häme would know even a word of English?) - and a page-long Finnish leaflet which has no sense whatsoever. In it it's spoken incoherently about excellent forestry and at the same time, the small area of conserved forests.

WWF and its Finnish fund must be aware that "forestry" is a precisely opposed human action against protection. Regardless of euphemistic terminology, it means cutting down the forest, logging, and thus is clearly an (arch) enemy of nature preservation. Giving a statement about differing methods of loggings, that is, ravaging forest, is none of WWF's business.

WWF can't be uninformed of that the forest industry utilizes its statement in its raging information war, by which they are trying to conceal the utter devastation of Finnish forests from European purchasers of wood products. Or has WWF changed into a branching department of the forest industry, a criminal organization, in the thoroughly corrupted Finland and Europe?

There has been no canceling to be heard of that gross statement. The situation is bitter for such a companion of nature who has, like me, supported WWF's Finnish fund to get up on its own feet with many arduous campaigns when it was being founded, and who has been part of its

administrative board for a long time and till these days, given a large share of one's income in its fund-raising campaigns.

2000

*Translated 14.11.2005*

## ***Finland Equals Forest***

There is much to comment on in WWF's chief secretary's report (Helsingin Sanomat (8/03). Even the main question remained shrouded in mystery: why WWF even bothers to present estimations about forestry in different countries, when the state of forests is the only interest of nature conservation (Estonia and Latvia topping, Finland as the very last).

Tanninen's outline "WWF acknowledges that forests are also taken economic advantage of", is wretched. "WWF admits it as reality that forests are being taken economic advantage of": that sentence would make sense. It is a logical impossibility for an environmentalist to accept forest industry. WWF shouldn't worry even in the least about forest economy or business in general, as they have enough people looking after their interests. WWF should care only about nature. An unambiguous definition of preservation: it is defending the rights and living space of animals, plants and fungi and likewise restricting the rights, living space and economic life of humans.

Fortunately the activity of WWF - unlike the statements - is nature conservation exactly like that. It collects funds from people, both from donations by friends of nature and companies and royalties, and transfers them into campaigns for nature. The consumption capacity of environmentalists declines and businesses' possibilities of operation and investing weaken by the amount of these coins. Of course WWF must have good relations with enterprises although the ecological balance of their products or services often isn't very praiseworthy or - to use the newest term - their "ecological backpack" is light. But there must be a limit. Wood industry is the only one whose whole business idea is hundred percent direct and immediate destruction of nature. If WWF speaks with its mouth, there's something inherently rotten in it.

Forest economy is certainly my negotiation partner, but not on its own conditions. The bare minimum, uncompromising demand by nature conservation is at least that clear cuttings and summer loggings are completely banned. Finland's Winter War is a valid comparison example. At that time it was first persistently negotiated but when the conditions of the larger one were unconscionable, fire was fought with fire. And lo, the little one succeeded incomparably better than what the odds proclaimed.

It is unforgivable that Tanninen uses statistics by the Department of Forest Research. Nature scientists and woodsmen haven't believed in them for decades. The wintry satellite photos of the 70s, where grown forest appeared as black and nurseries and clearings as white, are remembered. Even back then the borders of Finland stood out like they would have been drawn on a map: white Finland between black Karelia and Sweden. The Department Of Forest Research coughed on for some time until it decided that those pictures were fake...

The Department of Forest Research is an organ of forest industry that has nothing to do with pure science like university research does, although its officials are confusingly called as professors. By its regulations, it is an institute which's duty is to produce the information that the industry needs.

It's common sense to say it is impossible for the Department of Forest Research to report that the country's timber reserves have declined 30 % - let alone 70 % - which might come close to the truth. What would then be the status and image of wood industry, and what would be the preconditions of its operation? The Department of Forest Research has to announce that the reserves are increasing, even when the last berry bush is being dragged to a factory.

There's corruption and cheating everywhere in the world where there is a lot of loose money. The money of the Seafaring Committee and Workers' Savings Bank are mere coins compared to those that circulate in forest economy. If someone presents a supposition that one can not find any cheating or corruption in that industry, not a single sociologist, psychologist or sociopsychologist will verify that claim.

The claim that timber reserves would have increased from the end of the 40s, is mostly absurd. Back then a large part of Northern and Eastern Finland was "zero tolerance area"; the enormous logging savings from the five years of war accumulated with timber reserves; according to the customs' statistics, export of forest industry was a small part of the present one, and clear cutting was prohibited in the forest law as "wasting of woodlands".

The situation in forests is now the same as it was at waters some time ago. Then too it was uselessly being bawled about how factories themselves measured their pollution emissions. Not until their own workers and engineers joined with the people's mutiny because their sauna beaches morphed into stinking sludge, industry had to distribute pollution from water to air as fallouts.

WWF (and other nature organizations) focuses on full preservation of tiny fragments of woodlands. This is the way of despair, every conserved area means extra loggings elsewhere. Old forest's microclimate, its vegetation or especially animals, will not endure in small isolated forest islands. The bait that forest industry offers, "ecological passages", is fool's game.

Forest preservation can only be protection of the whole area of forests and the only main number is the amount of annual logging, "loss". That can it be managed to decrease is something that everything depends on. I'll again draw a comparison with the Winter War. Should Finnish negotiators at autumn 1939 have presented: "We understand and acknowledge that the Soviet Union requires, for the needs of its growing population, our agricultural production, forest reserves and industry and for seafaring, the harbors of the gulf of Finland, Åland Islands and the gulf of Bothnia, but we suggest that a few islands of a string-like country are built mainly to Northern Finland to preserve Finnish language and folk tradition." But look at what they did: Finland did fight for its whole acreage.

It is an essentially important fact that the negotiating positions of the forest industry have

decisively abated. Regardless of forest industry's insanely grown export amounts their relative share of all export trade has fallen under 30 %. That means we wouldn't even have to abandon our luxurious lifestyle if the whole foreign trade of wood industry was discontinued. Pruning of the worst humbug trash from import would suffice. Homeland's consumption is a different matter but for example, our dear Helsingin Sanomat could well manage its pivotal mission of information with a tenth of the present amount of paper.

Fighting for forests is fighting for Finland. Three fourths of Finland is woodland. What the forest looks like is what Finland looks like. Finland equals forest. If forest is flayed, Finland is flayed.

2000

*Translated 1.12.2005*

## *A Refresher Course About Forest*

Finland has the most potent forest industry in the world. What efficiency means here as well is explained by the known, witty aphorism: efficiency = extermination.

The history of this country's wood industry has many phases, each gloomier than the previous one. After hunting-grounds and fishing-waters had been conquered and fields cleared and a perfect livelihood obtained for the folk from them, forests were still mercilessly cut down. Only a small share is meant for absolutely necessary use, such as construction and firewood. Also this usage is more and more unavailing and harmful. The building frenzy of Finns and the amount and acreage of useless buildings is unique in the whole world, likewise the extremely unhealthily high room temperature being a world record (excepting dwellings in the tropic). And carbon dioxide puffs to the sky from hundreds of thousands of saunas, without which the rest of mankind splendidly fares.

An evergrowing share of Finnish forest end up as products that have never had anything to do with livelihood. According to somewhat sensible criteria, not a tenth of the main product of Finnish woods, paper, is used even for enriching human culture - or life. A significant portion of paper causes only growing impatience and frustration. Paper is pollution of even grander proportions than smog and sewage of paper mills or emissions from transports on ground and water are. When this is realized, forest industry will lose its basis and justification.

Since tar of olden times, most of the products by wood industry have been freighted to distant lands beyond seas. Finland has the position of Europe's colony, its skin is peeled off for the needs of host countries. There is one difference to the classic colony arrangement as also the colony itself wastes its timber and paper: yet again a world record for Finland in paper consumption per person. But there's one term on which the comparison to the trade of developing countries is valid: host countries pay with useless junk. When their use of paper and wood likely won't be any more necessary than that of the producing country, we are in fact speaking of garbage trade: trash for trash. There is the sensibility of the whole foreign trade. Chillingly fierce environmental influences are a different matter altogether.

Since tar burning and export saw industry that lighted up one and a half century ago, Finland's woodlands have had hard times. Nevertheless, the loggings before the wars were child's play compared to these days; they did provide work for enormously many men and horses, but amounts of timber - and export especially - were mostly pathetic compared to nowadays.

During the wars forests could rest, and only near settlements it was worked at, voluntarily gathering firewood. Still until 1950s vast areas of forest in Eastern and Northern Finland, and in the heartlands of Southern Finland too beyond the so-called "zero limit", hummed in the calm of many a millennia. Chainsaw (and the first wave of unemployment) arrived at the end of the decade. And at the end of 1960s a definition unknown until then, a forest road - a road that doesn't lead to a house - was given birth. After that even the greatest of woodlands were cut into tiny pieces, the zero limit ceased to exist, and the whole country was under loggings.

Soon after the wars also a forest law that forbid (excluding clearing for fields) clear fellings of forests as "wasting of woodlands", as the term read, was abolished. And when the forest labour was transferred to so-called multitasking machines in 1980s - and when nine out of ten loggers went unemployed - clear cutting became the leading method of logging. Primitive and cumbersome over-wide machines cannot operate in a selectively felled forest, so all trees have to be flattened down.

In every phase of wood industry, logging quantities and first and foremost, export, have increased sharply. Although, there is a slight crack at the closeout sale of the end of the millennium. On the other hand, forest companies have had to give a bit of respect to the protests of indigenous environmental organizations and the big crowd and on the other hand, protests of the paper purchasers of Germany and Great Britain. UPM-Kymmene's conservation of nearly 2000 ha in Repovesi is, without any spite, magnificent and the giant company has small preserved forests elsewhere, too - and a hired full-time official of nature conservation. Even in the state-owned forests from whence the majority of national and nature parks have been cleaved from, extra admissions have been made, deep plowings abandoned and a maximum size set for clear fellings.

But those little improvements will not have an effect to the overall status of woodlands in Southern or Central Finland either, as forests are practically almost fully in private ownership, and that sector is jet black. There isn't a sign of "softer silviculture" or restrictions on clear felling acreages to be seen in the reality of privately owned forests.

The largest clearing of a single patch of forest in Tavastia I've seen myself was in Pälkäne two years ago, a hundred hectares, and in Sääksmäki, too, the clear cuttings of even half a dozen patches joined each other into an enormous desert where the only thing standing was a telephone mast, towering from an elevation. When I managed to procure a conservation area of an old forest little under seven hectares in size at autumn before last, there were standing equally superb-looking sections of woods of five different forest owners by its borders or corners - two of them were even older and more lovely than the preserved area itself. Three weeks then, the last one of them was razed in a clear cutting: there is no "ecological corridor", a connection to the outside world anymore from the protected woodland.



Horrific examples of a forest industry that grows more brutal and mauling each day are evident to every man from the countryside. The story of the desert born from three clear fellings at the junction of my home road and a state road is illustrative. When a harvester came to pick up the few trunks left as decoy which fell immediately in a storm, it promptly mangled a warning triangle-road sign of the crossroads to a ditch.

It is easy to describe the present situation at the woodlands of Southern Finland. The great acreages of forest in the backlands, which were virginal woods a century ago, were cut down in the 60s, 70s and 80s, and now they tardily grow wrist-thick - or shin-thick, at best - thicket from nurseries that have struggled through from under the grass. The sides of roads, fields and villages that were bare meadows, pastures or burnt-over clearings in the 19th century - the best, most nutritional soil - grew until the recent years rather noble hundred year old forest, mostly populated with fir trees.

Those forests at edges, scenic woods, were largely kept untouched until the very last moments, mainly out of piety. Now a "clearance sale" final solution is under way; all restrictions have become void. The purchasing organizations, forest committees and silvicultural associations of insatiable wood industry, these death dealers and officials of the apocalypse, have put up a relentless campaign. Countrywide aerial scouting reveals densely grown forest patterns, the owner is found out and untiring persuasion is begun. It is said again and again that the forest rots while standing and the coming change in the forest tax is used as an excuse.

Excluding the bullheads countable with fingers, forest owners' - usually old, uncertain, helpless - archaic sense of honor is managed to be cracked and care of home area's landscapes, people's berry and mushroom grounds, ruined. And the duo arrives, a multitasking machine and a forest tractor, and a truck with a trailer behind them. A few days of crashing, crunching, clanking and chains' clinking and the wasteland is spotted only by empty oil canisters. The wind howls in corners. Finis Finlandiae.

2004

## Chapter II - Nature

*Translated 24.12.2005*

### *New Climate - Greetings To Meteorologists*

In the sphere of life, in which I struggle, weather has easily the most important influence upon daily life. The etiquette of urban customs is malignant against opening discussion with a weather survey. But in my world, weather is an inseparable part of meetings between people at yards and in houses, at road and in village store. Even if discussion is sparked by the new regulations on fallowing, undertakings of the local burglar, a new exhibition at the art center or Kauko Juhantalo, it will quickly turn to a matter of everyday reality close to our hearts, weather and climate.

Climate matters are also topmost even more often in the circles of friends, where the reference group of outdoorsy people is larger: naturalists, hikers, fishermen, hunters. There are many ideological brothers then too when we begin to tear meteorologists to shreds.

The professional ethic and statistical qualification of meteorologists appear more and more peculiar to us. The more there are deviations from averages and statistical records of months - even at the end of the century, which we think to increase the weight of records -, the more inevitably winter vanishes fully from the seasons, the more stubbornly those miserable ones nag that everything is just normal fluctuation of the climate. I have myself studied lot of the psychology of a meteorologist and developed a definition that all temperatures that can be measured with either Celsius' or Fahrenheit's scale, are part of climate's normal variation.

I remember only a single exception among professionals. It may have just slipped from Esko Kuusisto when he observed the melting of ice in Vanajanselkä in 1990 and had to admit that the date - most of the middle of the lake open by April 8th - would be statistically plausible once in a hundred thousand years, if the climate was the same as it had been in the period of a century and half that statistics were compiled on until then.

Man believes what he sees for himself. My own reality has been for the last fifty years in the events of nature; forests, marshlands, lakes and sea archipelagos. My memory is exceptionally good. I remember the process of that period of time quite well also in the secondary world of humans, in cities and countryside; of the essential phenomena only a few, like fluctuations of stock rates, have been buried under other, remembered information. But most vividly I recall the general outline of each year's climate; the early and late springs, the phasing of summer weather, the cold autumns and Indian summers and most importantly; the progress of winter, the most pivotal season for me. When young, I squandered in my notes about nature, almost as much text as in this causerie, into Wulf's large silver-grey notebooks to describe the day's weather before I proceeded to the essential; bird observations of the day.

The memory picks many kinds of extremities as well, although dates do not always emerge so clearly. The material is valid for comparisons, the majority of it is from southern and middle Tavastia. There are frosts of late spring, when even between May and June new snow lingers in the crevices of plowed fields for over a day, and rising up from a sleeping bag under a spruce tree at morning demands an epilogue: thawing the hopelessly frozen rubber boots on tummy in the bag. And on the other hand, there are gnawing heats even before May Day. I remember a year from the sixties, when the temperature of Päijänne's water rose up to the record of the summer: twentyfive, in fourth of September - oh how it was urgent to jump midst bream nets to cool off while working at the shoals of Tehinselkä.

I recall how on my usual cycling trip - the exact date being January 29th 1956 - thermometer pointed -37 °C when leaving from lodging-house Sillankorva in Jämsä and how I made it just to Korpilahti, before twenty spokes sprung out from the rear wheel at once due to shrinking of steel. And I remember a winter from the sixties, when there was no thaw between the beginning of December and late March.

But there were mild winters as well. In 1973 - or was it 1972 - we rowed to greet Arvo and Brita Turtiainen in the out-of-the-way corner of Päijänne's deep bay in January 4th - and the middle of Tehinselkä's offing finally closed up in February 13th. Every day through the winter of 1948/49 I was nervous about an overwintering woodlark, although not in Tavastia but the bulwarks of Helsinki's Kaivopuisto. And it did go through the whole blurry winter, not once was there enough snow to cover its low new grass.

During those years I researched the survival of wintering birds in the whole Helsinki region and twiddled around with far older books about the subject. So weather statistics starting from the twenties have stuck permanently in my mind, like the extremely gentle winters of 1924/45 and 1928/29 - or spring in 1921, when boat traffic from Hämeenlinna to Vanajanselkä began around April 20th and it kept the title of the earliest spring of the century for almost 70 years.

A magnificent conclusion and noble farewell to the past came to pass in 1987, when Vanajanselkä was covered by 80 cm of pure steel ice and when January-March was the coldest one of the century. Besides, that year, all months with the exception of October were colder than average; winter months by about ten, others by two or three degrees. After which meteorologists, with a calculation which ingenuity was never revealed to me, managed to have a deviation of just a few tenths in the mean temperature of the year compared to a normal one.

Even my own genius did suffer a alight bump in the same year; it seems that even the wisest make mistakes once in twentyfive years. In autumn 1962 I deduced that a baby girl six months old will surely endure the measly ten hours with me that a fishing trip requires, when it adjusts to it every day since summer. But at late October, the child began to die in my arms and I was forced to go ashore. In January 1987 I concluded that a face that has born and grinned for all its life in Northern climate can't get frostbitten in the very same climate. But when thermometer indicated minus 37 degrees Celsius in shadow, quite a head-wind blew from the north at the nose of the sleigh when returning from the lake and gelding sped up without encouragement, the accursed face did freeze so that only a little strip old skin was left on the other cheek near nose.

Yes, one accustomed to recognize even steep deviations from the average as normal fluctuation in the good old times. They were then mostly occasional bumps amidst completely different years, seldom two years in a row and extremely rarely three years in a row - like the cold winters of war of 1940-42. At the end of the sixties there were four consecutive cold winters and at the beginning of the seventies, four successive warm winters, but they didn't differ very dramatically from the mean values.

The last six winterless winters have been something altogether else. Six years is a long time in human life and it's a long period in climate, too. It feels particularly lengthy when one persistently believes in normal alternation. One waits, autumn after autumn, that according to statistics it must be the turn of a real winter now. But no - again we have a hopelessly watery and icy winter halfway up in Finland and in the northeastern part of the second half, it is insanely snowy - and everywhere an inordinately stormy fake winter. I won't talk about storms anymore this time, it is an other matter, said Kipling - or something like that.

It appears to be decisive that does the winter of Southern Finland warm up three or five degrees

from previous and how evenly thaw is divided. In all of my early life - life number 1 before the year 1988 and also in temperate winters - the pattern was that there were periods of thaw only a few days long amid the frost. Snow sunk and roads might have softened for a day but didn't get soggy or reach ice fields before the next cold and snowfall. In life number two it's the opposite. Brief periods of frost and rare falls of dry snow are not enough to curb the diabolical ice on tracked and grooved roads and yards.

I want to forget the adventures of a professional fisherman on permanently uncovered and slippery ice, I can't bare to think about the winter of these days on both ground and sea at the same time. I'll just state from on the ground that for forty winters, I was accustomed to transporting belongings and making trips via a bicycle, up to a thousand kilometres. Only pulpy snow has been a problem sometimes. The icy period when a thick layer of ice covers the ground, lasted for two weeks in November, at best. But there has been progress. Of the months of the previous winter, October was the harshest and the most snowy, and then it was an oldfashioned weather of frozen snow. In the whole watery November-April, during half a year, there were overall three weeks when a two-wheeled vehicle could be controlled by a regular driver. Pedestrians weren't too well off either, as the two hundred meters to mailbox across a neighbor's yard was accomplished only just by crawling there. Icespike gadgets either break up or won't fit on the large felt-lined rubber boots, needed by toes frostbitten long ago.

The conservation of heating energy on a warm winter is surely a good thing, but the warm winter of living verges on the edges of tolerance. It is distressing to note that the countryside, and especially unmotorized economy, suffer the greatest losses. A vehicle with four wheels manages to fairly stagger onwards, but bicycle, moped, skis and kick sled are not included for various reasons. Public transport has disappeared. Soon one must be prepared to lug sugar, salt, butter and flour - everything that is needed in a self-sufficient home in addition to fish, root vegetables and vegetables, berries and mushrooms - to cottage in September, because the next time one will get shopping is after May Day. Indeed, "life is objectively miserable at the countryside" - I read that statement from somewhere a while ago.

Precisely because of the decisive change in day to day life, I have made it a habit to rectify conversations about the climate change. The question isn't about the previous climate at all, but of a completely new one. I call it Atlantic climate, although I'm not pleased to let the despicable name of the Atlantic, that sends its low pressures, slip over my lips.

The most bitter thing about this is that - like I have understood from what I've read - the climate change may be an achievement of human, this robber and bungler.

1993

*Translated 18.1.2006*

## ***From Gunslingers To Environmental Disasters***

In the aftermath of affirming the new hunting regulation, I desire to examine the changes that have taken place in the attitudes and practice of conservation and hunting. During the nearly fifty years that my perspective covers, they have been enormous. But the country's fauna, condition and environment, and the richness and species of its animals have also changed tremendously. After all, Finland has turned upside-down in less than fifty years.

When I was a very young and fanatical conservationist and unlike my father, not much a committed devotee of plants but rather of animals and especially birds, hunters represented the greatest danger to me. My first public appearance for protection of nature was a speech or presentation at the school's student body's festivity at the end of the forties, and it was directed against duck-hunters. On the verge of hunting season, I had seen an interview of two shotgunners in a paper where they anxiously pondered, "I wonder how many ducks there are this year" and I was filled with contempt. My own ornithologist's career had begun with the water birds of Tavastia; I had observed ducks since their spring migrations, counting the numbers of nesting couples, eggs and broods, and received an award at the winter festivities of Luontoliitto for a paper titled "Of Water- and Coastal Birds at some Tavastian Lakes." So I was shocked that those jerks didn't know anything about ducks before they went shooting them on August 20th. Now that I think about it, official follow-up on the duck population was probably almost non-existent at the time. The foundation for preservation of game, afterwards *Riistanhoitosäätiö*, was just taking its first steps.

However, during those times I, like the whole brotherhood of naturalists, was worried the most about predators. Beasts of prey down to marten were slaughtered to the verge of extinction. Predatory birds had suffered ever since the end of the last century, but managed to recover during the years of war, when guns were reserved for other tasks. Soon after the war, guns began blazing more furiously than ever throughout the country, and hawks and owls were stuffed and moved as ornaments onto houses' bureaus.

In the 1950s, birds of prey suffered greatly in Finland. During those years, an ornithologist had to keep even an osprey's nest strictly secret even in enlightened Tavastia; otherwise, a punishment expedition set out from some village's corner. It is an exciting blessing of fate that the forest road - a road that doesn't lead to a house - had not been invented even in rangers' fantasies. Journeys miles long through rugged forest terrain and the disadvantageous ratio of investment to profit gave the birds the minimal protection. When the network of forest roads was created and every tree with a nest could be driven to with a car, environmental education had already accomplished what it sought. Had there been such roads in the forties and fifties, many extinctions would have been witnessed.

When young, I was an energetic and temperamental person, and so I began pestering the state's conservation official in order to quell the persecution of birds of prey by the ten most famous taxidermists in the country. In fact, most of the birds were protected by law even before the wars; it was just that respect for law was nonexistent. Through their permissions for arsenic, taxidermists were registered. On the other hand, the conservation official Reino Kalliola was a jovial and calm old-fashioned gentleman, who rewarded rather than punished, and believed in the efficiency of his splendid, literarily fabulous - and still unbeaten - nature books. Perhaps his zeal was also chilled by the fact that his one-man office took care of all the matters in the country

that nowadays are being handled by the environmental ministry, water- and environment administration, the conservation offices of provinces and committees and secretaries of counties.

A little perseverance was needed, but Kalliola did place police officers to investigate and authorized whom else but me as an expert for the inspection. While writing this at the beginning of September, I notice that it has been, almost to the day, 40 years since that. I remember it from driving after the trip - with a bicycle, of course - to my observation areas in Tyrväntö and Sääksmäki, and ringing the last fledglings of stock doves in the aspen woods of Haukila as an epilogue to the great bird summer of 1953. Over the course of the decades, 28 nest holes of large birds and countless little crevices of starlings and tits had accumulated in those giant aspens.

The preparators' storages and their records were beyond all expectations. Honey buzzards, common buzzards, long-eared owls, marsh harriers - dozens, hundreds. The policemen didn't show any extra keenness. When we were stumbling through presumably the only freezing room of the capital, in a large taxidermist's warehouse at Sörnäinen, the old officer Jalonen was yawning as much as he could in the cold until he suddenly noticed with his detective's eye a squirrel in summer fur: it had been killed during closed game season! I also remember his reply: "That's right!" After all, squirrel was a useful fur animal back then, and that reply also included an opinion of my honey buzzards and owls.

The police of Vääksy were more compassionate, and as the trip back from the preparator of Urajärvi stretched far beyond the evening hours and as I didn't have a tent with me then or for years to come - I slept in haybarns - I asked for, and was granted, a night's stay in a lock-up. Oddly enough, it was the only night in jail for me ever since, and I couldn't even take advantage of that. Surprisingly, during the morning hours a mate from the next cell started conversing through the wall; he was quite kind and loyal and said that he knew a great workplace for me, too. Only during the recent years, when the foreplays and low-cost imports by the European Commission have ruined my fisherman's economy, I have come to regret that I didn't inquire further about the job and perhaps missed my fortune.

But then things developed towards the direction pointed at Kalliola and Yrjö Kokko. Their successors, those skillful and diligent educators about nature: Suominen, Korkolainen, Paulin, Montonen, Hildén, Hautala et al, took action and charged onward with literature, newspaper articles, photographs and films. And in a quarter century, the people of Finland were brainwashed to tolerate, or even love, not only their lynxes and bears but also hawks and eagles. Only a few sullen geezers somewhere in the backwoods remained shaking their fists and placing eagle traps.

My relationship with hunters got healthier after the persecution of birds of prey died out. The event was surely sped up because of the recruiting of biologists from a strongly conservationist fraternity, which had received its basic education in environmental circles and Luontoliitto, to positions in hunting organizations and game research. The pivotal magazine of the organizations, *Metsästäjä*, has almost rivaled *Suomen Luonto* in favoring conservation for the longest time. Of course, the deep masses of hunters are not nearly as exemplary as their leaders are; in fact, duck hunting is still the parade of the trash of hunters, where many obscenities take place. The fate of water birds is still altogether merciless and similar to fowl, the protection of ducks isn't even

discussed. Nevertheless, it is an exceedingly enticing thought that one year, water fowl will be wholly protected, and then we'd see what level their numbers would settle.

However, the peace with hunters was first and foremost compulsory. The country had the patience to prosper; industrialization and an efficient economy came with a horrendous cost on nature, and in the 1960s the focus of environmentalism shifted sharply and inevitably from preventing straight-out killing of animals and plants to saving their environment. The primeval aspen woods of Haukila that I reflected upon have been absent of trees for a long, long time, just like other aspen woods of the 1950s. The stock dove faced extinction long ago in Tavastia, my home, although not because of hunters but weed killers and foresters. When the fauna of Finland got into rigorous retraining where few survived and many were suppressed, environmentalists and hunters often noticed that they were in the same front against a common enemy. It was senseless to protect a bird lake from hunting if agriculture's nutrient effluents and industry's nitrogen fallouts caused it to become completely overrun by vegetation.

1993

*Translated 25.2.2006*

## *Animal History Of The New Age*

In the last survey of mine, naturalists and hunters of Finland ended up declaring peace, albeit a forced one, and the beasts of Finland survived the worst ordeal. Long past were those times when - according to a mournful anecdote told by Reino Kalliola - lynx was attempted to get protected for the first time and the amendment was introduced to the president. "Isn't the lynx a beast?" Paasikivi asked skeptically. The presenter in question had not made himself familiar with the arguments of conservation and perplexed, he admitted the case being so. "Dismissed", said Paasikivi, and lynx still had to wait for many years.

But what should be noted from the current condition of Finland's fauna? To a great misfortune, life hasn't taught me much of the so called lower groups of animals: invertebrates. Within them, many examples of environmental damage, ruin and doom can be seen. Luckily, a growing number of researchers have got acquainted with the matters of these smallest brothers and sisters of ours, and are charting and creating conservation programs for the direst need. My point of view equals that of a layman: I see warmblooded animals before all others.

I'd say that the most remarkable of changes in near history is that animal populations are less stable than in my youth. There are unbelievably sudden peaks and lows in them: one never knows, which spring is silent for which species. Environmental changes caused by man do not always provide explanation, although often they do: the fauna of modern times is fully at the mercy of the man. Till my youth or at least childhood, zoologists traced the causes for varying in prevalence almost always to climate changes.

As strange as it is, instability is sometimes apparent even at individual level. In my youth, when I started to ring not only fledgelings at the nests of tawny owls, but also mothers, then at the next

spring seven out of eight mothers were alive and nested in the same hole. Nowadays, it seems like almost half of owl mothers change annually. Presumably the young, just born age classes are so numerous in the abundant and high quality bird-houses of this welfare state that mortality has to rise analogously and old owls are being prematurely displaced by the younger ones. Not a pleasant outcome of research to an aged ornithologist, at any rate.

Another characteristic is the renaissance of large animals - a very stunning surprise that nobody could have thought of predicting during the first 60 years of this century. Again, I'm thinking mostly about birds here but of course bear, lynx and most importantly, moose, are included. When the pioneer of conservation, Rolf Palmgren, painted menaces of extinction at the 1920s grounded on the development by then, the moose shared the top place with the swan in the list. Now we can see the glorious triumph of swans, both in the mainland of whooper swans and coasts of mute swans. Crane population is well and growing. In fact, the crane is a unique example of an animal that has been able to swap its lost environment to a new one: to replace dried marshlands with coastal flood meadows and even with tillage, or at least with the compound biotopes of scarce woodland hollows and low-lying cultivated fields. However, it can be assumed that the crane would have nested at damp fields and beach meadows before as well, if the masters of past generations - who were scrupulous of their lands - had not fended harmful birds harshly, without negotiations.

When straightout killings come to an end, it apparently leads to the march of the largest and strongest animals surprisingly quickly - if the environment can bear it. These animals reside at the top places of the food chain, and many aren't preyed by anything else than the man - if not by the wolf or bear. Who knows: will bear snatch a molting goose or a crane fledgling? At least the eagle will not outmatch a crane. I was once observing with binoculars in Kesonsuo of Ilomantsi how a crane drove a golden eagle away from ground to air and chased it far, trying to poke it with its beak alternately from both sides - one of the most terrific bird observations of my life.

The population of the bean goose has amended, even more so for the greylag goose, and the eagle owl has performed an explosive return. Every summer, we can read protectors' triumphing announcements of the white-tailed eagle's success over just the last few years. The giant of gulls, the great black-backed gull, is in more favourable a wind than any other species of the genus. In my youth, the mightiest of crow birds, the raven, was extremely rare in Southern Finland, the miracle of the deepest heartlands - and now it has spread to the whole country. The ghostly cousins grey heron and bittern are the freshest newcomers of avifauna (and the white stork is being waited for!).

The golden eagle who has problems both with the atavistic use of guns in the North and dwindling populations of prey is somewhat of an exception among large birds, but even it hasn't suffered the worst in the last few years. That also snowmobiles are being counted as one of the problems of the golden eagle gives an idea why wood must be knocked on when discussing all large animals: the current moment is fine, future holds nothing but clouds in it. Researchers of the white-tailed eagle always remember to note that when holiday population broke over a certain limit at an archipelago, it meant the beginning of a decline.

The third epochal change is the severe growth of predatory animal population. The situation has



turned completely upside-down from the 1950s I described before - predators are heavily emphasized in our fauna, even so that it would be good even for a conservationist to examine his ideas. Large predators are of course still scarce but they all have risen from the worst depression, except for maybe the wolverine. Bear is a significant ecological factor near the eastern border, and lynx is correspondingly so here and there in Savo and Tavastia. By the way, how the fair success of large mammals can be explained although wooded terrain has been raped and bared, and tiled with car roads? I presume that one major reason is the same that, on the reverse, has caused a great loss in avifauna: the dense thickets of nurseries growing on clear felled areas. The man has nothing to gain from that wretchedness, not berry or mushroom picker, hunter or hiker; bears lynxes and wolves, too, can lie down there unbothered - nevertheless that they have to seek prey from more productive hunting grounds.

The weasel, of which my only own observations from the 1950s are from the Viena primeval forests of Kuhmo's Jonkerinjärvi, has grown to be a remarkable factor all around in Finland's forests. It is now an exciting example of a new predator at foreign areas. Be it produced in foreign continents or like weasel, a son of the land who has returned from emigration, first it expands greatly and strikes an unnaturally deep gap into prey populations before the relations between it and the prey settle to somewhat tolerable levels. At the moment, the weasel roams about in biotopes that are wholly different from its former history at vast woodlands; where it even steps on the toes of the polecat and mink (or European mink, if we stick to the good old patterns). I have myself seen a weasel that Väino Ahde caught from a small rocky island at Längelmävesi, and another that was trapped in the barn of Juhani Kartano's yard. When the ornithologists of Valkeakoski checked out a tawny owl's nest of theirs in a narrow row of birches between Vanajanvesi and a large open field, a weasel leapt out of it. It appears that it's a long way to a reasonable state of affairs with the mink and raccoon dog, as well. They are altogether new predators that storm upon their prey as additional strain in great numbers - simultaneously with the old beast, fox, who has retained its place.

Of predatory birds, the peregrine falcon has caused the most grief as nothing could've saved it between the 1950s and 60s: it was one of the quickest known far-reaching extinctions. However, for an unfathomable reason, a fragmentary population was preserved in Lapland. In addition to that, only the merlin and kestrel are in a downward spiral, as well. The kestrel gives a very poor image of Finnish agriculture because it has survived reasonably elsewhere in Europe. On the other hand, the hobby has been erroneously offered to be marked as endangered; it has more like grown in numbers during my time. When I last rowed my long trips along great lakes in Eastern and Northeastern Finland, I found 18 nests of predatory birds from the strands and islands, and they all were hobby's.

Hen harriers have greatly improved their positions in their heart region Ostrobothnia, and a bit elsewhere as well. Marsh harriers were the first to spring up to my mind when I wrote that man isn't always accountable for changes in populace. It is thoroughly mystical why they abandoned the splendid grasses of ocean coasts at the gulf of Finland and moved to the measly patches of reeds of inland lakes and ponds. The most grand victor is the sparrowhawk, a bit similar case to the weasel. There was a deep buckle in its numbers, too, likely because of environmental toxins as it didn't happen at the time of game wardens' hostility towards predators, but later during the 1960s and 70s. But it was followed by prosperity unlike anything seen before. When I spent

three weeks in August-September in the 1980s at a workplace of my youth - a bird station at Signilskär - after a 20 years break, sparrowhawk was the bird species greatest in numbers during the whole period. It indeed triumphed over even the willow warbler, flycatchers, redstart and tree pipit in populace, which were in their main moving season at the time. I wouldn't ever have expected to witness such a display. Banding little birds with a net was nearly impossible: sparrowhawks struck them dead before banders could reach them.

Owls still live in lightier times, or what metaphor should I use. In any case, the tengmalm's, tawny and ural owls rejoice because of the nationwide network of birdhouses. There are all too much of birdhouses at a multitude of places, and the lumber used for houses destined to be empty would be better used elsewhere. However, when saying this I get shivers: what is the situation after a few years if the absence among the youngest generations of ornithologists, noted on many occasions, continues? What will happen if there soon won't be any diligent crafters of birdhouses? The populace of the black woodpecker is agreeably even surprisingly strong at the moment, but it may be a temporary phenomenon brought by consecutive overly mild winters. And besides, the whittlings of this master carpenter do not benefit anyone but tengmalm's owls. Owls are in the same position as the osprey that will face utterly grievous times if the coming generations of naturalists will not maintain and renew birdhouses.

When I was young - once again this starting -, eagle owl was at the verge of extinction. In the fifteen villages in Tavastia that I had roamed throughout there were three or four birds left, and through the whole 1950s I couldn't reach a nest or fledglings at a single territory, even though I was the most relentless researcher of birds of prey of the time. Of all the bird photographs of my life, I imagine perhaps Vår Fågervärld's monochrome photograph the strongest, where an eagle owl descends on a grand rocky cliff. An eagle owl at its nest was the utmost dream of mine for many years. When welfare-Finland was born explosively sudden and its municipal junkyards fattened by squandering offered food for thousands of rats, eagle owls first conquered these joyous fields and then with the fat broods spawned there, the whole of Tavastia. Their manners among their lesser were shocking, and my relations to the giant owl chilled to below zero.

At the other end of the owl league, the piercing-eyed devil, pygmy owl, went through the same. It was an exclusive rarity of the great heartlands during my active years of 1950s and 60s, but the next decade its population grew up to at least five times of what it was. Nowadays, I encounter pygmy owl nests and broods more often than in my youth although I spend maybe one per cent of the time in woods I spent back then. There likely aren't many geographical positions in Tavastia, where one wouldn't hear pygmy owl's falsetto shrieking from somewhere at an autumnal daybreak.

I hold the eagle owl as a mistake of the Creator and I can't stand its storages in my birdhouses that are regularly left uneaten and rot at spring: beneath a layer of bullfinches, then a pretty row of skins, topped by five glinting blue tits. I can not understand such a sanctimonious nature worshipper who thinks that everything in nature is fabulous and indisputable. If we criticize man and his crimes, we can criticize other parts of nature as well. Evolution isn't perfect nor infallible. If evolution only had continued on and there wouldn't be a black tunnel of ecocatastrophy ahead of us, in time it surely would have stripped the eagle owl of its unneeded welfare supplies.

## *Ethics Of Environmentalism*

A hundred years ago birdbooks divided birds of prey to "clawing" and "extremely clawing". The old statistics about blood money and its victims were impressive. I stated earlier that predatory animals and birds were going through miserable times still at the 1950s. The period of time, when hunters recognized predators as the main cause for both the fluctuation and constant diminishing in game population, was long. Analogously a fisherman who came upon an empty fish trap, first laid the blame on gulls, ospreys and black-throated divers. Actually, a kind of an ancient idea prevailed, which was that - exaggerating a little - the Creator had given a certain amount of game and fish at the beginning of time, which were slowly being devoured away by predators - and of course when according to fishermen, by the other fishermen.

A clear image of the renewal and production of game and fish populations, the share of young age classes and how much each step in the food chain can be taxed: it is a historically new phenomenon in the consciousness of the average man. Only after my youth have zoologists been able to carve out a natural law that predators actually can't permanently cull their prey populations, as they would destroy themselves then. This is about the predominating truth, at least when researchers speak to the public.

Now that the Finnish terrain is swarming with predators on top of and beside each other, it is time to revamp the question of predatory animals. Maybe the ponderings of old game wardens had something worth the while in them. That article of faith about the balance between beast and prey surely holds when the predator uses only a single species of prey, but it has likings like we all do. The eagle owl can first eat off all the smaller owls, common buzzards, goshawks and ospreys from its territory, which it often does. After that, it moves on living in leisure and taking a toll on moles and rats that are abundant, and can't be all found and have their population decimated. The mink swims from islands of razorbills and black guillemots to another killing their offspring to the last cub, and then easily begins eating three-spined sticklebacks and the young of perches at shoals.

Here, we arrive at the dilemma of nature's balance. No matter how vigorously Yrjö Haila denies the concept of balance in nature it still exists, even though relative and always changing. And the disruptions caused by man in this harmony are reality. I have already told about the abnormally numerous broods of the eagle owl at junkyards. Another unnaturality, which is accountable for that there are suddenly more eagle owls than ever before in Finland's woodlands of the past, is clear felling of forests. It has multiplied the spacious hunting areas suitable for eagle owls, and their chances to spot and catch common buzzards from the edges of openings and ospreys from their nests in the dim that can be seen from miles away. The other well-performing beast, goshawk, is at a totally opposite position in this matter: it nests in old, grand woods, hunts in dense woodland terrain and stalks upon medium sized prey animals, that are diminishing in

numbers: it loses at everything.

When I would like to say - and I do - that the full protection of the eagle owl was an obvious mistake, I state a resigning implication to the sentence. Our nature is so disrupted, its harmony so flickering because of the intensifying, quickening and varying actions of man that a measure of conservation or discipline would often require a speedy rectification and for that, a correction - research and especially the legislation could not keep up.

We will arrive at the greatest disaster, however, if man's own doings are not even attempted to be amended. We will be left far away from the largest sum of life, which is the highest goal of all environmental protection. The new hunting law and particularly the naturalists' discussion of it do not stand merely for progression in this respect. Those who were aiming to protect all or nearly all animals (except game) were gravely mistaken. I read a proposition from ornithologist's own magazine that the crow should be protected by law as well: it isn't harmful to humans, is it.

This point of view is altogether fresh. It wholly denies *caretaking* of nature and leaves animals to mete it out with each other - relations that the man is constantly manipulating and stirring up by favouring one and putting the other in an unfortunate position. It is not the triumph of conservation or understanding of nature that I see here, but estranging from nature. How did an aphorism by Sylvi Kekkonen go - it is a short way from tolerance to ignorance. I think they are often synonymes.

The definitions "harmful animal" and "harmful bird" express concern for nature, and impossibilities have surely been reached sometimes. There was a time when the red-backed shrike was an outlaw throughout the country because it ate little birds, lizards and bumble bees. There was no other flaw in the argument except that the bird doesn't benefit from the economy, rubbish-heaps, etc. of the man. Although it benefits from the man-made half-culture landscape in which it lives, its prey does too.

The environmental principle, which has been followed in the earlier legislation, is very clear. An animal that lives off man through the critical part of the year by using the waste of man's economy, and eats its lesser, fledglings or eggs for a part of the year, is a harmful animal that must be averted. It is then a part of the death sowed by man, which has to be prevented by man, as well. The fox, crow, magpie, jay and herring gull are typical harmful animals like that. When the wintry parasite of rubbish piles, the jay, moves on to - starting from crossbills - to a diet consisting solely of blackbirds' and little birds' eggs and fledglings at springtime, it's all the same if man would eat them himself.

Setting the jay as protected was an apparent mistake, and protecting the raven, which has prospered well because of the slaughter waste of elks and carrions for feeding eagles, is dubious as well. The major reason for protecting colonies of herring gulls was to shield other birds of the archipelago from unacquainted game wardens: the herring gull itself deserves anything but protection. It is questionable if the balance of this protection ends up positive. Anyhow, the diminishing of game wardens' springly crow hunts and contests of harmful birds is regrettable.

In the last number I presented an assumption that by mending - rejuvenating - environments we

could achieve millions of more birds in the country, as long as the winter-time milieus could bear this increase. Perhaps another one would be in place: I feel that predators; our own and the ones imported from elsewhere, are actually so plentiful at the moment that they permanently stifle our bird populations. One who follows how bird nests do during summertime, can state anywhere that very few of them survive, except for birds nesting in holes. I have estimated that only the success of just the last re-run broods of late summer will save many little birds from complete ruin, even though only a small part of the population takes part in nesting then. It appears that some graceful hand of destiny controls the yearly rhythm of such professionals like the jay and magpie so that they ease up in sweeping the nests at July.

If I think about, for example, my own altogether typical South Finnish yard and its surroundings, I see that the chances of wagtails, the chaffinch, spotted flycatcher, blackbirds, yellowhammer and swallow to get their fledglings up on wings are nearly non-existent. There are almost no safe spots in the crossfire of crows, magpies and jays, cats cruise through the lot every day, the squirrel as their companion scours every log and corner of buildings, and the sparrowhawk flits every now and then. The tawny owl stalks and the sharp-nosed raccoon dogs and badgers sniff around at night.

At my home, a spared bird nest was a sensation that required utmost ingenuity. A robin managed to get a brood out to the world in last summer from a nest that was located inside the porch of the stable, in a fold of a canvas loosely hanging from a beam supporting the ceiling. No predator could descend unto it from above or jump from beneath, and the flapping canvas could not withstand the grip of the magpie or great spotted woodpecker. The robin tricked even me, and the nest would have remained unfound without a series of coincidences. The acute bird woman Anu Murto - known by many radio listeners - came to Sääksmäki to make a program about Joel Lehtonen's "Lintukoto", and was to stay in my sauna meant for nets for the night. Fortunately - in regards to this story - I wasn't home then and the sauna was locked and Anu slept like the baby Jesus in the hays of the stable, and discovered the robin.

I ask most humbly to be allowed to note that when predators do not undermine their prey populations even in long term, it is very fundamental in respect to the sum and richness of life how death is timed. It is an entirely different matter when a young bird dies in throes of a predator in its nest of birth on June than to hunger, cold, snow and ice only until the food competition within the species on February.

I have been estimating the numbers of nest thieving birds very attentively on my bicycling trips in many European countries. Concerning the crow, magpie and as well as jay, Finland holds the top positions. Only Estonia, which has unbelievably many crows, wins in regards to them. On the basis of an uncertain feeling, I'd say that there aren't as many little birds in Estonia's terrain of settlements and fields' edges as the magnificent environment there would imply. Germany, that wondrous and precise country of order, makes an unparalleled exception. Not anywhere in my life have I seen as few crows and magpies as I did in the last summer's cycling trip in Eastern Germany - even jackdaws were pinched down to a few individuals in two cathedrals at the cities' centres. All those three species added together, plus jays, were easily outnumbered by common buzzards. Correspondingly, there were more birds at yards and gardens; more serins, finches, icterine warblers and woodpigeons nesting in yard limes than anywhere else.

Unscrupulously stern rules must be applied to foreign predators, both imported and immigrated. We can probably tolerate forging the fauna and flora and planting of alien species as long as they do not harm the original ones. But if some domestic species' existence is threatened by securing the plantings - goshawk because of pheasants, lynx because of white-tailed deers -, the verdict of the environmentalist is absolute.

The sentence is absolute for beasts of prey that do not belong to Finnish nature: the mink and raccoon dog, an unbearable burden in addition to the domestic beasts. Recently, even they have received defenders; definitions are then finally upside down. When they are being stood for in the name of environmentalism - and likely also those escaped caged foxes that some year devastated the whole bird conservation area of Krunn at Bothnian bay -, then the animal protector is obviously an enemy of conservation and the game warden his ally. Years ago, some half-mad granny called the whole nation to arms to wipe every single viper off the face of earth in letters to the editor. I'd propose an efficient war against the mink and raccoon dog.

1993

*Translated 12.4.2006*

## *The Suppressed Nightmare of Conservation*

I have presented reflections, thoughts and opinions about "classic conservation": the relationship between man, animal and environment. This time I have overlooked the worldwide environmental problems. I have attempted to point out how man has caused troubles in nature, even tragic ones, on a much more mundane level and closer matters than by causing dispersion of ozone layer, climate change and erosion. I have told greatly about the relations between beast and prey and lastly about the tragedy of predators that man has transported from the other side of the world into Finnish nature. The worst still remains. The worst beast in Finland is a domestic animal, the angel of death imported from Egypt: the cat.

I already criticized the animal protection movement for defending the mink and raccoon dog. But when the movement clearly stands for the cat and against the animals and nature of Finland, animal preservation changes into a truly jet-black and grievous enemy of conservation - although the same movement earns the warm support of every friend of nature when fighting elsewhere against the anguish of fur animals and power breeding of cattle.

But god forbid, not only fanatic animal protectors are friends of the cat, but half of the people. Man's relationship with nature is in no case as deranged, reckless and hypocritical as it is with the cat and many environmentalists are never as squirming and deceitful as they are when defending the cat. I am talking about the Northern, Finnish man, who pretends to love - and loves with the other half of his heart - nature, animals and especially birds. Then again, mediterranean people stomp over all wild animals, unashamed.

The relationship with the cat is so sensitive in Finland even to environmentalism and its

popularity within the people so large that its being kept quiet about. And still, the cat has a central impact in nature, its easily the most numerous of the country's beasts and its victims can be estimated to be in millions every year - only within the prospect of birds. An animal protector that fervently charges against hunting would do well to know that the cat may kill as many birds in Finland as all the hunters of the country, and mammals it slays many times more. One would think that the cat would be a permanent topic even in the magazine "Suomen Kuvalehti", and that reports, reviews and statistics of cat's victims would be default material. But there hasn't been much about it.

And what about the thousands of mawkish pictures of cats in magazines? How come you never see pictures where the cat is at its most typical according to my half a century of experience - dragging the mother of a green sandpiper brood into a crevice of cowshed's cornerstone or lugging a redstart from its wing into the rose bushes of some single-family house? Or guarding the red-breasted robin and squirrel's tail it has killed on cottage's stairs, by a wintry bird table?

The new hunting regulation's introductory discussion's most horrid features were the efforts to improve the legal protection of the cat and sadly, there was some slight change to the wrong direction. The attempt to differentiate between wild and domestic cat is insane. Certainly, there is a handful of cats living in apartment houses and which are taken outside harnessed: conservationist doesn't have anything to say about them. All other cats, excluding some very rare individuals, are top-notch predators. At least during the early hours every cat from countryside, villa districts and suburbs is out hunting - that makes 95 per cent of Finland's cats. That is exactly the function of cat as a domestic animal, and that is why it has been imported up here to the North, and consciously, or at least subconsciously, its role is still accepted. That is the deep rupture in Finnish love for nature.

In fact, the cat is an extension to the hunter. All that small game down to the shrew, which cannot be managed with either shotgun or rifle, is handed for the cat to work with. Of course, there will be some overlap in this division of labor in regards to medium game. The snipe disappeared from the game species due to a new legislation but when a snipe couple settled at my overgrown home bay, it was still part of them. That couple romped about the gulf until midsummer. Then the neighbour's cat brought the other one to me as a gift in front of the stairs; whole, shimmering, flood meadow's beads glinting on its feathers - I don't know why it was brought to me instead of home. Earlier there was also a mixed-breed dog and another cat in the same house. The miserable dog, slow and dullwitted, managed to track a brown hare and develop a real, albeit a slow-paced one, chase. The cat observed for two rounds across a yard field, made its conclusions, set into ambush and killed the brown hare unaffectedly and quietly. The dog gave up immediately, overpowered.

The selection of animals that I have added in the list of cat's triumphs over the years is grand. I find one springly couple of goldeneyes as the best in the early morning's exhibition at the door by one, quite a familiar cat. They too were beautiful and undamaged, covered by drops of water like the snipe, the male in an astounding full dress. The goldeneye, especially a male one, never touches ground as far as I know, it even sleeps on lake's rocks or a reef. I can't comprehend if they were caught by swimming to a rock or were they snatched with a single, or two separate attacks. That cat, either, was not some half-hungry farm cat incited into a rat chaser but a pet in

the most definite sense of the word: a furry and fluffy, bred angora cat that receives as much food from its owners as it can stomach.

In August, when the fledgling flocks of little birds move low in bushes and grassy banks, I have been following how a female cat carried a little bird to its autumnal cubs every half an hour past my birdnest work-place - a less encouraging message regarding my work. The sparrowhawk and hobby are amateurs compared to the cat.

A certain garden district of the capitol city has become so familiar to me that I've had the possibility of making ecological summaries there. Sumptuous gardens rich with trees would imply maximal density of birds and thick bush walls offer places for nests like in the bird parks of Berlepsch, that my generation remembers from the classic book "Yleinen lintusuojelus". Actually, there aren't even frogs, butterflies, large beetles or mice, for the matter. A small number of birds arrive at spring to try out but during summer they strangely disappear. The only population permanent and strong is that of cats - one or two in every house, large, shimmering, combed.

The best time of observing the strategy of those city cats was during a few weeks between summer and autumn. When a spotted flycatcher on its way to migrate has arrived at night, it appears to stay all day at a couple of yards in a temporary territory. Some cat sets at its position under a leafy bush, away from sight, and stalks there for even five hours, unflinched. The bird sparsely catches flies from around yards; when from air, when from ground, courtyard and road, with a quick sweep. Ultimately it will spot a fly at a road two or three meters away from the ambush shrub with a statistical certainty. I can't say if cat's lightning strike takes a tenth or a hundredth of second, but I have yet to witness a failed one. It takes two more seconds before the cat with its kill has slipped into another thicket with its well-known enthralling agility: into rhododendrons or phloxes, and the stage is empty.

I saw such a strangeness at that particular yard that when a wandering blue tit appeared in an apple tree, a cat instantly blazed high up the tree. It didn't have a chance as the tit flew away, unfrightened. I was puzzled for a moment: why this silliness? However, soon after I realized that the cat was only slightly late, as it hadn't yet moved on to the autumn schedule. It is this method it uses to pick tit fledglings at summer - before which it couldn't reach them from birdhouses with small entrances - when they have just left their nests, and foolishly stand out on branches.

Everyone has heard the claim in defence of the cat, which states that in the end, they mostly hunt only harmful mice and moles. What should one say about this? At least when heard from the mouth of someone who proclaims himself as a friend of nature, it slashes ears. Small rodents and shrews are basic fauna of Finnish nature and a bountiful and significant part of it, which has as substantial a right to live as any other group of animals. Talks of general harmfulness are simply rubbish. Even though we include only the individuals living in settled areas, one of a hundred causes intolerable damage in buildings or gardens. And if a share of them is fated to be pulled into the food chain at some phase of their life, they belong to the domestic beasts: owls, ermines and weasels.

Though, at one case I feel a little less pity towards a field or bank vole than a little bird in the



claws of cat. The breeding of rodents is multiple in a time unit, sometimes even tens of times, when compared to birds. Extremely scarce progeny and correspondingly, long age, are characteristic to birds as an animal group. Only a few species of birds in Finland manage to have more than one descendant on wings per bird - hardly others than hole-nesting birds, some ducks and in excellent years. fowls. When a cat succeeds in catching a chaffinch at a springly wood's edge, the victim might be a more remarkable creature than a layman would have ever thought. It may well be a nearly ten year old bird that has seen hundreds of close calls with sparrowhawks, merlins or earth-dwelling predators, soon twenty risky crossings of the Baltic Sea, thousands of evaded electric wires and cars - and perhaps succeeded in breeding at only one summer and two offsprings taken care of until autumn.

It appears there are no calculations of the country's cat population. As they haven't been ever taxed, they haven't been registered or listed. In any case, the amount of cats is many hundreds of thousands - practically, the number seems infinite. There where a friend of nature has seriously begun battling the nightmare, the end is rarely visible. A friend of mine from Pälkäne, of whose ortolan bunting's and yellow wagtail's nests by the ditches of his field none ever survived, was finally infuriated and purveyed a cat trap. He set it into his barn at midday and had silenced seven cats by evening; I can't remember the following statistics. I have myself lived at many localities and at all my yards the parade of cats of various colours has been endless; a cat of the same colour at different times is more of an exception than a rule. I know from the powdery white of springly snow fields that there isn't a heartland large enough in Tavastia, that lines of cat tracks wouldn't be the most common of patterns there. And the same pawprints cross over leagues of Vanajanselkä's main at spring mornings.

The cat problem grows all the more desolate now that authorities of animal protection have adopted an insane stance: that putting a cat down by drowning is illegal. The domestic cat's pattern of breeding has wholly broken out of natural order: a twenty-year life-span, two large broods per year, fertile under even a year of age, no natural enemies. There are no equations even reminiscent of this in nature. I can't count how many years it would take for cats to cover the face of Earth, but it wouldn't take many decades. Through ages, it has been an unavoidable method of defence to drown kittens and other excess cats. It is a humane act if anything when we are aware that death by drowning is the easiest and most blissful for humans, too. Guns are scarce in this country: Finland isn't the United States. And someone who is even slightly familiar with the Finnish reality and the fares of veterinarians knows that their anesthetizing needles won't stop the cat catastrophe. I don't know what will become of this, as it feels hopeless.

At the moment, the hordes of cats of luxury-Finland severely water down all preservation of birds, protection by law, conservation areas and birdhouse campaigns. It would be the minimum demand that cats were registered and kept tightly leashed when outside, and that the owner would stand trial if a cat was found out slaughtering a protected animal. But this is pure utopia - like all efforts of standing by nature when the truly powerful desires of people are against it.

1993

*Translated 13.4.2006*

## *The Cat Disaster*

Hannele Luukkainen and Sari Ulvinen have specified the distinctions between the outlooks of conservation and protection of (domestic) animals. The border cracks open. Tremble nature, tremble wild animals. I'd wish that those who are interested in the cat disaster would repeat my survey from the previous articles, where I clarify the position of the wrong predators in Finnish nature. They bear the answers to cat peoples' points.

A word about the relationship between the cat and man - although we're straying from conservation. The cat has been imported to Finland to exterminate rodents and harmful birds that eat seeds, crops and berries. Roughly estimating, still a half of our cats are occupied with this outdated task. They aren't being feeded when the soil is unfrozen, excluding perhaps the symbolical drop of milk.

The explanation for cat's popularity as a recent social animal is the ease of owning one: it needs only a fraction of the care demanded by dog. However, there are many facile pets from mice to guineapigs and turtles. But the cat is superior to all of them: it acquires its own food except in January-February.

Nevertheless, unassuming frugality and ability spell doom not only to wild animals (like I have described), but end up being a dire problem for the cat as well. Abandonments of cats that then end up starving at the heart of winter are possible because the cat sparks no attention within the environment. They hardly ever know in villages which cat belongs to who. And besides, the cat can be on a hunting trip spanning many days and nowhere to be found when leaving from a cottage to city. If a dog is left in a similar manner, it will truly howl and tell the entire village of its plight.

Because of this, the cat is wholly impossible to plant in northern lands: a grievance to be rooted out. It does have firm traditions, but so does spitting on the floor and tobacco. Regardless, they must be gotten rid of. It is my opinion that the only positive invention of mankind was the domestication of animals (especially the horse, cow and dog). Why in the name of heavens does Hannele Luukkainen hang on to precisely that sole pest?

Speaking of drowning cats, a naturalist's abridged lecture: an alteration of life's joy and mirth (long-term) and (short-term) pain and agony prevails in nature. When a sparrowhawk has already eaten the flesh from the chest of a starling or woodpecker, the prey still screams in agony. The cat also plays with its prey for a long time before killing it. When animal protection morbidly interested in slaughterings ponders upon the matter if the period of dying takes one or three minutes in the life of a ten or twenty year old animal, it deserves no understanding.

1994

*Translated 20.4.2006*

*Preservation Of Traditional Landscape And Nature*

I'm eager to slightly complement Iris Tukiainen's good review of WWF's communal efforts on traditional landscapes.

The conceptual side of that kind of bee might confuse an acute reader. Already at the second row of the review the word "conservation" is mentioned. Isn't overgrowing of man-made landscapes; pasture fields and copse meadows precisely recovering of the natural state at those islands? Isn't clearing junipers, bushes and trees directly opposed to environmentalism?

It is obvious that a consistent and firm conservationist would rather if the traditional sceneries were let to grow over if only they are released from the clutches of man. However, I find myself siding with WWF and Iris Tukiainen in respect to this matter. But an explanation is in order.

I recall how Teuvo Suominen at one time characterized well the history of interaction between Finnish nature and agriculture. In the scope of the time, very opulent communities of animals and plants were born on cultivated lands and yards - of the minute species of seashores or flood meadows, if not of species from faraway steppes. The common Finnish nature almost received its second species of birds, if exaggerating a little, plant species (especially large, brightly coloured flowers), likewise insects (also these had particularly vividly coloured butterflies among them).

Correspondingly, woodland organisms were lost from cultivated areas - especially the clearing of groves, which upheld the most profuse of life, into fields yielded large losses. Even so, it can be asserted in quite a sensible sight that man has really enriched nature, at least widening its spectrum - particularly when all species of the woods still had plenty of living space. When crops were cleared to more rugged types of forest, the bird population may have grown in that area, for example.

Most of that flora and fauna required mosaic-like cultural landscape, however: small openings, lots of edge, bank, ditch, uncleared islands of rocks and bushes - and cattle.

Then arrived powerfarming, whose most woeful aspects surely aren't the negative health effects the plant preserving chemicals and fertilizer pose for humans. The fate of cultural scenery's plants and animals is more sorrowful. As an ornithologist I know that the avifauna of fields has plummeted the most during the last decades - worse than those of woods, not to mention the birds of water systems, which have survived the best.

When field patterns have been spread out, edges straightened, piles of rocks swept away, banks condensed nonexistent; cultural animals and plants have suffered greatly. They haven't been able to keep up with the morphing scenery - and won't adjust to an extraordinarily poor and monotonous environment, either. The pioneer of field conservation Karttu Mikkola has also remembered to emphasize the utter disaster of drainage.

The disappearance or moving of flocks of sheep, cattle and horses to field pastures if not straight out into heartless all-year feeding inside, has then taken pastures, meadows and fields away with their flowers, butterflies, northern wheatears and wrynecks. Teuvo Suominen did state then that

the historical period when man enriched nature is over: modern field cultivation is a form of economy that heavily impoverishes nature.

Still a summary of genuine nature and cultural landscape. Whether the variety of nature becomes poorer or richer is, of course, dependant case-by-case on what kind of natural area is cleared and what it is transformed into. But authentic nature does not nearly always "strive" towards the broadest spectrum of animal and plant species, nor all the time towards the largest number of individuals, either.

The situation in traditional landscapes is further complicated by the fact that actually the current carbon balance of Earth would require the afforesting of every patch of land as abundant with trees as possible. Despite even that, field bees of small areas like those of Nauvo's Boskär are surely welcome even in my regards. We do know that many of the thousands of islands and islets at Saaristomeri revert back to the natural state in any case, and perhaps most of them have always remained as such.

And no matter how strange it may seem to an inland dweller that in Iiris Tukiainen's caption the juniper is branded as the worst enemy - that lovable species of tree that is under distress throughout the inner Finland and almost endangered in some areas -, at Saaristomeri that scoundrel is a true creator of monoculture, an impoverisher of nature's variety!

1997

*Translated 24.4.2006*

## ***Panic Or Peace In Nature?***

Pekka Rintamäki from Uppsala has philosophized of the essence of evolution and the nature of life in an exciting manner. As an culmination of the writing, the sentence "the cornerstone of the ecological world could be generally characterized by words 'anarchy' and 'panic'" is ground-breaking and amusing, as well.

Rintamäki's reminder that how revolutionary the new research results of Amazonas are is likely indisputable: they are truly an example of quickened evolution. It is, however, questionable if the example can be applied elsewhere. Doubtfully, as such fervent and constant change in environment hasn't appeared anywhere else but in that area, which represents per milles of Earth's surface.

The old perception of biology that evolution demands vast amounts of time likely holds water elsewhere on the globe - like Dawkins asserts in his "The Blind Watchmaker" (as slowly and patiently as the matter at hand is slow and patient).

Indeed, we constantly get evidence that the recent change in the environment caused by man is too rapid, at any case, so that the evolution of organisms could respond to it. Those animals, plants and fungi will not adapt, but answer the challenge with an avalanche of extinctions. And

speciation, the forming of new species and shapes, is so despairingly tardy that the balance remains vastly within negative.

Rintamäki draws his funny hypothesis of life's panicking essence down to the level of individual animals by using lifespans in the domestic realm of avifauna as example. Now he collides with my, entirely different, conception of the same birds. I have lived my own life literally surrounded by birds, identifying myself with them and without contacts to members of my own species for long periods of time. Birds are surely lively, at least for a part of year and day, and energetic, absurdly and fascinatingly serious from human perspective. But only the lives of fledglings (and their parents, then) and young birds are dramatic and critical, thick with danger, beasts and death, sometimes diseases. After that it is marked by fine management of life, which is supported by the high mean age after youth as indicated by banding research. One enviously wonders at how much there is rest, pleasantry and "beautiful idleness" in the lives of birds.

1998

*Translated 16.5.2006*

## *Joy Of Living Characterizes Life*

The relationship with nature is absolutely essential in constructing everyone's worldview. General knowledge of nature and the life of animals and plants has always been scarce in the head of the arrogant human. Nowadays, even that little bit is vanishing to the winds as the interest of the quickly urbanizing man is being concentrated exclusively to mischief between men.

We have a shocking contemporary example with strikes to fur farms. Even people of the highest ethical level are only able to project themselves into the rights of domestic animals (which represents the world of men). To the realm of natural animals, a system living in relative balance, they cause terrible losses and confusion as they plant Canadian beasts, mass murderers into Finnish nature.

We can lay the blame of things like this on the school system, which almost wholly neglects its most important mission. Biology, which should be incomparably the most essential of subjects, is in a pitiful position in the teaching program (for all we know, it's even worse in Finland than in most European countries). Which is why Rintamäki's little lectures about the functioning of evolution, and the like, are more than welcome.

### **Evolution rarely calls attention to itself**

However, Rintamäki's offer; the basic Darwinistic conception of nature as the field of existence's battle, is obsolete if I may say so. I don't think it stands the light of day - the theory doesn't undergo observation, empirical research. Or not exactly like this, either: the battle of existence influences over long courses and terms of time, quietly at the background. Rintamäki is correct as far as that is concerned. But in the life of an individual, it seldom actualizes.

In regards to the subject it is important to understand, among others, the different time of varying forms of life; idea of time. I have snatched a biological fragment of information from somewhere that, for example, different mammals have approximately the same amount of heartbeats in their lives (until the physiological maximum age). According to it the heart of the shrew and field vole, which live only for a year, would beat seventy times faster than human's. I have not measured it. All in all, the conception of time varies with each. In the quick-paced life of shrew a day equals human's two months and does split up into many periods of action, rest and sleep. But to return to the subject: it is extremely rare that the changes of habitat and environment are so rapid they would be significant during the life of a shrew (one human year). A new generation of shrews is born programmed into perhaps slightly changed conditions and is allowed to live placidly to old age, midst the measly controllable requirements of adaptation.

By changing the variables, it is true that alterations of the habitat are reasonable during the life of an individual, and bring no plaguing difficulties. Slowly, without notice, those ice ages have come and passed, as well. (Through ages this rule has applied to man, as well. Only during the most recent of times has the species itself messed up its affairs so bizarrely that skills of life learned in youth go obsolete by old age - or even several times in life).

### **The lifestory of the common gull**

Rintamäki and I have collected our examples from the realm of birds. Let us still resume a bit, I'll elaborate what I have written before.

It is obvious that the world of birds doesn't fit a single definition even in many relations. A species of birds might have more hard time in their life than another: it lives in a more awkward ecological section. Even divergent populations of the same species are in an unequal position; for example, the "pioneers" of extreme regions live more inconveniently than those in the heart area (perfectly similar to how a cottagedweller is in a more rigid environment in the backwoods of Suomussalmi than in the centre of groves in Lohja; the Finnish population more hard-pressed than the Italians).

But the birds I know the best are surely universally applicable enough. What is the life of the common gull like at a Finnish great lake? Acquiring food takes a fraction of its span. Smelts ascend to the surface of main at convenient intervals to be picked like berries, spawning bleaks jump straight into mouth at shoreline rockeries, every once in a while some fisherman throws aside loads of roaches and little perches from his vendace nets, other leaves a pile of leftovers from cleaned fish on a strand, a befitting rain or substantial nightly dew raises hordes of earthworms and frogs to the fields - and the day's quest for food has been accomplished in half an hour.

An enormous part of the common gull's day is spent with lackadaisically sitting beside the partner and visiting neighbours; tens of times a day in clamorous welcoming rituals, in hours worth of floating over the home bay by wind's buoyancy. Sometimes an osprey or honey buzzard traveling up in the high offers joyous variation. It is recommendable to greet both, to show swiftly one can rise to the skies and make elegant plunges. This has nothing to do with

functionality that the most rigid of biologists, etologists and evolutionists are always claiming to witness in nature. It is an act of pure fun for the common gull: the osprey and honey buzzard are not its predators nor do they compete it for food. Goshawk appearing a few times at summer might represent danger, but it can be spotted miles away at open beach - and the crow warns even before that.

All this applies to gulls with parents as well, because fledglings increase the amount of work only a little. Likewise they sit idle for most of the day beside their well-fed young. It's just that there are extremely few caretakers of families because child mortality is massive, as usual in the world of birds (man, on the other hand, has defeated infant mortality with catastrophical consequences: deterioration of hereditary material in addition to the population explosion).

During the last twenty years the infant mortality of common gulls has increased enormously due to the mink. And to the particular harm of Pekka Rintamäki, not even selection works at all in regards to the mink scourge. When a mink strolls by a beach, it kills every gull nestling from kilometer's length with clockwork precision; the most pithy and wild of mothers are as defenseless as incapable ones are. It is dictated only by chance what parts of strand or isles the mink won't make it to in time. (It is indeed chance that determines the premature death of an animal - as well as human - individual, incomparably more often than the level of its fitness for life.)

Common gulls are lucky fellows, however: they have been capable of replacing child mortality with reduced adult mortality; the population endures in the same numbers year after year. By sheer luck have guns fallen silent at the coasts of the Baltic Sea and North Sea simultaneously, and trawl line fishing ceased at home waters. All the more often do common gulls reach thirties, the maximum age, which translates to nineties with humans, and even though some of my common gulls perish (for a multitude of reasons, like humans do) 23 years old, other 17- or perhaps only 8 years old, I can't perceive it being very grim: that age has already included a massive amount of experiences - and joy of life. But let's knock the wood: if the game warden-environmentalists are ultimately overwhelmed, the mink population may grow so that fledgling production falls to zero. Many other species of birds have faced downfall already because of the mink.

Actually, in respect to the theme at hand, mirth of living, the situation of a currently living common gull individual is exceptionally fortunate. High child mortality naturally brings a greater amount of that temporary agony and emptiness what losing cubs means to every animal, but removes the hazard of overpopulation. The ill-fated competition of living space and sustenance, which might come ahead at some turn, has altogether disappeared. (I warmly recommend it to the human species, too.) The autumn, winter and spring, as well, of the common gull are now sheer festivity: an airy migration flight of a couple of dozen hours to the tidal silt of the North Sea oozing with food and back. A peregrine may flash once or twice in a lifetime at the horizon...

### **Racket at the sea**

Lets diverge a little to islands, too. What do we experience there when we watch - and truly listen - the summerly rollicking of oystercatchers throughout days? We hope that they would

ease their deafening shrieking, mass congregations and group plays presented by alternating line-ups, and would concentrate to silently dig crustaceans from a layer of bladder wrack, even for five minutes, so that we could focus to flying displays of arctic terns: again and again in blazing spirals up to the clouds; by two, three, four, squalling and screeching (a bit more civilized than oystercatchers). Then a frenzied plunge down and soon again up to kilometer high, or at least half of it.

We are aware that most of them have hundreds of thousands, some have million kilometres, of traveling back and forth between the Antarctic and the North behind them - with fluff-light wings, without showing the slightest sign of fatigue. Now they have decided to stay two months in place, bound to the territory. But more kilometres must be gained - and this time they have to be taken vertically.

Of course we can, if we persistently decide so, see all this romping, every stroke of wing and screech, like Rintamäki does: as grave, rigorous training, development of abilities; in case of the dramatic environmental change that lurks behind the corner, frantic rivalry for prey fish or charging hawk. This model of explanation is about as sensible as if we claim that man, while running and fussing from one art gallery to the next, yelling out in a choir or pasting his collection of stamps, is constantly at the battle of existence, competing for its place in the sun - or is at least preparing for it. Nevertheless, I'm sure the realistic explanation is simply the joy of life, that it is pleasant to sing in a choir, likewise to the municipal building inspector as well as the oystercatcher and common gull - that the arctic tern is *enjoying* itself.

### **The blackbird, jackdaw and Pekka**

I'm still wanting to tell of a blackdaw of early spring, a kind of a representative of minority that has smoothly survived the winter here in north. I can see it with my eyes, in my memories, sitting on a bough of a dark, warmth-absorbing young spruce at the sunny side on the first brightly warm day of February-March. It is squinting its eyes, breast towards the sun, feathers opened to a slight ruffle. It has filled its belly at morning at a nearby compost or bird feeder, and now it sits still unendingly, perching and singing, babbling very quietly - "luri luri luri", for hours on end. It doesn't aim even close to noisy territorial singing, not calling for mate; all the fellows of its species are still for weeks at southern lands. It is sheer emotion, dreaming, meditating, pleasure.

Pekka T. Rintamäki, have a look at the jackdaws of Uppsala's university's park, their incessant frolicking and games of speed and skill midst the trees and buildings of the park, and plays high above on windy days. Are they really plunging after the last crumbs of food, intestines rumbling, or escaping a goshawk?

1998

*Translated 1.6.2006*

## ***Half A Century Of Water Fowl Surveys***



I have observed nesting birds full-time during the breeding seasons of 1948-98. Main themes have been inventing nesting populations, their variations and finding out the outcome of their nesting.

During the years 1948-49 schoolwork prevented observing in the key month May. Since my undergraduate year 1950, I have reserved at least May, June and July solely for nesting birds. Those years, I have practised work for wages in May-July only temporarily during the 1980s, for a couple of weeks overall. Unfortunately, also a large garden of useful plants has pinched a few days off the breeding season in the 1980s and 90s. Associating with relatives and others of my species has occurred purely in the context of bird hiking, and interviews of a broad network of informants have been strictly limited to complement my own material of bird observations.

Observation has covered almost the whole country (excursions in almost 250 municipalities). A dozen villages in Central Tavastia have been the annual core area (where precise annual areas and lines of comparison concentrate to). In the 1980s and 90s, I have additionally done bird surveys in eleven other European countries almost every year (3-5 weeks per year). Taken all together, I have used roughly 50000 real hours (over 90 per cent in home country, over 50 per cent in the core area) to the observation of nesting birds.

The observation work has been accomplished (also abroad) by foot, bicycle (when also all the time spent traveling is full-fledged observation) or rowing boat, and in very slight amounts on long distances, by public transportation. Only in 10 to 20 per cent of trips have there been 1-2 alternating companions with me. Since the beginning of the 1950s, the procedure has included spending the night where it falls; separate places of sleeping have accumulated to many thousands. That's how unnecessary return trips are avoided and phases of falling asleep and waking up are got into the sphere of observing.

The making of an inventory of bird populations has strived to encompass the whole avifauna in the homeland at different accuracies. The most precise material of countings have been gathered (alongside birds that nest in holes and those of prey) from water- and coastal birds. Comparative inventories elsewhere in the country, primarily on large fairway lakes, all of which I have rowed a considerable share of, and in sea archipelagoes, have been only single calculations without any repeats. The same applies to most of the two hundred, in all, examined lakes and ponds of the core area of Tavastia.

On the contrary, there are repeated countings from many years, dozens of years at the best cases, from almost fifty lakes of various proportions in Tavastia. The material is dominated by the great Vanajanselkä, the coastal length of its main and islands being about 200 km and which avifauna I have more or less thoroughly counted annually in 1951-1969, and then 1972, 1986, 1997 and 1998. The emphasis has elsewhere been on water- and coastal birds during the years 1948-1953, plenty of recalculations from the years 1959-1963. And then after a long period comprising of scarce control observations I took the former waters of comparison again into the program with past methods in 1997-1998.

Furthermore, there are the trips of counting broods in July-August, sometimes even over ten successive treks at the same lake, in the same year. The method has been circuit counting by feet or boat. A couple of times notes have been made of positioned counting at small ponds, which may sometimes give a tenable result of diving ducks.

I will tell of these findings in my discourse with the aid of charts. I have published an intermediate report of the development of duck populations from the 1950s to 1960s in the annual book Suomen Riista ["Finland's Game"] in 1961, and an article of the size of duck birds' broods in Suomen Riista in 1962.

During the early years, I was interested in creating and refining counting methods, and their results I have published in *Ornis Fennica* 1959:2. The years 1948-50 were spent in seeking a capable process, and there is no valid material to be used from those years except of only a few species.

The methods were crystallized so that the counting of gulls, grebes, divers and coots is based on counting nests - and as for perished broods; couples residing in the territory - at the right season. The process may take dozens of hours even in a densely grown little lake, but it gives an absolute result. And it has turned out that even the most interesting, in a methodical aspect, ducks can yield a basically exact finding by a single counting - which can't be said of many ground birds. Of ducks, only mallards and teals even more so, may to some extent skulk on ground unreachable by the surveyor and as far they are concerned, one must be satisfied with that the yearly comparisons are however valid. All other species are wholly observable in the open landscape of the beach, and the right timing of the counting is crucial.

The calculation is based on the male individual in that brief time (one to two weeks for each species) when the population of the species has arrived to the region and settled to the nesting strand, and when passing migrants are not disrupting anymore and the male has not yet detached from its partner and territory. A full survey of one lake implies three countings: the mallard, teal and goosander immediately after the water has thawed; the goldeneye, wigeon, shoveler, pochard etc. 2-3 weeks after that; the late breeders tufted duck and red-breasted merganser even slightly later; at delayed springs the dates for counting are a bit earlier. The last one is simultaneous with counting nests. All of them are timed to May in South- and Central Finland, the last just on the first steps of June. Many, especially older, water bird researches have dated to only June as dictated by the terms of schools and universities, and unfortunately are unworthy and useless in regards of reviewing breeding populations.

Naturally it is the most essential to know in what amount the male individual corresponds to a nesting couple; in other words, what is the population ratio of genders. For this, I collected voluminous data of the ratio of ducks' genders at springs before the beginning of breeding, which I have published in *Ornis Fennica* in 1960. It was proven that the ratio for most ducks of inland waters is approximately 1:1, but for the garganey it is 1,22:1 (narrow material of a sparse species), 1,38:1 for the pochard, 1,28:1 for the tufted duck and 1,47:1 for the red-breasted merganser. So, these correcting coefficients can give the number of female individuals and

potential nests, if wanted.

To my displeasure I have noticed that because of some whim, the female individual has been used as the basic unit of counting in regards to the pochard and tufted duck in the nationwide calculation of water birds. This is a scientific fiasco. Female ducks are perceivable enough only long before breeding at unfrozen straits; as soon as the waters open up some already begin searching for nesting spots in the hidings of grass - invisible particularly in stationary counting. I have familiarized myself with the report of Jorma Ahola's team that took part in the national counting in 1987-89 at my own region, and the corresponding statistic of the nationwide project. The team observed 17 males and 3 females at a good tufted duck lake in 6/6 1988 (at a time when a major share of females are already sitting on eggs), and the national counting marked three couples for the lake when the actual comparative number would have been seventeen (and the amount of couples fourteen). As for ducks, the nationwide calculations have to be done wholly again should the reports of the terrain counters be left.

The water- and coastal avifauna of Tavastia has gone through severe changes during an observation period of 50 years. Generally it can be said that the populations of most species grew steeply from the 1940s and 50s to the 1960s, which I call the golden decade of the Finnish avifauna. The growth, which included also many bird species of land, can perhaps be explained with recovery from the vehement hunting and amassing of eggs of the years of war and shortage and the consecutive winters of piercing cold of the beginning of the 1940s in Northern and Central Europe. Growth seems to have halted in the 1970s and turned to a radical decline in the 1980s and derailed into a black pit in the 1990s, which I correspondingly call the decade of death. (The descend was sharp in regards to the wigeon and mallard in as brief a period as from 1997 to 1998.) Most of Tavastia's water bird populations are now fainter than ever since the 1940s, even mere tenths of the most prosperous years of the 1960s; both ducks and the slavian grebe are at the verge of extinction. Mergansers and the goldeneye who resume their triumph signify a deviating course of progress, and likewise in a lesser manner the black-throated diver who is strengthening its population.

A dramatic change, in a natural connection to the development of populations, is evident in the outcome of nesting. I'll mention the outcome of the common gull here even if it belongs only slightly to this relationship, because I have the largest and most accurate of materials of it. In the 1950s it was 1, in 1997-1998 lesser than 0,3 flying fledglings per a nesting couple. Also ducks' nestling production has dropped: broods of ducks, which positively swarmed bird lakes at July-August in the 1960s, exist no more. Only hatches of the goosander and goldeneye succeed moderately or well.

Both actual observations and various evidence support my hypothesis that the most prominent reason for the ruin of Tavastia's water bird populations are beasts, primarily the wild mink, which began to spread to Tavastia at the end of the 1960s. The raccoon dog and populations of fox and marten, which have grown greatly nowadays, are minute but eager assistants. Also the

part of the eagle owl may be significant; the species was missing from Tavastia in the 1950s and 1960s, but is currently plentiful. The pressure has loosened somewhat only by the goshawk.

Other possible actors, like the change in habitat, dearth of sustenance or increased hunting, seem to be nonexistent at my area of observation. There have been no alarming news of the situation at areas where water birds overwinter.

Regardless of attempting, I have not been able to gather a symposium of aquatic bird's researchers from other parts of the nation. It would be immensely important to know if the development of populations is similar elsewhere in the country. For the time being, nothing points that the case isn't so. Perhaps we are witnessing a wave of indigenous fauna's extinctions by an alien predator imported by man, known from Australia and several ocean islands.

On the basis of contemporary knowledge we should most hastily muster a common effort between all people of game warding and conservation to realize efficient hunting of foreign predator populations, and most importantly the mink. We should also strive to strictly limit the indigenous beasts of prey and consider restrictions on hunting. The desperate victims of the mink, the shoveler and both ducks that dwell in lakeside grass, should be put wholly under protection by law.

On the other hand, mergansers and goldeneyes could be hunted. It must be noted that the underestimating of mergansers' meat is sheer prejudice - like nutritional beliefs often are. By myself and blind tests arranged for my acquaintances, I have been able to ascertain that the meat of mergansers and even the great crested grebe (which, however, cannot withstand drastic taxation) is almost as delicious as that of the mallard and wigeon.

1999

## Chapter III - Animal Rights

*Translated 5.10.2006*

### *The Happy And The Sad Chickens*

The relation to animals and natural elements was the central essence of the way of life and politics of primitive people. In our modern society, decision making tinkers almost hundred per cent within the man's own spheres. And even though almost all resolutions and legislations indirectly affect the conditions of other living beings, these influences and connections are left unexamined, and usually completely ignored.

Still, such opposing streams, like the movements of animal protection and environmentalism, trickle in the arms of the mainstream. Their common leading thought is to watch over for the rights of other living creatures than man in a narrowing world - narrowed by man. Organized

into associations and leagues, they are the interest groups of animals, plants and mushrooms, comparable to the trade union movement. Also the school of Peter Singer, the most famed animal conservation philosopher of the time, searches for comparisons from the human culture when it stresses - unquestionably - how the species oppression that man practices is by far more ruthless a phenomenon than the race oppression practiced between people.

We arrive at very profound philosophical basic assumptions in these musings. The status of man in world is too high, but how much in excess is it? In fact, these questions receive more attention than ever under the surface; we can speak of the appearance of bioethics in just the recent years. Whole schools of science have been found in the United States to research the rights of animals and plants, as well as those of inorganic nature. Also in Finland, the philosophers Leena Vilkkä, Juhani Pietarinen and Eero Paloheimo have delved into the questions of bioethics on a high theoretical level.

The biologist must always be careful, if he thinks he is seeing general development in the moral of a nation or mankind, to one way or another, towards compassion or cruelty. Sooner or later, they will anyway reveal to be transient waves of the ideological history, and the biologist's argument must be affirmed once again: basic human nature will not change, at least not in a hundred or thousand years. Besides, exceptional ethical choices - let us think of pacifism, for example, among nature- and animal conservation - usually touch only small minorities even during the idea's booming.

In the light of the majority's interests, and the interests of decision makers that run along them, it may feel paradoxically startling when legislations from a completely different world, the area of conservation or animal protection, pop among the bunch of investing benefits, housing allowances and province border changes in the agenda of the government and parliament. It is then suddenly being moved in issues of a wholly different scope than the mundane problems of man's own inbred culture. They are forced to touch very many citizens through rounds of statements, and in the best case - like in conjunction with the preparation of this year's hunting law - they coerce, having spread to panel conversations and opinion columns, the sated "ordinary citizen", who boils in his own mess, to focus on the rights of other organisms at least momentarily.

I may have already been too excessive in advising against the wisdom and emotionalism of the majority, "the people". It must not be underestimated, either. Average people aren't utter blockheads in regards to the creation's treatment, they won't swallow just anything. There are some favorites like dogs and horses, or swans on the side of wild nature, which have almost the position and rights of a human. And on the other hand, such special and appearing - and well informed - acts of cruelty like the bludgeoning of seal young on glaciers and whale hunting, have roused people's movements of compassion widely in the whole Western cultural circle, that certainly are not limited only to animal protector minorities. They tell good of man.

In respect of this, it is an unpleasant surprise that extremities of a never before seen mercilessness in the treatment of slaughter animals, fur animals and cultivated fish, have been born and are still allowed to go on in our time. I don't mean the extremes of an extreme; accelerating the growth of beef cattle with hormones or artificial light through day and night,

synthetic inflating of goose liver and so on. They are too repulsive matters, they "blow the fuse", and I won't write more about them; they can be dealt with with a simple order: death sentence to such people! I am only talking about terribly cramped cage imprisonment, mentally and physically sick pigs and foxes, gradual death by congestion, deformed and finless rainbow trouts.

I myself have a memory from the 1970s, the initial period of caged henhouses. I then got into a presentation by the trade's pioneer while on a private visit to Itä-Uusimaa. I remember a packed large hall dusty with fodder, and barred coops, each housing three or four hens sitting side by side on bare grating, an assembly line onto which eggs gradually dropped - and I recall the master, who was full of contempt toward old-fashioned and foolish hen farmers, who know nothing about the structure of egg production's expenses. I also felt it to be somehow dismal that the man was a doctor by education, and still in that position as a secondary occupation. It is a part of the memory that his skin was strangely grey - or is it only an addition born afterwards because the memory of the experience follows along burdensome, grey with heaviness?

That memory is animated every time I get to observe the little packs of free yard chickens of some of my friends - those incomparably fresh, brisk and intelligent animals.

Compared to whale hunting - or any other form of hunting, even the worst -, there is a major principal difference in the cruelty of caged raising. Hunting concerns animals that have lived a full-blooded life on their own conditions, perhaps for decades, and then death arrives, sometimes painless, sometimes agonizing - like in nature. There, man is a predator in the food chain, one cause of death among others. Of course, the issue becomes very grave then - as with whales - when hunting isn't taxing only interests anymore, but striking the capital; reduces the animal population or even threatens with extinction. But that is not a problem of animal protection, but nature conservation.

Then again, the caged animal lives from birth to death in unnatural anguish, not as an animal but as an object. The essence, the pride of the animal has been utterly devastated, nothing remaining. There is no thing worse than that. Certainly, in keeping household animals it is always the question about the same rights; the right of an animal to its own nature, freedom and pride, and they have to be always restricted. Limitations can be seen as the price for that the animal is alive in the first place: most of the time an animal would not exist at all, at least here in the North, were it not domesticated by man. Most often the price feels decent. For example, the cow is linked up during the long winter season - not very tightly, though - in the old-fashioned cowhouse, and also the calf is taken from it right after giving birth. But it can romp about the pastures for half a year somewhat according to its nature, against the brief cost by milking tax. Still yard byres should be increased, as the rights and freedoms of animals yet improve in them.

It is more than stunning that the society even, not only allows the ultimate trampling on animal rights in animal nutrition and the performance cultivation of furs, but also supports the unscrupulous research- and experimenting operation that serves these forms of livelihood, all the way up to the academic level. We have a faculty of "applied zoology" in Kuopio, where biotechnology, gene transfers and the kind of realized horrors of futurologists are being developed, the mastering and forging of the basis of life. And methods of making animal raising more effective are being researched fully concretely there; for example the limits, where the

frequency of deaths by stress and throngs as loss meets the savings achieved by the firm in building- and maintenance expenses. In plain language, the minimum area of cages is being searched for.

When dragged into publicity by horrified animal protectors, these scientists of Kuopio tell that a fox living in nature is a running suffering, doomed to a neverending stride in its despair, unquenchable hunger and fear of enemies, whereas the well-fed, satisfied caged fox has reached the eternal dream of foxes. So: man's most blissful state of existence is the detention cell of prison and enough of calories? How science and the university can go as low as in Kuopio?

Those zoologists, professional or amateur, who have both the gift of empathy and perception and who live long periods among animals, have to admit more and more that the distinctions between man and other animals fade out. The more precise observations they are able to make, the closer to man glides the creation, the more lucid becomes the guideline: do onto animals as you would wish them do onto you. The most sensitive of people are able to touch upon the soul of even plants. Many identify with the spirit of a living tree, some can see also other plants as their sisters and brothers. In Finland, Tapio Kaitaharju has touched in his books upon these extremely delicate matters, that are expressed in words only with difficulty. When one closes eyes and tries to imagine Kaitaharju and such thug of kuopio in one picture, it isn't successful. They are further away from each other than heaven and earth.

When I carefully and very warmly follow the actions of the animal protecting folk, I feel I witness some false emphases. A greater issue certainly does not justify forgetting about the smaller matters. But animal protectors pay too much attention to animals' death, slaughter; its suffering or painlessness. Sure, slaughtering or killing the animal in hunting or fishing must be as tender as possible. But in the continuity of the whole of life, the process of both animal's and man' death is exceedingly insignificant in regards to time and effect. Stressing that in animal protection surely must be connected to a cultural phenomenon characteristic to our time: the terror roused by death and physical hardship. There is something disproportionate and morbid in it, it must be detached from.

When animal protection organizations fight for the good life of the animal, instead of good death, they are on a thousand times more important cause. Their cause is simultaneously one of the most pivotal matters in the world, in our society. Even this summer, an address aiming at shutting down caged henhouses circles in the country. It must succeed. Switzerland and Sweden have already shown the way. All animals imprisoned to a confined prison cell throughout the year, regardless of whether they were on ground or in water, must be freed. They are impossible, only slipped into reality, they are utterly incompatible to the atmosphere of protecting seal cubs and whales in a civilized country; they battle against the moral understanding of the great majority of the people. There is no legislation as urgent as this.

1993

*Translated 7.10.2006*

## ***The Animal Protector As The Apostle Of Doom***

How can Veli-Risto Cajander come up with anything as insane as to defend the wild mink, a predator transported from a foreign continent, which stresses our avifauna as an addition to the burden by indigenous beasts? It is lucid to every friend of nature that these kinds of vermin (the mink, raccoon dog) should be vanquished until the last paw track. Also all those forgeries of fauna (the muskrat, Canada goose, white-tailed deer) that don't directly feast on domestic animals, but may shake the arrangements of competition, are suspicious enough.

What does Cajander himself know of minks in Finnish nature? Who is he to revoke the serious appeal of BirdLife, the common organization of all the country's ornithologists? Who is he to master Erkki Pulliainen's observations of goldeneyes? And what researcher is this doctor Jouko Pokki, who suddenly flitted to Tvärminne? No ornithologist has even heard of him, the list of bird ringers knows him not, the trade's publications show not a single bird observation by that name. And where in the world has Nigel Dunstone studied minks? Tell me that not in Canada, where the mink is a part of nature, and where there surely is some kind of balance between it and prey?

Since 1948, I myself have researched the changes in the nesting populations of water- and coastal birds, breeding biology and most importantly, production of fledglings all around Finland and on wide, repeated test areas in Tavastia - tens of thousands of terrain hours overall. The past May-July I spent about 1500 hours on the beaches and isles of my probing routes (nights on strands, as well, on some 60 different places overall). I know I am aware of these matters - and I know that the wild mink is the matter of life and death of the avifauna in Finland. It is fully comparable with the dingo in Australia and the alien predators imported to ocean islands, which have collapsed the original biocenose.

Only one word can be used nowadays to describe the brood production of water- and coastal birds, and that word is catastrophe. The ruin is devastating compared to the 1950s, when the population of wild minks was a few percents of what it is now.

The packs of black-headed gulls in Tavastia, of a ten thousand heads yet in the 1970s, have dwindled down to a few hundred and completely deserted the natural nesting habitat of the species: lush weeded ponds, so-called bird lakes, where minks learned to totally finish their young. Now the black-headed gulls have retreated to rock isles in the middle of large lakes, and still take flight every year to new spots - because the mink hears their screams from the main at strands, swims after them and kills the fledglings - not to eat, but to slay, and cram them in piles under rocks and cavities of sedge tufts.

The mink has learned to unerringly discover the fledglings of the common gulls, that nest sparsely in single couples, by running along the beach line: kilometers of strand and the territories of dozens of gull couples quickly desolate after the fledglings hatch. Rare blind spots are still left between mink territories. Perhaps every fifth common gull couple is yet able to get nestlings on wings on average.

The nesting population of the lesser black-backed gull of the incomparably best lake for them in the inland waters of Finland, Pälkänevesi, was approximately 215 couples in the 1970s; 64 remained in 1997. They laid some 180 eggs, of which the majority hatched happily. Then minks



raided the little fledglings from island to island, rock to rock, and 16 grew up to take on wings. Eventually they bred at the age of four, when 4 or 5 of them can be estimated to be alive. Is the population enduring well, Cajander and Pokki?

The dreadfulness of the wild mink is underlined by that four other effective predators, all of which man has either imported from the ends of the world by transfer plantings or raised the numbers up tens of times with the gifts of junkyards, complement its work on strands and isles. Of them only the crow is an old pest. The raccoon dog and eagle owl were missing from Tavastia in the 1950s, herring gulls were a few percents of today's numbers like minks (for example, 3 couples on Vanajanselkä, now 190 couples). As the result of the cooperation between minks and herring gulls, the five hundred nests of the grand communities of terns produced a few dozens of flying fledglings the last summer: the worst outcome of birds' young I've heard of from anywhere in Finland.

The sum influence of these new beasts is nowadays by far the worst threat of the water- and coastal avifauna, much greater than the immediate effect of man, thickening settling and other weakening of the environment. There are also defenders for all these unnatural beasts, morons like Cajander; not many, but all the louder. They are of the same bunch as the guardians of cats are. When it is risen from beaches to lands, yards, gardens, fields and edges of villages, the crushing number one enemy of the avifauna is the army of domestic- and wild cats, swollen to millions in the boastful society, who leave a desert behind them.

What are these animal protectors aiming at by tending the mink imported from Canada, cat from Egypt, raccoon dog from China? Like their protegés, they are arch enemies of environmentalism, the friend of nature and nature itself.

1997

*Translated 8.10.2006*

## *Aspects Of Animal Protection*

R. Halttunen criticized me of incoherence in Maaseudun Tulevaisuus [The Future Of Countryside], because I am opposed to fur farming and simultaneously myself create suffering for animals in my occupation as a net fisher. Halttunen is correct in regards to the suffering: fish's languishing in the nets and slow death is certainly more painful than the swift slaughter of the fox and mink.

But the question isn't about death, but life. There is a fervent desire in nature, and animal kingdom, towards the preservation of life and freedom, but nature is blind to temporary suffering. The starling and blackbird do everything possible and devise all their plans to avoid the sparrowhawk's claws. But when the hawk still succeeds sometimes, it holds the starling in a firm grip and surely doesn't care to "put it down", but plucks it and commences to eat starting with the best pieces, as the starling screams in agony for a long time until it perishes. And certainly there is no notable significance with the last few minutes (or hours or days) in the life

of an animal, that spans years.

The difference between night and day is between net pike perch and caged mink. My fish have lived 5-15 years the life of a free animal, until a stronger predator, the net fisherman, intrudes. I am also consoled by being aware of that 99,9 % of fish end up as prey for other beasts than man, or die to diseases or old age. The pen fox's and mink's course of life from cradle to grave and certain slaughter is instead shiveringly dreadful. But I believe them to "suffer" all the time as little as Halttunen does; someone sentenced to life can't "suffer" every minute, either, but turns apathetic, and numb. So, the issue is about the respect for the life of an animal (and human).

Another entirely decisive disparity between fishing and fur farming is the difference between production of sustenance and output of needless luxury. An agonizing death in net fishing is no doubt grievous, but inevitable. Methods of fishing that reduce the pain of death (trawling and sport fishing with hooks) can reach only a meager share of the fish catch, which is an essential factor in the nutrition of the people.

In regards to production of food I take a completely different stance than the most fanatic of animal protectors do, who oppose all hunting and production of domestic animals. According to their doctrines, human life would be impossible on half the earth. Even in Finland, north from about Jyväskylä, in farming it can't be sustainably practiced anything other than grass cultivation, and through it, live by dairy products and meat. How would a vegan live in Inari and Utsjoki? If I came upon a animal protection activist burning a slaughterhouse's or meat shop's car, I'd take a sparrowhawk-ish hold from his neck and walk him to the police.

It is another thing that outside grazing of 3-5 months should be set obligatory for bovine animals and pigs, and that caged henhouses and overly large floor poultry farms should be absolutely banned. But here we arrive at the most pivotal question of all about the price of nutrition. The contemporary insane clearance sale of food and nonsensical performance agriculture are the politics of death. Before all other demands, production prices must be got at least three times as high; only then the requirements of animal protection, nature conservation and environmentalism can be realized.

1999

*Translated 10.10.2006*

## *Animal Rights In The Bible*

The last years I've positioned in my mind the impressive battle for animal rights, which has awakened in European countries and also Finland, as a new link to that chain of ideological history, in which it has been risen in turns to abolish institutional slavery, to free oppressed women and to uphold the rights of children. This is ethically an obviously fine and beautiful line of progress. It is a peculiar positive ripple, against which the crushingly negative tidal wave of brutal market economy of the Western culture's economical history rumbles against.

I have rejoiced even of this little, fair thing in our own society of terror; grieved over only that the animal protection movement embraces only domestic animals (into which category also all caged and laboratory animals belong). In other words, its outlook is still human-centered, and it recklessly leaves a vast majority (99,999999... % of all animals) of the animal kingdom outside, to fend for themselves, Or perhaps I am just rushing in impatience? Maybe the time of conservation comes sometime.

I recognize my general education and knowledge of history to have failed at one aspect. I've had the idea that the movement for animal rights has been a somewhat new - and likewise all the more brilliant - ideological stream in our cultural sphere. (I have held the so-called primitive peoples' relation to nature and brotherliness towards certain animals as quite the separate phenomenon in a conceptual sense, built on different foundations.) And I've also had the kind of a flimsy idea that the cornerstone of the Western culture, Judaism, has been wholly human-centered (even urban) and negative and cold towards nature and animals. I've even assumed I've seen one partial reason here for the clash between natural romantic Nazism and chillingly rational Judaism.

Now I have received a small awakening - as I browsed the Jehova's Witnesses' Herätkää-magazine [Awaken], that splendid and exemplarily well edited general journal. Its article tells in the introduction of the most horrendous sports of animal abuse arranged for the amusement of man, and then discovers surprisingly many "modern" attitudes for animal protection and their rights in the Bible. Most of them are even in the side of the Old Testament. It appears we again encounter the phrase "nothing new under the sun".

In the second book of Moses (23:4-5), it is encouraged to rescue the lost ox or donkey of even one's enemy, and to return it to its owner. And also the donkey of the foe must be aided to get up on its feet, if it has fallen under its burden. The verse 23:12 advises to stay off work during the seventh day of the week, "that thine ox and thine ass may rest". Guidelines that demand good treatment of animals in the fifth book of Moses (22:10 and 25:4): "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together" and "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn".

Clearly a practical outlook unites with taking care of animals in the mentioned instructions. The verse 4:11 of the book of Jonah expresses general compassion towards animals: "And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more then sixscore thousand persons, --; and also much cattle?"

In the verse 12:10 of the Proverbs it is said: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

And finally from the side of the New Testament, a beautiful sentence is found from the Bible, which contains the base philosophy of conservation, the professing of also nature's animals' absolute value: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" (Luke 12:6)

Some of the citations I have taken from the New International Version of the Bible. Strange enough, the following fabulous vision of future in the book of Hosea, verse 2:18, is completely

missing from the new translation by the Finnish Evangelic Lutheran church, which doesn't make it any less grand: "And in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground: and I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth, and will make them to lie down safely." The eternal dreams of the pacifist, environmentalist and vegan condensed into a single sentence!

1999

*Translated 15.10.2006*

## *A Glance At Vegetarianism*

So many passionate opinions float about vegetarianism, that tackling it may well equal to poking a bee hive. But the subject is too important to pass in ecological thinking. And besides, calculations of ecological balance and saving recommendations raise anger originating from bad conscience on whatever the area of life.

But let us examine vegetarianism first as a question of health. A perceptive expert on the field, Leena Vilkkä, recently described an international vegetarian conference in Juha Rantala's small *Elämänsuojelija*-magazine [Guardian Of Life], and told that the health effects of vegetarianism were on the forefront there.

By his build, teeth and bowels man is certainly not a carnivorous predator, and not in any case a pure herbivore. Biologically man is an omnivore, like the bear, badger and rat are.

It is an equally simple truism that a doer of strenuous physical work (like the writer of this), whose life-lasting health problem is the battle against threatening thinning, cannot manage with "grass and salad", but more like has to strive to get enough high-calorie animal fats.

But, but... Man's ways of living change, change even so much that the natural biological essence of man becomes questionable. The doer of modern mental work is at its purest a so thoroughly different being from a ditch digger or saw-wielding lumberjack, that these can be seen as part of the same species only with difficulty. Light vegetables and fish fit the new human type without question better than heavy, nutritional warm-blooded animals.

A similar leap in mind has to be gone through by the generation that had experienced war and depression (60 years old or older at the moment), who couldn't comprehend in their early youth that any dab of meat or piece of fat could have been left uneaten, if one was just able to get hands on such - and who had never heard of vegetarians. Also we elders have to accept now that the new population must "play with food" for the sake of their health - unless they heal their living habits, which is then a much more complicated matter.

But first of all, the problem of man's sustenance is even still quantitative and not qualitative. One must be capable of eating not too little or too much. What one eats is less important, as long as one doesn't swallow sharp shards of glass or badly bent nails.

Leena Vilkkä lists various vegetarian diets: 1) vegetables, milk products, eggs and fish, 2) the latter but no fish, 3) no products of animal origin in nutrition, 4) a diet of living food, no dead ingredients in it, 5) a diet of solely fruits, 6) veganism: nutrition as in the third entry, no animal-based materials in clothes, medicine and the like.

Reasons for these choices may base not only on health, but also animal protection and ecology. Those of animal protection represent high ethics that must always be valued: an animal must not be killed, suffering must not be brought upon it nor must it be imprisoned to an environment incompatible with the animal's value.

These factors are hard to shoot down, especially so that a vegan would be assured. Hunting and fishing are man's primeval livelihood, basic humanity. I, for example, fully agree with this. Yes yes, says the vegan: the slave institution was man's pristine culture and form of economy... It has been, or is, old tradition and custom in many cultures to burn too wise women in pyres as witches, to force little children to full-day work, to mutilate genitals... What about wars and tortures, then, they are fundamental humanity if anything? And so approved without objections?

I admit it is respectable and excellent in the vegan ideology that the animal's absolute value is generally noticed, that these great questions are contemplated upon. Even something positive new does shimmer in the atmosphere of our period of horrifying distress!

Nevertheless, there are many counter-arguments. For starters, I'd put my marginal note to that subsection of animal suffering. To me, cattle glows with satisfaction on pastures, and similarly I experience, seeing with eyes and hearing with ears, the happy chewing and mooing in a wintry, warm cowhouse. Besides, creamy full milk is the most divine of nature's gifts to me, the pinnacle of my life's pleasures.

Of course, a modern yard byre is even more of a paradise, and certainly the cowhouse is only a winter home. It is obvious that the long summer (here from the beginning of June to October) is spent outside on forest- and meadow pastures. The ban on keeping animals inside summertime should be one of the first articles in the animal protection law. And I certainly agree with every vegan and animal protector about the cage-growing of fur animals and poultry.

I think the taming of domestic animals was one of the most splendid inventions of mankind, if not the only brilliant one. I've gathered that the vegan generally accepts pets - even though they don't live a fully natural life. But I continue the list with the bovine, horse, pig, sheep and chicken, without which human life would be unspeakably poorer at least here in the arid North - poorer than without, say, music, art or books. I don't suppose even a vegan argues that domestic animals should be kept - with what resources? - without any compensation; meat, milk, eggs, wool, leather, work effort? A strict vegan does demand that these animals were not at all. Would cows, horses and sheep vote in the favor of this decision?

I'll yet put an interjection here for vegans. Many of them do not even attempt to persuade the whole population behind their ideology; do not strive towards rooting the economy of domestic animals. But the vegan has chosen his own way to protest against the cruel forms of performance

economy. And surely there is a tremendous difference whether it is protested against the gigantic McDonald's- or beef cattle of the former virgin forests of Brazil, or against a Finnish small farm, which few cows are almost like family members and calves named after children - even though they will be slaughtered eventually, ending their rather comfortable life.

Vegetarians think that their strongest ecological argument is that when grain and such vegetable nutrition is changed to meat, man's food reserves drop down to a tenth. One truly encounters hopeful thinking that a multiple population could be provided for on the globe with grain, resigning from meat production.

That line of thought is anyhow altogether unsustainable ecologically. First it must be noted that large areas on earth are suitable only for the growing of cattle fodder, and through it for producing meat and dairy products. Even in Finland approximately the area north from Jyväskylä-Vaasa would be marked off from notable production of human sustenance - when also game and fish would be boycotted by vegans. Ecologically that case would outstanding in itself, when it was held to the ecological basic principle that the population of every major region have to produce their own food. It would be admittedly brilliant if Central and Northern Finland would be left without human settlement, for binding carbon and producing oxygen. Though, I've understood that vegans do not want this.

That whole vegetarian plan begins from a completely wrong end and grounds certain destruction. All powers must be focused, not on increasing food reserves, but for the suppression of the population explosion and - according to the deep ecologic principles of Naess - decreasing the number of people. If the globe's population is first grown with grain nutrition, we end up in a really wretched circle.

In the short run, hunger as such isn't the worst bottleneck in the battle for the preservation of man, even with the current level of food production. At least for now there are the elements of other ecocatastrophes to deal with, brought by the large amount of people and their way of life; disruptions, collapses and depletions, pollutions and emissions, desolations and pavements at earth, water and air. Hunger is seemingly in control perhaps for some time. But the horrid strain of rebuking hunger is that there are huge badly not self-sufficient populations here and overly self-sustaining peoples there. And the massive transportation of food even to the other side of the world means a terrifying increase in transfer equipment, route networks, construction of storages, harbors and airports, and energy usage.

Then, that overt self-sufficiency is based on effective agriculture strung to its tightest, which will unavoidably lead - and not so slowly, either - to the depletion of soil, field erosion and crashing of production. Maintaining the production capability of fields comes evermore desperate if cattle manure is left out of the equation. The advantage of increased field acreage, which is given by releasing them from growing feedstuff for meat animals, will be transient.

The worst thing is that population growth along with its all emissive and deserting effects, caused first by moving to breadstuffs production, will quicken the climate change. It leaves vast areas of cultivation out of order - both when coastal plains submerge in sea and the earth's drought zones move over the most lucrative of granaries, like climate prognoses tell.

Decimating or shrinking the huge masses of cattle would obviously help the ozone dissipation of the upper atmosphere in regards to methane gas. Destruction of the ozone layer is however the only grave problem of ecocatastrophe that is estimated to be surmountable anyway.

There are also other weaknesses in "the ecology of vegetarianism". Many very unproductive and poorly nutritional vegetables demand immoderate acreages for cultivation. In fact, only few vegetables are sufficient (peas, beans, cabbages), and few fair (grains) as main nourishment.

Some of the most witting vegans have noticed the severe error in the ecological balance of vegetarianism, that food imported from faraway countries and continents is eaten. They strive to either fully, or as domestic food as possible, and call themselves fennovegans. I have a funny memory about this subject from the last summer. I was conversing with a young farmer, Antti Ilola, at my home village, who began talking about vegetarianism. He was quite knowledgeable about vegetarianism, but was wondering what was the meaning of the term "fennovegan" he had snatched from somewhere. I explained the origins of the word "fennia", and the principle of nutrition's ecological nativity. Antti thought for a while and thought then that it too will lead to expensive carriages; shouldn't that food be wholly produced at one's own farm. And instantly came up with a name for these truly orthodox people: hemmavegans! So, in honor of Antti Ilola, I would like to complement the aforementioned list by Leena Vilkkä: 7) fennovegans, 8) hemmavegans.

We have yet to touch another pivotal principle in addition to ecological balance: cherishing the diversity of nature. Let's take an example from our own country's nature. A very large part of Finnish fauna and flora are part of a biocenose born during thousands of years, which prerequisite for life is the soil shaped and fertilized by domestic animals. Small-scale human settlement and agriculture based on home animals has hugely enriched nature at a time. Now all this falls into ruin as large domestic animals disappear.

A field of crops, a plain growing wheat or barley, even underdrained and doped with pesticides, is by far the poorest habitat of our plot of land. Its population is many times more indigent in regards to both species and quantity than even the centrum of a metropolis. A friend of nature is hardly ever a vegan, as fine and noble the principles of veganism are from one point of view.

And is anything else fitted into human life, other than eating? Is there room to consider man's aesthetic world of experiences? If there is, I shall ask, is there a sight more dreadful than a torn open grey-black crop field of September-November or April-May? And is there a cultural landscape more delightful than a green grass lawn and meadow pastures, on which motley bovine cattle, horses and sheep walk about and frolic? Or is there a more lively yard than one where smart and inventive chickens potter freely? At last: if the pig (undeniably the worst fellow by its ecological balance) is removed, sheep is kept for wool, chicken for eggs, cow for dairy products and the horse perhaps as a steed, what shall be done with an aging animal and all bull calves and rooster chickens? A natural death by old age or an injection by veterinarian, and then into a hole? What ecological balance or nation's economy could withstand such squander of nutrition? When all attempts to avert ecocatastrophes fall down, in the future, very soon in fact, we have to cancel the taboo of using human flesh - whether this destiny is arrived at by

temporarily moving onto vegetable sustenance or through the traditional economy of mixed food, which prevails nowadays.

1999

*Translated 19.10.2006*

## *Human And Animal Nature*

It isn't uncommon that a newspaper conversation hops from one paper to another. In Vihreä Lanka [The Green Thread], Anto Leikola took on bishop Voitto Huotari's column in Etelä-Saimaa and Kymen Sanomat. Now I shall continue the discussion on my turn in Elonkehä. Citations do bulge, but actually it would be good to cite the key parts of the latter writing even in the same paper, because the reader doesn't often recall it, not to speak of having.

So, Huotari writes:

"An animal has a value, but not the kind of an inviolable absolute value and right to a life, which we acknowledge all humans to have in all circumstances." And continuing: "To speak of animal rights with the same meaning as when talking about rights belonging to every human, is questionable."

Leikola gives recognition for the careful form: "we acknowledge", "is questionable", and resumes:

"This ethical principle seems to be quite generally accepted nowadays, and it partly forms the ground for the concept of "human rights". But nevertheless, it dwells - like all values - more in the mind of its adherent than in the object itself, unlike for example biological facts, and thus it is inevitably subjective: I think, we think. We cannot proceed past belief - or faith - here.

It is fully possible and justified to set a steep line between man and animal exactly at the point of absolute value, like the bishop does. It is in fact clearer than to give an absolute value, in addition to humans, also to manlike animals and then slid this animal value down, ever diluting, from mammals towards lower vertebrates, invertebrates and at last towards the paramecium and amoeba."

In conclusion, Leikola thanks churchmen for at least paying attention to the protection of animals and other nature, and also for stressing on human responsibility on nature. "They didn't yet do that in my youth."

For me, respecting life is a lucid - or let us say, clear enough - group of principles, that are in my opinion shared in many parts to friends of nature, people dedicated to the preservation of nature.

Like Leikola, I hold it evident that absolute respect (forbidding killing or damaging) stretched over all animals is a practical impossibility even far sooner than when we'd begin pondering the rights of parasites, borreliosis-mites, mosquitoes and dangerous bacteria and viruses: if we start



to evade every ant on a forest trail, we soon will be hopping ourselves to near death. Certainly it is prohibited to needlessly kill all these little fellows (and we get the plant kingdom, as well, under the rule of unnecessary slaughter).

But animal value - and the degree of their inviolability - is called by their status, the position in the biosphere and biocenose. Firstly, the whole, the system, the maximum amount of species and diversity is the most sacred, and secondly the maximum number of individuals in regards to the species amount - over the whole earth and each of its areas. The most beautiful, greatest, most important value on earth is the richness of nature (and actually, to me, in the whole universe because truth be told, my interests, conscious, identification and caretaking do not reach over to other celestial bodies).

Thus "endangerment" is a wholly central concept, or the threat of extinction for a species, subspecies or a local population, the menace of nature's dramatic impoverishment. It is followed by a greater value of the "rare" animal compared to the "common" animal - and the amount of animal population is an absolute fact, where man works only as an counter. Also, some kind of a classification of value can be done according to the phylogenetic status of an animal: in the gradual process of life's birth and development; is it one of the earlier, "more primitive", or of the later, "more advanced" lifeforms. Evolution has sort of emphasised more on the latter. So an endangered tiger and the mountain gorilla would have a higher value than a species of shellfish under the threat of extinction.

It is noticed that phylogenetic classification is advantageous for the human species, but valuation based on amount and numbers is all the more crushing. Man is wholly his own class in the latter relation; it has broken all the way out of the system, the laws of the food chain, and vastly swollen its numbers. It is easily by far the most populous animal on the earth in proportion to body size and consumption need.

When man has even multiplied his burden by indulging on an unscrupulous amount of secondary needs, a massive superseding of other lifeforms, impoverishment of nature's affluence, alongside which the phylogenetic "merit" remains featherlight. Man indeed is the superior unfavorite species in the valuations of the friend of nature. A nature friend, to whom man in nature is a bully and most often a corruptor, shields biocenoses from human influence as far as possible. This assesses the attitude towards various animals. For him, the value and rights of a wild animal always drive ahead the rights of a domestic animal (which are like humans) in a conflict situation. Likewise the indigenous (remaining) fauna of each region is always before the human-planted "wrong" animal. In the harshest of cases planted animals are predators that fatally reduce the original, natural animals. They are then left without any rights (the mink, raccoon dog and cat in Finland).

Man practices active impoverishment of nature also when disproportionally increasing the amount of beasts of prey in the biocenose, through offering them an abundance of unnaturally good nesting places (owls nesting in birdhouses), or by feeding them over the winter, when their natural pruning by hunger is prevented and numbers expand destructively large (crow birds, the eagle owl, herring- and great black-backed gull, great spotted woodpecker and squirrel in Finland). The nature friend must mend all these mistakes and warpings to the last effort.

I shall return to human rights. In the way they are understood, without reservation, they make brutal war against both my ethics and logic. I always think of the definition I gave: "human rights = death sentence to mankind". And a few factors in the definition of human rights will probably remain incomprehensible until my death.

First of all, my reasoning says no to understanding that the value and rights of a human individual stand the same from the beginning of time, regardless of the amount. It is fully clear to me that the net increase of mankind is constantly lowering the value of existing individuals (and that it is very tiny on average at the level of six billion...).

Second of all, I can't begin to understand that human rights are seen as common and equal - like Anto Leikola interprets bishop Huotari: "man has a certain absolute value, that does not depend on good or evil or the quality of his reason".

I find that thinking truly worthless. I can never see two people as equal; the other one is always more valuable than the other. And the value of very many people is negative, sometimes hugely so. There are people, who exceed the "environmental allowance" calculated for one individual a thousand times, vastly decrease the richness of nature, squander nature's reserves, both in their own life and through indirect influence. And there are thoroughly venomous, living outside morality, criminal people in the most indisputable meaning of the word, who cause horrid amounts of grief to their species' fellows in extreme cases. What mysticism, black magic works behind it that these manner of creatures have full human rights? And what is the philosophy of death sentence's opposer?

Life, which is hierarchic by nature, demands that we "slid this animal value down, ever diluting, from mammals towards the paramecium and amoeba". But classification of people in descending order according to how much there is human in them should be as necessary. In other words: how much they have those abilities, in which the special quality of our own species crystallizes, where the role and justification of man in the spectrum of animal species appears: intelligence, wisdom, education, emotion, empathy. Physical deficiency means no fault in what is intrinsically human; in spiritual life, the region of mind. But retardation on the area of emotional life or intelligence is another matter. Some human individual is in these relations on the level of the chimpanzee, some to the beaver's, some to the meadow pipit's. Some totally deficit effigy of man is without even the most primitive point of comparison in a healthy animal kingdom. From what source do higher value and rights bubble to these people than to the chimpanzee, beaver or meadow pipit?

In my opinion the animal rights movement and thinking are on tenuous ground without knowledge about the workings and connections of nature, and again without simultaneous contemplation on human rights and their limits.

1999

*Translated 20.10.2006*

## *To Car And Motor-column*

"A young male elk has died on Tampere motorway.

HS/Regional editors. A young male elk got mangled by a fairly large passenger car on Monday evening, at the Tampere-Hämeenlinna highway that had been opened a week ago, on the road segment by leafy saplings at the border of Kalvola-Sääksmäki. According to eyewitnesses, the road was being crossed by two elks, who were rapidly using a short pause in traffic to their advantage, but apparently misjudged the extremely high speeding of a car nearing from the north. The other elk barely escaped. The late one broke the other fore- and hind leg, and received a big open wound to its chest. Kalvola's conservation representative Inkeri Nurmela, who was alarmed to the place, arrived in about 15 minutes and an animal ambulance of Hämeenlinna came in some 25 minutes, but the elk, who was able to move only 30 meters away from the accident spot, had already lost so much blood that transfusion wasn't started with anymore, and the elk perished already in three minutes after the ambulance's arrival.

The departed, who was born in May 2011, was part of a community of seven elks, whose home estate was split by the new road for a length of 600 meters so that 3/5 were left on the west side and 2/5 on the east side of the road. Nurmela tells that the community had had great difficulties crossing the road daily and that the accident could be expected, even though the members of the community were known as very alert and careful persons. The companion saved from the accident of the deceased has likely been an older male cousin from its mother's side (born in 2009), who was noted to usually move with the late one.

As is well-known, environmentalists have demanded the construction of the country's highways' all forest sections as tunnels. The road segment in question between the bridges of Hämeenlinna and Vanaja was the first one in the tunnel solution plan, because already the previous motorway line of the area from year 2000 caused an intolerable rush of misfortunes even after lowering speed limits. Nurmela finds the voting decision, in which the earthly option won, revolting.

Let it be mentioned that also the father driving the car got killed in the accident along with his children. There may have been two or three of them."

1999

## **Chapter IV - Books**

*Translated by Olli S.*

26.4.2006

## *The Masterpiece Of Owl Men*

Few years ago a long report on a big bird found injured, I can't remember whether it was an eagle owl, eagle, or something else, caught my eye. The bird was escorted across the country in a

police car into the bird hospital of Heinola . The enthusiasm of harsh policemen clearly manifested in their interview as they told of a carefully prepared transfer-box and the phases of their trip. It seemed as if one's own child was hurried with heart in a kink to the ER of central hospital.

The Finnish people's love of nature is bipartite. The part and fate of forest and wood is merciless here, far more merciless than at any other corner of the world. But the people love animals - especially birds. Finns' extravagant love of birds is an interesting cultural phenomenon. No marks are counted when expensive sunflower seeds and nuts drip down to throats of titmice, greenfinches and bullfinches in every village, in several tons.

At last even the big hooknoses which were regarded with disapproval, even hatred, a decade ago, have been taken on the wide lap of this bird people. The manners of living of the great grey owl as well as several other owl species are depicted with an abundance of material in the recent "Suomen pöllöt" [" Finland's Owls"] book. From the 1930s to 1960s the great grey owl barely belonged to Finland's nesting birds. The great grey owl is tame, not avoiding of man, trails from a side of field to another at winter and touches upon courtyards. A wintry journey out of deep forests eventually ended in a bullet or shot. They survived in the wilderness of Russia, and from there they came back when their persecution turned into admiration.

The same state of affairs was for hawk owls during their periodical winter migrations from north to South Finland. During my own active years they rarely reached the south coast; before that event a trigger was pulled. They are still hunted: owl researchers trick them with mouse baits on snowy plains and put numbered rings in hairy ankles.

Undoubtedly, it took intense softening of many years, rolling-up of nature photographers, film makers, writers, and preachers. I remember my own ancient effort for the owls, an article of the owls' usefulness as a reducer of mice and moles, and another one was even about hanging bird-houses in Practical Farmer magazine which was edited by my uncle. The headline of the story didn't come easily, and the suggestions turned out to be ridiculous: "The Prince of Night and Farmer" or "Owls? The Right Hands of a Farmer". My uncle was a word-wise journalist, and in no time he made up the headline "Owl Farming Is Profitable".

Diligence pays well. The popularity of birds, and especially birds of prey, guarantees nowadays that publishers dare to invest on excellent bird books one after another. The best researchers and the most proficient writers get to write about falcons and eagles from the bottom of their hearts, and other amateurs get to compare their observations and conclusions, finger on line. In the first shock of economical depression the brake was put on a little, but now the bird people are being spoiled again.

Nature photographers in turn get their best images published - printed with excellent technique like now in "Suomen pöllöt". Titbits are a great grey owl brooding on an ant nest (p. 182) and another one in a very thin covering pose (image tag simply "Reference", p. 231) or a marvellous on-flight image of an eagle owl (p. 93). An excursionist guesses his feelings whether he had unknowingly happened to look over a narrow cleft on a snag while travelling, and sighted the staring of a big black eye (p. 175). It is, by the way, a fine invention, at last, that there is the

name of the photographer, most importantly the parish of photographing, and date pressed in a fine print on captions; they are essential in order to place the image in one's own idea world. This practice must be made a custom.

When Kirjayhtymä's [the publisher] former grand volume "Suomen haukat ja kotkat" ["Finland's falcons and eagles"] was issued two years ago, I fell for its literary excellence. Of course, it had research information in ample measure, but I remember how some ornithologist brothers were peevish for an even higher level of factual knowledge. This shortcoming was soon repaired as last spring Pertti Koskimies'kaikk "Suomen ja Euroopan päiväpetolinnut" ["The Day Birds of Prey of Finland and Europe"] (from foundation of Benny Gensbol's text, WSOY 1995) was issued. Now it seems that editor-in-chief Pertti Saurola and 14 writers in all of "Suomen pöllöt" have combined the results of science and enjoyable style "permanently well".

General chapters show the anatomy of owls, joint work of physiology and manners of living, the owl species of whole Earth, owl research, preservation and nourishment. Into the bargain we get a perfect packet of knowledge on the life of voles and the newest vole research. In addition to the description of the ten domestic owl species (12-22 pages on each), there are condensed pieces of information of each species to be on the safe side (with addition of the randomly encountered barn owl and small European owl) with maps of distribution on whole Earth.

A surprising gem is Antero Järvinen's extensive research of owls on culture, art of painting, music, poetry, and folklore. Darn it that someone is actually able to know so much of Hieronymous Bosch's, Wagner's, Hugo Simberg's, or Helvi Juvonen's relation to owls! May the humanists yet come barking at the Fach-idiotism of biologists! On the other hand it's a tough call: all the historians of art and folklorists should really get this expensive owl book in their libraries.

The extensive material of banded nesting dam owls enables large family records reaching several decades, exact information on fidelity and slips, or their young getting in an owl community (which is often due few years of waiting before the release of territory). It is exciting, the material about Ural owl offspring production, compelling to make a comparison to our species. Our Laestadian unit produces 10 to 12 young but their part of the population is small, thus it has no real impact on the mean value; the major share of the population produces 0 to 3 offspring. The lifetime offspring production of Ural owl has a greater dispersion, 0 to 35 young matured enough to fly, and even greater is the part of the productive parents: only 23 % of mothers produce half of all chicks which live to learn fly. But 72 % of young Ural owls capable of flying die before mating age, when on the other hand the mortality of Finnish humans able to walk - also in Laestadian giant broods - before marital age is less than 5 %.

I really can't say what the owl book is missing. As late as spring Hannu Pietiläinen, while evaluating Koskimies's diary of day birds of prey in Linnut ("Birds") magazine, stated that the chicks of large hawk species demand only 1 - 1,5 months from their dams, but the offspring of tawny owl and Ural owl need three months of care after they leave their nests, and asked confused: "Could it be that hawk's profession is easier to learn than owl's?" Now Saurola has the answer even for this. Owls don't, completely opposite than it was thought to this day, have decisively better vision than, for example, human does. Instead, an important part of their

preying tactics is an ingenious hearing system which is verbosely explained in the book. The ability to locate prey with hearing develops much slower than the ability to seek it (like hawks do) with vision.

A small remark from someone who has read his feminist lessons. Saurola tells that owls and hawks have "inverted size-difference between the genders (the female is larger than the male)". How come the word inverted? Compared to what, some other bird families? Don't they have inverted difference in size of genders if compared to owls?

Although I am myself one of the main protagonists in the issue, having been agitating both the hawk and owl research since the 1950s, I have already had time to fret about the ornithological research concentrating on hawks and owls at the expense of other schools, other bird categories are ignored. How many is researching woodcock's or bunting species' manners of living and population dynamics, or the life of the ring-dove? This autumn's conversation of science's accountability may have me, despite the partial silliness, favour again the birds of prey. We have only a few research ornithologists so it might be good if they concentrate on specific subjects on which there is no shortage of resources. The owl research really is world's top level in Finland, as Saurola proves it with many statistics.

1995

29.4.2006

### *Kalle Könkkölä And Heini Saraste: Huoneekseni Tuli Maailma ["The World Became My Room"]. WSOY 1996*

When I read from a newspaper that Kalle Könkkölä, wheelchair's strong man, was getting the office of assistant city manager of Helsinki at the early spring, I saw a vision when I woke up in morning, at the boundary of being asleep and awake. The outer walls of Helsinki's blocks of flats were wound by ramps on which happy and daring wheelchair riders raced at a furious speed, climbing up and dashing down again from eight floor to the ground level.

Then, as I woke up, I thought that although I considered the competition for the office of city manager, the most asphaltic of asphaltic vacancies, tragicomic for especially the Green Party, I'll delightedly let Kalle Könkkölä to have the seat of power. One couldn't possibly demand him to set to work of an organic farmer or village smith. Now that darn Kalle pulls the carpet underneath from this and many other of my thoughts with his biography. Multioccupational entrepreneur actually does practise extensive gardening from his wheelchair at his summer cottage in Mäntyhärju with the aid of ingenious special tools...

Könkkölä didn't get the position. My interpretation is that city officials feared the superior vigour and skill and saw a horrific vision of excellently administrated social and health care would be cleaving resources all around from other lines. This interpretation may be wrong, at least from Könkkölä's point of view. Kalle snaps physically non-handicapped in every turn: don't you think you understand, don't pity, don't over help, and in general don't be soft. I considered using words

"excellent story of survival", but it won't do, Kalle will instantly knock it out: don't admire!

Well, Könkkölä's rigour is unbiased as even handicapped are getting their share, meaning those who have submitted and accepted the role of helpless.

But if I now said that Könkkölä was a whip or bully, I would do wrong. When he poses as a besserwisser, he always has solid arguments. He has absolutely no need to appeal to his past of suffering, as disheartening it is: time after time a "touch of black wing", falling down into a pit, and a hard climb back. In spite of being handicapped, Kalle Könkkölä is a thinker and psychologist who has an attraction to the problems of being human. He has an extra-ordinarily well balanced reason and emotion, he is both a logician and co-liver, and a researcher and reformer. Note Kalle, this isn't any admiration, but only a cold analyzation of your qualities.

Last spring I was in the publishing event of Könkkölä's and Saraste's book in Helsinki and afterwards at the celebration in WPK's restaurant. Heini Saraste was in a over-merry tipsy, giggling, constantly interrupting other's speaking, and was being impossible in every way. I tried to understand that the state of blissful ecstasy was due to publishing of her first book and the completion of work of several years, but doubt stole into my mind: what kind of book this pair could have produced.

This primer was pleasant for me, the surprise even greater, when I got my hands on the book. For Heini Saraste is a magnificent writer, not without errors though, but excellent, and Kalle Könkkölä is a brilliant interviewee. The text is fun, warm, and wise, happy and severe at the same time.

No biography can empty a person along all the corners of soul, not even near, and I believe that also Kalle is thinking that "I am not like that, am I" or at least: "It may have something of me, but so much is missing." Yes, what is the reality of human individual? Is it necessarily only that which a person feels and knows himself to be, or also that which close acquaintances, relatives, and friends, experience him to be? Or in some cases also the epitome how publicity experiences him to be?

In any case, Kalle Könkkölä becomes unusually close from the book's talented quick strokes. At least I was taken by the biographical part, I frankly identified with it, Kalle's phases of life since childhood when siblings dragged the crippled boy along to all places, carrying him if other methods weren't possible. My attitude is that of a very cheerful smiler's, even through the accidents and trials when I know the happy ending - until now (knock wood!).

I like the straightforwardness in which the friends and enemies alike are portrayed, called by their names and with good depictions of their personalities, or Kalle's loved ones and his love life. The attitude of society towards the handicapped is finely analyzed: for example, when the families of both parties (and the priest wedding the pair!) must take up on Kalle's marriage with another handicapped person, student of architecture Maija Elomaa.

The style is harsh at times, at some places tender, but never sweet. It is also told how Maija beat Kalle in the head with a book when Kalle had been a bad and lazy writer - even when fingers occasionally had enough pressing strength to hold a pen.

Maija Könkkölä is, of course, the most essential one of the important subordinate characters of the book - not in the background by any means, but by side. With an evenly good reason one could make an inspiring biography of Maija Könkkölä, within whose collection of ailments lives an unbelievably vigorous powerhouse and social opinion leader; just now it was Kalle's turn.

Rest of the book is excitingly wise pondering on being human. Through the problematics of handicappedness, the book goes all the way to further explore the problematics of whole life which concerns every reader subjectively. One reads about relationships, charity, conceit, self-esteem and the identity of man, will to live and longing for death, similarity and difference, slowly and putting one's soul into it while comparing them to one's own feeling and experiences.

It is colourful and vivid text, illustrated by examples every once in a while. It makes us of that of human nature which is rare for a 46-year-old, the huge amount of contacts which reach to Sambia, Bangladesh, Brazil - and still avoids the pit of shallowness.

Könkkölä takes an unconditionally rejecting stance on the hard question, euthanasia, even more stricter than archiater Risto Pelkonen, whose fine opinion we recently got to read. Könkkölä handles this core philosophical question, whether man may set himself above death, in a manner which is the highest qualifying offering of the book. The problem still won't get concluded in the world in near future. Especially euthanasia's - like many other of man's difficulties - relation to the population explosion is particularly grave and tough.

One matter on which I little oppose Könkkölä, or at least become hesitating, is the stripping of pity. Should charity necessarily be considered only as degrading the weak and elevating self? Or can't there be something beautiful in elevating self? Shouldn't man be able to feel himself, even sometimes, good and noble, above "casual" friendliness? My old mother at least has taught me, in my opinion wisely, that man must learn to give but also to receive in life - without being vexed, or a forcing thought of returning service.

Descriptive to Könkkölä's mode of action is the aftermath of a speech the undersigned held for the young Green movement in Turku long ago in which I warned the Greens from becoming imprinted as a movement of small minorities, such as the homosexuals, vegetarians, feminists, and handicapped. I was also terrified by the shine and expense of the tools of handicapped. (This question of expences is covered by the book in many turns as some other people too have shown their cold heartedness.)

Kalle didn't start to mope or hold a grudge, but he came to debate, give reasons for, and socialize with his special car from Helsinki to Häme. The following is told in the book: many loads of firewood which I had gathered from logging left-overs were transported with Könkkölä's car and the his assistant Ville Komsa to my home yard. The operation benefitted me greatly and it was a



victory for diplomacy. Kalle has opened several new perspectives for me.

It is easy to agree with Kalle Könkkölä's main idea: handicappedness must be accepted by both community and society, and the handicapped themselves. One must not wrap up, lull oneself, nor cherish unrealistic hopes of "healing". And before all else one must go and be allowed to go along fully authorized to the community of "healthy" - no special schools, no institutes when it's possible. To put it briefly: just come along! Most of us have great defects, traumas, and inhibitions which don't come out as visually as handicappedness or visual impairment, but maybe as serious or even more.

I'm attracted by the point of view of diversity which handicappedness offers. The life and thinking of Kalle Könkkölä point out how handicappedness gives the ingredients for an excitingly different own subculture and personal philosophy. On the other hand, it is the homogenization of people and ways of living, the black cloak of monoculture covering the whole Earth, which is taking away the last drop of meaningfulness and justification for the existence of destructive human species.

And what becomes of nature straining expensive technology, the handicapped and people with sensory defects may use it with my warmest approval - as long the physically healthy are stripped of it to the minimum!

But the greatest outcome from handicapped coming along to society could be the soothing and softening of atmosphere following it. If we have handicapped among us all the time, practically being noticed in every issue, and above all if we "others" confess and show our limitations - admitting and beginning from the fact that man is weak and frail creature instead of a superior entrepreneur -, the headless rush would surely ease. There is a small concrete example in the book how the gasping barging of parliamentarists had to stop on a bus trip when they had to wait for Könkkölä's wheelchair being moved at every turn.

The whole setting of the aims of the Western and Finnish Society, of "capitalism", is insane, hard, destructive, and unfortunate for man. Economical growth, efficiency, and competition are thoroughly wrong banners. Entrepreneur creaking at the joints, innovator, and top-ranking student are all thoroughly wrong idols. These are the questions of life and death. There is a convulsive need to ease up, slow down, and give up, both for ecological reasons, for the sake of survival of the biosphere, and for the sake of good, tolerable human life. The handicapped may help us on that.

1996

3.5.2006

## *The Lone Rider*

### **A Brave Societal Critic**

Eero Taivalsaari's book 'Alaston totuus markkinavoimista' ["The Naked Truth about Economical Forces"] is an ambitious effort. It is not as ambitious as Eero Paloheimo's volumes which embrace the whole world. But also Taivalsaari draws wide curves, much wider than the name of the book referring to a concise subject (which is a failure, in my opinion) assumes. He depicts - and truly criticizes! - the atmosphere of society and its modern power structures widely and by many examples. Disheartening militarization and the decadence of culture, civilization, and moral are illustrated convincingly.

The vigorous frankness of the book is attracting. Lipponen, Aho, Ahtisaari, and other mentally lack-lustre politicians are being rebuked in an overwhelming manner. "Take a look to the left or right, there is no other measurement visible than capital. The highest state officials seem no longer to have anything better to do than work as spokesmen of export industry in countries which are strictly avoided by civilized Europe."

One of the most important themes is EU and essentially its core idea free trade, and they are pummelled without objections and crushed deep into the earth where they belong. The EU criticism has some really smart points (pp. 261-262), while reading which one faces a familiar contradiction: you can't help but laugh when the state of matters should make you cry.

Due to the broadness of Taivalsaari's theme, it is unavoidable that many older issues are recapped. And by necessity, there are pieces of slack text along stern and excellent sentences and definitions ("The Absurd Rushing of Making Profit") or headlines ("Schools into Engine Rooms"). Bemoaning trafficking and prostitution, for example, succeeds conventionally. But the kind of stylistic clumsiness such as "Along calling in names and telling to screw off there is assaulting" is a rare exception, because Taivalsaari's text is mostly excellent prose.

The text isn't brilliant though, Taivalsaari isn't a writer, but a journalist and as that the top of this country. Sometimes the mannerisms of journalist jargon cause inconvenience: "banana states", "field personnel of trade union", "field", "slop bucket journalism", "stigma axe". A long chapter about Helsingin Sanomat is partly annoying gossiping of journalists' insider circle, but not all of it, there is also space for interesting perspectives.

### **Taivalsaari's Blind Spots**

The main deal of Taivalsaari's text can be signed without hesitation and excitedly. That's why it's crazy that the following counter-arguments take up more space than the compliments. Nevertheless, it is a part of business; critique needs to be argued more elaborately. And here even the counter-arguments will be serious and fundamental in regards to opinions.

It is exactly his main theme, the diagnosis of economical structures, in which Taivalsaari is stumbling. He has an incurable longing for romanticising poverty, an inner need to see "deprived" when there are none. And exploiters he sees in a rather skewed manner. He writes: "There is no shortage of money as is shown by the tax reductions of the rich and fighters costing tens of billions, and other arms deals." All that is correct, but when contrasted to the boisterous consumption of middle- and low-incomes they are small pennies - and marginal affairs in the collapse of natural economy. Taivalsaari forgets completely that the Finnish people have spent

billions of marks (of their net income) into their private cars, luxury yachts and villas, millions of journeys abroad to sunny beaches, and above all the homes of most Finns resemble royal castles with all the machinery and equipment - and that hundreds of thousands of "ordinary citizens" have a lot to worry about how to make the most favourable investments with the remaining loose money after all the extravagancy.

Taivalsaari reasons the aims of large corporations all wrong. They don't, whether they were national or multi-national, Nokias or Mitsubishis, ever want to drop large portions of populations down to state of being "underprivileged" or "alienated", but the very contrary. Their philosophy is exactly the same and as carnal as the leading idea behind the "welfare state:" to create sale for products by dispersing consumption capacity, to give purchasing power to as many as possible. A filthy rich citizen won't buy more of most products than a household of smaller income.

The most peculiar aspect is Taivalsaari's relationship to the trade union movement. There "field" and trustees are honeybuns, but they turn into exploiters at the very moment when comrades elect them as managers. And it is, nevertheless, these criminal trade union managers who have gotten the "vacation bonuses, overtime bonuses, and sickness leave payments", which Taivalsaari admires as inviolable values, in arduous incomes policy negotiations - and which are the wildest weeds of braggart standard of living for an ecologist.

Generally Taivalsaari has a paranoid attitude to "upper class", "managers", "masters"; there everyone are gangsters and blood-suckers. A leftist comes out of Taivalsaari when you scratch the surface a little. This is a hapless encumbrance - and especially in Taivalsaari's case who is much more and much better than a leftist. By the way, where has disappeared the only part of crowd in which the sense of responsibility is flickering at least, the academic educated class? Taivalsaari forgets that completely, although he values civilization, science, and art as concepts.

### **The Threshold Questions of Ecological Thinking**

The attitude to the population explosion, human value, and human rights is the threshold question of the deepest ecological insight. I would become very depressed if so brave and diligently thinking man as Eero Taivalsaari didn't understand what population explosion and human rights really mean - in the world and Finland -, unless I would believe that he will eventually reach the insight as he thinks things further. We ecologists haven't either gotten into these stern insights easily, not easily nor instantly.

Taivalsaari is still inside the prevailing system, thinks on its conditions, not above it, is not an alternative human as we ecologists. He doesn't - yet, I want to say - accept the real limits of the resources of the biosphere. He disapproves nicely (and rightly) the exploitation of forests and extinctions of species - and writes with the same breath how the living standards of the "deprived" and "alienated" people must be made better. That is an impossible equation.

Taivalsaari uses the concept zero sum game, but doesn't acknowledge its contents yet. If we already had seriously attempted to help all the poor and alienated to get "vacation bonuses,

overtime bonuses, and sickness leave payment", the life on Earth would have faded away long ago. Eero my child, the great issues of the world aren't "both and", but "either or". There are things that exclude each other. We must abandon our childish shock and confess that the load of six billion people, a hopeless train, is only possible in extreme poverty, if even then.

Eventually the justness and equality questions of human groups and populations aren't serious questions. Only through an extremely improbable total nuclear war the inner contradictions of human race threaten life. On the contrary, life is dead certainly threatened by the braggart human, subjugator of nature, killer clamouring about the "human rights"; the more certainly and faster the better its co-operation is working, the more it blows "onto the same embers", the better democracy is working. The core of all wisdom is concealed in the attempt to return man in his position in creation, otherwise there is no hope.

### **Taivalsaari on Finnish Culture**

I return on the details of the book. He is concerned about the negativity of my message, misanthropy. I guess that argument will return to its caster like a boomerang. In reality, I have always patiently emphasized also the latent value and goodness of man - the new and unique the human race has added to evolution. I have highlighted both science, art, philosophy, ideology, civility, and those applying charity and small minorities. But there are none in the book to be found depicted in a positive light, except for three persons: a man called Renny Jokelin, a trustee and metalworker Kai, and a drug bum, with whose depiction the book begins. Eventually, even the major part of population; the "crowd", "depraved", "field", of whose superior value an indefinite unspoken assumption is floating above the text, is revealed to be stupid, slack, and manipulated mass.

At last: what is keeping Eero Taivalsaari's social figures in subjection? One inconvenience might be that the man is as stiff as a spear, lacking even the slightest slackness, looseness - and sense of humour totally. But is this merely a weakness? Being sober-sides may also be a solid support for an idealist - and the central issues of the world are truly such to which humour doesn't belong.

The strongest side of Taivalsaari is his (enviable!) persistence. His splendid flag ship, "Näköpiiri" ["Horizon"], ran aground. A headstrong and long project for establishing a new cultural magazine "Syvien Rivien" ["Of The People"] eventually failed and took his money and supporter's. He was expelled from "Vaihtoehto EU:lle" ["An Alternative to EU"] organisation, the reference group closest to him, and its magazine. Finally Elonkehä ["Biosphere"] was taken from under him. But Taivalsaari turns bitterness into his strength and doesn't give up. Soon we will meet him again making brilliant radio programmes, arranging high quality seminars, publishing interesting - and truly inspiring - book in which large mapping of culture someone else would have spent ten years. Taivalsaari is an important person, we expect much from him. I cite a beautiful verse from The Tales of Ensign Stål: "If I can't go with the others, I may always go alone."

1997

4.5.2006

## *The Nobility Of Nature Books*

The condition and quality of modern domestic literature is a constant subject of debate. I find myself belonging to the party of steeply satisfied who think that the high quality of has endured - maybe the best of all the proportions of art in here. Although the great monumental novels are missing, it is hard to locate them even on other linguistic areas. We have excellent story tellers and masterful short story writers, and abundance of original styles.

And then we have an amazing genre in which the quality has clearly risen: nature books. I have already wondered in my reviews of animal themed grand volumes of recent years how there are many excellent and inspiring stylists among nature researchers. Let us think of Antti Leinonen, Tuomo Hurme, or Juha Taskinen who clearly break the boundaries of categories - fiction and nonfiction. Jorma Luhta's *Metson kuolema* ["The Death of a Wood Grouse"] is pure fiction; Eero Murtomäki's *Pyyntimiehiä* ["Hunting men"] is one of the pearls of our short story art.

It is Murtomäki's *Mahtilintu* ["Power Bird"] that comes into your mind when you make yourself familiar with the main volume of Heikki Willamo to date, *Haukkametsä* ["Hawk Forest"], with which the author is finally joining the masters. The both books also indicate that nature writers follow the common trends of fiction. They contain periods which belong to the still fresh tradition of confession literature. That is, ever after the grand opening of Christer Kihlman, one of the more interesting plots of our literature - may Kari Hotakainen with his sulky macho policy say any nonsense he wishes.

Willamo doesn't become over-enthusiastic with ecstasy alone in the shades of his forest - he does strictly avoid grandiloquence as a competent writer of this style -, but also depicts moments of depression and lack of faith. Sometimes he wonders whether he is deceiving both himself and the reader when he puts his soul into the enchantment of untouched forest, into a world which now exists as whole as depicted only as the last chips; as strands which are instantly being choked from every corner by the noisy, deserting wood industry. Is he just a preserver of memories? And he ponders the peculiar contradiction of his roles, his dichotomy. Elsewhere days, weeks, and months being totally dedicated to primeval forests which remain absolutely concealed from most of the people, elsewhere "civil life:" family, friends, the stripped clear world of human majority. Neither does he avoid the situation which is so familiar to many "real" fiction authors (and publishers!). The book was already supposed to be ready, enough for publishing - but then doubt and superego's stumbling phase intervened, and finally the book demanded another whole year of subject-material and polishing.

'*Haukkametsä*' is a novel in my opinion, and its cast are - part of which are individuals, part of which are representatives of their species - the ruler and principal character goshawk, Ural owl, pygmy owl, nutcracker, and Heikki Willamo. No other human being is mentioned, not even his expedition comrade.

The book isn't conventional in any degree, nor is it a conventional description of the idyll of spring and summer day. Dozens, if not hundreds, of nights in wilderness, rain, wind, and fog are equally essential. Although the event rich phases of spring heat, family life, and youth becoming

independent get the most lines, equally important is the story about life - or death - at the turn of seasons and at winter. Maybe the most dramatic is the description of a winter when Willamo and the rest of the cast are having a difficult time.

It creates one of a kind of novelty that the book's events are situated in our southernmost nature. Already on the second line we meet a nut grove! Our best nature books have depicted Lapland, Kainuu, and Ostrobothnia. Southern forest is lush, denser - more twilight, shadows, mysteriousness.

When I read realistic fiction I have a nasty habit of severely estimating the credibility of text whether facts tally. Willamo's generous narration has also plenty of room for scientific material. As an ornithologist colleague I get to smile approvingly from time to time. The depictions of speech and sound are often alien even bird manuals, but Willamo hears even them in a same manner: the goldcrest "winds" its song; Ural owl's hoot has a "bouncing" rhythm.

While pondering how deep he can get into a goshawk's mental life, Willamo gets to admit that it will remain at the level of distant admiration, behind the veil of secrecy. He abstains from anthropocentrism pretty closely. When I myself go further than identifying with the emotional life of birds, the difference might derive from that I know the life of terns, seagulls, and goosanders of open and wide landscapes the best, whose whole life is public as if being served on tray. I guess that the manners of living determine the character. The beasts of deep forests are involuntarily morose and withdrawing, while the birds of flashing waters and man's beaches show the joys and sorrows of their lives.

I have already thanked Willamo's use of pen. If I allow myself to complain about something, we are having a different comprehension of punctuation. I think principal clauses should be separated with a comma in a sentence, and otherwise it is a place for a comma, if not a period, always when reciter halts his speech.

Although I have always thought that one word says more than a thousand images, I owe an excited praise for the illustration of Willamo's novel - especially when the maker spares us from even the slightest references to objective sizes and other technical details of photography. The special fascination of images is that they are consistently pieces of art; unsharp, characterizing the shady appearance of a forest, or then exciting event shots. The perspective is original; even the Tengmalm's owl won't stare straight into your eyes as usual, but peeks from behind a tree. You might find a tiny willow tit from the lower corner of a big scenery image. The green needle-mass of a spruce fills the picture, until you find the vigilant eye and beak of a goshawk peeping out from the greenness. Many owls are seen as silhouettes against the darkness of night. The make-up and the whole appearance of the book are Willamo's own design, and it is stylistic work without misdemeanours.

1998

## Chapter V - Finland

*Translated 28.11.2006*

## *The Humbuger Börs*

In my profession of a fisherman, during 35 years I have tangibly had to deal with a phenomenon called food hygiene. One's experience is always a clear object-lesson, which illuminates the common stages of development, in this case one of the occurrences of degeneracy of cultural history.

When I was a little boy, my home lake Vanajanselkä was surrounded by dozens of fisherman households with their red strand cabins. My grandfather's public servant courtyard had a large generation to be fed in summer-time, and from time to time, on the long bench of the farmhouse livingroom, sat Hilma Silvo with a fish basket at the end of her feet. I thought it was a magnificent basket, black alder branches shining on the top, and when you opened it slightly, an even more exiting sparking-plug of big pike-perches with glowering eyes emerged. However, the majority of fish was taken to Hämeenlinna, where there were long rows of fish salesmen in the market hall. In the chip basket beneath the black alder branches the fish was transported to the town. Along the middle of the lake the fishermen rowed to a liner which slowed down, and the basket was taken in. The ship stopped off to the quay at the armpit of every cape and arrived at irregular times. The hygiene was never discussed, the fish was bought on hot weather as well as cold, and the buyer was the one to top and tail it. In the evening the fishermen rowed to the ship, and the basket was lowered over the bulwark, an envelope and the day's wage in a shingle's chink.

Those memories, in which my senior career bretheren have aided me, are of the wealthy time of the 1930s. Then came war and years of distress, and at least then the concept of hygiene wasn't connected with eating business. We ate what we got, and especially the most expensive delicacies, the black market wares, may have gone through a long process of hauling and ripening. No one knew of vegetarianism, though it had been an old folly in Europe, but I can't understand where it sprouted over the tough times; I suppose it died off completely and was resurrected later. In any case, we all have read from health statistics that the Finns were healthier during the war time than ever in history, if the bullet holes are excluded from the statistics.

When I followed the role-models of my childhood and became a fisherman, I was ten years late, I missed the golden time of the troubled years. At that time even the fisherman of Vanaja was anticipated by the missuses of Valkeakoski and Hämeenlinna, the hungry and slender, in a queue, and everything was good enough, roach, blue bream, and white bream. But of course the fish was valued even back then in the late 1950s, when I started; today it's shocking to see that time's high real prices in catch diaries. The fish were transported by a bus in cardboards and crates to the market salesmen of Äänekoski and Jyväskylä, and still I hadn't heard the word food hygiene.

I fished whitefish, the most sensitive Finnish fish to get bad, in lake Päijänne, and an ice cellar was an absolute requirement for the hot weathers of July-August. But when you instantly threw the whitefish from net into the ice and smashed some new ice to the crate in the evening, it lasted well the travel with this from city, and sometimes through a long business cycle to the buyer's kitchen with this treatment. Back then even the city-dweller was rooted in nature, wanted it fine

and undamaged, scale and gut it by himself, save the roe if he preferred, the liver, maybe the heart, either to remove or leave the kidney. If you tried to offer a gutted fish in the market, they would have thought that there's something fishy going on.

But the Welfare Finland progressed and many kinds of regulations started falling from the tables of the wiseacres. At the same time when the road network expanded and got straighter, the deliveries got faster, and the fish got even quicker from the mesh to the store counters, the government officials thought that it got bad faster and faster. According to the new regulation, all the fish was to be iced also during the transportation until the middle of October - when the experience had already proved using any ice unnecessary already a month earlier. This meant additional expenses and more working hours in packing necessities and transportation crates.

Soon it was found out that cod and flatfish had to be slaughtered and gutted right after the catch and send to wholesale scaled. To my bad fortune, at that time I had just been placed as a sea fisher to the Finnish Gulf and I struggled for my living with flatfish nets in July-August, when there was no other fish to be caught at all. The swiftness of the firebrigade was needed, when at the night we began in half-darkness, and a phenomenally deft fishing buddy of mine, Jokke Turunen, gutted and rinsed like a machine the meshes in the back of the boat and the way home, until we hurried the flatfish crates by bicycles precisely to the departure of the morning bus at seven sharp. We got then four marks per kilo, but in the next autumn the price was already three marks and we dropped off.

That regulation had even less sense than if the trawl fisher was ordered to gut the Baltic herrings right on board: a kilo of Baltic herring has as much guts as a kilo of flatfish and cod does, and the Baltic herring spoils much faster. I can't make heads or tails of the letting of blood; blood is valuable human nourishment both in the cold and warm blooded animals. I used much of flatfish and cod in my own household. Homefish got to lie in all stillness in the hallway corner even for a couple of days before it was gutted. He who truly knows the fish like the back of his hand has a lot to cry and a lot to laugh. How many times I have listened to my guests thanks for my burbot soup: "Oh, it was wonderful this fisherman's own soup, at least once fresh for sure!" Yes, burbot soup is a heavenly dish. Really delicious is also my soup, although it has always been made of depigmented burbots died in the net, the fish which are not good enough for shops. All the burbots on market boards and in fish shops are fresher.

I can remember a young fish researcher who once again took food hygiene one step further. The fish didn't cool enough in natural smashed ice, he found so and so many bacteria from it, we need mechanically produced ice chipping. Full of enthusiasm, he announced cheerful news for the fishers: the sales of the first grade ice flake fish are growing and the fishermen's income rise. It's just too bad that the price of the ice chip machine is the same as the part-time professional fisher's two years' net sales, and the full-time professional fisher would also lose his year's turnover.

The freshness hysteria means nonsensically increasing transportation frequency, in smaller and smaller quantities, and more and more expensive equipment, equally in the trade of all foods. When I see those cold-vans that cost a million or two, I get chilly. My friend, a potato farmer, takes the new just earthed potatoes to shops thrice a day. It's charming, the potatoes shine like



emeralds and almost make sounds, but just how much does it cost? The most moronic buyer refuses the bread if it's cooled. Those shops have cold desks and chest freezers and social spaces and tiles and sinks. Most of the shops of my youth had nothing, there's no shop either, they were closed in the first assault of the hygiene inspectors. I know that any shopkeeper and farmer could tell a report like mine, the case records of the Finnish society. And when I once more hear moaning about the food prices, I think that it damn sure costs after all this fussing.

Sometimes I make the mistake of going to the warm south with my bicycle, to Hungary, to France: I see the common joy of life of men and flies at market squares and shops and no sign of the hygiene fuss. It only flourishes in my country which is frozen half of the year and almost frozen for another half, and where the arctic bacteria are regardless having a hard time. Long life has taught me that the vast main part of man's all doings are humbug, that the greatest multinational corporation is the Humburger Börs. But why has it caught my country the most perfectly in its pincers?

My humbug is that I continuously try to make so-called sense and in vain. In laboratories, we can find countless bacteria, poisons, heavy metals and botulin on any given thing. But these have nothing else than academic interest. In living life it is only a question of resistance. Hygiene won't stop a salmonella epidemic from emerging but causes it. A child which is allowed freely to sweep and to lick on the floor, on the street and the compost hill has a good start for human life. During my lifetime all the foods have been declared as poisonous in their turn. I myself have clarified all the nutritional controversies, meats, vegetables, salt, butter, sugar, into one comprehensive statement: if you don't eat, you die, and if you eat, you survive. It's enough for the only clarification that objects which harm teeth and intestine organs, such as iron nails and glass fragments, are to be avoided.

Juice and jam always get a layer of mold in the good and humid cellar and on the porch shelf; I mix it into the jam and eat it with a good appetite. Sometimes after a long trip I find a half a loaf of bread, which has turned green, from the back of the shelf; I won't waste god's grain. There is no lake nor stream in Finland from which I wouldn't drink: thirst is terrible torment and the vast scale of tinges is a real delight. I press the fen with my boot until so much water trickles out that I can snatch it with a cup or my cap. I have a few kilometer precaution boundary downstream of pulp mills - it goes there where lye caused chapping of lips hinders more than thirst. Until this day I haven't peeled a single apple - and my stomach hasn't been nipping. Now they of course say that I have born with an iron stomach. In the name of truth, I'm sure there isn't much variation in human anatomy and physiology, even the proportions of body and body parts don't vary much. The great differences only lie within one's head, there either is space or not for a staggering amount of different beliefs and delusions.

Will the hygiene terror continue, maybe the Humburger Börs is loosing its grip on some matter? There is gossip about that there's an economic depression in the country which would encourage finding savings. A week I was called by a fisherman friend of mine who is one of the rare who still struggle in the dying profession in the pressure of raised fish, cheap import, and costs rising at every field. He and our remaining colleagues have had to give up the traditional deliveries to the fish wholesale store, which due to the growing rate of costs couldn't afford to offer a price that would make a living for the producers. They have had to mobilize the last resources of the

family in follow-up processing, smoke-curing ovens, filleting, and most of all their own market store, alternating days in different regions. It's intensive, when you are supposed to have the time to do the fishing, too. But somehow they have managed it. However, now it seems that the final unpassable gate is ahead. According to the new regulation the temperature of market fish musn't, instead of the old eight Celsius degrees, rise over three degrees. It's practically an impossibility, every man already has a fine for threatening in their pockets.

If only I had as much power as will... I would at least deport the hygiene inspectors to the last soul to the same landfill where they have chartered nation's good food produced with hard work.

1993

*Translated 10.12.2006*

## *The Finnish Body*

In spring I participated to the nation-wide sport days which were christened as Sporttipäivät [internationalized Finnish --ed. note] in the discount sale of Finnish language. Physical fitness is a very dear subject to me and an early run-through of Vaasa led by the young city manager, listed in the program, was a real treat for me. But, but... The seminar must have had some five hundred sports- and exercise persons from around the country and thirty of them showed up at the take-off - and even of these half had entered for the walking team of the shortened route. Perhaps my example wasn't particularly good, the run was on the second evening of the seminar, and the previous night program may have taxed the participation with good reasons. Nevertheless, my narrow-minded gaze picked too many typical Finnish men, reddish faces, thick cheeks, suspiciously bulging jackets and windcheaters. Though, there were vigorous bodies as well. I had a glance at my fellow lecturer Harri Holkeri's jogging and Baltic herring diet with delight.

Professor Vuolle from Jyväskylä University did show us excellent numbers of the Finns' sports hobby. As a student of nature there, however, old rancour rose for these sociologist's survey forms. I felt that the results more aptly represented the positive attitudes to exercise. It's good that way too, sure, but I doubt that the temptation for a small cheat was great, so that spectator sports and one's personal accomplishments easily mix up. What if the study had been made by surveying concretely the day's schedule of a shot of people? My fragmentary and inaccurate data, gathered according to this principle, tells that the Finnish body is degrading at a fast rate due to the lack of usage and that females are - even in this term - in better shape and that the upper social strata hold their posture better and that the person of population center walks more than the countryman.

The real problem child is the countryman who is a total slave for the machine from a shockingly young age. General inspection must overlook the exceptions. It's impossible for any power to get the typical Finnish countryman, up from fifteen years, on the bike saddle, to skiing or oars - or sport fields. The magic of car and its pre-stage - moped - is unbelievable. The young man travels a hundred meters to the strand sauna by car, backs, turns over, maneuvers in the yard and sauna,

opens and shuts garage doors; it's not a matter of saving time. What especially comes to the farmer is that the more technology advances, every fertilizer sack is lifted with a tractor or truck's lifting bucket and feeding and removal of manure becomes mechanical in barn, will the bodily feats be limited to taking few steps in the yard and climbing on the sauna benches. The lumberjacks have already been brushed away with the multitasking machine, the fishermen sail trawls, lever their trawl sacks with a winch, their nets with a net lever, and their Baltic herrings from the open fish trap with an aspirator.

The biologist, to whom man is a balanced integrity, to whom muscles, bones, sinews and veins are equally important as brains, observes the destroying of physical work and physical shape upset. When a curious figure entered the daily politics, Martti Ahtisaari, my biologist friend Olavi Hildén - a man of university, who still after his 60 years of living fostered his physical fitness as the apple of one's eye - became really furious. "How can such man be considered as the president who even can't walk but crawls forward by stepping along strangely!"

If one has the patience to cool down, he will have to admit that there are charming personalities among stocky people, many brilliant life-works have been done from within large layers of fat. But still, it frightens in particular to have a person in the office of the president who has completely allowed his will power and discipline to slacken at one sphere of life. And the setting is made really unpleasant if you believe the sociologists according to whom it's not (anymore) about the ideals the candidates represent in the presidential election, but the images they offer. Does the popularity of Ahtisaari arise from that the typical Finnish male with his sauna sausages and beer bottles feels him as his buddy and that the typical Finnish female sees her own safe hanging-belly life companion in him?

When was the Finnish body taken out of function? It happened fast in the same decades, as did all the societal structural changes grounding the (eco-)catastrophe, beginning from the 1960s - and the final remains are still dropping off. When I recall my 1940s in a secondary school in Helsinki, all the spare time was bare racket of movement - despite that the school's gymnastics and sports were hated. It was an absolute necessity to have a day-long skiing trip on winter Sundays - street-cars to their end stops in Munkkiniemi and Arabia were full of clank and clatter of ski bundles. During weeks we spent shift evenings in the skating rink of Johannes or slide in Kaivopuisto, at least half of the class, girls and boys. Waiting for the late evening, we had huge snowball fights on the cliffs of Töölö, you dropped out if you took two hits. I can still remember the statistical miracle when I succeeded in destroying the opposing team alone with eight hits.

Sure we spent evenings indoors and, taking turns in each among the classmate's house, we had social occasions with the official title "fight night", in which we wrestled or fought tournaments of knight pairs the whole evening. Luckily the old houses of the middle city had roomy apartments and good soundproofing. The only peaceful program among my peers, which I can remember of those nights, was few nights of sitting down and playing Monopoly. But the percentual share of those evenings was insignificantly small compared to the monitor staring of the pale school boys of this time.

Remembrances like this which have the leitmotif of the superior quality of olden times are anything but original, they are common to every aged person. But settling them as trivial "blather

of old men" is a stupid phrase and mistake. They are historiography, depictions of objective, calculatory differences in condition and ways of living. That, to which measure and according to what points of view are these changes positive, negative, or harmless, must be discussed separately - and always seriously. Likewise, which factors depict irreversible long period changes, which factors perhaps short period wave-motion.

I see terrible prospects in man's separation from his body, the separation of direct connection of perceiving nature's laws in general. It's not about a small issue, it's about whether man is man or machine. And the question is about even heavier, the heaviest matters of all. The last hand question of fate in every human action of this era is the degree of nature's strain: growth or saving? And the progress of exercise and not exercising really does not offer reasons to celebrate. Substituting muscle power in work with industrial energy means, of course, great increase in the strain, the fiasco of fiascoes. But let's separately inspect the "eco-balance" of hobby exercise, and get back to school boys.

The health care moment may have not yet gotten much of an addition from district rallies, mopeds, and waterscooter - at least not immediately, not at that age. When the front wheel of bike broke loose in a downhill of Espoo, I regained consciousness in the Red Cross hospital in Töölö, without front teeth. Our court hospital was the Surgeon in Tähtitorninmäki, fittingly close to both the field of Johannes and Kaivopuisto. There my long handsome nose that I broke while skating was patched up, but still a bend was left on it. Much longer time was spent by Jussi Lihtonen who was carried from the slide, later the famed reporter of Lapland's local radio, the creator of original, lingering, elegiac fell programs; I can remember well how he was given Gunnar Granberg's great illustrated work of birds in the hospital, as a token of the class' sympathy.

It's also true that what comes of instrumental costs, the "old system" failed sometimes. A bitter memory relates to the virgin skiing of my new wooden skis from Merisatama to Suomenlinna. After twenty minutes the other one broke apart in the front of binding on smooth ice and I quickly counted the expenses: 9 900 marks/hour. But an exception it was, in reality the sports and outdoor activities equipment, skates, sleighs, footballs, bowls, and high jump stands of that time were cheap capital and essentially were handed from generation to generation and from sibling to sibling. Undoubtedly the bikes of boys of our class were put on hard trials by our invented ball game for spring and autumn season which had the rules of football, the players riding only on bicycles. But bikes were extant, indispensable equipment on way to school, nevertheless.

When we go to see the equipment supply of the modern exerciser, may he be a downhill skier, ice hockey player, or sport fisherman, we are dealing with nasty squander. The mind and plot of the whole spare time hobby has changed. In my youth hobbies couldn't and mustn't cost much about anything, often really nothing, if not patches to trouser knees. Schools and institutes do have had gyms and ball playing halls for a long time, but in the new era of madness the square and cubic measures of sport halls have no sense at all. Winter sports in ice stadiums during summer, football in winter, the Finn has defeated his climate. Everything of this has the direct line into wasting and straining nature: fabrication, transportation, energy, emission, fallout, shrinking green area, climate change, ozone depletion. The whole "ecologist's" old song and

choruses, which persistent repeating and harping one must not tire to, for the sake of life. One must again and again have enough strength to remind that motor sports is the worst class ecocrime - so long, until it is finally banned by law or suffocated with a heavy environmental taxation.

Every individual who walks, runs, rides bike, swims, rows, paddles, skis, shovels, hoes, establishes a focus of defence against the attack of madness, the machine, in the best case a bit of defence line if he as a parent, grandparent, teacher, youth mentor, exercise instructor manages to pull a few along with him.

1993

*Translated 12.12.2006*

## *The Time Of Discount*

In August 1962, after the all time greatest mole summer and the subsequent summer festive for owls and hawks, I earned a decent vacation after the hectic bustle of ringing. I biked with my wife first through Skåne and then through Denmark - or not exactly, for the relentless west wind of the North Sea blew from day to day with such a fury that we never got to the destination of our dreams in the beaches of Jylland. Still we adored the grand beech forests - and spent our nights there - and the enormous green fields with cow herds, and lapwing and mew flocks. We ate countless cherries and apples at every fruit counter in which one had to insert as many pennies into the carton as indicated in the sign. We also got to know towns and population centers. I remember from those the armadas of old black bicycles and how the situation of the bicyclist is completely different in traffic than in homeland. And I remember how I once made the error of ordering glasses of non-alcoholic wine and when the bill came we noticed that we had lost half of our trip funds. To this day it's the most expensive food item I have dealt with.

But the greatest source of amazement for us in Denmark were the cities' shop windows which had large placards of discounts of regular food items: "kun 95 öre", "kun 2 kr 95 öre". We thought of this as shocking, appalling, and pitiful: were the Danes (except for the special group of non-alcoholic wine) so poor that they couldn't afford to pay normal prices of bread, butter, and sugar? We had never seen any food items being advertised anywhere in Finland, unless it was an announcement about some new product. A pack of butter, Finnish sausage, a liter of milk, and a kilo of oatmeal cost the same in every shop from Hanko to Utsjoki - of course, as much as the milk and the sausage cost. We were also horrified of the ugliness of the windows, we knew that every decent Finnish shop used the services of a window-dresser who built stylish and artistic display windows.

Yeah, right. Now we know otherwise, Finland followed the lead of countries larger than her, the European civilization that Matti Klinge adored. For a long time nor day nor Moon have shone into the grocery store which windows have been plastered full of senseless price announcements ending in 95 pennies. (Should we still be happy from little: in last summer the prices in Germany ended, not in 95 but 99 pfennigs?)

What is negative and miserable in this? First of all the cityscape turning gross and dilapidated. Beauty is always a central and inalienable value after which values such as economy come light years behind.

The other bitter effect is that the people's thoughts are aggravated, their thinking capacity is being bound to trivial rubbish. Every day they are forced to wade through hundreds or thousands of pieces of price data, and to consider where to get the cheapest tomatoes or pepper mackerel, ten pennies cheaper than the next lowest offer. And where do vanish, once again, the devout speeches of paper and energy savings, when daily changing window banners are glued, a myriad of food price catalogues are shoved into every mail box, and every day *Helsingin Sanomat* is filled with dozens of pages of everyday items and hundreds of thousands of cars are accelerating from one discount house to another around the province after discounts. Oh our land Finland, oh our continent Europe. Oh man, the crown of creation. Now try to love man after all this.

These everpresent giant-lettered sums of money, marks and pennies, truly aren't a small concern, a cause for a causerie writer's merrymaking. They are dire cultural history, the prelude and a part of the extremely material Zeitgeist in which we now live. As long as the human culture has existed, we have complained and disapproved the vein of materialism and tried to get rid of it - for the sake of "higher goals", let us simply say for ideology, philosophy, science, and art. Now we have entered the clearest and most absolute materialism, the dominion of money, that is known by the world.

In my youth even this country had a so called educated class. I got well to know that folk which had completely internalized, as their lives' values, intellectual culture, beauty and style, social responsibility and charity - not the bleak social security of state power but comprehended as personal bestowing. Also consideration and good manners were absolute values, and they had a basic rule that it was never proper to speak about money, even if it had to be moderately controlled in one's own thinking.

As we know, presently the educated class with its values is almost dead, trodden into cracks of the earth. Some old white-haired aunt and uncle still lives in their own minority culture, greets all the flat neighbors, radiates a puzzled smile and friendship to a nation of windbreakers, stops to talk with the janitor.

When was the last time they published poems in newspapers? When did the market news, the account statements of corporations, the orders of factories and workshops broke from *Kauppalehti* and other professional business publications to main news items in *Helsingin Sanomat*, *Kainuun Sanomat*, STT? When did this climax of madness and farce arrive, this Helibor interest? Since when did *Helsingin Sanomat* head their greatest section with flaring honesty: "MONEY"? I probably won't remember very wrong if I say a year ago, five years ago, ten years ago all this was still unknown in this realm.

From what is the Zeitgeist born, what or who creates the values of society? The answer is ramified, one must write books about it, not newspaper columns. To put it shortly, we may reveal one significant perpetrator, mediators of information, journalists - unbelievably irresponsible,

vile, and harmful a profession. Both Mauno Koivisto and Paavo Väyrynen tried to snap its power, and they both were even more right than they themselves comprehended. The journalist isn't just a lemming and monkey, running after the latest trends, copying each other as a herd. The journalist also creates fashion, values. The journalist of this era wrenches the raise of Luxemburg's central bank's basic rate of interest by 0,1 percentage units as the day's headline.

The mediator of information pleads for the same matter as the mark and penny numbers in windows and mail boxes I described in the beginning. The journalists have an incomprehensible ability and desire to fill people's consciousness with rubbish, both trivial and false issues. He creates a mighty wall in the front of serious and important questions. He is the most definite guarantee that the questions of life and death, the questions of population explosion, depletion, pollution, extinction remain as the reader of small special publications - as did the financial news before.

In her book *Antiikin nainen* [*Woman of Antiquity*] Päivi Setälä reminds us of Queen Cleopatra's state visit to Rome. Cleopatra had a prestigious escort of experts. Outcomes of the visit were, for example, the calendar reform, renewal of the whole water regulation system, and renewal of the library system of Rome according to the model of Alexandria. For example.

Also president Koivisto makes state visits. Nope, not president Koivisto, but the haberdasher Koivisto. He has an unbelievable collection of scumbags, these mining counsellors, commercial counsellors, trade-attachés, hawkers with him on a "state visit". If he ever did make state visits, he would bring along academics and philosophers, writers, artists, and before all else scientists, historians, linguists, ethnologists, demographers, sociologists, biologists. Some ingenious engineer could pass along, as a warning example.

Even the peddlers may do journeys abroad. Foreign trade has long traditions. The Silk Road of the East, the vikings, etc. But it's so straining on the Earth that it must be forced in other furrows. A common car ferry turn and a good ol' truck with a plywood booth and benches on its bed will be enough for their escort. Both Ehrnrooth and Matomäki will have plenty of space there with their tissues, and colored and colorless coated fine paper rolls, and Vuorilehto with his shoe phones and other trinkets.

As the creators of the casino game, the journalists have as great a burden of sin as the Finnish National Bank has with its finance-political fumbles. The journalists raised the top figures of the casino game as incomparable national heroes. The magazines were flooding with adoring presentations of Pentti Kouri, Jukka Keitele, the Brothers Uoti, and Sam Inkinen. And the people followed, invested, and played with their lousy pennies. In my circle of acquaintances, as with others, the student world thrilled, even in places other than the School of Economics, rushed or tried to rush into the stock exchange or investment companies. Now the double moral flourishes, we are crucifying a few savings-banks' managers who were just as little or as much guilty as half of the nation - and nevertheless less guilty than the provocateurs of the casino game, journalists, themselves.

The casino game has now been denounced, one surely cannot create wealth by moving money around nor create gold by grinding iron or tin. Will the heroes be replaced by better ones? I think

they will only get worse. The new national hero is a genuine lout who truly won't make money with money in a company called Masa Yards - even the name is disgusting -, but with concrete goods, furiously pounding steel. But can there be a more worthless, criminal act than to construct vanity for the world's oceans, waste the last of natural resources on luxury cruises in which the most worn-out carcasses of humanity sail around the Caribbean in their whiskey haze?

Even a dumb person sees that this is not written by a civilized man. No educated person would make noise, rail like this. The civilization is truly dead, even in my family.

Civilization is dead, long live the civilization. Where is that national movement, where is Jesus of Nazareth's little brother who drives out the money-changers from the temple? I would instantly enlist as a disciple, and I believe that after it I can trim my writing.

Indeed, has this filth come to stay? Have we really gotten here, is this the condition of man - and the offering for the life of Earth - after all the marvellous inventions and scientific accomplishments, after all the purgatories? Is this, by the words of Fukuyama, the end of history, the end of cultural history? Or is it possible that something decent can still be recovered? The people's sense of style does cut the longest weeds sometimes. At least we got rid of the brutal titty commercials in the newspapers; how long did that suffering last, only half a year? Lord help us a little, and at least take away the Helibor interest from us!

1994

*Translated 7.12.2006*

## ***Vuotos And Suomen Kuvalehti***

It occurred that I read the Vuotos editorial of Suomen Kuvalehti while standing, amidst toiling at a strand in November. I began swaying, I had to seek support from a common alder and then sit down on snow. What is this? Text by the most wretched of Kemijoki Oy's engineers, or only a bad dream?

"All economical reasons speak for the damming of the basin. (Spacing out was mine.) I do have done my homework, and also read the Government Institute for Economic Research's surveys, which display the Vuotos-project as politico-economically unprofitable.

The writing lowers itself to bring in the employment argument, which is insane, here and always. I'm sure we probably could employ the whole populace of Finland and all the people of the world to dig a hole through the crust of earth to China. The question is never about employment or unemployment, but if the work is nonsensical, in vain or harmful. Unemployment is always preferable to doing damaging labor. And the effects have to be seen to the last of them, over millenniums ahead.

But what arguments are truly weighty in the modern world, the modern Finland - economical? Are Finland, Europe, the industrial world in an economical distress, materially impoverished,



lacking food, clothing? "It has to be asked where extra energy will be got from." What starting point is this, what is the thought behind it? More energy? More? For what, why?

What scam is this pollution-free hydroelectric power? What is it used for? For brushing teeth, flaring lamps on ever smaller forest roads? For producing material? What goods are we lacking? Or for operating the world's largest paper machine in Rauma?

Is there a shortage of paper, can we not get writing paper from a bookstore, are newspapers not published? Do people hopelessly wait in line for their colored advert brochure, in vain? Is the unemployed of Savukoski truly in material misery? What about Pakistanis and Ethiopians? For what, why? And until what? Extra energy in the year 2000, 5000, 100000 A.D.?

"Still, one would hope that the government would keep a cool head." Most certainly. Actually Finland, Europe, the world, have only one problem, one emergency, one crisis: the collapse of the environment, nature, natural systems. Erosion, asphaltation, forest loss, reduction of green productive area on earth, staggering of carbon and ozone balance in the air. Is this balance mended by the gigantic construction yard of Vuotos with its hundreds of caterpillars that run with oil? Do human marks on the surface of earth not frighten already, the fatal grasps? One more time: what is that water energy, solar energy, of Vuotos being used for? Even a child knows, if willing to, that the fate of the world is not dependent upon how the energy is being produced, but much it is used. The destruction of life is directly and exactly proportionate to the total gross national product of mankind, and not anything else.

The editorial is jeering: "- - what cry would result from drying up a huge natural lake." It has been attempted to yell about them, smaller and larger. About drying the most fantastic of tiny bird lakes into (fallow) fields, even of the Aral Sea. Right right, madness versus reason. Lakes dry, lands into lakes. Lunatic emotional people frenzy with their dams, powerplants, skyscrapers, motorways, material living standards - because those are large, shocking, dominating. Reasonable people try to ask that do not play with fire, for the play is short, the story brief and without honor.

I cannot help it that I have had a penchant towards Suomen Kuvalehti for decades. Come back Suomen Kuvalehti, come to the side of reason, climb up from the pit.

1995

*Translated 26.10.2006*

## ***What Is The Majority And What Is The Minority?***

Reality, the everyday evidence, material for news, does its best to stomp the caretaker, "life guardian", "ecologist" into the ground with depression. It is heavy to take upon one's shoulders the worry of creation's and mankind's drift into destruction and extinctions. And it is burdensome to kick back; paralysis is constantly threatening.

However, sometimes we receive glimmers of hope. Some small actual enhancement in some area's natural state, a little saving, some decrement of emissions, some changes in the law towards a conserving course, a new area under protection, some Rio conference. We immediately try not to think that annihilation simultaneously rumbles on elsewhere with manifold results. And we attempt to not notice that a part of these "environmental" actions are masquerade, sanctimony or scam - if we calculate the overall effects and life spans.

But another reason for real consolation is the repeating observation that there aren't so few of us "ecologists". We receive shining ecological perceptions from unexpected directions to see and hear all the time, evermore new unknown names. In the most varied of letters to the editor, columns, gossip, and random encounters with strangers. There is also the prospect in which life is odd and dim, that we "ecologists", nor anyone else, don't know what worldview, what outlook of the society's goals is the majority and what is the minority, after all.

Does the torrent carry the society towards a direction that the majority does not desire at all? In their hearts, how many do want and support such signs as panting competition, efficiency, rationalization, renovation? Attempting for the sake of attempting, running for life, inventing new and abandoning old all the time in the throes of death? Barter for the sake of barter, back and forth the far reaches of the world, chartering to and fro for its own sake? Schooling, courses, adult schooling, re-education; fire on heels all the time?

How many do truly accept that man's thriving, pleasure and happiness flee all the further away upon this path? That this road would be gloomy and dreadful, even if it didn't lead to ecocatastrophes and extinctions at the same time?

I've heard, or myself had, peculiar conversations startingly often after some municipal council or the like has made a miserable decision. The trustee confesses in a private discussion that he was against the decision, but voted for it, because he knew the position of the majority and didn't wish to shatter the cooperation, mess the flexible flow of things, and stir up unneeded confusion. Then the same thing is brought up with another council member, alone, and the same words are heard. In the end, it may be so that thirty councilors make an unanimous decision that is the exact opposite to the actual standpoint of those thirty.

It is wholly possible that the "opinion of the majority", "the general idea", according to which decisions are made; that the council, parliament, media and editorials follow, is the position of a very small mighty minority. This minority whips the society into rivalry between individuals, enterprises, other societies - to performance, automatization, endeavour, production, consumption, export, import, the stock market, motorways and Pendolino trains. This minority possesses the power and cogency of a shaman, the potency of a fanatic, the mysterious, irrational and persuading strength of an idiot. Perhaps only a few set the pace.

Formally, even Finland is a democracy, and we have a common and equal right to vote; one's word weighs as much as anyone else's in decision-making. And we do see, elections after elections, that the major parties, which are the same thing; the thing of development, progress and money, receive a huge majority of votes - and permission to form the government.

In the end, the first place is taken by the power of habit, which is tremendous - and that strange idea of what is the "general concept" of the society's policy. The Greens' election prosperity is a fitting description about the strength of routine even during the last, final moments: the support is always wider even in gallups in advance to the voting than the final voting itself! People would want to vote for little alternative parties, "but it isn't worth it", "they'll get so few votes anyway that they can't influence a bit".

Some part of voters is able, even in the last moments, to sway midst the "general opinion" and their own conception, and to vote the dissident of a big party. How close to the Ecologic Party is the one who votes for the Coalition, but Sirpa Pietikäinen?

It is both deeply shocking and profoundly absurd game of thought that basically, in their hearts, a great majority of Finns would like to vote for the Ecologic Party! Is Finnish society a tragic comedy, in which both tragedy and comedy are of grand class?

1996

*Translated 27.10.2006*

## *The Landscapes Of Sääksmäki*

During the autumn it had been discussed about the landscapes of Sääksmäki parish in Valkeakosken Sanomat (Kari Rydman and the editorial). Writings have been repulsive in their hatred towards trees and nature. The only thing in which so-called progress has been positive in Finland on this century has been the change in the beauty concept of cultural scenery. Yet at the beginning of the century, even in enlightened Tavastia, brutish clearing of trees from around buildings prevailed, originating from fear of beasts and the tradition of settling. The time's photographs of bald yards and villages made one shiver in terror. Manses and manors spread the ideal of yard parks already a hundred years ago, and a change has come to pass everywhere during the last decades. Now Finns love trees, bushes, green and lushness. Should we now revert back to the level of wild men even in this respect?

The editorial's choice of words is altogether rabid: clearing of shrubs is being called "cleaning". No bush, tree or plant can surely be messy, unkempt. And living shrubbery is never "thicket"; felled bushes, pruned branches and logging scraps are thickets.

If talking of preening, with reason we can only mean the clearing of man-produced waste and junk and wretched, desolate buildings. In fact, a building stuck into a landscape by man, whether it was a mansion or a cowhouse, a church or a shed, is always a rigid, rectangular, hard and crass block, a flaw in the scenery. Every tree and shrub is delicate, fluffy, round, fringed, inexplicably diverse and multifarious, architecturally always superior to a chunk crunched together by man.

The picture Kari Rydman painted of the church of Sääksmäki as a Maya-temple, which can be reached only with the aid of a machete, was very alluring - I'd say: lovely! No doubt it is reasonable to leave a path to the church's door, but otherwise all buildings should be covered

with trees and bushes all the way from walls to window frames. And parks such as Voipaala, where a lonesome grass field screams of emptiness midst sparse trees bare from low, should be filled with a layer of shrubbery. It may be the most important to cherish stumps and stubs felled by storm or old age, beside which splendor of lichen and fungus growth all human endeavours on the field of arts are left in shame.

In regards to flower meadows and leas Kari Rydman is on the right tracks. Certainly small areas must be reserved for them, but in the manner that meadows are assuredly pastures for sheep, horses and bovine; they will in no way keep as leas without annual grazing. And grazing animals bring scenery the liveliness without which an open landscape is abhorrent.

Dry and scantily nutritious fields, even richer than leas in terms of flowers, stay as fields by simple annual cutting (in late August!). We did have splendid flower fields on the steep slopes of Kelhi-Voipaala in Huittula, until they were demolished underneath the asphalt of a bicycle road. They should be renovated, as well.

1997

*Translated 30.10.2006*

## *Life Protection, Utopias And Agriculture*

As the ecologist seeks possibilities of survival, farming always holds the key position, is the focus of conversation. Mikko Hovila's wide survey "Agriculture and the environmental movement" in issue four of *Elonkehä* was a significant speech - important also because it offered an opportunity to straighten out some rather miserable delusions.

I don't know how the dictionary of foreign words defines the word utopia. Anyway, Hovila uses the definition in the meaning of 'a model differing from the dominating one', or elaborated 'a model that differs from the one that happens to prevail exactly at the time of observation'. The concept is fruitless and deceiving as such.

The words utopia, utopistic are sensible when they describe reveries that are day-dreaming, impossible, deceptive, unrealistic or that lead to ruin. For a long time it has been easy to see that of all known systems of society and economy, the one that is being practiced now is the most purely utopian, as it is based on the logical impossibility of continuous economical growth.

When Hovila mentions the model societies of Pentti Linkola and Eero Paloheimo as "dangerous utopias" and "unrealistic" in an article of his partly similar in content 'Utopian politics is dangerous' (in *Helsingin Sanomat*), his line of thought is impossible to comprehend. What could be more "dangerous" in the world than the prevailing consistent, straight downhill into a mass grave, our society of economical growth and technology that destroys life around us every second? Whatever else the programs of Linkola, Paloheimo, or Schumacher, who was likewise mentioned by Hovila, may be, extreme realism, anti-idealism and anti-utopism is their basic attribute. They have been specifically - each in its way - built to surely guarantee the continuity

of society, mankind and life, point by point. They are as far away from "dangerousness" as infinity is from zero.

An unbelievable citation can be gathered from Hovila "... the utilization of violent methods is a risk. The recent forcible strikes of extreme animal activists are an example of how 'utopians' may discuss with dissenters.' (HS) Is this how Hovila proportions animal activists' subtle and considered mini-violence to the massive open violence practised by fur farmers, or the vast, total hidden violence of the growth society?

Hovila writes rather deftly: "These ... models possess a problem typical to all utopias: if they are not fully realized, they won't be realized to any degree. They have been left meaningless without a connection to the present."

It is tragicomic that Hovila's sentences null equally completely also his own recommendations as gradual amendments (in this case, toward a greener direction in farming). Neither have his compromising suggestions been "realized to any degree": total finishing of agriculture and absolute triumph of performance farming prevails in our present market economy reality. Small adjustments toward a softer direction have not been accepted any more than ecological total alternatives, and integrated farming, or IP-cultivation, does not play any part at all.

A focal principal factor is about Hovila's "connection to the present." The most horrid of cardinal errors a societal thinker can fall in is setting the prevailing system as the starting point. Beginning from an empty tablet, plain paper, is an absolute requirement for presenting a societal program. In historical continuum and likewise in the geographical distribution of the same period, mankind offers a profusely varied mosaic of different societal solutions, and the experimentation that coincidentally operates in the spectator's environment at the exact moment of observation, does not give more materials for building a wise model than others do. Even a slight binding to some societal solution paralyzes the whole of thinking - as is shown by the line of conventionalities in Hovila's writing, among others.

As he disapproves of the green movement because of their opposition to farming, Hovila interprets the past years' feelings of many, also mine, when there still was harmony of small family farms' lifestyle agriculture left. But Hovila could have mentioned even in a subordinate clause the disgusting features of the Finnish farmer that predominated even then: the nonsensical admiration of machines and consequent foul overmechanizing, and the brutish relation to forests. These factors truly have the key to the green man's (whether he was from countryside or city) suspicion towards the farmer.

But what is the state of agriculture nowadays? How the farmer has taken to himself being snuffed out? I have myself lived closely in a farming community for the last fifty years and increasingly terrified, observed the farmer's surrender. Not the faintest touch of the land spirit of Alkio, not to mention the spirit of the Cudgel War, but apathetically submissive yielding to what is given from above.

There are the tens of thousands (tens in my own circle of friends) of farmers who, as humbly as slaughter cattle, give their estates and houses, close the business, move on to retirement- or

sickness pension even in middle age, to be 40- or 50 year old idlers. That they do this early being scared by prognoses that promise decline of farming and its profit, in a phase where the milk-, meat- and grain salary is still well sufficient, is most saddening in this.

And then there are these tough guys of agriculture, berserks of performance, who invest, mechanize, widen, buy half of the village's lands without concern for millions of debts and charge to fulfill the wishes of EU with tremendous numbers of cattle, swine or chicken and hundreds of crop hectares. The agribusiness-farming of these walking environmental catastrophes does not deserve the slightest of sympathy.

It will of course be left a permanent fact that our sustenance, our life, will come forever and ever from agriculture. But that force-feeding tastes evermore acrid in our mouths.

1998

*Translated 31.10.2006*

## *Against Highway Crime!*

The papers tell of disruption and sabotage on highway construction sites. The Finnish Road Administration asks help from the Security Police.

It must be noted that building a motorway in the current state of world is clearly criminal activity, classifiable as major crime by its weight. All kinds of action that spur, encourage, increase, ease or quicken traffic are criminal activity. The smothering of every green, productive are under asphalt is a crime in a situation, where the existence of mankind is on the edge, where ecocatastrophes avalanche.

One of the ecocatastrophes is the climate change, which we witness with our own eyes to proceed faster than any prognoses do. In the near decades it will blight a large share of the globe's crop harvest by drought and make northern regions (like Finland) unsuitable for farming, when the fateful increase of rainfall will obstruct harvest both by machines and methods of handwork. (We got foretaste last autumn: if the continuous rains had resumed for 1-2 weeks longer, about nothing would have been harvested from our fields.) The faltering of the atmosphere's gas balance, in which traffic plays a decisive role, is behind the climate change.

A major share of road traffic has nothing to do with the livelihood of man. 90 % of cargo traffic transports unnecessary and harmful material. 90 % of passenger car traffic is either wasteful driving or the kind of traveling that would be easily replaceable with public transportation (50-500 persons per a vehicle unit).

Trillions or quintillions of animal- or plant individuals are wiped out from motorways. The Jutikkala-Kulju segment of Tampere motorway, observing which has abhorred me, has been the example in newspapers. At the most dreadful of places where they simultaneously build intersections to highway 9, the road to Valkeakoski and wherever else, one can see tens of

hectares of plantless moon landscape, gravel and quarry, from a single spot. The crossing of Vanajavesi in Konho has swept a mighty bird colony and river scenery into history. Man cannot accomplish a greater and more total deed of villainy on the face of the earth; in no war have wastelands this large been achieved.

The motorway's decision makers, all those responsible on different echelons should be put to the Court of Impeachment. In that context, f.ex. the inviolability of parliament members should be revoked.

For as long as this does not come to pass, responsible young activists deserve all support in their war of delay against the beasts of the motorway.

The role of the Security Police should be evaluated once again. Is it unambiguously protecting criminality, or could it guard life?

1999

*Translated 3.11.2006*

## *The Tragedy Of Kuhmalahti*

Over the course of decades, I have travelled the Kuhmalahti-Kuhmoinen road hundreds of times on trips between my home and summerlands. This autumn I was shocked on that way in a manner I had never before experienced, even though I have seen the majority of this country's grid of roads and cruised in most European countries with my bicycle.

Both roadsides had been deflowered in an unbelievable way through a trek of tens of kilometers at the side of the township of Kuhmalahti, exactly until the border sign of Kuhmoinen. Even earlier the banks had been cleared of trees and bushes, which calm and protect walkers, agonizingly over the breadth of many meters by the Road Administration's decree. Now the trees and shrubberies have been slaughtered from roadsides so widely that the scenery is turning into a desert.

Thousands of white-bodied birches, lovely willows and bird cherries of the banks sprawl on dikes, being snipped as three-meter logs, a league-long opening. Perhaps they are gathered away sometime - and maybe innumerable pyres of branches and treetops are also cleared off with terrifying expenses; then the desolation is ultimate.

It is being spoken about the "spiritual landscape" of man. How can it be travelled on this road hereafter? The hiker and cyclist are in the weakest position: they go slowly, constantly absorbing the sights and impressions of the sides of road. Also shield from wind is a prerequisite for them. My bewilderment peaked when I heard that the outrage had been carried through with EU's grant for Kuhmalahti's people's applied for it, under the title of "cleaning the village road". My first thought was that there are no limits to insanity, and no boundaries for EU's villainy. That moment I noticed that I had thought a word-play: EU indeed has no limits.

But it is the strangest thing that there isn't a trace of obscenities like this in the core countries of EU. It's the opposite: roads are lined by alleys of trees and bushes, which guard the traveller's eyes from even the most depressive of open fields torn to black soil. Or for example the old motorway of Dresden-Berlin, built by Hitler: deciduous trees' boughs brush the bus' sides, the middle lane grows tall, bushy trees.

When I wandered throughout Kuhmalahti in the 1950s and 1960s, both edges of villages and heartlands (then roadless), I saw Kuhmalahti as the most beautiful and grand out of the about fifteen Tavastian villages that I then knew thoroughly. In comparison with all those villages, its forests were the most magnificent and least felled. Almost untouched old fir woods prevailed; cloud-scraping shield-barked pines and eternal aspens of owls and flying squirrels had remained in every corner of the village.

I gained the most friends and acquaintances exactly in Kuhmalahti; I began to feel as if I had already known almost half of Kuhmalahti's masters, bit older than myself. Eero Penttilä, Lauri Brusila, Martti Sirén, Tuomo Rauhamäki, Esko Nieminen, Tauno Koskinen, Niilo and Leevi Rauhalahti. Immensely strong Leevi helped me to begin climbing a sturdy pine of ospreys along with my rings by pulling a young spruce from earth, and lifting me on its roots for the first five meters until poleboots began to hold on the shield bark...

Antti of Toivola wasn't a farmer, but all the firmer woodsman, and friend and sage on nature in countless conversations. All others also were woodsmen and friends of nature. The saw did then ring in their woods as well, but sparingly, on small areas and cautiously thinning, so that the forest looked like one even after the felling.

It would be impossible and wrong to speak for others; besides, most of these friends of mine are already deceased. But my own imagination isn't enough to picture that they would have accepted the current course of events in Kuhmalahti. Nowadays Kuhmalahti is actually famous for its opposition towards Natura and its brawls against the wise campaigns of environmentalism. Against the kind of environmentalism, on which prosperity - and only that - also the preservation of human life on earth and Finland is dependant.

1999

*Translated 5.11.2006*

## *Northern Winds Blow In Sääksmäki*

November was a bleak month at the Sääksmäki church.

Per the church council's demand the vivid aspen wood by a road leading to Pappila was cut misshapen. The result is miserable; inconceivable at a place like this. Also Pappila's even already sparse park was thinned, and that and a row of large firs that protected Pappila from the north wind were mangled, even to the shock of the vicar's family.



Next, the ruin befell the cemetery by razing a spruce wall that shielded it from northern and northeastern sides. On the top of it all, the job was done as massive machine logging, which represents the most grotesque kind of noise pollution. The cemetery is now fully bare both to the whistle of the adjoining car road and biting north wind. And there's more: the aim is to finally desecrate grave peace and slay a large group of old trees from the graveyard itself, primeval birches and even sacred rowans. The same people who drive a bellowing tractor on the corridors of the cemetery to carry tiny - easily fitting to a wheelbarrow - loads of chipping to the rubbish heap, are behind this act of sabotage.

It is at cemetery where olden trees are a metaphor for eternity, and they must be let to die a natural death, to collapse down to the ground ill and dried after a time. Like the late ones have fallen underneath their gravestones; not many people who have had a violent death lay there, either. It is then in the power of the relatives to decide if the fallen aged tree is carried elsewhere for burial, or is it let to gather moss and molder midst tombstones. But it isn't a long way from slaying trees of cemeteries to knocking down gravestones. They sprout from the same frenzy of destruction.

We have had priests each more excellent than the other in Sääksmäki. But what curse haunts the secular branches of the church? Even the previous generation receives little respect: the course center is like a fist in the face of Pappilanniemi. It is an architectonic fiasco with its overly large asphalted parking places. The concrete block-terrace that reaches to Vanajanselkä's strand is an unbelievable fright.

We do have other communities than church ones in Sääksmäki. The Sääksmäki-club worships the village's history and gives medals. Is it interested in the present condition of Sääksmäki, or is it not part of their job description?

From midst the annihilation of Sääksmäki I left to a seminar of the bishopric of Strängnäs (November 12-15th), to Vagnhärad and Eskilstuna. I was there to give lectures to Finnish parishes, but first of all to learn myself - earnestness, calm, enlightenment, education. And to see and experience large old trees, everywhere.

There I received a present for the neighboring country: Strängnäs' bishopric's pastoral for churches, "an environmental manifest". I will cite its focal part here. It must be noted that parishes own even more land and forest in Sweden than they do in Finland.

*"Our will*

We wish our responsibility over the whole of creation to dictate our actions.

We wish to protect the diversity of species within flora and fauna by careful planning and tender forestry.

We wish to strive to use as little chemical products as possible in both forestry and farming.

We want to reserve especially precious areas for conservation in cooperation with churches. The parishes of our bishopric must loyally bear the expenses that arise from these actions.

We want to give a chance to try out ecological methods of cultivation.

We want that responsibility of environment stemming from conscious creation theology is characteristic to all work at the diocese's mansion, chancellery and around the bishopric, and that it is visible in both words and deeds.

### *Our proposition*

We wish to issue a request that all church councils:

- check the usage of their premises by considering environmental factors and particularly costs of warming
- inspect their machines and move, if possible, to environmentally economical fuels and equip their vehicles with as efficient catalysators as is feasible
- avoid chemical products
- aim towards using as good purification technology in crematories as possible
- set a team, whose task is to suggest improvements to fields of environmental work. The parish's actions and the usage of their premises must be the locality's paragon in preserving and respecting nature
- seek to join hands with various groups, organizations and authorities in matters regarding responsibility of the environment."

Is the Baltic Sea a border between worlds, between civilization and barbarism?

1999

*Translated 9.11.2006*

## *The Misery Of The Countryside*

Last autumn, after a rainy and miserable summer, I received a letter that contained a description, a light article, a report of farm's work and condition during the past harvest season. The following referral letter was included within the article:

"In Unnaslahti 14.9.98. Hello Pentti! - The summer passed and the autumn arrived. To battle the ill feeling I made a report of the farm's work as if we were living the time ten years ago, when New Finland was alive and breathing. Back then perhaps some Helsinki yuppies read my column 'Agriculture's course'. Now it would be even more needed inside the ring road, namely factual knowledge. But New Finland is dead. I have to settle for smaller circulation, as well. This time it is 6 pieces. Fortune was favorable upon You. - Regards, Seppo."

The author is an intellectual farmer Seppo Unnaslahti, who became quite close during my years in Kuhmoinen. On our first meeting on February 1960, the ten year old Seppo showed his home museum, to which he had already collected hundreds of items. Later he became a so-called influential person all the way up to municipal government, and on provincial level in organizational life (starting with the chairman position of the local department of the Coalition Party's Young). A strongly culture-focused attitude, which already the home museum hobby gave clues toward, has been less common: many history surveys, a historical outlook in festival

orations.

Seppo Unnaslahti's gifts in writing have been the most close to me, of which pinnacle was the novel "The day rises, the day falls [Nousee päivä, laskee päivä]" that was published in Kuhmoisten Sanomat as a serial story in the 1970s. (Amusingly, a recently published novel translation by Nobel-author Singer was named the same.) The novel was in literal terms the level that a few, perhaps only two decades earlier it would have come out as a work characterized as remarkable national literature. But fashion had already changed; countryside literature was left aside in publication politics. And there was no demand for a newspaper column on the subject of countryside when arriving to the 1990s, either, even the most brilliant ones.

The farm of Unnaslahti is not one of the ceased, desolate; it is part of the minority that still struggles as an active farm, by widening and expanding, merging the neighborhood's disappearing properties to it, by renting or buying extra land. The society has, as known, put the farmer to a pinch by benefit- and loan politics and by continually decreasing producer prices: either you stop or expand, increase the turnover, when the price of a product unit drops down.

The development of Seppo Unnaslahti's party, the Coalition, is illustrative. I well remember the time when the Coalition had a firm agricultural wing in the Parliament, may have been even half of the members. In Tavastia that I'm the most familiar with, as well as in Ostrobothnia, farmers along with their families sided with the Coalition Party except for the smallest of cottages. Now only one farmer representative, risen from a spare seat, was just at the end a part of the last Parliament group of the Coalition Party... The Western Finnish farmer is indeed for the most part in the Coalition; transfer to the Center Party is only partial, but the number of voters is no more even nearly enough for getting a candidate from countryside through.

The determinate "closing down" of agriculture and countryside in political decision making is mostly familiar. I am also aware that Kalevi Hemilä continues as an Minister of Agriculture in the new government as well, whose main task is decimating the farming folk, removing agriculture from the traditional farmer into the clutches of a few thousand, or perhaps only hundred, gigantic agri-business corporations. It has been written about these matters once in a while in Elonkehä, as well. Mikko Hovila, for example, has analyzed the multiple fateful effects of the growth of a farm unit.

The snuffing of countryside appears at its most enormous in a recent governmental decision - even though this side has not been stressed at all in endless speculations, as is typical. That the Central Party, winner of elections and the second largest of the great parties, was pushed aside contradictory to all former rules, as if it was self-explanatory, has truly been noted to the point of boredom. But the issue has been examined as arm wrestling between parties, or in the worst neo-moronic manner of media, as a personal battle between party leaders.

The actual reason has been underlined a lot less: the Central Party was pushed aside because it is namely the countryside's party. This depressive outlining becomes certain, and actually even more shockingly, when one looks at the little parties accepted as governing peers. The Christian Union, which got the greatest electoral victory, raised the number of representatives in the Parliament from six to ten, and rose to be practically equally large with the Green League (11

representatives), was out of the question as a governing party all the time, while the Green League was as obviously a governing party throughout the negotiations.

How these two small parties are placed on the map is a clear explanation. They are prettily mirror images of each other. The Green League is more absolutely than before a city party, by far the most urban out of all our parties. Its all Parliament members are from Great Helsinki (Helsinki-Espoo-Vantaa) and three university cities (Turku, Tampere, Oulu). It lost its only seat in outer Finland; the new seat from Southern Tavastia is part of that Helsinki suburb (if we look at voting numbers of localities), which is formed by the Hämeenlinna-Riihimäki-Hyvinkää railroad's side. The Christian Union then again does not have a single representative from Helsinki, and only one from Uusimaa.

The vying for power between the rural area and cities has gone through different phases also in our own country. In Anneli Jussila's broad article 'From industrial production to handicrafting tradition [Teollisesta tuotannosta perinneäsiyöhön]' (in the book "Into the Ecological Way Of Life [Ekologiseen Elämäntapaan]", Yliopistopaino 1996). Such periods are described there when the countryside has been oppressed to the extreme at the cost of cities' rights with administrative orders and strict taxing - all the way to uprisings (the Cudgel War!) and partial deserting of rural areas.

Then there have been periods of time when the countryside has got the "upper hand". For example, there was a short glorious term after last wars, when almost anything was paid for food. I well recall from my childhood how bitterly amusedly it was being told of farmer-fishermen from Sipoo, who didn't know where to spend their abundance of money, and hopelessly bought six pianos into their large house...

If only we could follow the turning of history's pages like a distant historian and state that now a phase, when the farmer and countryside is held tightly, is underway in its turn. But sadly we cannot take things with the former calmness, when the world's condition is different and wholly new. Environmental menaces are now world's end-class, and the city values and the consumer's way of life stand for the way to ruination. And as misfortunes tend to feed each other, so now has the desperate defense battle of the countryside led to countryside's, the Central Union of Agricultural Producers' and also the Central Party's horrid attitudes towards nature conservation - utterly warpedly, only to speed the devastation.

1999

*Translated 26.11.2006*

## ***Thoughts And Memories About The Old Educated Class - A View Into The Century's Ideological History***

This writing's trains of thought actualized in a Väinö Linna-seminar in Tampere on September 2000. The conference was the 80-year anniversary of Linna's birth, so it was understandable in that sense that all dimensions of Linna's work were appraised in an exalting manner. However,

the bias of Linna's social and historical conception and their miserable effects stood out for me.

For the sake of clarity, I remind that I am part of the majority for whose Linna is a master as a writer. Even though direct storytelling is cumbersome, dialogue is brilliant, characters extremely intriguing and memorable - lacking the burden of overt psychological deep probing, or nitpicking - and most of all, the plot structure and overall outline of novels is fantastic. It is then a different matter with the correctness of the social outlook.

Likewise when Linna was familiar with emotions and thoughts of only the ranks, not officers, when writing "Tuntematon Sotilas [The Unknown Soldier]", he only mastered the deep masses of people of his material in "Pohjantähden Alla [Beneath the North Star]". The depiction of the educated class - those wholly untypical caricatures of Mr. and Mrs. Reverend Salpakari and teacher Rautajärvi - was based solely upon ill-willed fantasy of his own and the environment. Portrayal of the people is qualified and competent, but also its selection of types is twisted, idealized. The idealist character of the tailor Halme and Koskela's family, excellent in their work morale, are plausible and realistic but not representative. The rabble is not denoted enough.

Linna certainly has the right to characterize the kind of members of educated and common folk as he wishes in a fictional novel. The fault is in his readers and interpreters, who began to manipulate the positions and meanings of various social groups and mold and change the Finnish reality according to Linna's depictions. Although, Linna has likely had something more in his mind to begin with than creating a fictional novel when writing "Pohjantähti", and in any case, he soon took the place of rewriting history backed by his interpreters.

As is usual, it is left unsolved what actual position Väinö Linna holds in the change of historical concept and opinion climate "from White to Red", and what is held by social opportunity independent of him. I am myself interested in Linna's case also separately, but in this review I observe the settings of the civilized folk and the people from a general point of view.

It has been stated - and was stated in that seminar, as well - that Linna gave a sense of self-esteem to the people. But that bargain ended up awry. The habits, interests and ideals did not change. They are the same as they have always been: bread and circus, nothing else. Instead of adopting education, the people dragged the civilized folk down - with the masses' mauling overpower.

Even as a schoolboy, when I was to become a scientist, I received guidance in composing a research. First, a review of what the presented is based on, is required: data and methods, Material und Methode. When I describe the educated and common people - and the Finnish society -, I first use my own expertise. It is fortuitous for this very theme that I have lived amongst various social groups, ranging from one side to another, during my long life, identifying myself with them in turns. Also the opportunities received to spend several years within communities of only other vertebrates than humans give perspective for contemplations of a valuation-philosophical nature.

There is no brief definition for the educated class, no anymore than for education, either. It has to be listed a bunch of focal characteristics and attributes, of which the image of the educated is formed.

The perspective of the cultured man - I prefer to use the past tense and speak of "the old educated class" - must always reach spheres wider than the own self and family. Creating and maintaining high culture, and ideological activity on the field of the nation, the mankind, the creation in the

best case, was essential.

Duty and responsibility were always before freedoms; high morale, self-discipline and -restraint were basic principles. At every turn it had to be striven to be ethically superior to the surroundings - so that the environment would follow the example. Superiority in regards to other social groups had to not display out as arrogance, as friendly and empathetic behavior towards also servants, people of the folk, was an absolute precept; superiority was supposed to show only through example.

It was the mark of education that money was not allowed to be talked about, not even thought about. Business life, "geschäft" (nowadays "business") was contrary, eschewed and slightly despicable (although despise had to not be shown offensively here either) to the deeply spiritual life. Surplus money, if there was some, had to be used in supporting culture and charity. Purchasing of art was equally motivated by aiding the poor painter and being attached to art. The consumption level of an educated family was very low, ascetic, in regards to resources.

The philosophical background of sophisticated, fair manners (at conversation, dressing, meal) was the same leading rule piercing the whole of civilization: the quality of your neighbor's life, community's atmosphere always ahead own desire for convenience. The educated man fell silent of sexual issues. "They are matters of the bedroom, and the bedroom door is closed." Again, a life wisdom was behind it: the more the veil obscuring the few truly enchanting things of human life is opened, the more they diminish in fascination. And on the other hand, one wasn't to cause ill feelings and grief, in any way, to those who were lacking those joys for one reason or another, by exhibiting these matters.

A sidenote may be necessary for a young reader, who has lived in another, collapsed world: I did not describe a monastery above, but a relatively large human group that has indeed lived also in Finland; the country's most remarkable social group. But no doubt old-fashioned Christianity has strongly influenced the shaping of its ideals. As Antti Eskola was researching Finnish educated families, he had stated that many of them were priestly families in past centuries (and certainly some still are). The austere morality and Christian-humanist values were preserved, like Eskola notes, even after when families stood firmly after being secularized and knowing their own value, on their own feet, without God.

My depiction fits the mightiest wing of the educated class the best: the official class, people of which were in universities, the educational system, in the church, generally in academic professions: doctors, judges, pharmacists etc. There actually was a time, as unbelievable as it sounds nowadays, when an equality sign could almost be drawn inbetween the educated and academic classes. Often academic trades were inherited within families, and ideals were absorbed in home upbringing. Also secondary schools had their role in transferring the tradition of education. Sometime ago, Matti Kuusi compiled a statistic of the school background of people leading or most noted in various fields of life, and discovered the majority being from a few elite secondary schools. However, Kuusi didn't differentiate between different professions and included leading persons also in the industry, army and the like to his statistics, people who hardly were considerably touched by education.

At trades populated by civilized people the atmosphere was so potent that the same ideals and habits often quickly adhered to those who were recruited through caste cycling. At a time a situation opposite to the one after the later cultural revolution, Väinö Linna and comprehensive school, did indeed prevail: education was gaining ground. The civilized class's dream of the influence of example may have realized even down the class hierarchy. I've often told of the university's janitor, a little official, as a childhood memory of mine, who had learned the values of education so deeply that he saved the institute's ink by cutting it with water, because "de' ä' kronans", "it is owned by the state".

The educated class also had their other branch, with somewhat similar ideals, a bit different ways of life: namely educated farmers. It had received influence from Christianity and the clergy even more, and even later. People at mansions and enlightened large estates were part of it - which upright, broad-minded masters the Red scoundrels then walked behind the barn to be executed. The reflections of these tragedies are still alive to me from my home region of Tavastia, near Linna's place of growth. Linna describes those phases from a rather dissimilar point of view...

The third category of education must not be forgotten, either. The term "education of the heart" sounds quite sugary, but still is not an empty phrase. It comes to mind that in somewhere, in the human brain, all human insights have born to begin with, also the ideals and models of Christianity or the good life of the civilized. Why couldn't they spontaneously spring out here and there, even from unfavorable grounds? Linna's tailor Halme is an example of "education of the heart" in literature - whereas Linna himself is an example of swift caste cycling. The son of a poor farm, an industrial worker, soon fully adopted the role of the academic, modest and natural behavior without even the slightest underlinings of success or station; judging by their form, essays of his late season might almost be from the pen of some old family's humanist researcher.

The Red Insurrection was a severe disappointment for the educated class, a severe disappointment and strict lesson. Afterwards it is easy to complain such a foundational error as belief into the decorated image of Runeberg's Saarijärvi's Paavo, generally belief into the people. All in all, the civilized folk had fallen into that error, and idealist's fate is always harsh.

The Red Rebellion, the Civil War, should not be compared to total wars. In a lucky case one could stay away from it; neither party executed full mobilization. Especially North- and East Finland stood wholly apart from the brawl. But in contrast it was actual reality in Tavastia, the home region of me and Väinö Linna.

The intensity of participation was case-specific with both sides. Even people opposing violence got pulled along by the Reds due to peer pressure. Still, the reason for the insurrection was familiar to everyone, the same as with every Red revolution: furious spite and jealousy towards the economically, and most of all, mentally superior. And brawling, robbing and murder became its practice. Choosing of sides was a truism for the educated. It was also a question of a clash between culture and barbarism.

The rebellion was shocking and traumatic in several ways, but the happy ending was even then a tremendous relief. My mother - who was eleven at the time - tells of the immense experience of salvation, when German brothers in arms freed Hämeenlinna from the grip of Red terror in May 1918. It was dazzling when "Ein feste Burg" was being sung together at the town marketplace, Germans in German, people of Hämeenlinna in Finnish. My mother's

maternal father, old county doctor Karl-Johan von Fieandt, was moved to tears from yet being able to see Finland autonomous, and couldn't keep himself from adding his other dream within the same breath: "If only I could see a woman in the pulpit."

When I attempt to map the relation of the educated to the Reds, I also have to evaluate "White terror", which has been striven stress quite a bit in the newest historical writing. It has to be put clearly that White and Red executions are not comparable with each other at all, surely not on the same axle. The Red Uprising began from the deeply agitating disparity of income- and wealth levels between population groups (even though the bracket in these was incomparably thinner than in present-day Finland), but all in all in a state of peace, when the value of human life is always seen as great. "White terror" instead was firstly a revenge, which always aspires to be manifold in the realm of men. And most importantly, the executions were now made within the atmosphere of war, in which human lives are weighed with utterly different scales than during a time of peace. We can somehow criticize murders committed by Reds from the standpoint of contemporary peace-time ethics; those committed by Whites we cannot at all. (The same of course applies to events during all wars.)

The civilized folk no doubt advocated strict punishments in principle after the Red Uprising, although they did usually leave the tasks of the judge and executioner to others. The most rigid of executions are the work of a few cold-hearted infantrymen, who had "had a taste of blood" already on the Eastern front of Germany. There indeed was only a small share of educated people in the infantry, and there were similar emotionally damaged adventurers in the group as in the foreign legion.

Even nowadays it should be remembered to ask what the consequences would have been if the Red Rebellion had been settled with general amnesty, not with executions and hunger camps of Lahti. Now even the chosen path meant quite a small number of victims percent-wise. In many of the World Wars' individual battles - also on our front - there were more human casualties than in the whole Red Uprising both sides put together. And the minute losses of the Reds were apparent in the first Parliament elections of autonomous Finland, where socialists received a frighteningly large flood of votes.

Sometime in the family archives, I browsed my maternal father Hugo Suolahti's and my grand uncle Eino Suolahti's 1920s correspondence with the state police chief of the time. A deep concern over the danger of a new rise of the Reds is visible in them. I shall tell a bit about these brothers to illustrate the life's work and attitudes of the educated class of the time.

Hugo Suolahti was a professor of Germanic philology and the first chancellor of the Helsinki University for 18 years. He saw it the duty of the civilized people to take part in building the society, and so he worked also as a representative and presidential candidate for the Coalition Party and also in the administrative council of the National Share Bank, in which he had to resolve the outcomes of the temperamental director general J.K. Paasikivi's temper tantrums so that even I recall these complainings about them at my grandmother from the time when I was a little boy.

Grandfather was compliant by nature, fitting as a peace negotiator, and very social in his way of thinking - there was fishing ban put on the family at his officer farm in Tyrväntö, at the strand of Vanajanselkä, my childhood setting, because there were fishermen in the village who fished for their living. Pike perch was bought from them throughout the summer to a big household.

Eino Suolahti was of a different kind, hasty and stern (regardless of which the brothers were very close with each



other). He was a doctor, the chairman of the Duodecim Society and the Finnish Medical Association, president of Instrumentarium, professor h.c. and much more. During the wars he was the chief surgeon of the Defence Forces as a Major General of Pharmacy. He was an extreme right-wing politician, who thought that Reds should be utterly snuffed out; he was one of IKL's founders and a supporter for the Lapua Movement (the third brother, my granduncle Ernesti Suolahti, "Uncle Änsti", was among the leading persons in the Mäntsälä Uprising).

Folk romanticism didn't bother Eino Suolahti: when spar fences broke under his over a hundred kilos at a grey partridge hunt, he really gave Tavastian peasants a piece of his mind, insulting them as slothful and useless. Still in the 1960s, when I had befriended the residents of Vanajanselkä's small beachside cottages first as companions in nature activities and then as fishing colleagues, the old generation was bitterly remembering the "butcher general". Even long after the uprising he had had his possessions transported to his villa by boats - also that was in Tyrväntö - without payment - most probably for reminding that the cottage people had used the same boats to expropriate the movables of lords' villas.

Should I pull back a bit here, and observe that there are now some analogies found to Väinö Linna's types of the educated. Eino Suolahti was obliged to surrender some of civilization's ideals when temperament came to way, at least tolerance. (I myself I am more akin to my granduncle than my placid grandfather: I also find that tolerance, ignorance by another name, may be an incentive for wrong of the worst kind.)

But my granduncle bore his responsibility over the nation well and held fast to civilized manners still in the 1940s. He saw a doctor colleague of his (who was later actually the personal doctor of the president) approaching from the beach - in shorts - from his summer residence's window. The servant had to tell at the door that the professor wasn't available.

In the light of this, it is surprising that Eino Suolahti agreed to be an equal and hospitable host for the Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler in summer 1942, who, stressed to the extreme, got to a little vacation for resting his mind by pulling a lure at Vanajanselkä. Hitler and his group were actually looked quite down upon, because they originated from the lower middle class, and presentation was analogous to that. This was the case in Germany, too. My father, a professor of botanics and the president of the Helsinki University Kaarlo Linkola, told that his best botanical friends, professors of the Marburg University, took a rather condescending view to Hitler, even though they admitted his grand merits.

I'd presume that the positive attitude towards Himmler was because of the warm and close relation to Germany in general. Germany was indeed the cradle of world culture, science, philosophy and ideas (and only in arts was the leading position held by France, and even that only when excluding music) until the wretched end of the Second World War.

As we know, the Finnish government held Eino Suolahti's policy even 20 years after the rebellion, and held the most devoted of Reds, or communists, in a steel grip. One didn't need but to slightly whisper or print a small flyer, and he/she would end up behind bars in Tammissaari. No matter how I try to identify with the Zeitgeist, I feel tempted, like many do, to argue that that was exaggeration of self-defense in the 1930s. Or was it after all: the Karelian Republic did linger just beyond the border with its own red dreams of Great Finland - before it fell into its own trap, got devoured by Russian national fanaticism in turn.

And history repeats itself: at this moment the slander and hunt of "fascists", old- and neonazis, blatantly overlooking the noble principles of the freedom of speech, is fully identical to the communist persecutions of the 1930s in Finland, as well. There is only the difference that it has been 55 years since the reign of national socialists, and the shuddering at them is already now appalling farce.

I have described the educated class in its days of might and some of its power figures. They went

on through the Red Rebellion, having lost some of their idealism; it was well in the 1930s, and times of war were their golden years, as also many of its ideals and life habits were respected. But then the downfall began: industrialization, the welfare of the masses and aggressive self-esteem. The Reds got what they wanted in the end. There are some relicts left of the old civilized folk; we can perhaps already tolerate these few ones.

The defeat of the educated certainly isn't astonishing. It has been endangered for the whole duration of its existence. The cultured people's springy impeccability, abstinence, sacrifice and untiring standing as an example are heavy for human to bear. I shall again snatch an example from close of how even concretely vulnerable the civilization was:

My father Kaarlo Linkola, who I already introduced above, died 53 years old in early summer 1942, during the worst food shortage. He couldn't withstand the complications of a successful prostate surgery, the last blood coagulation entered his heart. According to my mother's hypothesis, it may have been partially because my father was in a weak condition due to malnutrition. He was a large man and in intense movement on his trips as a terrain biologist, but he had the food coupons of the doer of mental work. And the emergency aid that was necessary for many, the black market, was out of the question for the son of a strict family of officials; also the university president's status he recently retired from bounds one to be an example for the nation.

I have spent a long time at the stages of the educated class and my memories of them. What about the other party of the survey, the common folk? I have already said its interests in reduced terms, but I will refresh: own belly, own kids, a partner and a couple friends, the light weekend joys, that's the world. And stuff up to ears. All else is none of our business. Masters take care of it. And the masters are hated as a reward.

It is not difficult to point out where the deep rows of the people flock, where the pariah class gathers. The Trade Union Movement, the monument of greed, incomes policy negotiations. Streets full of clamouring masses wagging miniature flags when ice hockey players have won the bashers from other countries. Rally races, Formula races. Stockholm-cruise, Tallinn-cruise. The supermarket on Saturday.

When a novel department store called Gigantti was opened in the capitol area a year or two ago, which promised gadgets of many colors for the stinking cheap price of 9:90, 99:90, 999:90; the parking field's rafts of metal plated beetles reached the horizon, and the human lines wriggling midst them in tens of thousands surpassed all the records of the good old Soviet Union. As I looked at those newspaper pictures, a tormented scream erupted from my lips: no democracy, for heaven's sake, no democracy! No common voting right, never! No, no, no!

The downfall of the educated is apparent all around us. Even in publications of young schooled people, for example magazines Ydin [The Core] or Vihreä Lanka [The Green Thread], it is seen that magnificent words like "the elite", "elitistic" are being used in a degrading manner - unbelievable, but true. The media is filled with Helibor-interests, Prime-interests, currency and stock exchange courses, profit calculations of businesses - data that wasn't part of news material at all twenty years ago - it was the field of the financial world's special publications, of Kauppalehti [The Trade Paper]. And new prophets travel around the country, preaching the doctrine of unrestricted selfishness to great audiences: "fulfilling oneself", "own life's hero". One cannot imagine an opposite more exact to the old educated people's teaching of life and sacrificing for others, both neighbors and the nation.

Wild circus acts are performed in the country because of the people's will. The golden calf, around which it is being danced, is a frippery boutique named Nokia, which has not produced or sold any gadget that wouldn't be both dull and harmful, not after the makers of rubber boots separated from it. But when its head salesman enters for lecturing to college rectors, they congregate respectfully to listen how the basic research of universities has to be dumped down the well, and how it must be focused on producing techniques and experts for business life. Where is the pride of the scientist, the university's pride? Gone, lost. Lots of shuffling is heard in graveyards, as it is being turned in the tombs.

The Finnish Union of Literature, my trade union, is endlessly tinkering with publishing contracts, percents and their fractions of royalties, marks and pennies, digging gold for authors, who are immensely rich in both international comparison and historical continuum - like all other Finns. And still it is the writers, who master the rapier of words, that the state of the world and earth would cry for to take part in ideological discussion.

At last and finally we receive, like a wet rag to our faces, this neoprimitive "information society", the bubble of bubbles, in which seemingly adult people worship toys; in which means and substance mix into mash; in which computers progress and knowledge lessens. This information society, in which the necessary information drowns without leaving a trace.

As I sink into the depths of misery, I recall that even the meager spark of civilization, which was embodied by the working class' shadow of an education, reaching to the fields of culture, has fallen into the chasm of damnation. Gone are the labor movement's idealistic seams along with their ideas of sobriety and people's enlightenment; gone the thousands of workers' associations' hours of voluntary work; gone the ideal matter of the cooperative shop; gone into cracks in earth like all red capital gathered as collective property - for banks and crooks.

We live the time of the history's deepest depression, the reign of outrageous simplified materialism, of money - that materialism, from which mud man has attempted to struggle up earlier periods, and succeeding partially, as well. Now also former cultured families fuss among the rabble in this inferior, flat, simple and stupid world of stock exchange shares, investment funds, derivatives, options, interest calculations. Professions of the old educated class are in income fights, doctors and teachers - people who are oozing with money and fat from ears and nostrils. What depth of shame!

An ironic may discover something positive within this doomsday atmosphere: honesty. We are openly avaricious. Can you find anymore sincere and fitting names than market powers, market economy? Market: the summary of cheapness, the spectacle of the poorest baubles, pumpnickels, feather fans and balloons, cheapjacks, the festival of the mob.

Civilization and the educated was the little beautiful and noble that the wretched humanity was able to squeeze out of itself. I miss it. I did get to witness it. I do not enjoy anymore.

2000

# Chapter VI - The World And We

*Translated 29.6.2006*

## *The Doctrine Of Survival And Doctor Ethics*

### **A refresher course on the status of the world**

The ecocatastrophy that is facing the world is underway. Its smaller cousins rumble on everywhere. More and more enormous areas of green and productive land are being paved, left under buildings, roads and lots. All the wider parts of the globe are deserted or poisoned barren and unfit for living. Wind- and water erosion washes the humus soil of the most significant grain storages into the oceans. Finite natural resources are in a clearance sale, and also renewable resources, like forests, are depleted at a growing pace. The gas balance of the atmosphere is off the equilibrium, seas are polluted with oil and their food chains enervated. The rapid warming of the climate confronts natural plantlife as well as crops with insurmountable hardships in adaptation. The load of waste and pollution will grow uncontrollable.

What has been said is to us Finns a refresher course, a summary of everyday information. To most of mankind those megatrends of the world's condition and their multifarious subdivisions are more or less unknown, but all the more familiar in so-called enlightened countries on the cool zone of the northern hemisphere. They and their causes are being generally accepted as scientific facts; only estimations regarding numbers and schedules are known to wave within certain limits. I'll pass all worldviews based on belief here, including those rare individual thinkers who deny the emergency of the biosphere even by using rational concepts. There is always someone until the end of the world, who claims that the sun rises from the west and sets in the east, that females conceive and males give birth.

In regards to the audience here, the problem isn't anymore about the volume and availability of information concerning the state of the world, and not its absorption either. It is interesting *how* well it is understood, *how* deep into consciousness it reaches. It is interesting what manner of connections an informed individual can construct in his mind from the the world's condition to the everyday life of his society, community and private life; to the process of the reality which also he is shaping. And it's ultimately integral that does - and how - the awareness of the situation in the world, the distress of the biosphere, affect his actual solutions as a decision maker and citizen.

### **Man - an irresponsible thief**

The current intermediate report doesn't bring about a spark of hope. In fact, there is no apparent principal difference between the behaviour of the communities and individuals of the mankind's unenlightened majority and the enlightened, and aware, minority. Everywhere, man is still a full-

blooded troublemaker and destroyer of the biosphere. There is only more of bubbling of discussion and rustle of papers in the enlightened part of the mankind. Activity like the working of the UN-constituted Brundtland committee with its recommendations. The minimum demand of the committee after all compromises was, like we recall, that industrial countries cut their energy consumption down to a half in a couple of decades. So, I guess construction, industrial production, traffic and the maintained road network, lighting and household appliances are being narrowed down to a half with a good pace here in Finland too, every other powerplant being shut down?

In reality the Finnish producer and consumer, student and pensioner, farmer, metal worker and doctor hangs fiercely on the dreadful material standard of living that has already decades ago surpassed all rational boundaries, and additionally demands continuous growth of his annual buying power, perpetual and ascending, all the way to the horizon. Even a Finn perceives the contemporary economical paralysis as a stunning backlash and prevailing over it as a national mission, even though he should hold praising masses at all churches as an enlightened man, and pray that the depression would deepen ten times more and further. There is luxury and glitter in every occasion at the exhibition of medical science in '92, there are tons of chlorine-bleached enamelled paper, astounding conference rooms and fabulous presentation halls, airplane trips and hotel nights of five hundred marks.

### **Will the population explosion be averted, or the knowledge of it?**

Lets return to the matter at hand. I apologise, I didn't mean to. The bitter emphasises of an environmentalist have a knack of creating diverging meanderings to the speech. I was supposed to give a lecture of the population issue, value philosophy and medical ethics. They too will come.

Let it be repeated that the base reason, enough in by itself, for the end of the world is the human population that has grown enormous in its numbers, the humanflood. The worst foe of life is too much life, excess human life. A secondary reason that quickens the process of devastation, is the rising load on nature put on by each member of the population. I'll discuss first and foremost the base reason, the population explosion, in this lecture.

Experience shows us that the dire message of the population explosion crumbles at its first steps even in the enlightened world. Logic dimmens and conclusions stray off their way in an imbalanced battle between optimism and realism. Optimism, that most wretched of all miserable characteristics of a human child, successfully draws the graveness of the population explosion forwards in time on one hand, and geographically away from home on the other, off to foreign lands.

For as long as I have actively followed demographical diagrams, say, for forty five years, the population growth of the world has been seen as a critical threat, and as long it has been said that Earth can carry the population of the time only barely, but the growth will become unbearable in the near future. This law of rolling onwards is generally in power even now. What does reality

say? Already millenniums ago has man caused irreparable damage on small sectors, diminishing of the globe's green production, shrinking of the biosphere, by creating permanent deserts and half-deserts there where population densities have broken loose into exorbitance. As the most shocking and irrecoverable loss of the biosphere, the amount of species' extinctions has grown from the natural pace already centuries ago and developed into a downfall since decades.

But what is essential is that the severe faltering of ecosystems in the atmosphere, oceans and the earth has begun at about the level of two to three billion people - and at a significantly lower level of the standard of living, or the degree of burdening nature. It has been said that we remain only because the grand systems of the globe's chemistry and physics react, move and shock stiffly, are slow to get going; and as slow to stop and become steady, then. The idea that Earth could permanently bear the current five billion without a dramatic reduction, abandoning of the whole western culture and way of life in other words, is purely absurd, it is child's or animal's faith in future. Likewise the pollution fallouts arrive from abroad in all countries of the world, in a similar manner there would be no overpopulation anywhere in the world, if the opinion of the people or the government of each country would be the standard. Well, there are yet two partial exceptions, China and India, in which the leaders and enlightened minority admit even their own populations to be overly dense. But they are exceptions that affirm the rule - countries, which are ahead the remaining savages of mankind with their ancient cultural traditions.

### **The reality of the population explosion**

A while ago the president of Tilastokeskus [the Center of Statistics] visited me, desiring to hear how a man can endure knowing and being aware of the aspects of the world's ruin until the very end. He told that he had tried to evade the last conclusions in favour of a restful mind, but was afraid that as the retirement age falls upon him, the chance of escaping into work, meetings and haste disappears and there is too much time to think. We had a very serious and personal discussion about depressions and their nature, curing and possible self-treatment, midst the racket of a ceremonial reception. We agreed that the omens of the end of the world - the matters that I'll be discussing in this lecture - certainly do not belong to the sphere of opinions or worldview, but are statistics, facts, arithmetics.

So, what does reality tell us about the dividing of the population explosion? The emphasis of this explosion will be in industrial countries; Europe, Japan, the United States, for decades to come - and thus possibly for all the time left for mankind. Here there is a high absolute density of population and first of all, extremely high degrees of burden by an individual. Measured by the best indicator, energy consumption per capita, values are found that are even twenty times higher compared to a major part of the non-industrialised humanity. Of course, all important indicators such as the using of food and wasting of forests, do not express as vast differences. And naturally the relative dangerousness of non-industrialised populations increases all the time, because their growth is even significantly faster than the population growth of industrial countries. But if the disparity in living standards lasts, they would gain the leading position in wrecking natural systems only in the faraway future.

In the calculation it must be kept in mind all the time that a major share of non-industrialised countries' usage of natural resources and environmental damage is caused by industrial countries. This is, in fact, remembered rather well when discussing world economy or the third world. In contrast, it isn't often realized that the wealthy population and load of industrial countries is most vehemently increased by immigrants arriving from poor nations, whose birth rate is at par with their cultures of origin or thanks to the higher level of social care, even surpasses it. Matti Kuusi tried to remind a long time ago that one must not stare at the numbers of arriving immigrants at the borders, but in their nurseries afterwards.

### **The beachhead of bullies**

Surely the front of industrial countries is not even. Finland could be picked as an extreme example, in which all the numbers indicating consumption and stress tilt about the top positions of the world's statistics. The five million inhabitants of our land represent the pinnacle of overpopulation and distraining of natural resources. Finland is the protruded northern beachhead of mankind's marauding economy. It is a country extremely lacking with resources, where the production of sustenance staggers on climatic limits and the growth of woods is very slow. For the time being, only small populations live everywhere else on the globe north of the 60th parallel, even though the natural conditions might be similar or more favourable - like in both the eastern and western sides of our borders. The upkeep of the gigantic Finnish population is possible only through utmost performance economy, oversized production stakes and foreign trade, which swallows immense amounts of energy, equipment and transportation routes. Also, the leisure activities of Finns are uniquely expansive, wasteful and strain-inducing even in an European scale.

In the aforementioned conversation chairman Niitamo brought up a statistical figure previously unknown to me. It demonstrates the Finnish population explosion in a stunning manner. According to the calculations of statistical researcher Mauri Nieminen, the total amount of Finns throughout the millenniums is 16,5 million - in other words, almost a third of all of them are alive today.

What associations does a number like this bring up? I myself had a thought about our current church's parishes' lamentation of gravesites' costs, and the lugging of gravestones only decades old into the corner of the stone wall, the junk pile of oblivion. And still - when we acknowledge that the figure at hand also includes large groups of first-generation emigrants who have born in Finland, but are buried elsewhere - we contemporary Finns would have only two graves to take care of if we could somehow discover the graves and names of our ancestors since the Stone Age. Honoring forefathers like that would hardly be less sensible a project than the many strange rituals of our contemporary culture.

When I graduated in 1950 - it feels like it happened only yesterday - the Finnish population reached the four million limit. A year ago in January five million was broken. As per my request Mauri Nieminen counted the net emigration of this forty years' period, and that way got 240000 more Finns in addition to that million. The net reproduction of those emigrants in their new

countries is not a part of these statistics anymore, but it's apparently relatively much larger than that of the population who stayed home at the same time, because the migrants were mostly of fertile age classes.

During all those forty years I remember, the editorials of newspapers all around have been concerned over the halting of Finland's growth rate, and already a long time ago about its decline. The false start has been astounding: until the last years, the net growth has been a steady 12000 to 20000 people annually, and it firmly continues on. However, it is true that the net regeneration ratio has gone slightly under one in Finland from 1969 onwards, so the growth really would stop in the next decade. Nieminen has even buried the last Finn, as things look now, in the year 3072 by counting on from those foundations - actually quite a theoretical year for the mankind. But I am unanimous with Nieminen in that birth rate is easily manipulated. For instance, if some lunatic government would decide to multiply child benefits, birth rate would skyrocket. The glimmer of light is darkened by the fact that there has been a jump-like increase in birth rate in just the last two years - evidently a phenomenon similar to what has, once again to the utter surprise of population researchers, steeply raised the numbers of children in Sweden for already half a decade.

Fresh facts like these about the birth rate belong to the series of examples, which presents how hopelessly stubborn an animal this human species is. Try talking to them when you see what kind of trivialities really perturb them midst ecocatastrophies. I look at press pictures of those desolately similar junkyard villages of rats and roadkill dogs on the northern plains of Yugoslavia, familiar from my bicycling trips, and I'm not able to raise my brows according to whether it is a Serb shooting Croat or a Croat shooting Serb there now. And then what about Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania! Those thousands of fights for freedom, all following the same formula, with similar heroes and oppressors, oppressors and heroes, in alternating turns! I see only the sole significant war that continues on all the time under that meaningless surface rippling, the one that the man wages against nature and to shatter his own footing.

### **The value basis of protection of life**

From the aspect of philosophy, the doctrine of protection of life - nor the kernel of its message, which I have represented for decades myself - is nothing ingenious or forming new dimensions. In short, its only substance is that one must stay alive so that possibilities keep open, and are left usable. As such it doesn't tell anything about the quality of life. Nevertheless, it is the most important of all the messages and declarations in the world, all other goals are subjected to it; it is topmost in the hierarchy of objectives. Even all the most beautiful of mankind's inner aspirations lose their meaning if there is no life and human species. The saving of life is justified whatever the cost.

The guardian of life does not gather all his power and assuredness from reasoning and logic, however. The basic principle of life protection, the conservation of Earth's life as diverse and lush, is to him also a *sacred* aim, an incomparably holier matter above all jesting than any thing or goal considered sacred among humans. Anyhow, less and less of anything holy or serious



appears at this period of cynical grinning sprouting from despair.

The diversity and richness of life includes both as broad a plethora of species as possible and a large abundance of individuals - as in that as many an ecological slot as feasible is populated and simultaneously as fully as possible. The plenitude of species is absolutely more important than that of individuals when they contrast each other; when some species immoderately discriminates or even destroys other species, practising oppression of species. The latest estimated calculation of the current pace of extinctions of species caused by man is 525000 species of animals, plants and fungi a year, one species per minute. In the opinion of the protector of life, man has no special right to anything like this. It is horrendous sowing of death, compared to which the merits of the human species, the life and human culture of men, are as faint as down in the other cup of the scale.

It's certainly so that we don't necessarily have to discover our relation to the creation for ourselves, to unravel the right to life of man and other forms of life on the globe.

Ecocatastrophies are perilous to men in the end, as well. Even though they devour a vast amount of animals, plants and fungi before man, the same avalanche will soon crush man too. Human will eat also himself. Even the most limited of humanists must subscribe to the conclusions of the guardian of life in the name of reason.

### **The doctors' burden of sin**

It is an often used statement that the first ones to blame for drifting to the brink of destruction are engineers and doctors, who together have made the human flood possible. But what does a more specific analysis tell about the trade of the doctor and its justifications? It proves to be very clearly bipartite. Upkeeping the population physically and mentally as healthy as possible certainly is a goal withstanding criticism. If mankind, this band of biosphere's robbers, tyrannizer of species, would itself be sick, wretched and full of suffering, the sensibility of life protection would start being questionable.

Anyway, the most fabulous result of the doctor's trade is the prolonging of human life. In this situation of the world, it has dawned to me that everything that even hints towards progress and advancement is negative and speeds towards the ruin. In a world where the keywords to salvation are stopping, return and regression, the meaning and value of old people is exquisite. Man has been built so that the little wisdom which is included in some individuals, accumulates gradually by age. Disarming elderly people is part of the fateful insanities of the frenzied and struggling time that we live now. Only a slight per cent of old people suffer illnesses leading to dementia, and most people are certainly wiser when 90 years old than in the age of 89 years. Young human is always a green fruit and a crude specimen; both wisdom and sense of responsibility and duty grow only at old age if they are to accrue in the first place, and irrelevancies drop out. If all decision makers of mankind had a lowest age limit of, say, 80 years, much would have been won already. Many harmful delusions, much of poisonous foam would have been left out. The pace of destruction would have been a lot slower.

Thus, a large part of the positive work of medicine has been made void by the miserable soul of this youth-worshipping time. But doctor's relation to population growth, birth rate and child mortality, fetus and the child: it has revoked everything. I am talking about the trade of doctors as a whole, the shape it appears in the winter exhibition. And how it should have always presented itself, as a bearer of responsibility for the whole. Due to its key position, the profession of doctors would always have surplus absolute authority over that it's a tool of the society. It could have held the population policy in its hands to quite large an extent.

Now the trade has no central control: it flexibly divides into the "good" and "bad." At one place, the doctor prolongs the life of a wise elder with his surgeries and heart- and blood pressure medicine. The other, however, is doing irrational and extremely destructive work to save five month old premature infants, regardless of the costs, or ransacking of natural resources. As a sidenote, any doctor's sense of responsibility declines when speaking of the costs of health care. Certainly the pills, intrauterine devices and condoms developed by medicine earn all the fascinated praises they receive. But a blood-brown burden of sin falls on the shoulders of a share of child doctors and gynecologists, or on the whole of the trade due to collegial responsibility. The steep decreasing of child mortality, which is naturally much shunned by the biologist, is a very suspicious matter in itself. And every power-medicine and progressive step of national health should have been followed by absolutely efficient education of contraception and limiting, at the least. Only at the head of steely population planning and family politics could the profession of doctors have claimed the place of mankind's benefactor.

### **An empty tablet, a white paper**

The situation which the Western culture has brought man to, is depicted in a number of ways. We live at the eleventh hour, at the chasm's edge, verging on extinction, the clock is a second to 24. Expressions are each other more eloquent and unfortunately, hold one another more truth in them. Most people take no stand: either they live their lives romping like before, or draw out material good wilder than ever just in case, as long as it can still be squeezed out. A part of even the thinking minority surrenders: let it go, nothing can be done anymore. It is a coherent assessment of the situation, and likely correct.

Then there's this policy of fiddling, these people of recycled paper, filters, catalysators, recycling, solar panels and electric cars; these, whose actions are as long as they are wide. Their doings can be described with the familiar metaphors of a magpie on a tarred bridge, or the leaking scrap boat, which tears from two seams while one is being sealed. They sink almost to the level of an idiot when arranging the birth rates of developing countries. The standard of living and education must be advanced there in the Western way and womens' status must be improved so that after five generations - when it has been a long time since the existence of mankind - birth rates have been halved and multiplied the per capita burden on nature twenty times. These "environmentalists" are pretending to aim for the same as the guardian of life, but cannot grasp what even quitters have realized: how deep the Western culture has sunk. Its societal systems with all their structures and their whole legislation have been subjected to the objective of economic growth and the end of the world, and there is nothing worth ameliorating in them. The

most stubborn believe that the junk boat could after all be made waterproof; by casting it entirely into a glass fiber canvas. Too bad its model is worthless for sea travel to begin with, it will drown to the first little waves. As a matter of fact, it will sink already at the wharf, because it has been loaded full of rocks. If one begins to seriously outline a world that shall survive, and not with mere tinkering in mind, a clear tablet or a white sheet of paper is needed. We have to start with almost Adam and Eve.

## **Life protection and humanism**

I am particularly interested in thinkers who, from humanistic grounds, have arrived at conclusions similar to those of a doctrine of survival based on biology. From domestic names, along with Matti Kuusi, Georg Henrik von Wright is the most notable one, who keeps to academically cautious phrasing but seriously ponders the option of humankind's extinction among his scenarios. He - like Kuusi - also puts his prestige at stake in an exemplary manner in his public statements. Anyhow, this time I shall cite his personal letter of gratitude for a book I wrote two years ago: "Johdatus 1990-luvun ajatteluun [Introduction to the thought of the 1990s]." I used the following metaphor in its beginning words, which von Wright refers to:

"What to do when a ship carrying a hundred passengers has suddenly capsized, and only one lifeboat for ten people has been got on water? When the lifeboat is full, those who hate life would try to pull more people on it and drown them all. Those who love and respect life, will take the ship's axe and cut the too many hands clinging to the sides of the boat."

I will point out that a personal letter may be the product of a moment's state of mind and isn't meant to be a measured speech to the public. However, the honest bewilderment of those lines is still useful in cogitating matters. Von Wright writes:

"As you may know, I hold you in high regard as a thinker. At least in this country, you are the most lucid and profound of truth's seers.

It is another thing what practical conclusions one draws from seeing the truth. Perhaps I too would strike off the hands clung to the sides. But hardly for the love of life, but out of fear and to save my own hide. Perhaps it would be a more right solution that we all would drown, as a testimony of the human species' disability to live."

The letter demonstrates how difficult it is for a great humanist to give up the overt praise of human value. I think I'm reading fears from between the lines, which I have encountered at another time as well when discussing overpopulation, and which I call the fears of breaking loose and staining. It is being dreaded that if actions are taken to reduce the world's population, the situation gets out of control and the human life will lose its value somehow permanently. And it is estimated that mankind will somehow be ethically besmeared, lose its self-respect and be no longer able to resurrect ethical values and practices. This fear smoulders regardless of how elegantly the diminishing would occur, even more artlessly and discreetly than the German gas chambers of World War Two, probably mainly by limited nuclear strikes or bacteriological or chemical methods simultaneously in the great population centers of the world - by some

transnational body like the UN, or by some small group equipped with high technology and bearing responsibility for the world.

I find those fears to be obvious misconceptions in the light of history. When wars and the contractual slaughter of people have ceased, societies have returned to the normal day to day routine after a brief period of transition. The massive thinning operations of Stalin and Hitler, even the most gruesomely realistic tortures of security polices, detailedly explained to the audience of the world, have not ruined the ethical norms at any rate. Actually, in the block next to the state police's house people are writing poetry and philosophizing, and neighbours helping an ill elder.

We all do currently live the time after the gas chambers and midst local torture practices. But the clearance sale of human worth isn't surely the problem in the whole situation of the world, but its overt praise growing ever more mindless. Hanging on the inalienable right to live of fetuses, premature infants and braindead is a kind of collective mental disease. The same phenomenon is observable in the absurd history of capital punishment. When there were five million people on Earth, death sentence for the last twisted members of the community was self-evident. Now that there are five billion of them, a society after another *yields* from executing even the most diabolical of criminals; Amnesty International shrieks all the more piercingly against the last countries that have preserved capital punishment. And more and more unrelentingly machineries of rescue services are being developed, so that a helicopter would buzz over every raving mad fisherman, who has ventured into a ten Beaufort storm with a bark vessel, to fish out this unique and irreplaceable individual from the embrace of the waves. Reason drifts ever further.

Legalizing medical death assistance, restoring capital punishment and abolishing the oversized rescue service surely do not significantly sway the population growth statistics by themselves. But in a principal prospect they are extremely important. As long as a distorted practice prevails within them, an insane respect towards the human life reigns: and so long even the possibility of solution to population explosion is amiss, and so all lifeboats sink into the depths.

### **If man does not grow humble...**

It is in fact peculiar that so few thinkers have been able to question the philosophical foundations of our culture. Most of who attempt to perceive the world get badly stuck half-way trying to keep solidarity within species, human rights, individual freedom, equality and democracy as inviolable values. They refuse to realize that the world has not shattered regardless of them, but because of them. The old truth, that thinking is unyieldingly dependent on values and very rarely truly free, applies here in the most dreadful of manners. It ought to be obvious by pure logic that exactly the base values are questionable when a culture is discovered walking towards its doom.

I find myself to be a rarity among thinkers in this central aspect. It is not difficult for me to return man to its place in a harmonious biocenosis. Would the differences arise from the clarity of the human concept? To me, man is an infinitely grand species: with claw and tooth I fight for its survival as well, but its brilliance is evident only in flashes and rare individuals. For that it is

enormously destructive as a whole, by creating even such a devastating regime like the Western culture and letting it rumble on through all mankind, there is a multiplicity of evidence enough for me.

I find it almost inconceivable that even an intelligent individual can still, regardless of all evidence, believe in man and majority, and continuously keep hitting his head to the wall. How can he not admit even in this situation that man is possible only - when nature cannot do it anymore - when the discipline, ban, enforcement and oppression of another clear-sighted human prevents it from indulging in its destructive impulses, to commit suicide? How does he justify democracy? Does he not still see that unless man, the Western culture, grows humble and bows very deeply, it will assuredly ransack and scavenge the globe to its bones, no matter how he would change chemicals into another and switch his methods of energy production? How can he not perceive that if we hold to man's rule over nature and preserve the value the human life has in Western nations, only a straight road into the black pit of extinction remains? How can anyone think so insanely that the human life has the same value and mankind, the same morality, independent of numbers? It is lucid to me that everytime a new child is born, the value of every human in world decreases slightly. It is obvious to me that the morality of the population explosion is wholly unlike than when man was a sparse, noble species in its beginning.

### **The guardian of life is forced to compromise**

The harsh reality tells us that neither the thoughts of the public or decision makers in Western countries come even close to the aforementioned problems; not even near to reducing the present population, barely at least curtailing its rights. The little discussion that we are capable of moves about at a level retarded many steps, at the level of birth control.

In some extreme clusters of ignorance and unawareness they have stuck at considering the rights of a newly inseminated ovum or fetus. From my stupefaction, I am unable to take part in that discussion at all. I won't fall back to a defense line as altogether final as that as a protector of life, I'll surrender before that. But I will agree to negotiate about child limits in the ultimate emergency. When there was no jacket, I got at least a vest; when there were no vests either, at least I got a hat. In an emergency the guardian of life parts with demanding evading of the extinction, and researches also the possibilities of delaying it and prolonging life. It is a value in the continuity of life, as well. Everything is tied to time, even though the time estimated to take until the diminishing of sun's energy and the inevitable quenching of the globe's biosphere, ten billion years, is difficult to differentiate from the idea of eternity.

The instructions of life protection regarding birth control are clear and brief. In the present condition of the world childbirth cannot be family politics anywhere, under no circumstances the matter of parents or the individual. Of all actions of man, it is most clearly an undertaking subject to license and the authority of the society, and finally the world government. That how the child quotas are divided among families and mothers may be family, social and rearing politics. It may be that large families have to be supported as well; it is paramount that we do not give way to the idea of equality, which will never bring about anything but misfortune. The

average number anyhow must unambiguously be one child per a fertile woman everywhere at least for decades. If a population burden suitable for the globe's capacity is then achieved, the population is stabilized by returning to a quota of about two children.

Other clarities are free contraceptives available everywhere and free and gratis abortion all around the country. Deliberate fine adjustment of the system determines whether forced abortions - which would ensure a replacement child in case of fatalities - or compulsory sterilization are used in supervising the child quota, and also the question of directing sterilization towards different genders. Control is perhaps advisable to be arranged as absolutely tenable, so that killing already born children could be avoided - as commonplace as the practice of childkilling has been still in the near history of humankind.

But all this is perhaps mere speculation. I would like to, for a second time already, to apologise my audience and profess that I forgot. Man cannot neither limit the birth rate or reduce the overpopulation - and the ecocatastrophy won't wait. Man is ingenious by his technical talents, but a mindless animal in any other relation, a driftwood in the merciless and capricious stream of evolution. Few see the individuals it crushes beneath. We are *dying* to extinction. We are *actually dying* to extinction, as one species in the series of millions of extinctions.

Or are we? Do we still have one possibility out of a million? Does the aware minority after all have hidden reserves? Will enough individuals nevertheless come about that prove that man can have free will? Individuals who both recognize and fully commit themselves against the turbid majority - and simultaneously for the survival of the same turbid majority? Individuals whose powerful heart is ruled by crystal clear reason?

1992

*Translated 3.7.2006*

## *The Core Question Of Life*

Ceterum censeo Karthaginem esse delendam. When a responsibility bearer is asked for views to the current situation of the country and world, he must begin with the very basics. Population explosion is the problem of problems, the foundational difficulty of our existence, to which all the large and small decisions and solutions of societies, communities and individuals should be proportioned. The population explosion should be the last thought at evening and the first one at morning. It can never be pondered too much - at least not as long as a happy solution to it looms still in the horizon.

In fact, the population explosion is discussed and written about incomprehensibly little. Even as a separate problem it is a burdensome subject that is preferably passed. Most of the time there is no talk at all about proportioning the meager difficulties of everyday life to it.

When I'm talking about our own northern sphere of culture here, I know bitterly well that things are not better with the rest of mankind. The first worldwide common effort to secure the

existence of life, the conference of Rio, was utterly voided when the population explosion could not even be discussed about. Many African and Asian governments still lived in jetblack darkness. Even in that symposium, which was meant to squeeze out the grandest wisdom, enlightenment and responsibility of the time, the Roman Catholic church declared itself as an active and aggressive enemy of mankind and the creation. It announced to object to even slowing down the population explosion, not to mention preventing it. Its policy is still guided by the death-reeking instruction of the Pope and Mother Teresa: the sooner the biosphere is vanquished, the better.

The darkness of the other world does not justify own wrong. Of course the main mission of our foreign politics should be an extremely vigorous and unrelenting pricking of the world's conscious. Nevertheless, our own corners must first be tidied up.

How much better the population politics of our Lutheran-atheistic Finnish society is than that of Roman Catholic countries? To be specific, they differ only in tone; it's calmer, although the direction is the same. Only a minute Laestadian minority in the southern Lapland and general Pajunen's civil organization whipping on for the growth of birth rate possess the shrill note of the Pope - or Ceausescu. At least for the moment, the macabre fact that it is actually a general who's in lead proves fortunate. The old adage about cannon fodder is remembered lively enough and helps most to take distance.

Anyway, the public opinion is repulsively immature here as well. I'll begin with the premise that the attitudes of the press reflect the general opinions. In the rare occasions when population matters are being discussed about, in editorial pages all around are old misconceptions being held to.

Finland is a sparsely populated country, with plenty of room. Every geographer and biologist can tell that a standing spot at a gnawed pine moor, open bog or tundra is not a sensible criterion. Only the ratio of natural resources, production capacity and population is. The fact that half of the people north of 60th parallel are Finns, is being nagged on in vain. Uselessly it's being elaborated that the Gulf stream's calming effect on climate is surely the same in the regions near to our country. Anyhow, they are uninhabited just beyond both the Western and Eastern borders - because they are unable to provide livelihood without support or contributions of production robbed from elsewhere.

In futility, ecologists provide calculations of Finns' amazingly high figures of strain, and how exorbitantly expensive and disastrous for the globe's economy it would be to sustain the Finnish population in extreme circumstances. After all the enlightenment, the editor of Iisalmen Sanomat, Helsingin Sanomat and Suomen Kuvalehti writes that Finland is a loosely populated country with room, and where too few children are born.

The prospect of population growth's decline projects as sunrise after a stormy night of pouring rain in the conceptions of the protector of life. An ordinary human, who is guided by instinct and emotion, who denies reason, loathes duty and skips the future, sees it as a horrendous thing. To spread his dread he even reads the population statistics like the devil reads the Bible. Already since the 1930s, it has been foretold in Finland, along with other European countries, that the

population figure will go downhill very soon. Every year it has unshakably risen by the enormous pace of half a percent. The demographical forecasts have failed as miserably as the economist's predictions of per cents of economical growth.

Population prognoses can be cast in many ways. If we'd begin with the Finnish population development of the last three years, the sharp increasing of birth rate - the greatest of tragedies, unmatched, of the 1990s in Finland -, we would say that Finland will be reaching Kenya in population growth in the next decade.

Shortly after the student riots of Beijing's Tian'anmen Square, I held a lecture to students of Tampere and told of a great relief after the responsible government of China finally did seize control and struck back those guzzlers who make noise of freedoms and rights. I shuddered with the thought of a billion more mouths in boasting consumption, half a billion more cars with their emissions and three hundred million more interrail-youngsters to trains, planes and the meeting places of the whole world's youth at the railway stations, parks and camping sites of European cities. I thought of the extra time for the globe's life, that the oldness and wisdom in China still bestowed. But I didn't consider what the medical professor Pentti Tuohimaa broached. He had also observed the situation with shivers, and thought what a frightening population bomb would explode in China if democratic forces would assume power there. The only excellent, and simultaneously extremely unpopular, program of birth rate control in the whole world, would crumble down and a hundred million more Chinese would be born during the next year.

The example is outstanding and can be generalized to everything that is integral in today's state of the world. Everything preserving life is extremely unpopular. If the voice of the people is being hearkened to, there is no hope. Democracy is the religion of death. Only in a firm, aware and responsible government does a fragment of hope lie.

From the history of the faltering of natural ecosystems it can be read that our planet could perhaps bear two to three billion people with a modest standard of living and withstand. Programs of birth rate control are not enough, not in the least, to save the biosphere - and mankind alongside it. There surely are responsible guardians of life, scientists and philosophers from all minorities of the world to execute wide-scale pruning programs of the adult population. But transferring the power is an unsolvable problem. The ferocious resistance of the people could not be broken.

Instead, the procurement of extra time for life, delaying of the ruin must be within the range of possibilities. If birth rate can be forcibly limited in China, it must possible elsewhere as well. And much more so than in China, it is important in industrial countries where the strain of the individual is manifold. It is most essential in the costly arctic Finland, where the individual's stress is the heaviest in the world.

To seize the right of birth giving to the state, contracting and licensing it, is very unpopular, and makes war against the people's sense of justice in a terrible manner. Could the "depression" be a teacher? Every program of saving and loss of privilege battles frenziedly against the people's sense of right. They cry, kick and rage. They kick and rage when child benefits and layettes are thrown into the trashcan of history. But it must compromise and give up, little by little - and of



much greater and also more central matters than pensions and social security.

1993

*Translated 9.7.2006*

## *The Intolerable Misfortune Of Technology*

There is a beautiful graveyard, underneath which grand old trees many friends and acquaintances of mine rest, in the arms of the solemn stone church of Sääksmäki, which dates back to the 15th century. Why man visits the cemetery? To remember and reflect on, to refresh on history, to proportionate small and big values and meanings, to think blue thoughts and to experience peace and quietude.

During the autumn I sought to the graveyard on three forenoons. Only the third visit was successful, happened in a fortunate break. At the first two times a large and speedy tractor raged in the narrow corridors of the cemetery, and rumbled on so that the gravestones and stone wall shook.

Before escaping, I had the patience to see what the tractor was at. It carried withered garlands in its frontal scoop from a grave to a nearby midden. It could hold only a little, about the same as a wheelbarrow. It probably carried dry leaves the next time; I didn't feel up to checking, leaving immediately.

I myself carry lots of stuff daily with both a wheelbarrow and a small wheel cart in my work as well as my large garden; even long trips, even heavy burdens. I am well aware of their subtle efficiency. On the other hand, I'm not familiar with the organization of Sääksmäki's parish. Does the church council hold the power there, or is there - like often in Finland - some economic chief, in whose head all values are muddled? In either case, they are jumbled together somewhere. Furthermore, I'm not really acquainted with the status of the parish's economy. I have read about the great financial difficulties of our whole church, and firings of employees. And what I know, on the other hand, is the price of a tractor's work hour and man's work hour. And the price of a wheelbarrow.

There would be enough examples of the insanity of machines to fill this magazine's annual volume. I'll choose yet one. It too is fresh, from the times of the depression in Finland. I gently walked for a week in July the edges of Tenajoki and there I encountered, among a plenitude of other things, many still vigorous farms. I observed them closely and acutely, and slept in hay barns like I've used to. All of them produced exclusively hay, a share for cattle, a share presumably for the additional feeding of reindeers. None of the farms had over five hectares of grassland. All of them had a somewhat new tractor (the price: 150000 marks) and a few had a wagon for harvesting hay with their compression and unloading systems (the price: 80000 marks).

Some years, I alone harvested the hay from an area of sharply a hectare at my own little property

in Kuhmoinen. I meticulously threshed it with a scythe, twisting every tuft of hay the way contrary they had fallen in. The grassland is a garden surrounded by forest, with almost a kilometer of banks and stone sides. Every straw was cut, as well as the sprouts of alder that charge on from the edges. It wasn't enough that I forked the harvest and put it on stakes. The density of the woodland garden caused greatly extra work: the hays had to be fluffed up a few times before lancing even at the best of dry weathers. On a few experimental years I carried the dry harvest to the barn both by pulling with sandwiches made of alder spars and by carrying a pole at a time on the shoulder.

That task wasn't big. I counted then that during a normal hay season a man in his fifties harvests five hectares of grassland by hand; younger do more, of course. I recalled that while watching the bellowing tractors of Teno's men: you wretched man, the quarter million investments of you and the state of Finland alongside with oil money are utter vanity, a hundred per cent scam. You would need a scythe, rake, hayfork, axe, knife and a pile of stakes of Lapland pine. Surely you have to keep on moving a little fifteen hours a day for a month that an entrepreneur works elsewhere as well. And you cannot afford to drink anything stronger than milk or water during that month. But you will definitely have time to sit around a little and watch the flowers and fleeing frogs and a gliding rough-legged buzzard up in the skies, like I too watched the common buzzards of Kuhmoinen and had the time to count the number of offspring in harvest mouse nests. (Embarrassingly I have to confess that I did leave a small hay island for them.) And certainly you will get an astounding monthly pay for your work.

Now there are a few crooks in this equation. At least in the south, the grass has to renewed every four or five years. Plowing and cultivating can't be done with men, we need tractors after all. If farms are five hectares large at the most, one tractor per ten farms is a suitable amount. A farmer's participation share is then ten per cent of the tractor's price. If the tractor is employed all the year in other tasks, that grassland's share of the annual work is probably only a few per cents. On the other hand, the sowing of hay seeds and fertilizer is accomplished fine with a sowing basket, the possible hauling of compost or manure with wheelbarrows. I have firm experience myself of all these options. Still I recommend a pair of horses instead of the tractor.

Another twist is that the worker of Valmet's tractor factory in Suolahti will yell out badly. That turn can be straightened as well, and should be. The farms in Southern and Central Finland that have more than five hectares of fields for hay and five for crops, are in a dire need of men for mowing and forking, and for whittling poles and pegs. Also the demolishing of the factory and clearing the ground for cultivation or forest planting offers opportunities of work for a long time.

My examples out of the broad selection are not random. They clarify the essence of technology the best. In the parish of Sääksmäki two religions shake hands together. There is absolutely nothing to do with reason and wisdom in trusting technology. It is religion, insensible, non-asking, unquestionable. It is the foundation of the most unintellectual and religious culture of the Western civilization, or the world history. However, these two religions offer a potent contrast. The church is - nowadays - gentle, understanding and preserving even with all its faults. The religion of technology on the other hand, is aggressive, lacerating, destructive.

The example picked from Lapland refers to that at the borderlands of the Western culture, where

the other so-called primitive culture has recently been absorbed into the main culture, its religion is given the most frantic and unreserved receiving. Within the country it is observable in the extreme technology craze of the remote regions. I remember how in the roadless heartlands of Kainuu and Koillismaa every lakeside cottage had equipped itself with an outboard motor already at the 1950s, when the old civilized Tavastia still rowed the vast open lakes with a rowing boat. According to ethnologists, the whole reindeer economy was about to collapse to the unmanageable expenses of the first exaltation of snowmobiles. Now reindeer herders are migrating from snowmobiles to gliders. Only there where the belief is old, it is already beginning to crack.

The remoteness of Finland is dramatically evident in the settings of Europe. Finns are number one not only in all figures of consumption per capita from energy to paper, but first and foremost in all machinery and automation. The Finnish agriculture is so dully over-mechanized that it spills over from all statistics and diagrams. The way of life and expression of all farming, rural village, a single farm, is like from an exhibition of technology, whereas calmness and tradition still shows at the countryside of all other European countries. In electric finance transfers Finland was at least some years ago the world's supreme leader. All kinds of computer systems and home computers go into our blockheads like knife into butter. That man, who is so rushed and important that he wouldn't survive without phones in cars and shoes, I'd send to the mountains for a year, or rather for five years, to reflect on the values of his life. Perhaps that wouldn't help either. When the mind is dull, it is dull.

Unless you become as children... Technology surely fulfills this condition of religion. It is met the most flourishingly when boys who've remained brats get to work their tunnels and bridges over, beneath and beside each other. Like in Länsiväylä in Finland, the unspeakable up-and-down stairs of Pasila or in Tampere's Lakalaiva. Five years old, I too built exactly similar constructions in a sandbox at summer, and in snow at winter. Other boys tinkered with Lego blocks and meccanoes. But why do adults as well bow to those horrible spinings of Pasila? Because they too have faith, taking those engineer kids as their priests.

Sometimes technology is justified with seemingly rational reasons. It has also been tried to find evidence for the existence of God throughout times. The foundational argument for technology is that it eases life. Eases and eases, all the more easier invention by invention. Easy, easier, the easiest. In reality man has been a sovereign creature on the globe without rivalry since the stone axe, a thing whose life has been unnaturally and hopelessly cushy. Since then the actual problem of man has been physical ease, meaninglessness, rootlessness and frustration.

Only evolution cannot fathom the derailing of human species into the whirlpool of the technology religion, it doesn't even understand to be puzzled. From human mothers, it still produces creatures bulging with strength, speed and endurance; untiring runners, jumpers, squatters, lifters, twistors and carriers. Now that man has built an article of faith and trembling house of cards of his, the material excess, all the more astounding powermachines and performers are born with the help of vitamins, micronutrients and prenatal clinics. These tall and strong, muscular and sinewy girls and boys are then seen staggering on our streets and yards, full of wasted energy, unneeded, apathetic, pale and desperate.

The misfortune solidifies now that that our religion has plunged its culture into mass unemployment, to that even the best of imaginations cannot come up with any satisfying tasks for individuals amongst the machines, no role in mankind. At this phase of history a new president is being chosen in the republic of Finland. A reporter asks the candidates for a solution to unemployment. All of that bewildered band, the uniform cloned row of believers, those incarnations of all mistakes, are blinking their eyes and answer nothing sensible. None of them are able to cross the limit of the Sacred, to blaspheme god, to say two words: No machines. Even though there is no other solution nor will ever be.

With its every technic invention, celebrated innovation, man has made itself useless, played itself away from the world. At the recent years the progress has been explosive. Man has been successful in obliterating the producer, refiner, transporter, distributor and serviceman. When we accomplish doing away with the consumer, everything is over. Still a short time of clanking of robots. Then a great silence.

1994

*Translated 25.7.2006*

## *The World Wars*

The abundant rains of Savo's summer and lying in a tent provided to be a boon for all-round education. I happened to read the mammoth "The rise and fall of the Third Reich" by William Shirer, a refreshment course of 1350 pages.

The recent history is undoubtedly better suited as holiday reading, it is lighter than delving into the middle ages or prehistoric times even when human brutality is heavily condensed in the theme. Interest is being enhanced by personal connection to the final events of those processes, however limited the small schoolboy's perspective might be. As if it happened just yesterday, I remember the evacuee spring of 1944 after the massive bombings of Helsinki. I spent hours after school with a new classmate Kaarle Kurki-Suonio at the railway station of Hämeenlinna, noted up the lengthy serial numbers of passing locomotives and for long interludes we competed in throwing accuracy with pebbles, which had the names of German Generals and Field Marshals marked on them, placed by a pole. Surely we were well acquainted with the names of our own Generals too: Oesch, Öhquist and Österman, Blick, Tuompo, Siilasvuo and Laatikainen; but the names Brauchitsch, Walder, Keitel, Kluge, Jodl, Dietl, Rendulic, Rommel or Guderian glowed even brighter - names, whose parts in constructing the catastrophe and fates Shirer now reminds more specifically. The book of Shirer possesses all the faults of hindsight and American English bias. The volume is unbalanced: the rise of the Third Reich and the first stages of the world conquest until Poland are depicted meticulously, but Shirer begins to wear out in the end and hops over. The absence of the Soviet archives from the enormous source material is unforgivable; still the phases of the Eastern front from Stalingrad to Berlin get ill-proportionately few pages. Romania and Hungary are almost left as mysteries.

Anyway, I don't care how the contemporary historian evaluates over 30 years old Shirer: it is

tedious to read 1350 pages if one doesn't fully believe in them. I want to believe that Shirer isn't readily surpassed in one book, he is a diligent historian and a personal witness, journalist and author in the same person, and that is for the advantage of the reader. He succeeds in bringing about the whole colossal drama of the play and the infernal glory of the tyranny all the way to being shaken by them. He animates the large gallery of persons and creates new Shakespear-ish fatefulness to the final acts, even though they are mostly familiar already: was executed, shot himself, took poison, then and then, there and there. Amidst all the horrors one can't help but smile at the shameless antipathies and sympathies of Shirer. He can't keep himself from reminding again and again about the foolishness and limitedness of Ribbentrop - compared with the sophisticated criticism of his Italian colleague Ciano.

Emotionally I must agree with the Western-Christian-humanist judgement of Shirer: evil is evil, cruelty is cruelty, eliminating human value diabolical, insanity is insanity. The same polite and established complaining as usual surfaces here as well. How all that was possible, how the world let Great Germany break out so far, what possessed the people of Germany until the very last defeat, why did the Jews surrender, what unnerved the rebels? Shirer's analyses correspond to a certain degree, but the essential explanation seems to evaporate away.

The only new point of view brought by the decades, which wrenches itself away from the frames of Shirer (and Nürnberg), is the global viewpoint of the population explosion. Shirer doesn't even refer to it, and obviously no people of his time do in this context, in spite of Malthus. That standpoint would darken the tale of the Third Reich ultimately jet black. Was that maximal mercilessness, the utter final sale of human life, elimination of all individual protesting, all the tens of millions of victims after all just a model for the future; Hitler being a pioneer, even though wholly not on purpose and unwittingly?

But other thoughts too emerge in the modern reader. The old theory about the recurrence of history was fully absent from my mind, when more and more similarities with the modern history began to spontaneously flood my mind as I neared the end of Shirer's tragedy. Allegories are always bold. They are also built constrainedly, sometimes they limp badly. In this case, however, the correlations are surprisingly lucid between the world conquest of the Third Reich and the current ferocious war of subjugation, termination and sacking that is being waged against nature. I'm not confused by that either that I choose the opposite couples of the allegory from our own society. The whole Western culture wages that war, but it rages on the most sharply in our own outpost and pioneering land.

The first phases of the Third Reich as well as those of the post-World War avalanching exploit of natural resources are grand stories of success. The correspondence is precise between the faith the people of the 1940s Germany and the population of the 1990s industrialized world have for their cause. Germans followed Hitler nonsensically until the very last hopeless end, fought for the last ruined blocks of their capitol city with their schoolboy reservists. Equally unshaken is the faith to industry and welfare in the 1990s, even though the unavoidable signs of defeat are visible to everyone, the straight road into the ultimate ecocatastrophy being recognizable even for a child.

The game was over for Germany in Stalingrad in 1942; would it be analogous to the depression

of today? It was followed by a really prosperous period, the summer attacks and victories of 1943, and all the way until the last year of 1945 Germany made triumphing retaliations here and there, and always there remained hope, blind hope. And constantly the same madman's belief into salvation brought by technology withstood, which we see today - and always - around us. All the way until the last hour of the Reich chancellery's collapse it was believed that the brilliant new weapons, missiles and jet engines, fervently designed by engineers would turn the course of war. < Naturally the unquestioning, unscrupulous rooting of nature, the oppression of species, offers to correspond with the concept of the overman of National Socialism. When I once again read the descriptions and statistics of the extreme acts of the overmen, the total slaughterings of the Czech village of Lidice and French village of Oradour, I instantly thought about an analogous utmost act of devastation in the Third World War: clear cutting of the forests. In one day the SS-troops of the forest industry raze hundreds of song thrushes, chaffinches and robins along with their nests and broods, crush almost every living thing all the way down to ant colonies; like the Jews and Slavs were exterminated.

If an ambitious writer would be fascinated in writing an allegorical play about the suicidal war of Great Germany and Finland, corresponding characters would likely be an easy find. The analogy can't find Hitler himself; the author would have to be sated with the collective in its place - still as steadfast, confident and rapturously insane administration of the industry and bank economy. But people like Ali-Melkkilä and Kairamo would be found in the fates of the National Socialistic Party, the inner circle of the SS and the German military, and even more there are discharged and fired people like Wegelius and Kullberg. One corresponding couple is identical. Kullervo Kuusela, who has with terrible vigor drawn, founded and realized plans, programs and commissions, and had hundreds if not thousands of presentations, the unambiguous objective of all of them being the annihilation of spontaneous nature and ruining of the natural way of life of the countryside, exchanging them into machines, pavement and casino economy, would be the obvious Heinrich Himmler. Both had their staff, in concentration camps and forestry sites. Kuusela doesn't himself maneuver the multitask machine, and also Himmler fainted when he once happened to witness the execution of Jewish women. Shirer introduces a small human glint into his horrifying report by telling of some commanders of the Eastern front, who resisted or quietly sabotaged Himmler's orders of treating the Slavic undermen as slaughter cattle. Immediately did my mind turn to think about some rebels in different ranks of the Finnish forestry organization and in the sphere of forest owners, who attempt to countermine the most barbaric of forest treatment instructions.

In my opinion Shirer is the most stirring when he is figuring the true opposition of Nazi Germany; those chapters contained the most of new information for me. I'll admit I momentarily lived with the rebels to the extent that reality and fiction mingled with each other: I was anxious of the attempted assassinations of Hitler, even though I have been aware of their miserable ending for decades. And I confess that it was exactly those conspirators who woke me up to discover the similarity between the second and Third World War, therefore Shirer's depiction from the 1960s contains familiarities passage by passage from our Green alternative movement. The same disheartening hesitation, wavering and mutual difference over slight details of the principles and schemes, and the unfortunate impracticality in carrying them through. The same incomprehensible tendency to abstaining from violence when battling against a dreadful machinery of violence. The same calculations of the main population's support by "realists", or

people like Soininvaara, the kinds of Paloheimo hanging last on to the original idea of the conspiracy and still constantly cautiously pondering risks and observing for "small steps in this system". The same fatigues and surrenders.

It is most interesting that Shirer isn't able to track down a single person from the resistance who wouldn't hang on - when presenting propositions of peace to the Allies, for example - to the victories of the Great Germany's initial charge, over Austria, the Sudetes region of the Czech Republic and Danzig. They rebelled only against National Socialism or the person of Hitler - only methods, not against the grandeur of Germany itself. Precisely like the Green Coalition, which ultimately shares the mainstream culture's concept of nature, human and religion of welfare - as long as renewed paper is being produced and bottles recycled. Only the name remains of the Green philosophy, a total alternative.

A dozen years ago we lived those times in Finland with the Green alternative people when an ecological way of life at the countryside, farming collectives, solar panel greenhouses and the like were the topmost issues. A group of Green young came to help me construct a quay to my fishing harbor in Sääksmäki by their own initiative. One of the boys, an ideologist still influencing in Green publications, whose thoughts and writings I hold in high esteem, didn't come along to the beach at all, but remained at the cabin as a servicing correspondent. Others spent an hour with the poles, planks, tools and nails, and then a memory rapidly spread in the group that there was an obligatory important meeting in Helsinki, to which they could just make it in time. I beat poles to the shore for three hours more with one loyal, before we went up to the cabin to eat. To our wonderment we discovered the whole bunch delved in such a stirring debate that our arrival was barely noticed. I remember lively how I recalled then the recollections of Väinö Tanner and for the first time, a warm tide of thoughts rose up for that genuine materialist I so loathed. Tanner does tell how tearingly agonizing the conferences of the Soviet embassy were to him at the 1920s, where one was forced to sit until the early hours and listen to philosophizing about the existence of God. This summer I met again the same group, the circle of von Moltke, of Kreisau, which in Shirer's words "continued perpetually on discussions about the thousand-year kingdom".

After the attempted assassination of July 1944 the police of Himmler then hunted, tortured and executed the whole many-branched opposition, those who acted within the system (people like Lähde and Norokorpi) as well as outsiders; both activists and dreamers and philosophers, the last ones only days before the end. But at this moment, we are still living the year 1942, Stalingrad.

1993

*Translated 31.7.2006*

## *Women As The Protectors Of Life*

At least in the Western culture, if not throughout mankind, it is an established custom that professions of the nursing trade are predominantly occupied by women. The revaluation of both values and customs is a part of the current cultural phase, and the disproportion of genders in

nursing professions, as well, has been questioned in the discussion about equality. Shouldn't nurses and the staff of nursing homes consist of as equally many men? Shouldn't especially the physically demanding tasks in handling patients be actually given to men?

However, change in this sphere of life does seem rather forced. There's a very clear distinction in the favour of women in both qualification and motivation for nursing professions. Whether the appalling readiness of an average man to take care of another is inherent (genetic) or culturally related is difficult to answer, and so is this problem generally at different areas of life. Anyway, the disparity is a thoroughly prevailing fact.

The gender distribution of professional helpers accurately reflects the situation in the whole community, among the laymen and "civilians". Of the kinsmen, friends and acquaintances visiting a patient in the hospital or an elder in the nursing home, whether man or woman, eight out of ten, or more, are women. Very many men know that personal problems are easier to discuss about with women than male friends (and societal problems with men?). And if depression strikes, male friends are swept by the winds. Then again, a close woman at least attempts to help, as measly rewarding, if not even hopeless, as assistance is in the case of severe depression.

There is no doubt of the paradox that the soul of man, underneath covers of various thicknesses, is more sensitive and fragile, more weaker than a woman's is. The frail men of Eeva Joenpelto and many other tough women are not mythology, but realism of the human portrait. I constantly write about typicalities and averages.

In some extreme conditions the strength of woman compared to man receives dramatic proportions. For some time already, news of especially the male population's spiritual collapse, which reflects to the physical level, as well, all the way to the steep decline of the middle age, have arrived here from the modern Russia, which has fallen into a deep cultural crisis.

Subjective observations always convince more firmly than what has been read and heard. So, I got myself last Autumn to some villages of Vienan Karelia along with a small expedition to examine the famed cultural crush with my own eyes.

There are 1500 people in the large village of Jyskyjärvi, both Russians and Finnish-related. I began walking from the place of accommodation at 7 AM. The village was thoroughly asleep even as late as then, as were two young men on the front seats of a Lada, blissfully and symmetrically tilted, temples against each other - on the only road bridge of the village, blocking the main road that leads to Rome through the grand St. Petersburg.

In time, the going led to a cemetery, where I happened to compile a tiny statistic about the dying age of different genders. I didn't make notes, but the material was both thirty deceased men and women from the 1960s to this day. The result was rather shocking: the distribution of men's age stretched from 28 to 63 years, women's from 65 to 83 years. The dying ages didn't even overlap, then, but were consecutive instead. Certainly we saw the odd old man on our trip, but they were so exceptional that none of them hit a sample of this size.



We did find the chain of causes for the degradation of men in interviews, or at least the probable explanations. Alcohol usage that has gotten unchecked, and equally unrestrained smoking impair health until illnesses and death, and first and foremost lead to the overtly common accidents. We were given a demonstration about the domination of alcohol already at the beginning of our trip in Uhtua (nowadays pretentiously called Kalevala), when the expedition was able to find soft drinks from only the third store. There was vodka alright in everyone of them, both shelves full and on the desk, as the first article in the reach of the customer.

On the other hand, the reason for sliding into alcohol is perceived to be the recent history of these Karelian villages: they have been shaken and jerked around in a terrifying manner. There was the war and occupation, the evacuee road - and no kind of settling down after that. Tsars of various names, Josef, Nikita, Leonid; they sometimes drove the villages "lacking in perspective" to be transferred away, sometimes to be razed down, and sometimes permitted return. Ultimately, the whole societal system fell into ruin. At this point the men gave up.

It is however essential in regards to my theme that women did not yield. Small plastic rooms full of cucumber, a cabbage patch on every yard and potato fields until the walls. Everywhere basketfuls of mushrooms, berry pickers filling the roadsides - only women, whereas in Finland the most established of gatherers are men. We did pick up a few spirited and merry Russian women with the enormous buckets they carried and mouths smeared in blueberry up to ears, to our cars and escorted to the village.

There are reasons for the falling of men, but why the women of Russia do not sway into alcoholics and chain smokers? It is just that there is no better explanation for that, and one must just conclude that there the strength of women appears. Women take care of the continuity of life until the very last moments. Even their caretaking isn't exorbitantly abundant; they aren't able to estrange the man from booze or to keep him healthy until old age. But they handle the common food servicing, chop the firewood, warm up the oven and also offer the man shelter from cold. Men live as long as to seed the next generation.

On the brief trip to Viena we saw also the oddity, that the care of woman is not limited to only mushrooms and potatoes, but the flame of culture is being cherished as well. We came upon a village fest, to where a couple of (Finnish) special buses, endowed with a high road clearance, were able to cart people from other villages, as well. There was choral and solo singing, dances and party games at a meadow by the village. One man was among the performers: the player of accordion, relatively sober. A quarter, at the most, of the crowd were men (perhaps Finnish tourists, unfamiliar to us). An exploring journey was befitting, yet again. By walking throughout the village the men were found as well; it was a fair warm day, everyone was indeed outside. Men were found from the boat beach, yards, by the walls of sheds, in groups of half a dozen, lying down, from around a dozen bottles of vodka.

Little boys from almost infants to adolescents tossed about in the groups of men - learning. The future's prediction isn't good.

But the future is inestimable. The wind blows from different directions, many factors influence, even from far away. Suddenly the atmosphere changes, depression turns into increase and in

reverse. Shifts and transitions are positive or negative, depending on what angle the matters are beheld at. The current community in Russia, in Russian Karelia, doesn't threaten the atmosphere, earth or waters by thrashing. In that prospect it is a good community. But if I had the outlook of a cultural anthropologist, as I may have in this writing, I'd then wish for a glint of vigour to suddenly flash in the eye of the man of Viena. I'd like the man to saunter by the woman's side to the cabbage field and firewood shed. Forecasting is tricky. But there will never be a future where the woman stumbles and the man does not.

I'll return to the Finnish man. And woman, at the background of everything, with her batons.

I recall the small hours of one autumnal night years back when the phone rang. I had a friend twenty years younger than me, a fishing pal of many years. Jokke was an exuberant man already by his looks, a robust rower, the center of the friends of his age, a terrific joker, making people laugh until their deaths. And an unrelenting fisherman from inland waters to the outer islands of the sea: jigging burbot at nights, snatching perches and pikes at days. And as fragile as the fluff of a goldcrest from within. I guess I was a kind of father figure to him, not a mother figure, I reckon; the father has a role sometimes, a surrogate role.

So, the phone rang at the small hours. Jokke was there, being shocked, having somehow managed just back home through the nightly Helsinki. I was aware that the family was awaiting their firstborn and that Jokke had properly attended a preparation course to be supporting his wife in birthing. The awaited moment struck at evening hours, and they had rushed to the Women's Clinic... But, but... Gradually, by stuttering and weeping, the situation with which my encouragement was needed became clear. Long white corridors, swarming white nurses, the buzz of devices - and a terrible fear of what will happen to his wife. Jokke had panicked, escaped and was now trembling in his home phone in the claws of terror and damaged self-esteem.

Maybe the reader is eager to hear what happened then; an epilogue. Jokke was a loving and tender father, with certain tendencies, however. He could keep on saying the same word to his firstborn son for weeks, and he did realize his will: the boy's first word was "fish". Soon another boy was made, "because in many jigging competitions a family team of three men is needed". So? The fishing team never came. A routine appendix surgery. Then the hospital bacteria, inflammation and death after a couple of days. The great circle of friends was bewildered for a long time, utterly beset with grief and hanging upon a void. The cruelty of life sometimes surpasses all boundaries. His friends were consoled by only that Jokke's wife was known to be a strong woman, and they could be sure that she would pull through and take care of her little sons; not to jigging ices, but forwards in life.

Psychology is teeming with theories and hypotheses. In my subjective opinion, I announce that the man is more susceptible and softer than woman, and likely cries more too, although hidden from others; but is more egoistic in his sensitivity. The man relates to human suffering and disillusionment very sympathetically and subtly when the sorrow and disappointment are his own. He's more apt at being consoled than in consoling. Man, this concrete reinforcer, lieutenant-colonel and councillor of industry, is mother's sonny. What the Creator (evolution) has been meaning with this? Unknown are the ways of the Lord.

Still, the distinction between genders isn't all that enormous. The man is more able than the woman to disregard his friend in troubles, the patient in hospital and the elder in nursery, to bury them under hurry and action. But neither does he forget them; he is empathetic as well, it's just a matter of a degree of difference. The man is more clueless than he is careless. Many other men besides my friend Jokke are confused in the long, white corridors, he can't and doesn't know how to talk, and what to talk about, with a patient and nursed elder. He is even more stupid than evil.

1996

*Translated 4.8.2006*

## *Women As The Protectors Of Life II*

It is no coincidence that those who demonstrated against fur-farming by sabotage were fox-girls instead of fox-boys. The "official", legal animal protection movement is also strongly a women's movement. There are five women and one man in the administration of the Green Cross. In the governing body of the animal protection coalition Animalia there are seven women and four men. Chairpersons are women. Incomparably the most vigorous and known guardian of animal protection is a woman, Anja Eerikäinen. The starkly acting defender of our original domestic species - and therefore an opponent of overt animal exploitation; milk factory cows strung to their extremes - is a woman, Miina Äkkijyrkkä. And the only philosopher in Finland who has got a doctorate from the field of bio ethics is Leena Vilkka.

It is easy to relate with the frustration and despair of Mia Salli, Minna Salonen and Kirsi Kultalahti in the Finnish society, under which shell of empty phrases the frenzied greed of market economy and the godhood of money rule. In those spheres, such values as animal rights are grinded to dust if they are not being deafeningly shrieked for. The last time we saw how the overpower of the parliament's tough faces knocked out the attempt to ban the atrocious pen poultry farms. For all that, there was a seemingly substantial people's opinion behind it and many subscribers in public statements and broad addresses. It is difficult to gain strengthening to the faith into the success of decent ways of influencing.

All uprisings have always started out smoothly; with writings, meetings, seminars and demonstrations. When there have not been any results, the most temperamental, those whose heart has been bursting, have begun to defy law. A major part of the ideology's people have always retreated, surrendered or at least waited, when confronted with intense opposition.

An entirely analogical comparison to the case of fox-girls is offered by the latest attempt at revolution in Germany. The thought that enlivened the "red army" was narrower than that of the fox-girls; it kept within the boundaries of our own human species. Justice between different human groups was in its mind, and it battled against the all-engulfing commercialism, power of money and the market forces of human community. But all in all, closeness and adversity to life were pitted against each other also there, and women took the leading positions.

Maria von Trotta (a female director!) has pictured a red couple of siblings beginning from their

home background in the magnificent movie "The Siblings". The moderate one stopped at student meetings and demonstration marches, the development of the more passionate one led to be an urban partisan, an armed fighter. Now we know that Gudrike Ennslin and Ulrike Meinhof lost their ideology for decades, at least. Let us hope that fox-girls are victorious. History is familiar with revolutions both crumbled and prosperous, both faster and slower.

I cannot think of any life-affirming, in one way or another, ideology, where women wouldn't have been at least as equally well represented as men were. In other words, the share of women in these kind of activities is much greater than generally in societal action. From the leftist intelligentsia to the radical wing of environmentalism women have been evenly strong - also in the projects of civil disobedience of the latter at Talaskangas, Jerisjärvi, Porkkasalo and Kessi.

Anyhow, the most interesting notion is that women are not only equally strong, but leading many fronts of life conservation - and that the distance to the men of the idea is growing all the time. The phenomenon is probably related to the appearance of women in Western societies on a common level, as well, but doubtfully the leading position of women is as lucid in any other areas of life.

For the first time in the history of our nature conservation movement, the woman Aura Koivisto is currently the most qualified of both writers and thinkers on environmentalism. The two first environmental ministers we had were both amazingly competent, but Sirpa Pietikäinen was sovereign. She was a truly vigorous and headstrong defender of nature; she put her career at risk, but at any rate she received the admiration of the whole country's nature people as compensation.

The doctor of bio ethics I mentioned, Leena Vilkkä, is the chairperson of the Coalition of Green Life Protection. The chairperson of the Green League is Tuija Brax, the party's secretary Sirpa Kuronen and Päivi Sihvola the editor of their magazine, the Green Thread. The parliament group of the Green League is the only one with a female majority, even six against three. Marketta Horn, the founder and the first chairperson of the party's conservationists, the Eco Greens, recently proceeded to be the vice chairman. Instead the many other mentioned positions - as well as the majority of the parliament group - have only recently shifted from men to women.

The newly chosen chairman of the little Ecological party is Katriina Bent, and the party secretary is Anneli Jussila. Men edit the magazine of the party, but the best and most clever of ecological columns are written by Anneli Jussila and Marketta Horn. Both of the awesome causerie writers, Anneli Pääkkönen and the nickname Emmaliisa Päreemäki, are women. As the most witty and original of the people interviewed on the front page of the magazine I recall the sage of development aid, Marja-Liisa Swantz.

After this it may not be astonishing that the head secretary of WWF's foundation of Finland is Meri Saarnilahti after her male colleagues, Laura Hakoköngäs is the activity leader of the Greenpeace's Finnish division, Outi Lauhakangas compiled the book "Civil Disobedience". We may view even all civil disobedience as life-affirming these days, as the set of society's priorities - economic growth, competition, efficiency - is unequivocally cold, savage and destructive of future.

Of the chairpersons of the youth organization Nature League's regional groups one is a boy and eight are girls - like the chairperson of the Wolf Action Group, Hanna Suolahti. More boys team in the forest activists of the league, but in the latest test of Kuusamo's collective forest the team's base was obtained by and the significant television statements were given by a girl, Mariko Lindgren.

I already told about the leading status of women in green parties. In addition to that it must be said that female members of the parliament have acted for softer values in all parties on average. The latest vote on the nuclear plant is the most fabulous of evidences. By the votes of male congressmen we would already have the permit for the fifth nuclear plant, but the stout "No"-majority of female members gave extra time for life.

As a sworn reader I cannot keep myself from still touching upon the world of journalists. Through decades I've found females to be the most interesting of the reporters of Suomen Kuvalehti. Of columnists, Tuula-Liina Varis is a head taller than her colleagues. Their subjects are close with life, focal, important - whereas the greater part of male journalists report on the superficial and trivial intrigues and twists of the daily politics and economical life. In a similar manner, Arja Leppänen clearly stands out in her favor from her pitiable male associates among the editorial journalists of Helsingin Sanomat.

Biology, the knowledge of life, has progressed enormously the last few years at two areas of emphasis. Genetic research is the more famed of the two; research of animal behaviour with its immense profits less known. There English and American female scientists have developed a method of research, which had not crossed the minds of outsider male researchers. They had infiltrated animal communities as members and revolutionally brought new data to the research of behaviour.

So that I wouldn't be accused of biased selection, the deductive research method, I admit that the Finnish Association for Nature Conservation is the final island where men lead life-affirming operation: both the chairman and head secretary, as well as the editor of the magazine Suomen Luonto, are men. Regardless of that, they do their work well and with warmth!

On the other hand, there are of course women who represent hard values - little Thatchers - in private life and visible positions of the society. But even then a positive glimpse may flash; one doesn't probably encounter thoroughly jet-black people of the chamber of commerce, gravel Caesars or forest councillors from women's world. To my surprise, I just heard that the forest officer of Ilomantsi, Saara Peiponen, who was in time remembered by naturalists as the grim and tough figure of the airplane poisoning campaign of Hattuvaara, had been sincerely regretting of the accidental felling of some slice of primeval forest. And even though Elisabeth Rehn in the cockpit of a Hornet is a nightmarish view of a woman at its worst, in another turn the same person is sympathetic to conservation and raises money to the protection of Vanhankaupunginlahti alongside bird excursionists.

It is an assumption brought forth countless of times in various contexts that the world would be better, drifting slower towards the ruin, if women had the "power"; if political leadership, decision making, government and economic life was in the hands of women. I think reality, the

observation material, supports the assumption.

1996

*Translated 10.8.2006*

## ***Of The Evaluation Of The Book "Into The Ecological Way Of Life [Ekologiseen Elämäntapaan]"***

The most important book of the first half of 1996 in Finland is 'Ekologiseen Elämäntapaan'. The most significant one of the last half of the year is 'Europe of Unborn Generations [Syntymättömien sukupolvien Eurooppa]' by Eero Paloheimo. Antti Vahtera's review of the former is mostly positive and insightful. However, it also incorporates severe flaws, which demand correction.

"Greens are specifically inclined to brawl with each other. The worst inner conflicts possess just the little ecological party", Vahtera writes. My interpretation, as seen from within and close, is different. The realization of deep ecologists is an extremely simple construct of thought, in which there is no room for contradictions in the doctrine. Instead, from time to time there are people who entrench themselves under the labels of "green" and "ecology", socialists of several kinds, who peddle with matters completely different than protecting of the biosphere. Discussions had with them are not between "ecologists" at any rate, but between "ecologists" and outsiders.

### **The strain of Finland and the other world**

Vahtera writes about my own article in the book - originally a presentation at the Medicinal Exhibition: "Many of his assertions can not withstand critical evaluation. Is it true that 'in Finland all the numbers indicating consumption and stress tilt about the top positions of the world's statistics'. Based on my knowledge of international environment politics, I can not hold the claim as authentic. The combined stress of population density, traffic and agriculture is multiple compared to Finland somewhere in Central Europe."

Vahtera should have comprehended that I write one or two articles per year, and they are so thought out, thoroughly pondered and researched, that there is no possibility for error. Here are some bits of information for Vahtera as well as others.

There is an incomparably, enormously larger population in Finland than anywhere else on the globe at similar arctic latitudes.

Also population density is greater in Finland than anywhere in Europe. We have a house by every hillock, whereas in Sweden and Karelia, at both sides of our borders, there is thirty to even forty kilometers; in Baltic Countries, Germany, Poland, France, Austria, Yugoslavia, Hungary etc. etc. most often ten kilometers of wilderness of forests, meadows or fields between areas of

dense population. (Camping, for example, is incomparably easier elsewhere in Europe than in Finland, which is covered by private yards.) This means a great loss of green, productive area per capita in Finland as foundations for buildings, parking lots, courtyards and private yards, compared to the other world.

There is by far the most voluminous holiday settling of the world in Finland, which includes both almost half a million private cottages, their millions of outbuildings with their torn and bulldozed lots and cleared strands (and with costs rising up to about 200 billion marks, wastage in energy, matter and transportation) and vacation properties of tens of thousands of various communities, some of them under the guise of whatever "residential colleges" and so on. Mangling the globe like this is unheard of at one part of Europe (not to mention the other world), small-scale fumbling at the other.

Of all the world's countries, Finland has the highest consumption, squandering and wasting of forest products (paper etc.). And first of all, the most massive, effective utilization of woodlands of the Northern hemisphere. I'm poor at remembering numbers, but I recall they were that Finland has one per cent of the world's forests and ten per cent of the forest industry. Vestigia terrent: forest industry damages and strains nature incomparably more than any other branch of livelihood.

The distinction in forest industry - and the appearance, landscape and degree of damage of the whole of the country - is astounding contrasted with all other European countries: in them the default stance of a tree is vertical, in Finland it is horizontal. Of course the difference is the greatest with Germany, which is a lovely scenic land, where only in the spruce woods of Bavaria small-scale and very old fashioned forestry is being practised, but in a major part of the country woodlands are practically under the protection of law - even though it encompasses half of the country's acreage. It is almost magical for a Finn to witness with how little damage the numerically tremendous German population fits to a land, if it is directed so - and if the climate is suitable for human living. (Source: my own survey routes of months and tens of thousands of kilometers, speed being 5 to 10 km/h, 1993-96.)

### **More Finnish figures for comparison**

At least when compared with Europe, Finland has by far the thickest and widest road network per capita (and also vehicle) and the greatest waste of productive area as square kilometers of road. There are also the heaviest, most burdening expenses per meter in road constructing in Finland.

Finland has incomparably the shortest duration of buildings of European countries, or the youngest stock of buildings, however it is said. House construction, especially the northern one, is a line of business that takes a heavy toll and damages nature, and in Finland it is the most wasteful in Europe and perhaps in the world.

Finland has by far the largest, the most dense farming equipment in the world; figure of tractors,

harvesters etc. per a hectare of field. In its current state, the Finnish agriculture is not only the most mechanized, but also the most ponderous and straining on overall, at least of the European countries. In any case, the ornithologist certainly knows this. The starling is common and abundant not only everywhere in Europe including the shores of Estonia and Sweden, but also just beyond the border in Russian-Karelian villages. Even Åland Islands have more starlings than could fit there. Only in Finland it has almost reached extinction - or more elaborately, the five per cent of the times of older, more gentle agriculture. The peregrine has either endured all the time in most European countries or recently returned to them. The population left to the outback of Lapland does not imply any attempt to go back to Southern or Central Finland.

As for farming toxins, to the grief of Vahtera it must be stated that even though they are being used in lesser amounts per a hectare in Finland - really! - than in many European countries, their fading (half-life) in nature is much slower due to the climate. The same applies of course to the purification of waters, as well.

### **The bill of Finnish culture is costly for the world**

Not only is Finland the most mechanized but also the most automatized of the world's countries. Osmo Soininvaara, who had studied the matter, not too long ago stated that Finland was far ahead the second one of the world's countries in automatic, electrical money transfer, for example.

At least Vahtera appears to admit the record-breaking consumption of energy per capita (the United States and Canada may be ahead, or are they, I can not remember exactly) and writes, as if defending, that "it is mainly explained with the coldness of the climate and long transportation distances". Damn right it is explained with these matters, like many other top positions of the statistics I described above. That is what I am aiming at in my presentation - that the Finnish man is expensive, shockingly expensive, for the world, the globe's biosphere.

Certainly the lands, waters and atmosphere is strained more by hauling a Finn to the sunny beaches of the Mediterranean than by the local people's padding to the same beaches. Is Vahtera too beginning with the premise that this bully-like population, which has struck itself into snow and permafrost, must be secured a similar infrastructure and material standard of living - and a multiple number of buildings and equipment for holidays as extra compensation for the "rigorous" environment - to the population inhabiting regions fit for human? The cost of such Finnish culture is insane, unreasonable.

### **The old and the wise**

Also about old age and youth, "of enlightened youngsters and senile oldies", Vahtera writes conventional rubbish. I do not present some specially ingenious idea in my presentation; I generally abhor and shirk new thoughts, like innovations on the material side, as they always



lead to an error. I am only reminding of the self-evidence that a human individual grows wiser and improves quality-wise throughout his life. And that dementia faces only a small percentage of the elderly people. How does Vahtera comprehend the life of a human individual? Why does the man even live over 25 years of age? How could a population, which is at its wisest in youthhood and after that grows more stupid year by year, be explained? How could it be possible in regards to evolution?

### **The meaning of the protection of animals and humans**

As Vahtera mentions EU, he swipes off Päivi Rosquist's article of animal protection in a horrible and wretched way: "compared to the other problematics of the union the subject is trivial". Let it be said that the question about animal rights, of the animal's future, is by far the most important of all even in EU. The problematics of mankind (a single species) is trivial.

### **What to do to 200 billion human kilos?**

As Vahtera bones Anneli Jussila's text, he writes: "She however doesn't make a sensible following question: what to do with the people of metropolises, who have to be abandoned - the example of Pol Pot is hardly inviting to be followed."

How has Vahtera read his sources - presumably about the same messages of Western correspondents and news agencies that I have been following?

I have myself had - briefly - the idea that the capitol of Cambodia of the time, Phnom Penh, had bulged during the Vietnam War into a thoroughly perverse entertainment center, which population was mostly composed of whores and drug dealers, and which was instantly on the verge of collapse as soon as the Americans left. Then a group of intellectuals, who had studied in France and were led by Pol Pot, seized power and estimated the sole possibility being the discharging of the population to the countryside, hoes in hand. But the country was immediately attacked by Vietnam, which represented (and likely still represents) not only extreme militarism but also Western hard values. Pol Pot was driven into the jungle, and nothing can be ever said of the working of his societal resolution.

Now, this does not - diverging from my other writings - represent firm facts, but a concept I have gathered from rather lacking sources. Still, I have peeled off the foam of gaping and being horrified from these sources. Has Vahtera been an inferior reader and absorbed only the froth? But it may be that the inspiring gleam of Pol Pot's plan dimmens if sometime a complete presentation of the matter is brought by some qualified and unbiased researcher of history.

Anyway, regarding the people of metropolises and the population explosion overall and other mega problems, Vahtera himself answers in the sound ending of his writing: "The change in the way of thinking has to cross many agonizing steps." He could have added: "... that I haven't

myself been yet able to cross." As this is what his counter-arguments are about; an attempt to assure that matters aren't yet so irreversibly ruined (particularly not in the own country) - and that there still is room and time for soft solutions, actually for letting everything as is, to drift.

Vahtera even recommends a "moderate policy". But patience is a quite terrifying attitude when we are midst a massive wave of biosphere's extinctions and the death and end of everything in our sight. The prospects of erosions, ozone, carbon balance, vanishing of forests and dissolving of green acreage are unyielding. And most of all that *we all can not fit here*.

How do we picture the contradiction between the population explosion and the value of a human individual in our minds? "Every human is worth a song" is not only the mawkish phrase of a song, but as true as it can be. Everyone can ponder upon their own biography, or that of someone they know.

Or we can as well consider the life of the last "endangered" thirty year old lesser black-backed gull of our home lake. From a recently hatched wet weakling to a grownup, a master; a powerhouse that has untiringly scooped the gap between Finland and Australia, or New Zealand, sixty times with its sickle wings, across oceans and lands. Who has sharply mapped into its memory the every island, shoal, pond, the pattern of swamp, field and forest and every human building, power line and felling clearing of its home region and county - and the features of the grand landscapes of vast acreages in Europe, Africa, Asia Minor and Oceania. Whose history contains countless solved problems, coincidences, evaded hazards, hundreds of dramatic storms and cloudbursts; languid, weary heatspells; ordeals and pain, joy, whim and trivial idling; lost opportunities, missed morsels and embarrassments here, amazing fortune there. Times of fear, crowning moments of pleasure, millions of impressions, millions of moods and their shifts. All in all, a mighty story of success, really a triumph of the learned skill of living.

How can we get the human and gull personalities to fit on the globe? For how many humans and how many gulls there is space, and on what conditions? How do we place our own individual problems, times billion or quadrillion, on the map?

Effortlessly the pieces of the puzzle do not meet each other - not after man created a human mass out of its personalities, sung billions of songs and with them, covered the surface of the Earth into a suffocating coat.

Afterwards, also sorrow grew a billion times. Some choose to bear more of that grief than others, as nothing is distributed equally in the world, is it? I don't see many around me who would lament these matters as much; I mourn, mourn and mourn. And long periods, limply and unproductively, doing nothing. But still I keep my mind clear, figures as figures, facts as facts, assessments of the situation lucid. I try to keep distance to humbug and eyewash, prejudices, attitudes and belief - and to the most dangerous of them all: empty optimism.

1996

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## *Light Glimmers In The Population Explosion*

The editorial of the last issue of *Elonkehä* reminded that the meager flashes of light in a black world shouldn't be left unnoticed. In this spirit it is sensible to examine the latest birth rate numbers of Tilastokeskus (Center of Statistics). (We are at the foremost questions here. The fate of the globe's life, the length of its extra time, is in the end determined by the amount of people; it is the definitive problem, ultimately the only integrally important problem on this planet.)

In the various main figures of the ecocatastrophy's progression, Finland is most often number one in statistics and lists compared with other countries, per capita. If EU-countries are taken as comparison, Finland bears mostly the shame of the silver medal in the 1990s birth rate statistics. This arrangement of comparison is sensible, because the strain of an individual is approximately the same in EU-countries.

Beyond the curtain, at the other side of Europe, Poland floats in its own spheres with its flocks of children, but the gross national product, the level of burdening, is correspondingly low (for the moment, may all good forces shield Poland from economical growth!). On the other hand, the birth rate numbers of so-called developing countries are in a whole different league, because the figures of strain are - like the ecologist keeps on reminding - only some percents of those of EU-countries (or industrial countries).

In the year 1997 our country still held the silver medal among the European Union, after the first position of Ireland that has kept stable decades after decades. So, where is the glimmer of light? It gleams as the absolute decline of birth rate, in Finland as well as elsewhere. From this point of view the Finnish population explosion of the years 1992-1995, when birth rate arose to post-war records, is only a bad dream, Finland was then following, with a few year's delay, the almost intangibly sharp peak of birth rate in Sweden when fertility was signified there by numbers 2,14, 2,09... and when Sweden rushed even past Ireland at some year. The figure for fertility means, updated to the year or period in question, the amount of children born per one woman throughout life.

The age of madness quickly passed in Sweden: the fertility of the year 1997 was 1,52. From the level of 1,85 of the horrendous years, Finland has been much more modest in its decrease to 1,75 in 1997, but will clearly keep heading downwards according to the foreknowledge of this year.

The editorial concerning the decline of birth rate in our main newspaper *Helsingin Sanomat*, the head mouthpiece for growth politics, offers perhaps as significant a reason for joy. There the matter is taken calmly and approvingly - and even the universal population explosion is being referred to. This kind of light is a new thing in our press. Perhaps it is a symptom, an omen of insight and understanding that is finally awakening.

Then again, the earlier, totally ignorant voices are still heard in provincial newspapers. The most deluded of arguments are being repeated: who will take care of the elderly when the young age classes are lessening. They seem to pretend to not know that even now all the actual needs of the people, food, clothes, production and distribution of energy, health care and keeping of order are

taken care of by 10 per cent (and 0,01 per cent in the future world of robots) of the population. A major share of "employed" people work in the dream world of constrained entertainment, null researches or unproductive and directionless bubbles of information technology or the like.

However, it is a frightening fact that in addition the laws of common mass psychology, birth rate is affected by the family politics of states. Especially in the modern world, where the end of mankind's days also includes the most materialistic period in known history, the number of children is adjusted by the size of child allowances, home care support and similar money rewards.

Instead, religion seems to have diminished in importance in this relation - except for altogether small minorities like the grim throng of our conservative Lestadians. But our other strict religious school, the Jehovah's Witnesses, are already at an opposite line; it's mouthpieces hand out education about contraception and the child amount of the members is particularly tiny. And the incitement by the mighty Pope, "breed and fill the earth", sparks fire only in his own homeland Poland, whereas the birth rate of Catholic countries Italy and Spain (the latest recorded fertility numbers are 1,22 and 1,15) is the lowest in all of Europe. That too is a bright glimmer of light!

Let us hope and pray that our own decision makers would keep their head cool like Helsingin Sanomat do, and wouldn't go on increasing business cycle births in their budgets. And wouldn't forget that the heavy burden of our gnawed country's oversized population is also intensified by immigration, and would tighten the immigration politics. Every child left unborn and every immigrant not intruding into wasteful consumption from a poor country gives extra time for life.

1998

*Translated 15.8.2006*

## ***The Human Nature And History***

Again and again, the fatalistic explanation of "human nature" is offered to be among the reasons for the end of the world. The deeds of mankind are determined by "drives and instincts" and as such, they are inevitable, irreparable.

Of course it is obvious, a truism, that human nature is behind all human actions. But it doesn't make all deeds unavoidable - not deeds of individuals nor communities. The argument that exactly the culture, way of life and direction prevailing at the period of its presenter is inescapable, is intellectually absurd. For example, the known statement of a Finnish prime minister that economical growth, EU, EMU, competition and information technology are the sole option for this epoch and this country, drops him into the pit of bores. In fact, that option has nothing to do with historical inevitability. It is an arbitrary option chosen by him and his kind - a thin group, but amazingly strong and suggestive in their madness.

Even a minute glance at history brings forth a vast spectrum of alternatives. The same human

species has created cultures and ways of life in a most diverse manner. Now, at the brink of the world's ruin, the most interesting of them are those preserving and life-affirming cultures, which have had a humble connection with nature, a protecting relation to natural resources. It is notable that they weren't only the kind of compact local cultures that still exist in Africa, Australia and the rain forests of Brazil and Indonesia, but also dominating cultures of their time. In the issue 39/1997 of *Elonkehä Satu Hassi* presented the neolithic culture that ruled our own Europe a few thousand years ago, which was not familiar with wars and most importantly, controlled technology: a hired hand instead of a master. The article was even titled "War between men and against nature is not in the human nature".

The same urges and instincts of humans do not take sharply different courses only in various parts of the world. Even the same population - Finns, for instance - is at one period infuriated to focus all its aspirations both into killing another man (German, Polish, Hungarian etc. like in the time of the *hakkapeliittas*, or Russian, like only recently in the 1940s) and getting own population killed. At another period of time - like the 1990s - it takes the preservation of human life to hysterical insensibilities, with incubators and rescue helicopters, without regard for the costs.

A thinker must be unflinchingly exact and open-minded as he researches and balances the cause-effect relations, connections and influences on life of various cultures, different phases of the same culture and morphing spiritual atmosphere. A complete detachment from the confusing spell of the own time, the ability to perceive the tendencies of that time objectively, outside, as comparison, is an unquestionable requirement. Knowledge of history is critical for thinking, but examination of the own time is the most essential of all, as only on it can one write his signature.

What an objective historian of its own time, a researcher of human movements, a cultural anthropologist, discovers in the present of the Western culture? He finds a truly singular spirit of time, way of life and custom, that has broken free of all bounds. The Western culture, pervaded by market economy capitalism, is now unparalleled in greed and frenzy in the history, it has turned even the slightest humility into its opposite; first and foremost in its connection with nature, but also in the relations between humans. So far, it is the unmatched record low of mankind.

Never in history has economy, money, played as central a part in culture as in the countries leading world culture at contemporary times. The vile gambling hell of stocks, exchange rates, basic interests, helibor and prime rates, investment funds, options, derivations, trading income, annual profit or other similar variables; all this rubbish of economical life has never before invaded into the core of society outside of a limited band of crooks.

Never in history has the restraint of natural resources been as panting and raging as now. Almost all of the globe has already been skinned bare. But the very last reserves still remain - still oil in the Barents Sea; still wood in Siberia, Karelia and Pacific islands. And they are being ripped by crooked claws with unparalleled efficiency (the claws of Finns, as always, are even longer and more crooked than other's). There are no limits, no boundaries for construction - suffocating of green earth by another name -, production, transfer and consumption of goods, tourist's bolting from place to another.

Never in history have the leading themes of a culture been such labels, concretely destructive to life and ruining of its quality, as - in addition to money - democracy, individual freedom, human rights. The freedom to consume, the freedom to exploit, the freedom to stomp down. Rights, rights - always rights even when being the most seemingly beautiful: women's rights, children's rights, disabled's rights, ME ME ME. Naked selfishness has a new name, "realizing oneself", and it is the most noble and highest of morals. The words responsibility, duty, humility, self-sacrifice, nurture, care - they are only spat out, if they are met in speech anymore.

With all their mistakes, even such recently buried ideologies as fascism and socialism, which both emphasized communal values and contained restraining norms, were on a higher ethical level. Or Christianity: only a while ago the church stressed fear of God, humbleness and sin, and to counter them; virtue, altruism, responsibility of one's neighbor. Now this run-along, sycophant to earthly power proclaims only forgiveness and mercy... How tremendously distant does the guideline "we came not be served, but to serve" feel - even though it is only decades behind.

Cultural anthropology is familiar with failed, merciless cultures, where fear and terror reigned over the life of a human. They have covered only small areas, lasted only briefly, and they haven't threatened the biosphere of the globe. Now we live the most uncontrollable, terrible and cruelest time in all those countries that hold power over earth.

When such a colossal amount of faults have piled into the culture of the period that the whole human world is one uniform, giant Fault, the hardness of a thinking and sighted guardian of life is truly put to test. How to dissect, to unravel this chaos, how to fight against some flaw when it tightly connects to another flaw on right and left? The contemporary market economy capitalism; this consequential, clinched shut rivet by rivet, religion of ruin, destruction of the world, extinction, easily feels overwhelming, crushing. Many are crushed, too, throwing in the towel "by their own hand". Even more give up, are paralyzed, move aside; attempt to find a tiny nest of their own, an own little garden, busy themselves with their little bustles, ears plugged. We can all name a long list of these brothers and sisters from among the thinking "greens" and "ecologists".

However, and for all that... The one who anyhow tries to remain coolheaded and to use his energy into changing the course, receives reinforcement of faith from history, and from only there. Enormous, stunning changes have taken place even in the same culture, the same region; sometimes in a positive way, towards the better.

But a reasonable man always takes his models from history. The known history of mankind is already so lengthy that it has all the necessary exemplars for good, as well. The past is always the guideline when aiming for the future. If the future is built from a madman's belief into progress and development, of delusions and scifi-fantasies, the game is certainly over.

1998

*Translated 16.8.2006*

## *The World's End Knows No Mercy*

Eija-Riitta Korhola is a wise thinker, a true sunbeam in the wretched Finnish discussion (and even better, also in the parliament of EU). In her splendid column (VL nr. 44) she ponders the problem of survival. This theme of themes is close to me - Korhola does refer to that - and I'd like to repeat a few points. I have dealt with them earlier, as well, but audiences do change; not even Korhola can be familiar with all I've written.

The view of the future of wastefully consuming human billions depends on the potency of the imagination of the person in question; is he able to lively imagine the ending days and their most probable procession. I think Korhola has a slight contradiction here. On the other hand, she perceives the atmosphere of our times keenly and obviously correctly: "- what if goodbyes have already been said to goodness? The impression is not born only of horrible and inconceivable news in papers, but the whole cynical period of time". Anyhow, when polemizing against the criticism I expressed against Mother Teresa, she then writes: "Rather even the whole of mankind stepping into the grave, loving each other until the distant, honorable end, than a life and future devoid of love."

It won't go that way, not honorably, but exactly so that the coming ages are - at a fast pace - more and more cynical and cruel. Definitely people won't proceed to the end of diminishing and ruin while hugging each other. The ending stages are indescribably terrible war of all against all, where the amount of suffering is maximal.

My own dream is to evade such an ending, with the aid of both emotion and reason. Logically the only option would be to controllably realize the pruning (of both population and material standard of living: of the strain) before the chaos. In this manner violence could be minimized, and life could go on.

Of course, in reality chaos and a ghastly ending is a far more plausible alternative. My own dream is perhaps only a fraction more realistic than Korhola's is.

I'm not altogether satisfied with the use of the concept "charity" in Korhola's column: I have myself outlined a model of living where brotherly love is being tightly held on to, because without it, the life of any community is intolerable, impossible. But I grasp it by the word: a brother is a human I have direct contact with. I am always absolutely friendly to him, ease his grieves, give advice for the way and rescue from midst the ice.

"Species solidarity", or extending love to faraway populations, is a completely different thing to me. It is forced, fake, against the human nature. It has been established a thousand times that Finns remember Estonia for the rest of their lives, but when 900 drown by a ferry's sinking at the coast of Pakistan, we forget it the day after. Yes, species solidarity is unnatural - fortunately. We don't have to fall into it. Because it is exactly that twisted charity with which we exhaust the natural resources, shatter the systems of earth, ocean and air; nurturing and feeding overly dense populations in all corners of the world, who have squandered the material prerequisites for their own life. And seal the maximum amount of torment and inhumanity as inevitable.

Eija-Riitta Korhola has brought forth the base questions of life. The deepest viewpoint is still

amiss. Evolution has developed (or the Creator created, as you will) millions of species of organisms on the globe. They all have their own culture, business life, love life, joys and sorrows. The swelling mountain, at this moment already of three hundred billion kilos of human flesh, is suffocating all these sisters and brothers underneath it - and choking itself only among the last. What is the ratio of matters and meanings, what is the ratio of mishaps?

Yet a little detail: what is the part of someone who is a friend of nature? Does he first suffer the tragedy of his own species in his mind, and then a tragedy a million times larger?

1999

*Translated 19.8.2006*

## *No Mercy For The Depressed*

I reviewed the country's largest mental hospital of Nikkilä on a summerly bicycle trip. Stately light apartment houses sparsely in a wide forest park; I did not count, a huge number nevertheless. Some remnants of staff apparently lived at the other end of a house, some gym ring of elders at another. All others were utterly empty, an enormous realty worth tens of millions. The same atmosphere prevailed as in those ghost towns of Hungary and East Germany, which the Red Army had left behind and what I have been wandering and wondering the recent years.

I didn't find more about the fate of the buildings while there, as the hospital of Nikkilä wasn't the main theme on my trip. But common sense says that they'll hardly be invented any use for. Who or what would be needing thousands of squares of flats in Sipoo - when it is not even in the community center (the current name for villages) but a couple of kilometers away, in the embrace of woodlands? This wasting is related on one part to that Finnish misfortune where buildings worth billions are deserted around the land, and the same amount is constructed in their place at Great Helsinki, Tampere and Oulu. This insanity propels a life preserver, who calculates values of ecological balance and burden, further into desperation. But another serious aspect in the emptying of mental hospitals is the treatment and fate of mental patients in this country.

The shocking wrong course of psychiatric care is one reason behind it. At us, even all the directions and emphasises of medical treatment vary irresponsibly from side to side by periods of time. Now that outpatient care has been invented as a trendy solution, someone from the dullest head of the line of psychiatrists may even really believe in its superiority versus institutional care.

I myself have no personal experience of other mental illnesses than low spirits, depression, and its treatment - more than anything of that. This disease is actually one of the most severe and ruthless among sicknesses. Someone who has once or more often gone through "severe clinical depression" gets teary-eyed the instant he hears or reads anywhere about someone's depression. And grinning about "woebegones" or "emos" doesn't bring the slightest touch of smile on the face.



It occurred that this deserting of Nikkilä, transferring patients into outpatient care, was right away conversed about with a girl, the guide of Sipoo's old church. The guide commented briefly: "yes, it is an obvious abandonment". I don't know if she had subjective touch or only an empathetic and perceiving state of mind. All in all, a depression patient, who has experienced treatments of various degrees, agrees with the assessment without any reservations.

The causes of dejection are indeed always in the normal spheres of the patient, at home - whether they are related to private life, resulting from the collapse of social relations or other frameworks of life, or caused by existential world pain. Heavy depression cannot ever be cured at home.

On the other hand, a man who has born crushing responsibility of himself, others, sometimes the whole world, experiences an institution to be indescribably relieving, where he for once feels being the target of nurture and caretaking, finally without responsibility. The calmly melancholic, loving climate of the open sections of mental hospitals, where both patients and nurses subtly console each other, is in itself the best possible treatment. A patient who has arrived almost unconscious from anguish, begins to ask himself almost unwittingly that am I justified for this luxury anymore, should the place be given to people even more miserable than me. And he returns back to the world, escorted by merry impressions so that the healing can continue.

Well, institutional care is costly. It is fabulous to be able to get into warmly caring therapeutic gatherings of a most diverse sort in a little group - or anytime alone to a soundproof music room to listen to the symphonies of Beethoven in an immersing leather armchair. But is it more expensive than hospital care of many physical illnesses? Besides, there is more than just the extremities; lavish serving or abandonment of the patient. Certainly there is room to cut the wildest of luxuries if it is really necessary, like with other hospital treatment - and even after that institutional care may still be superb.

As is known, during this decade's years of depression the dismantling of social security was begun in Finland. I recall how I conversed with the environmental minister of the time, Sirpa Pietikäinen, in the years of the deepest depression. We agreed on that the depression was a very positive thing as a whole; it meant saving of natural resources, and lessening of load. And I still remember the agonized expression on Pietikäinen's face when she cried: "but the focusing!" She meant that the reductions in allowances, as is remembered and known, struck teaching, libraries, health care and unemployment security, whereas the benefits of companies and industry, road construction and the allowances of the military remained untouched.

Now when the depression has been almost forgotten and national wealth has risen to incredible heights, social security is still being taken apart at an increasing pace. Now the laws of market economy insist on that society's wealth and flow of money be directed wholly elsewhere. And it is obvious that the market economy demands the mentally ill to be defeated first, those who cannot withstand. Even when cured, they are more unreliable burden than patients with heart diseases or diabetes.

I recall that in the olden times, there was a strange concept and word in language as justice; does someone else remember, too? Under the guise of that idea it would be pointed out that in many

groups of diseases, the majority are illnesses of the way of life, or self-inflicted, so to speak. Causes independent of the patient itself hold the largest part in the birth of mental diseases, and most of all, depression: they are a product of the society's toughness and cruelty.

According to the old (obsolete) concept of honor, it would be a severe wrong that the society mauls its own victims aside. It is felt heavily overwhelming also by a protector of life destined with the thought and concern of deep ecology, around who the menace of depression constantly floats about, but who would still like to flutter and wriggle along as a kind of a voice for mankind's conscience.

1999

*Translated 24.8.2006*

## ***The World And Finland As The Millennium Turns***

Man is not a sensible creature, not in the least. The species name it titled itself with, Homo sapiens, the wise handed, could be more like Homo insipiens, the insane handed. Every zoologist, even an amateur, knows, sees and perceives how inexplicably more practically and reasonably animals arrange their life than human does, who is now preparing to receive a new thousand of its strange calendar. Amidst its vast chaos and devastation, it will just barely reach it - but not much further.

Man is a lunatic and not sapiens, but Homo, a handed one, it truly is; that is correct. It is a luminary by its hands, and with that technical ingenuity it has gotten to be the superior bully of everything living, for a while. If only some other animal species was nearly as capable by its hands, and also somehow reasonable in its other life. It would've swiped the human species into the shame and oblivion of history a long time ago already.

### **Democracy - the seal of ruin**

Stupidity culminates in those people who argue, without comprehending a line of history and reading a single sign of time, that man knows what is good for him: "the people do know". From this absurd assumption has a suicidal form of government, parliamentary democracy, born among the tyrants of mankind, the West. It frighteningly looks as if this bubble of bubbles won't burst, and we can abandon all hope as we struggle to the new millennium.

Democracy and public right to vote guarantee that no others than sycophants of the people can rise to the government - of a people who never clamour for anything else than bread and circuses, regardless of the costs and consequences. Even the only possibility comparable to a lottery jackpot, that some intelligent exception would rise to the positions of power, is lost with democracy. This hapless species produces also that kind of rare mutations. Someone like that could control the people and not be led by it, and when necessary, stand up against the people.

But the era of hereditary kingship and feudal lords is over, and even the rising of dictators has been made impossible: mankind is carefully preparing for its own death.

### **Let us examine the human**

A sensible man would not plunge on a rollercoaster between booms and depressions, which causes are not in the climate, not in the fluctuation of the production of harvest, caught fish, eggs, meat, wool or cotton, the profit of mountain work or oil drilling, but solely in the human mind. A sensible society wouldn't caress a band of bank managers in its lap, who suddenly forget their decades of university education and skill, and as a brainless horde (in all Western countries) dash off to push billion dollar loans to the people, without guarantees.

A sensible man would not form and maintain factories and businesses, which in one decade (the 1970s) compete with each other by the amount of staff, and hire huge numbers of people whether there's work for them or not, and in another decade (the 1990s) kick out four employees out of five and kill the rest with overtime work. A world of reasonable humans would not know inflation and wouldn't press billions of new price lists and tags every now and then, but would keep the value of money (and bank interest) at the same from one year to another.

And no other than an utter blockhead would all of a sudden begin (knit-browed in negotiations weeks and months long, through day and night, and passionately accompanied, honored with ten-page titles by equally idiotic journalist fools) to combine its workshops, factories and other boutiques with other similar and differing ones, and again into new, massive business giants - although he is well aware that the same businesses and productions function (like before) as well or better in small units. And a sensible creature wouldn't babble the magic words: fusion, synergy, abracadabra, hospotipomiluijaa.

### **Human, the war hero**

Would man wage a single war if he knew what was good for him? Chechnya, Kosovo, Bosnia, Croatia, Lebanon, Persian Gulf, Somalia... etc. in an unending, hopeless, tiresome running of bloodshed backwards into the dawn of humanity. If we were rational beings, would the sons of Caucasian steppes and riversides of Don and Volga at the other side, and the sons of Tavastian fields and Turku's marketplaces at this side, be aiming at each other with guns in the snowy forests of Karelia in cold of minus forty degrees?

Yes, and sometimes a ruckus of half a world is set up, and 50 million people are killed and 50 million houses smitten down.

### **The destructive Finns**

The examples of the habits of the standard citizen can be selected from the own country just fine, because all the misery of human can be found in Finland, even accompanied by all the arctic extras - here, at mankind's northern test field of world conquest and clearing. Finland is always the number one in all mischief; usage of raw material, consumption and load. Also wholly own applications of squandering are being practiced.

The fumbling of sauna bathing, unknown elsewhere - millions of Finns in a scalding hot furnace, red and bloated, scratching their skin to rash every other evening -, burns as much carbon dioxide up to the skies as other nations do in warming their houses. In all the engineers' bouts of fury, the Finn always immediately grabs the overpowering world record per capita, whether it was the snowmobile, automatic teller, smart card or water scooter. Just recently a tower of steel almost touching clouds was risen at every hill from Hanko to Utsjoki in a couple of months, without sense, head or tail. The whole skyline of Finland blinks red light at night, so that bores could tell dull messages to other bores at a terrifying price.

An unique form of monumental wasting is the Finnish vacation housing. 500000 summer villas decorate the strands and isles of Finland (including the tens of thousands of shacks without permits nor having been compiled into statistics). Each have five buildings on average: radiating saunas, smoke saunas, barrel saunas, sheds, outhouses, guesthouses, playhouses, garages, boathouses, barbecue roofs. All told, 100 km<sup>2</sup> of green productive land has been buried under their foundations (200 m<sup>2</sup> on average), another 100 km<sup>2</sup> beneath plantless yards and parking lots, and 2500 km<sup>2</sup> under cottage roads (5x1000m<sup>2</sup> on average). Summer cottages have crushed aside 1000000 mammals (a major part being shrews and bank voles) and 1000000 birds (in addition to which hundreds of thousands of birds die to the windows of villas annually), a trillion or quintillion frogs, lizards, insects, spiders, snails, worms, roundworms, white worms, ticks and bacteria, trees, twigs and weeds, grass plants, moss, lichen and fungi. Additionally, the cats and dogs of villas kill hundreds of thousands of animals. The lost acreage of roads still grows from the increments required by cottage traffic and extra lanes in the country's road network. - Yes, elsewhere in the world people have one house - only Norway - another land of bullies - wastes to second homes.

### **The world champions of squandering**

What does a cottage dweller do during the day? He drives around with his motor boat, rolls twice a day to the population center with his car (to fetch beer, 20-50 km) and back. Educators have attempted to nag about the perniciousness of car, emissions, of the decisive effect on the climate change and wasting of earth for decades, every single day. Has it been absorbed? The farmers of the villages surrounding Valkeakoski visit the center once a day (once a week or month would be enough). Never do they arrange a car pool with each other, or take care of each other's bank-, shop- or repair-businesses in turns - or use the blue-grey or red bus of the locality. No, they drive after each other in a line to the city, 20 + 20 kilometers, everyone alone in their car.

These Finns do not drive with their cars and puff smoke from the chimneys of their saunas

throughout the year. Nor are they seen in the tens of thousands of communities' vacation cottages or residential colleges, which are not only useless but also empty. For Finns hold all their courses and conferences on cruises (so and so many thousands of liters of heavy fuel oil per trip).

Summer cottages and even cruises aren't the whole of the truth. Two or three times a year they fly to the sunny beaches of south. The price of the trip in the eco(catastrophy) balance, in the shape of burnt kerosene and wrecked ozone, is twice the trips of other Europeans, because the length of the trip is double.

Also building expenses are double because of insulation, and heating costs are manifold - also for the reason that the temperature of Finnish houses (20-25 °C) is higher than in any country of the world, except for the regions of equator. Even the expenses of road building are double because of permafrost. The heavy trucks, with which the Finn has lugged his ridges and shattered rocks into thick mats of roads (and to beaches of cottages), are real powerhouses in damaging the atmosphere. The Finn is expensive, an almost unimaginably expensive pest of the natural economy: an abomination.

### **The greatest ecocatastrophy of Europe**

The acreage of the world's woodlands diminishes tens of thousands of square kilometers a year. Trees of the remaining forests decline rapidly (and transfer into the atmosphere's storage of excess carbon).

Finland, whose forest economy is the largest environmental disaster of post-war Europe, holds the record in the latter statistic. After the clearing of fields that was carried out centuries ago, an even nearly comparable upheaval has not occurred on this continent: Finland's over 200000 km<sup>2</sup> of forests have morphed into deserts, or bushy prairie at the best. The mean amount of wood in a full-grown forest south of Lapland is 400-500 m<sup>3</sup> per hectare. Some years ago the wood reserve of the country was 90 m<sup>3</sup> per hectare according to the Forest Industry's (= the Department of Forest Research) own estimation, but it has become evident - for example, along all forest transactions - that there is 10-20 % air throughout the statistic (in farm-specific estimations of forest balance). The actual amount of wood is somewhere between 50 to 70 solid cubes per hectare after the massive fellings of the last years. It is a full 10 % of the volume of natural woodlands.

Slightly more forest than in the most part of the country had endured for a long time in Valkeakoski and Sääksmäki (mostly old spruce woods), but the countdown began in the 1990s. Actual forests, the so-called economy forests, are gone now; the same white opening as fields are at winter. The last tree-filled areas stand out as small islands or tufts midst the wasteland. In terms of landscape, this signifies a larger change than if all the buildings of Valkeakoski and Sääksmäki had been demolished, as there is indeed much more forest floor than settled area. The comparison, however, is lame: if a house burns down, there will be a new one on its place in a year, but it takes 150 years for the forest to come to the clearing.

The fists of devastation have now grappled other types of forest than economic, too. The narrow, rocky woodland girdles of Vanaja's strands, between fields and water, remained untouched until the 1990s; now even their curly rowans, bird cherries and alders are off to the factory. Yard parks, which were still spared in the 1980s, come crashing down - in Ritvala, Huittula, Vedentakaa. Winds blow in the corners of houses, we have returned to the era of wild men, the era when wolves were feared at yards. A harvester at the cemetery of Sääksmäki is the climax.

### **The green movement came and went**

There was a sort of a searching period in the population of the world's educated countries, such as Finland, in the turn of the 1970s and 1980s. Then science brought forth the prospects of the collapse of globe's natural economy: ecocatastrophies. This knowledge was followed by a so-called green wave, green insight. It was pondered, it was discussed, it was considered to move to a saving economy on several sectors of life, to halt the boastful consumption.

But life was defeated. The green insight vaporized and was forgotten, the green movement merged as one with the rampage. You see, business life stood up against, in which circles the most short-sighted, irresponsible, childlike individuals of nations influence; these general managers, councillors of mining and labor union leaders. They promised gleam and glitter, luxury estates for even the deep rows of populace; cars, muscle boats, tropical vacations, supermarkets, where one item out of a thousand is useful. They promised electricity to free man from all the efforts of body and brain - and dazingly thrilling game with stocks, investment funds, derivatives. And the people chose, the magpies chose the glimmering.

No turn occurred in the state of the world, the prognoses and warnings of science, only quickening and steepening of curves. The population explosion, the climate change that heaves the ocean on fertile lowland strands, dries up elsewhere the granaries of Earth unsuitable for cultivation and causes famine; erosion, desertification, ozone loss, the diminishing of drinking water and raw resources, the decrease of woodlands, asphaltation, concretation, pollution, poisoning, the extinctions of organisms - all these rumble on with an increasing pace. People only set these aside, like they evade the thought of personal death in their everyday actions, even though they are aware of its coming.

For the sake of accuracy: at least something happened, even in Finland. The forest industry transferred the pollution of waters into fallouts of the atmosphere. It was an expensive process for the corporations, demanding an immense increase in net sales and forest fellings.

### **What is "the world's end"?**

In the human mind, the end of the world does not mean the ending of the universe, not even our solar system or planet. The globe will stay cycling on. Surely some life will remain after man, at least in the depths of the ocean, which beings take their energy from the warmth of the globe's

core, not from the sun. "The end of the world" is recognized as the extinction of the own species, the death of the final individual. There are a few millions of these world's ends in the passing and coming centuries. Mammoth's end of the world is the demise of the last mammoth; the glenville fritillary's end of the world is the death of the last glenville fritillary.

Those who tell of the man's end of the world, which looms in a very near future, the people desperately attempt to call the doomsday prophets, belittling. The gifts of a prophet have, however, not been necessary for a long time. Only the ability to differentiate between unguaranteed optimism and actual reality is needed. The end of the world is a calculatory truism. In fact, only two eyes - and that those eyes are open - are needed to predict it.

### **Is there anything good in human?**

Man no doubt deserves even the most fretted definitions of thinkers: "the cancer of Earth", the terrible mistake of evolution etc. But is there (still) something good in the species, as a part of the biosphere? I think of my own cultural sphere and country.

Still science (standard research, science for the sake of knowledge) and arts are made - those actions, which are the human species' original and different contribution in the animal kingdom. Though, the essential realizations of science have been done long ago, the golden age of visual and musical arts is centuries old. But still something wise and beautiful is being tried to tinker; a grateful sigh for that. And here and there, evermore rarer, some civilized people still lurk about.

There are still individuals, who do deeds of compassion with the fullness of their hearts, among the church, health care and social posts. There are similar people in private life, good in the deepest sense of the word, who brighten and warm the whole human community around them - and who are not swung by the "cacklings of the world".

All of them look after the close spheres of man, apply neighborly love. True greatness is encountered in only those few rare people, who broaden the protection and preservation over the whole of creation, the living layer of the globe. Amid the raging and clamouring rabble, among the frantically accelerating häkkinen's and mäkinen's, still a group of people sworn to environmentalism and guarding of life toss about. A part of them try to influence in clubs and unions, a part alone, each on their way.

It is miraculous that this small and sane core of the people that can combine knowledge and emotion, still manages to try to preserve what is fair and good for as long as possible, is still able to emphasize on patience among the enormous majority of fusses. But these people can battle against the windmills; they cling to the last shreds of nature unraped by man, hang on to the last tatters of forest, try to delay the end, to give extra time for the biosphere, even if only for a second.

These people still ponder, discuss, write, negotiate, attempt to compose saving programs, Natura-programs - which then end up torn to pieces by the landlords' ignorant pack of beasts. It is the

greatest wonder of the millennium's turn that there are still protectors, that still faith, hope and love burn within them.

1999/2000

*Translated 28.8.2006*

## *War, Man And Kosovo*

When two schoolboys enrage to fisticuffs at a break on the school yard, all the pupils on the yard, regardless of age and gender, rush around the fighters to cheer and enjoy.

Man is a stereotypically behaving pack creature. The same laws as at the school yard apply to war, as well. In newspapers, war - nowadays when communication has gone wildly global, a war anywhere in the world - is always the most important, primary news material. The whole mass of six billion gregarious animals roars agitatedly, when a war is achieved somewhere. The pacifist is an eternal loser just like its more broad-minded colleague, the guardian of the whole of the biosphere. The pacifist will have to be disappointed again and again, when the war institution has not died after all, and when it rouses vast joy like before, either open or disguised as terror, by bursting into clear battles.

Also the forgetting mechanism of a pack animal functions stereotypically. When desired, it could be calculated pretty accurately in regards to two variables: in years and months, and in kilometers by the distance to the stage of conflict. We remember the war of Nicaragua only very faintly now, which was the main subject of news - indeed, I can't really say how many years ago, not many anyway. For a long time the Finnish papers or the broadcasting company have not told a glimpse about Nicaragua, the peace there doesn't interest for a column's worth. We don't much hear about Lebanon either, which offered news entertainment for years. And we wouldn't hear even the slightest if it wasn't for Israel who remembers to launch a few guided missiles there at loose intervals, as a little refreshment of memory.

There is also a third variable in the mechanism of forgetting. A war is forgotten the quicker another war is born to quell the fame of the last one. Media should award Yugoslavia with all their prizes for the years long fabulous stream of news. It has indeed arranged (unlike Lebanon at the time, which sustained warfare seemed like a continuous, monotonous bore, at least when viewing from the far North) matters so well that its consecutive struggles can be excitingly perceived as distinct news clusters. The war had been cut finely into pieces so that there is sometimes an appropriately long and clear enough break, and acts are shown distinctly between provinces of different names, in turns.

There was the short Slovenian war, which Slovenia, with all honesty, survived a bit too smoothly and fast to be independent there in the arms of Austria. Then war was being waged between Croats and Serbs, then between Croats, Serbs and Bosnians; the latter ones were categorized very strangely by their creed ("Muslims") and the other participants according to their ethnic origin, as usual. Perhaps the tumult was gotten more interesting that way. It was a nice war for the media



and public, anyway; there were horrifying mass rapings and civilian massacres.

It is a part of the senseless stereotypes of war that 18-40 year old men can be freely killed. These killings are awarded with medals and admired throughout the world. Old men, no matter if they are seasoned fighters, are protected as well as boy children until 17 years of age - even though they are of the same population, and nothing never implies that they'd be any worse shooters after growing up, at the latest. The female gender, on the other hand, belongs wholly to the civilian population, harming of which is immense savagery and a war crime according to the international rules. Still, women are a full-fledged part of the warfaring people, the backbone of war. How animatedly do I recall how true the slogan that echoed everywhere, "the home front stands firm", was for the unchecked rights of our national incorporated bank, the forest industry and landlords in the last wars of our country. The weariness, doubt and criticism of the kinsmen from the front who were popping in for a little vacation at the end of the Continuation War, and countering it, the family women's unyielding and absolute will to fight and support, were one of the most powerful memories of the little boy. The faithfulness of the home front was unreserved for the German brothers in arms, and that the little boy unflinchingly learned: I remember my bitter tears when the Germans were then treacherously betrayed.

I must put a reservation at this point. As long as I'm following the stage of battle and the fighting population from the side, I am as helpless as anyone before the mass media. The most phrenetic of all the afterwards uncovered fumbblings/frauds of news agencies was the Romanian "revolution" about a decade ago, where the soldiers and police of the government slaughtered tens of thousands of revolutionaries on the streets. Still, as days passed the amount of casualties dropped peculiarly. They stuck at the number of 18000 for a long time; I accurately remember this number because I was belittling it with a friend of mine, and calculated how diminutively small a percentage it is of the Romanian population. But oh the wonder: when the froth of rebellion dissipated, Reuters and the ilk had to gradually admit that the bodycount wasn't 18000, not 1800, not 180, and finally not even 18. Ultimately, only the dictator Ceausescu and his wife were executed in the riot, two powerless old people. And there was no people's uprising or revolution, not even an attempt, but a palace takeover where another similar satrap seized the power. And in the end, not a meter was discovered of that leagues long grid of secret passages, where the secret police of Romania, Securitas, lurked, and of which we could read astounding news for weeks.

I learned enough from that to try approaching news of Bosnia, Kosovo and the like with quite a reservation. Perhaps after the brawl has ended we will receive factual writing of history, and even then only approximately. (It is now being argued very actively about the bodycount of the 1918's red rebellion in Finland.) But when I, fool, now want to tell something about the wars in Yugoslavia, I am compelled to write as if the war news of papers, radio and television were at least half true. In any case, what is certain is that they do not minimize the number of dead and ruins.

This last war in Kosovo, which is seen as sensationally shattering as if there was no similar war in Bosnia, has sparked - again - huge discussion, speculation and searching for the guilty in the faraway Finland, as well. As customary, what is left from the utterly gnawed subject is the phrase "... a black side on each other" - or a black side on all participants. Albanians are as a

touching minority in Serbia, as a grand majority in Kosovo, and have invaded there, the core of Serbia, only a couple of hundred years ago and filled the province by their unchecked procreation. In the news photos of Helsingin Sanomat refugee women seem to carry swaddled twins. (As a matter of fact, the Albanian state of Enver Hoxha was an ecological paradise in regards to way of life and living standard, but doubled the populace in a few decades.)

It is also open to interpretations that who started the struggle; the freedom army of Albania armed from head to toe, or the state of Serbia. Yes, other tribes have alternately lived in Kosovo before the Serbs. Does Israel belong to Jews or Palestinians, Karelia to Finns or Russians? These questions are as long as they are wide. They are lucid only to such "ethnic cleansers" as Serbs or fanatics demanding the returning of Karelia.

On the other hand, (at least) two wholly different elements intermingle in the role of NATO, or the United States. There is the sincere and monumentally infantile faith of Americans into a great missionary duty, to the spreading of the only blessing Western democracy, freedom of competition and market economy to all nations. Then, elsewhere is the most cynical rehearsal war of generals, testing of new weaponry. And of course, rejecting Russia offering itself again and again to the propagation of peace, is more cynical than ever - because it is impossible to give a victory of authority to Russia. And then again, war cannot be cut short, either.

I stated that I am beyond distances from the stages of war as a son of the North, and at the whims of news agencies in my ponderings. Not fully so. Just before the butcherings of Yugoslavia, the last years of Tito, I was bicycling around the northern parts of the country one summer. Maybe it is because of this subjective touch that I am so interested in the actually insignificant battles of Yugoslavia.

I haven't been to Calcutta, Cairo or the slums of São Paulo. But I imagine that they cannot be much different from the views in the villages of Yugoslavian lowlands. For leagues, thousands of similar red brick-roofed huts plastered white at both sides of the road, behind them a small pig house, cowshed and a patch of corn, the same old pig fodder plant. Very rarely was there a slim lot inbetween - and there, a waste heap towering at the roofs' height, rumbling to the road. Streets thick with overran animal carcasses, never cleaned off, squashed into map patterns - sparrows, doves, chickens, cats, dogs, sheep, goats, pigs. Rusty signposts - even those few which letters are legible - regularly twisted to the opposite direction.

At the mountains then, even quite low on the hills, the untouched forest comes by; the pygmy owl whistles, nightjars buzz, grey-headed woodpeckers yell, broods of long-tailed tits gallop, the robust fledglings of the goshawk fly shrieking over the road. Unlike some vigorous populations elsewhere along my travel routes, these people have not embanked and scaled these highlands for cultivation, fortunately. There they do not live or move, of them they do not care or fight for. They struggle for their villages that are crammed until suffocation, for carrions and junkyards, their unbelievably desolate monoculture. I can't do anything about it that I see all these Yugoslavian wars as wretched. War is always latent under the surface of nations. But to erupt every now and then it needs a particular reason, often many reasons, even the same fight. The disgusting tragedy of overpopulation is strongly behind the wars of Yugoslavia.

What generalities should be seen in these wars? At least it's characteristic to them that there are negligibly few victims, the population growth of even the warring parties plummets hardly for a day. With only a slight exaggeration it can be said that more men fell in one battle of the Winter War than in all Yugoslavian wars put together. What about Verdun, Stalingrad... Or the civilian massacres that churn even the soul of a Finnish blockhead? Some hundred or thousand people. It isn't necessary to think only about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as hundreds of thousands perished in the ravaging bombings of German cities, as well: Dresden was razed along with its people. They weren't war crimes, as they were committed by the great winning nations. Now, both the same bombers of the German cities and bombers of London are bombing Yugoslavia together, hand in hand. It is no miracle that Serbs propagate themselves as multiple heroes and as Davids against Goliaths.

Few people die in Yugoslavia, but matter, buildings and structures are being annihilated even more than that, and proportionately record-breakingly. The pacifist may see positive development here, if comparing to the Second World War.

But the guardian of the biosphere, who estimates the state of the world from the viewpoint of the population explosion and consumption of matter and energy, sees no light. He knows that the most horrible part of war, reconstruction, is still ahead. The refugees will presumably wander back very soon in almost full numbers. Only the group, which has seized the chance and slipped off to countries of a higher standard of living, is amiss from the figure. But the tremendous birthrate has mended even this gap already during the refugee months.

No doubt a crashing and bustling more vast than war will begin soon when the columns of trucks, trains, planes and ships of all the construction companies of the world charge into Kosovo and Bosnia and Serbia and Croatia with their materials and equipment, concrete, steel and glass, pipes and planks and poles, wires and cables, powerplants and transformers, oil, gas and electricity. Also YIT, Ruola, Haka and Puolimatka or their bankrupt's estates rage there in the frontline. Only then the world will truly tremble.

1999

*Translated 28.8.2006*

### *An Editor On A Stray Path*

The editorial column of Helsingin Sanomat is rather uneven. Alongside good realizations the reader has to witness severe errors every now and then. Sometimes even two adjacent articles contradict each other so that the slapping is heard.

On Monday 30/10 the other of the two subsequent articles demands dropping down the reckless speeds of Tallinn's ships, with a mighty and keen use of words. It is a writing worth ten points.

But the other one deals with Russia's population, and is utterly dimwitted, beginning from the title: "A severe population crisis". It is "worrisome" that the population of Russia is calculated to

narrow down from 145 million to 100 million in 25 years. The editor wishes productivity for the Russian economy and money to health care, so that the "dismal prognosis" wouldn't come true.

Simultaneously, Helsingin Sanomat reminds almost daily that joining the European Union (the favorite of Helsingin Sanomat) was primarily a security-political solution ("although only now it can be said in public"). In other words, Finns are afraid, fearing Russia. Are they less afraid of a Russia of 145 million people than one of 100 million? Where's your common sense?

Secondly, and most importantly, we are all aware that the population explosion is incomparably the greatest threat to the lifetime of this tiny planet, a problem beside which all the other difficulties of mankind and the world pale into bagatelles. So, we have to joyfully hope - or pray - for the Russian population to decrease to 100 million, and then onwards to 10 million - and that all other nations would follow the example.

2000

*Translated 1.9.2006*

### ***"That Bullet Knew Its Place"***

On September 11th, some of the tall buildings of the World Trade Center in New York, and a corner of the military's main headquarter's barracks in Washington, were smashed with hijacked passenger planes.

The incidents were unimportant in the scale of mankind, but the reaction they roused in the world was terrifying. Overeaten Western countries, choking to their wasteful consumption, were possessed by incredible shock, panic and chaos, alongside with the United States. This way, the attack indeed gained significance. Still, such overstatements like "the world is off its course", "the world will not revert back" are of course pure rubbish.

Hysteria was born even in Finland: there were writings oozing with blood-lusting fury, a flood of flowers to the embassy of the United States, crisis aid and on the other hand, offers of help from even the governmental level. An observer remembered the perceptive Hannu Taanila's recent list of the states of USA: the last ones being Alaska, Kuwait and Finland.

Never before have foreign casualties awakened as great sympathy, never before has the agony of relatives been underlined like now. And still, it was a truly petty brawl by the amount of victims, if we make comparisons to the recent history of mankind. Hundreds of thousands of civilians were killed in the bombings of Dresden and Hamburg, masses in London as well, not to mention Hiroshima and Nagasaki. A million civilians died in bombings, artillery fire and hunger in Leningrad. Or even newer history - where is the mourning flagging for Grozny, Baghdad or Kosovo?

Surely the amount of dead in New York cannot be counted by that messy den; we do remember that we never got to know who after all was voted as the president in the last elections. However,

from what I've gathered there were only a couple of thousand dead.

But those who died weren't generally humans, but Americans, and not even just any Americans, but priests and priestesses of the supreme God of this age, the Dollar. The passengers of domestic flights aren't either a valid take of the people, but of a wealthy, busy, environmentally damaging and world-gnawing part of the populace.

The force and pull of money and power, which is apparent everywhere in even governments fawning upon the United States and assuring friendship, is almost incomprehensible.

It took days before something else than being horrified of the human evilness and the hatred of madmen was offered as an explanation in our media for the incident - an analysis, which is still the topmost. Satu Hassi, who complained of the United States' political course, was the first to express distinct stressing - apparently too early, because she had to apologize publicly. In fact, she regretted the timing of the statement immediately in the shocked atmosphere, even though she didn't give up the point itself: the United States should also have a look in the mirror. After that, voices of reason have as well joined the discussion. Even Ulla Klötzer, who was quite clear-cut in rolling on the massive villainy deeds of the United States in Helsingin Sanomat, has received room for columns.

As a matter of fact, the United States is the most colossal aggressive empire of the world history, which map of military bases throughout the world confuses the spectator. Through them, it spreads its economical and cultural world power by profaning, subjugating and silencing. In all continents it finances and arms the governments and guerrilla movements it favors, sometimes one, sometimes the other; arranges their death squads to liquidate dissidents, and wages war by itself when needed. From one year to another it bombs the old proud Iraq, every now and then, as a reminder. It is the most bastardly villainous state of all times. Someone who is familiar with the world and comprehends connections can easily imagine how colossal hate the United States evoke in the whole third world - and also in the Western thinking minority - as corrupted, swollen, paralyzing and suffocating.

On these grounds the assumption may be confirmed, that third world activists were behind the bombings in New York and Washington; people who wage a desperate battle against an overpoweringly gigantic enemy for their fatherland and faith - much like Finns in the Winter War. Regardless of how alien their religion or culture was, they certainly deserve all the sympathy we can give. The United States have a bitter opposition of their own, as well; we do remember the Unabomber, don't we, whose thought-out and sage alternative model of society also Elonkehä presented by translations at a time. But it will hardly have the energy and ability for an operation such as the one that occurred; the skill, competence and courage of which has made the military experts gasp for breath even here - well, after they have first performed the obligatory condemning ritual in the public.

The searching and naming of "culprits" has gained even farce-like characteristics in the United States. The blockhead, who has been entitled president in obscure conditions, defined the kamikaze-flyers as *cowards* in his first statement... Afterwards he has told that the question is no longer about terror, but war, in which the USA and its 250 million are one side, and the other is a

private person, an admittedly noble-featured and evidently determined sheik from the Middle-East, who has to "be caught either dead or alive". He has gotten a large group of madmen hired for atrocities with big money (the only point of view that Bush understands).

Also the tinkering of the small Finland-state go over to farce's side, such as emergency status of the border guard service after the falling of towers in the United States. Even the smallest will take off of the ground. I am reminded of how after a strike by the brigades of German Reds, large police forces were mobilized to the fells of Lapland to look for a young German, who was revealed to be a hiking student boy.

To stay within the home country, I'd like to give some lessons. It would be desirable that at least all those, who idolize our Winter War, would stop being sanctimonious about violence, generally as well, altogether and ultimately.

It should also be kept in mind that the difference between a terrorist and a freedom fighter is a line drawn in water: the title depends on the observer and varies according to the judgement of history. We do have a pure example: infantry soldiers, who violently stood against a lawful government. They received their guerrilla-/military training far away on foreign land exactly like the Palestinian guerrillas, who struck at the München Olympics, or the Reds of Italy and Germany. For all we know, they were trained in South Yemen or Lebanon. One side of the infantrymen were madcap adventurers, the other fanatic patriots. If our civil war had ended in another way, they would have stayed under the terrorist-label for a long time.

Still, the oppressive measures of the United States against the world's cultures and populations are not the most grave of catastrophes. The most severe factor in its supremacy is the leading position as the cradle and engine of global economic growth. Unbound economic growth exploits and rapes nature and natural resources; earth, oceans and air.

So stand these three: Father, Son and the Holy Ghost: Dollar, Economic Growth, Market Economy. Two Gods clashed against each other in New York: Allah and Dollar.

The servants of Allah sacrificed their own lives and the lives of a couple of Dollar's disciples here and now. The pursuit of the servants of the market economy is to murder the whole creation and mankind as soon as they are able to. The deep ecologist and protector of life, the guardian of life's continuity, would certainly choose Allah when the going gets tough.

Knowing this, the tower of the World Trade Center was the best target of all the buildings in the world, both symbolically and concretely. It was a magnificent, splendid choice.

No matter how great the joy from the bullseye suddenly is, the consequences begin to raise thoughts at once. What are the long-term effects like?

Although human mass deaths are always positive in the light of the population explosion, a few thousand lives are a mosquito's whimper - even then, when quality would replace quantity. But elsewhere the influence seems truly significant at the moment. Economic growth seems to plummet at least a bit in the world. Air traffic, the worst mode of traffic, is being decreased.

Foreign trade seems to slow down; destructive tourism and international interaction seem to be growing more difficult. Surveillance and police actions always choke the raging business life. All facts like these give "extra time for nature", to use the title of the late Olli Järvis's collection of essays, cited on multiple occasions.

By the bitter tenets of life, optimism has always proved to be unguaranteed. But, would there be a reason for it this time?

Elonkehä 26.9.2001

*Translated 7.9.2006*

## ***A View Into The State Of The World, Or The ABC Of The Deep Ecologist - Chapter One***

Repetition is the mother of education. Nothing new under the sun. I will refresh some basic issues central to the biosphere. Patience is a virtue.

First of all, the explanation for the world is simple. Matters are always easy to understand when desired so. Very many people have a peculiar tendency to complicate things. Perhaps they think that the world is more interesting that way. A thinker does not complicate matters, does not favor confusion. Thinking is reduction, pruning.

Second of all: the relativist ("on one hand but on the other hand"-people) is wrong. From the same starting point, foundation, premise, only one conclusion can be arrived at. In other words: there is only one truth to each thing.

There are a few important matters, scantily significant equations. There is only one considerable problem in the world: the impoverishment of life, and the lessening of richness and diversity.

Only one remarkable process is going on: mankind and the others of creation battling for living space. Mankind's inner disputes are interesting only indirectly; through to what degree their effects are either preserving or destructive to the biosphere.

### **Nihilism is not of this world**

There are wise guys who pretend to question the value of life, and tell that the continuity of life on the globe is indifferent. Or that it is a lesser interest than some producer of temporary pleasure that is threatening it (like human rights, democracy in the world of men). There only truth herein is that the continuity of life is an unshaken basic foundation in every creature, including every human individual. When the obliteration of life is tangibly at hand, even every nihilist will straighten up.

There are also know-alls who refer to the universe and the meager significance of our own star. The sole truth of this question is that no animal, not even man, is capable of comprehending the value of the universe. The cosmos, the space, is unimportant. Only our own solar system is reality.

At the upper echelon of matters the subjection is evident: there is nothing above the requirement of the continuity of life, all other interests are below it. As he stresses on factors beneficial to the preservation and continuing of life, the deep ecologist is always above other argumentation.

### **The useless strategy of man**

Even if we gathered phenomena only from the surface of mankind that were conserving and decimating of life, we need some explanation.

Already centuries ago, man has broken loose of the system of nature, the equilibrium of populations regulated by food chains. Man is no longer a part of nature. It has no competition whatsoever with other life forms and - after its laboratories have defeated all notable diseases - no threat of any kind from nature. It is a completely sovereign ruler of the biosphere.

Like other animal species, man has controlled its production of offspring through times, but - unlike other species - wholly inadequately. Prosperous and sufficient regulation is known from only some phases of the early history. Man has also limited his consumption of natural resources, but entirely insufficiently.

Now a new historical age, market economy, has begun in the major part of mankind, where there are no bounds anymore to the clearance sales of natural resources. When also breeding is still uncontrollable, even though population numbers have risen to a horrible, murderous degree, man has reached a stage of development where it will supersede other life forms from the planet with a very fast pace, and will eat itself among the last.

### **The objection of the deep ecologist**

The guardian of life, the deep ecologist will not accept that progress as the end of evolution. He denies the dominating position man has taken for himself. He notes that there are also preserving qualities and substance, humility and abstinence, within the human species. They appear in a part of populations both as customs of the way of life and thinking and outlooks. The protector of life tries to strengthen them so that the progress leading to utter devastation would stop, after all, or at least slow down. The best example of the inclusion of sustaining elements within the human species is the deep ecologist itself.



## **The world's greatest love**

Evolution is not suicidal to the deep ecologist. For him, evolution is perpetual enrichment (until the sun dies out). All the time filling of evermore newer ecological spots and through that, more and more both diversity, plenitude of forms, races and species, and amount of organisms. Constantly more speciation than extinctions of species (more success than failure), more and more of joy of life.

It is this *whole* that the deep ecologist loves. Therein is the grandest beauty, grandest wealth, grandest love. He does not comprehend the Christian-Humanist love for man, which encloses only a nation or mankind within its clasp even at its best. To him, it is inbreeding, egotism, masturbation.

What is the position of human for the preserver of life? It is an interesting, splendid species, and the deep ecologist fights with all his might for its enduring as a species. But the billions are a threat, not a subject of love.

The development of man to a churning mass species is insane even as just a thought, and its approval inconceivable. Already by its nature; as a large predator heavily consuming with its vital functions and needs, man is possible in the biosphere only in sparse quantities. It must also be remembered that the trait characteristic to human species, self-awareness, requires scanty amounts. The identity collapses from man within masses of billions, value and meaningfulness are lost from human life.

*Translated 7.9.2006*

## ***A View Into The State Of The World, Or The ABC Of The Deep Ecologist - Chapter Two***

The deep ecologist recognizes and perceives that the relations between nature and man are a matter of space. Human rights = death sentence to the creation. Also the existence of human species is in the end a question of room. So, also human rights = a death sentence to mankind. Only quantities are essential. The globe has its size, it will not grow larger. Its resources have their amount, they will not increase. Life may not be mathematics, but its framework is.

The deep ecologist both thinks and observes, incessantly, the surrounding world, mankind and society in their relation to nature. It can be seen that public authorities have already budged slightly towards protection of life (The Kyoto protocol, nature reserves dismissed of economic usage), but those actions are cosmetics in the avalanche of the overall load. And they will remain cosmetic if they still do not touch upon the structures, overpopulation and the base of economy of Western societies.

It is still correct that the worst enemies of life are on one hand excess life, excess human life, and on the other, the legislation and order of societies existing in market economy. The sturdier a society is, the deeper the state of peace; the more efficient the economic growth is, or the

ransacking of natural resources, and the quicker other life forms step aside. Everything that sways the lawful societal order, causes chaos and panic, gives extra time for nature and in the end, for humans as well.

## **War**

Wars between men are of great interest to the preserver of life, because they seem to imply possibilities. War is an institution, quickly and all the more often used, loved and worshipped by nations, like a readily existing institution for the pruning of populations.

Still, the rules of wars until now have extremely fatefully embodied guarantees of the continuation of the population explosion. It is difficult for the deep ecologist to not sink into despair: is the ecocatastrophy integrated within the function of man after all?

Wars have, according to their rules, lopped significantly only young males, which are useless material in the breeding potential of the species. Even a massive number of dead males causes a buckle of only one generation wide in the populace, because there are practically always enough of these males left to procreate - alongside with old males dismissed of warfare - with the almost fully spared fertile female population.

Then, the law of large age classes known throughout the animal kingdom has swiftly mended the cut in population, and made the achievements of war void. The patching is even done with all the interests, so that the population grows more in the long run than if there had not been a war.

On the other hand, business life - or war against the creation - is seriously disrupted when people battle with each other: the time of war is always magnificent and life-preserving. But the same disastrous law that applies to the population, holds true with business life as well. War is followed by a frantic season of rebuilding, which enlivens and inspires to technological advancement and raging investments; economy leaps forwards.

Also the most destructive forms of man's procreative activities like tourism, vacation building and bullylike sports, are paralyzed during war along with business life. But after it, the populace will frenziedly "make up for the losses".

It would spark hope only if the nature of wars would morph so that deductions of persons would noticeably target the actual breeding potential: young females as well as children, of which a half are girls. If this doesn't happen, waging war is mostly waste of time or even harmful.

## **Democracy - the religion of death**

Man has learned nearly nothing even when confronted with the end of the world. Still the majority of people do their daily decisions based on what they want, or what pleases them.

The deep ecologist never intermingles the preferences or distastes of man, not of own or others, with matters. He makes his judgements and creates his guidelines by what is feasible - without diminishing the possible richness of the biosphere, endangering its continuity. Democracy listens to the whims of man, the will of the people. The consequences are frightening. The suicidal society that we see around us is what follows.

Democracy is the most miserable of all known societal systems, the heavy building block of doom. Therein the unmanageable freedom of production and consumption and the passions of the people is not only allowed, but also elevated as the highest of values. The most incomparably grave environmental disasters prevail in democracies. Any kind of dictatorship is always superior to democracy, leading to utter destruction more tardily, because there the individual is always chained, one way or other. When individual freedom reigns, human is both the killer and the victim.

### **The heresy of non-violence**

Man has not learned nearly anything: there are people being sanctimonious by opposing violence regardless of the world's state, presumably until the end of it. These people cannot detach from their own preferences, the opinion of the majority (which is disrupted only briefly at times, when it is shifted to the gear of delightful war). Lifting in peace and love must be sweet, there's no doubt of that. But, it is nonsensical and disastrous. When the surface of the world is covered by the smothering shroud of six billion people and all their requisites, pacifism is dead.

Nothing is as much a case of its own, or as unsuitable as an example as Gandhi's teaching of peace is. Mahatma Gandhi was backed by 400000 Indians and opposed by 1000 soldiers of the British colony. That was a fine moment to preach the message of peace. The minority, on the other hand, has no other chance than violence against violence; tougher, sharper, more clever, enormous and fanatical violence; a more steely conviction against no matter how colossally superior power. There are examples of both heroic defeats and successes in history. We ourselves remember a fine example of the success of a tiny minority's violence, the Finnish Winter War. And there's an example a hundred times more brilliant than even that: a recent act of war, where a handful of morally and intellectually superior people managed to severely wound a mighty world power.

### **The changing moral**

The thinker and author Eero Paloheimo, who of all Finns has been the most tireless in reasoning the possible alternative models of saving the world's life, commented the hits of New York and Washington. He thought it nullified all "prattle", like he calls writings, presentations, declarations, demonstrative marches - those methods, which have been the only ones he himself, and the author of this as well, have dared to use. They are as good as nothing. The only thing that

is effective, weakens and shocks the imposing organization of world destruction, is extreme violence.

I myself wouldn't go all that far. Babbling is needed in the groundwork; it has to be first told what the question is all about. But if the prattle and groundwork do not lead to any palpable confrontation; if the option of violence or cowardice, sloth and desire for comfort eventually seizes power, it truly is empty and futile.

As the world's ruin advances and the population explosion gains in power, the conclusions and doctrines of not a single thinker and lodestar are permanent; everyone is but a child of their time. The knowledge and teachings of even as grand a philosopher and ethic as Jesus of Nazareth have to be looked against the light of that period's number of people and the overall stress, as well as the frequency of extinctions. And it will be observed that his message and moral is for the most part obsolete, unusable.

The crippling human cover over the living layer of Earth has to be forcibly lightened, breathing holes punctured to the blanket, the ecological footstep of man amputated. Forms of boastful consumption must be violently crushed, the natality of the species violently controlled, the number of already born violently reduced - by any means possible.

It has to be realized that as we have arrived to the third millennium according to our calendar, there is no human individual, only populations. No individual suffering or pleasure, only the pruning and survival of populations. And the innocent animals, plants and fungi, those that still remain.

2002

*Translated 9.9.2006*

## ***The United States - The Enemy Of The World***

There are many positive displays of mankind in the United States; magnificent universities, splendid art life, thinkers, critics - all the way to the distinctly living Amish. But the faint flame of culture flickers even in the most wretched of nations, as minorities never characterize any nation or state. The United States is characterized by the primary thoughts and objectives of the government and president, state bodies elected and supported in a multitude of polls by a huge majority of the people.

We can then use the term United States with full justification, when we establish that superpower to be the greatest threat to world peace since the Second World War. And state that it is creating, and has already done so, an empire, which width and distances from the mother country are unrivalled, already incomparably broader than the bygone British empire and their oppression. Gustaf II Adolf, Napoleon, Hitler and Stalin are kneepant-wearing small boys in this respect.

The whole own continent has been for long in USA's chokehold; it has been quite a while also

since Halldor Laxness cursed bases in his Iceland: "wicked devil of Keflavik". Continent after continent and country after country has the United States's military might spun its spiderweb, even in its former southern states immediately after the dissolution of the Soviet Union. If dollars are of no aid, weapons of precision are taken to use, like last time in the furious war of annihilation in Afghanistan.

The struggle with Iraq that is topical at this very moment, does not bring anything fresh to the development, and is merely a new chapter in a serial story. The other world's reaction is most interesting - and at the same time, most shocking. Even the doves of various countries do not speak about the insanity of the whole arrangement; they do not ask, why precisely Iraq. They do not say without mincing words that the globe is full of dictatorships of different degrees and various kinds of killing weapons in all countries, and Iraq is no special case. There is a big host of nations with nuclear weapons, and Iraq isn't even part of them. Why the European does not demand weapons inspections to all countries, first of all of course the United States, the only country that threatens with them, and the only one that has used them?

Herd souls join the delusional babbling of the United States, and think knit-browed how to disarm Iraq without direct war. Why exactly Iraq? What is the specific fault in Saddam? The United States spread so fantastic stories of the cruelties of his government, that even a little child should understand them as awkward propaganda. Of course he is a dictator, a "tyrant" - dictatorship has been that continent's model of governing for thousands of years. He oppresses Kurds, and so do Turkey and Iran; it is the peculiar fate of the Kurds. Iraq and Iran? They have waged border wars, and they are waged in every corner of earth in turns. And Kuwait - everyone who glances at a map can see that that current garbage state of corrupted half-American oil tycoons is out of all the most natural coastal province for Iraq.

Oil has nothing to do with the brawl in Iraq, either. Iraq has sold and will sell oil exactly like (unfortunately) all other oil producers of the world.

An explanation - the sole one - for the special status of Iraq is that a people and a proud ruler, who is bold enough to openly oppose the United States, dwell there. But how even old European countries take part in the choir of the US of A - instead of admiringly rooting for Iraq and Saddam? Even in Finland, that has only recently experienced the Winter War, Lipponen and Halonen come as a good second in fawning the attacking superpower just after the miserable Blair of Great Britain! The world isn't repulsive, it is even more repulsive. No other Olof Palme has appeared in the world politics, who attempted to introduce moral to the relations between nations in a respectable manner. Well, it was actually desperate.

It is said that history repeats itself. The cases of the small-scale world conqueror Adolf Hitler and this George Bush are oddly similar. It was Hitler who was popping Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland's corridor into his mouth, and other nations kept only nodding for a long time. Like Timo Helle has noted, the analogy goes even further: both Nazis and now Americans have created an altogether alike overman myth. At least there's the distinction that Germans did have some proof for their conception.

When the German panzer divisions at last charged against the cavalry squadrons of Poland,

Western powers woke up and declared a war of discipline. Germany was caught between fronts, and was eventually put to its knees.

One would wish for the comparison to continue on the same course. The only pleasing solution would be that European and Asian countries would cut all their diplomatic-, trading- and cultural relationships to the United States, and left it boiling in its own mess beyond the ocean. When oil imports would be left on the shoulders of Venezuela, the crusher of the Kyoto protocol, destroyer of the atmosphere, the arch enemy of mankind and the creation, the crater of market economy belching fire and lava, could perhaps cool down a bit.

Elonkehä 26.2.2003

## Chapter VII - The Prerequisites Of Life

*Translated 14.9.2006*

### *The Sum Of Life*

I named predators and the largest species of their respective genres as the most prospering of vertebrates in the contemporary Finland. The group of losers is thicker. Among mammals, the cross is drawn on the mink and garden dormouse, they share the fate of the peregrine. The arctic fox, western polecat and flying squirrel have dwindled greatly. I have not had subjective touch to many mammals; it is peculiar how few mammals an ornithologist encounters on his path. And even then when he meets them, it is indirectly via his birds: mice, voles and wood lemmings dead in the nests of their owls, bones and tails of weasels, squirrels, rabbits and muskrats in the nests and feeding rocks of goshawks, eagles and white-tailed eagles.

Even the flying squirrel became familiar through birdhouses. 40 years ago it happened, as I was opening actually a couple of starling houses, that instead of a tight, firm and stern-faced starling mother, the astounded staring of a cuddly, silky and silvergray creatures' big eyes greeted me there. A long time ago had flying squirrels vanished from my life. At that time these home glades were sumptuous aspen-, common alder- and walnut groves, which I counted to have 800 bird couples per square km<sup>2</sup>, five species of woodpeckers among them. Now some spruce scourers linger on in them, and bird density is barely 200 couples.

I had a polecat as domestic animal long ago in Kuhmoinen, the time when the children were little, and a large bunch of coneys dwelled in the stables in the horse's company. A polecat arrived to the yard in winter, dug a passage to the stables and began to tax the rabbit young with a good pace. I snared it with a trap, and carried it five kilometers away on my way to the village. After a couple of mornings, its phosphorous eyes were glowing in dark under the haybarn like before.

I can name a long list of current losers in the world of birds, and they do not share common intrinsic characteristics like the victors do; they are spread out to many families. There's the lesser white-fronted goose, black guillemot, lesser black-backed gull, ringed plover, dunlin,

cuckoo and nightjar, many woodpeckers and most of all, a great host of sparrows. The capercaillie is the stark exception to the rule of families' largest success, and the black grouse can also be included. My own home villages on the shores of Vanajanselkä are an extreme example of the plummeting of the black grouse population. Years long past black grouses crashed to flight at every cape, and a constant courtship murmured on the springly ices. Now only one last, shared, mohican has sounded in a region of three villages for three springs. Then, the last spring was for the first time (assumably after thousands of years) completely silent until the end of February, the ending of the mating season, when an unexpected wandering cock appeared to the void.

A list and classification of endangered ones has been made of the most steeply regressed species, and it is a wonderful thing that they are attempted to take care of with palpable conservation campaigns. Still, it feels as if in mappings of primeval forests, for example, a disproportionate emphasis is given to a few of the most endangered of species, uncommon and rarities; not the whole plethora of animal species. It is certainly obvious, one of the foundational principles of environmentalism, that the extinction of a whole species is the most overbearing of losses. It is irreversible, the worst blow that could befall the biosphere. Though, the question is almost never about that in our fauna, as there are no kinds of ocean isles or isolated mountains in our nature, where the whole world population of an animal species would be limited to a small area. The prevalence of nearly all of our mammals and birds reaches across borders.

Eljas Pohtila of The Department of Forest Research has presented interesting aspects of the problematics of extinction. He thinks our white-backed woodpeckers are the corner patriot's ostensible problem, because the animal has strong populations in Estonia and Russia. Surely he swings his ax to stone as he overstates that our white-backed woodpecker population can fade away, because it is a scarce and untypical population experiment, pushed to the edges of its distribution area. Any animal at all can be quickly driven into extinction by following this tenet: always a newer and newer zone turns into the border of prevalence.

But there is something worthwhile in Pohtila's ponderings. First of all, it is clear that the Saimaa seal is more important than the white-backed woodpecker in regards to biodiversity. And second of all, that the most significant of richnesses is after all the quantity of animals, the sum of life. It is exceedingly fundamental whether there are seven or five million couples of chaffinches living, bustling and rejoicing in our woods. And it is exactly that, as well, what nature is about.

I have the impression that the populations of our most numerous little birds have even sharply diminished in the long run, during the last decades. From the very recent years, I am aware of no more than two significantly abundant birds whose numbers have firmly increased: the greenfinch and blue tit. Even those species that had a grand triumph thirty and forty years ago, have either halted like the scarlet rosefinch and dunnoek, or even steeply reverted back and returned to their starting positions, like the lapwing and black-headed gull.

The course-counting routes of birds have been designed to represent the region's terrain in the correct proportion as an unbiased, unselective survey. When I last used the year 1976's June's mornings to calculations in Kuhmoinen and several villages of inner Ostrobothnia under the command of Olli Järvinen, the lines for the most part traversed through desolate nurseries and

woods of poles and shreds, in which only the monotonous triplet of willow warblers, redwings and tree pipits was registered. I recall as a very strong impression, how every now and then the edge of an old forest was visible straight ahead on the compass line, even far away - and likewise, from there to afar the pealing choral of chaffinches and song thrushes. Then, as one dived into the woods, also robins, siskins, goldcrests, tits, pied flycatchers, chiffchaffs and wood warblers were met in multiple numbers compared to the openings, counted by heads and the ear; in the order of each bird's sound volume. Already by then I noted that simply by reasoning; on the basis of the change in habitat, an immense decline in numbers could be estimated in the avifauna. Of course, with the reservation that the capacity of overwintering areas is not being a bottleneck here.

The thoughts Eljas Pohtila inspired of extinction are worth contemplating on even longer. In the end, extinction has a definite substance: it means the disappearing of a species from earth to the last individual. Nevertheless, we have a habit of understanding, experiencing and grieving partial extinctions according to state borders. Also Finnish bird men have been heavily shocked by the extinction of middle spotted woodpecker in Sweden, and fight unrelentingly - to the vexation and amazement of Pohtola - for the Finnish white-backed woodpecker. And it is infallibly certain that if the white-backed woodpecker, or some other animal, vanishes from an equal-sized region in Russia, the loss does not appear as major to us, because it is lost from only a small part of the Russian country.

This is not as silly as it seems. That is, we are quite bound to states in our conservation work; international cooperative campaigns do not reach even nearly the same effect as national ones do. It is wholly inescapable that the list of endangered species and red books are assembled for each country, whether its acreage is tiny or large.

But when nature and the animal kingdom is eliminated and diminishes, it projects as evermore frequent total disappearances in small areas, such as provinces, counties or villages. These are soul-stirring matters, and they are even more disturbing and dramatic, getting the correct emphasis, if also then extinction is being thought and discussed about. For example, the white-backed woodpecker has gone to extinction in the whole western part of Finland. It is the most living and bitter reality for me that on the "home area" of perhaps a thousand hectares at the northern cape of Vanajanselkä, which I have been following like my own pockets since 1948, 20 bird species have become extinct and only two new ones have come in their place.

I was a while ago browsing my bird observation book from 1949, when I was tossing about as a full-time bird man here in the sphere of home villages, as soon as school ended. At that time I did not yet make daily notes, but surveys of five-day or weekly periods. In Midsummer's statement I laconically read of the yellow wagtail: "mothers commonly have nestlings"; and of the northern wheatear: "seems to be extraordinarily rife everywhere at the village". Certainly, single observations, nests and broods are mentioned in addition. Now there hasn't been a feather left of either species in this region for years.

As I eye my banding lists from the year 1953, I notice to have marked 210 out of the 263 starling fledglings in this village - regardless of that the age-old village blacksmith Sandsten would not let me, under any conditions, to search through an especially plentiful birdhouse society on a



yard with my hammer. Furthermore, dozens of starling broods grew in holes in common alders and aspens, unreachable. I have rated the current starling population accurately: it has been four or five nests for many years. The ratio of decline, the coefficient is about 20:1.

I have made the observation that as ornithologists generally show changes in the avifauna, of starlings or others, they use much more cautious ratios. The map of Atlas-counting, in which only utter loss is visible, has likely been a major factor of psychological distraction. If a hundred couples of northern wheatears have been discovered from a 10 x 10 km square, and there is one sure nest in the next counting, the map will get the same recording. The herring gull would receive the same circle for every year since 1950 in the box of Vanajanselkä, even though the population has risen from 3 to 165 couples according to exact counting of nests.

In fact, it is the exact countings that point astounding coefficients with many other birds, as well - if there are countings. When I state that the lapwing population grew over five times larger, and then plunged back to a fifth, from the 1950s to the middle of the 1960s in Tavastia - and assumably elsewhere in Southern Finland -, this is merely an estimation, even though I myself believe in it on the basis of touch. But when I tell that wrynecks dwindled to less than a fifth from the 1960s to the 1980s, it is founded on the exact data, carefully maintained constant, of my 668 annually surveyed little birdhouses.

It is usually a matter of dozens or hundreds of individuals with large animals and predators, the victorious species of our fauna. There are many naturally affluent bird species in losers, and their elimination is a matter of thousands, even millions, of individuals. If we were successful in bringing back the tree covering to our sapling plains; the mixed forest, groves and woods of blocky trees to fields of a single species of tree; trenches, weeds, berms, small cattles, meadows and fields to cultivated openings; and even closing off all unnecessary parallel roads and too large courtyards and parking lots; then we would regain a gigantic amount of animal life, as well. This is not utopia at least when small regions are concerned. Every landlord, even with the smallest of house- or villa lots, can take part in the task of returning nature.

1993

*Translated 19.9.2006*

## ***The Eleventh Hour Of For The Finnish Society's Full Reversal***

The Finnish society's list of priorities and direction demands a steep change: an about-turn. The society's development of the last decades has been utterly miserable and negative. The only true and sensible goal for a society, the good life of its citizens, has been buried under such false gods as economical growth, efficiency and competition. A societal atmosphere has been created that is more restless, fearful and spiteful than ever. First and foremost, the Finn's faith in future has shaken more seriously than ever before in the known history.

The only meters of the satisfaction, happiness and future faith of the citizen, and the society on

overall, are:

- the amount of suicides,
- the need for psychiatric services and medicine,
- the need for drugs and alcohol,
- the permanence of unions between genders, or the number of tormenting conditions after divorce,
- the degree of firmness and warmth between gender relations,
- the degree of harmony and respect between citizens, and
- the quality of the environment.

With the current objectives of the society and the leadership of our present decision makers we have drifted, and will drift into ever greater disaster in all these terms. There are no other indicators. A full reversal means that the decision makers, leaders of the country, begin working without residue only to advance these factors of well-being. Entirely new pathways must be sought.

We demand an about-face, in which demands for performance, rationalization, automatization and renovations are rooted off the society. Most important of all, competition, which is never anything else but immoral and condemnable subduing of others, must be disposed of in all areas of life. Even the thought of vying between nations or economical coalitions must be extinguished. No country is an enemy to Finland that must be triumphed over. For every country their own products are as vital, and Finnish products must not reign over them. The word "kilpailu" [competition] must be eliminated from the Finnish language.

Man, and specifically the northern kind, is first of all an active creature, for which pleasant toil is the prerequisite for life. Unemployment is so severe an affliction, that its magnitude is impossible to be overestimated. According to mood surveys, the Finn holds the secured future of his workplace or trade incomparably more prominent than high material standard of living.

We demand that the destruction of human work is stopped; the replacement of it with machines in the case of physical work, and with computers in regards to mental work. We demand that toiling is largely returned from the machine to man.

The welfare of human existence must be focused on everywhere. Instead of efficiency, workplaces should strive towards that employees have a pleasant and restful feeling in their second home, and that only a moderate amount of absolutely necessary wares and services are produced outside from the enterprise.

The core of a viable and enduring society is always agriculture, including secondary sources of livelihoods: garden cultivation, gathering economy, fishing and hunting. Collapse is the destiny of the kind of society, where in regards to the majority of populace the connection to the basic foundations of life has been severed; leaf green, soil, the production of earth and water.

Professions of providing nutrition are not trades among others. Agriculture is not merely a livelihood among other livelihoods. These trades are the prerequisite of all optional crafts, and thus above them. A nation is as its farming, as long as the human species lives on the globe.

For agriculture we demand that its position as the country's primary source of livelihood is clearly recognized, and that it is reinforced with all the society's reserves. In addition to good production conditions, we ask that the number of farming people, the spine of a society, be quickly increased. A very noticeable part of the unused workforce reserve of the half a million unemployed people - or a corresponding number of people - has to be stationed to farming, both as independent farmers and workers for farms.

All deserted farms, their whole acreage of fields and building base must be taken into use. The significant increasing of farming population also requires slight land reforming, in the manner of settling migrants. Leased fields must be restored as farms of their own as soon as possible.

Agriculture's natural development of profitability must guarantee that an ever smaller area of cultivation is enough for a decent living. The field acreage of a lucrative family farm (in crop production in Southern Finland; in animal husbandry in Central Finland) was around ten hectares in the 1950s. Nowadays it could be five hectares; three or two in the future. We mean the typical production of grain, milk and meat, on which most farms are always built on. The area-need of the special crops of scarcely used agricultural products is generally lower, but the amount of these farms will always be minor.

The profitability of small farms is achieved with the pricing of agricultural products: food. Heightened extra for area is paid in the surpassing phase.

It will be immediately yielded from the current mindless and unjust practice, where a beginner of the farming trade, unlike all other profession groups, is forced to pay grand sums of his workplace that offers only a homely level of income. The change in generation must be wholly redeemed from inheritance- and legacy taxes. Siblings are not paid their shares in such cases, where schooling to a trade that will secure a living has been paid for them from the farm's funds.

The profitability of enlarged and vigorous agriculture implies the returning of the price of food to a sensible level. The contemporary clearance sale of sustenance will remain a brief error in the pages of history.

The profit of a farming household must come as the cost of agricultural products. The subsidy system; recycling the farmer's earnings through tax reserves, is given up with excluding the profit balancing of the smallest farms.

The remarkable growth in nutrition costs means a comparable deduction in entertainment budget in consumer economy. Boastful consumption decreases in the whole society - the use of money lessens in agriculture, as well. These values exchange into sturdy, vital and brisk neighborly cooperation and socialization, in both villages and suburbs.

A strong, dominating agriculture brings forth full self-sufficiency in nourishment by its arrival. Self-sufficiency will hardly be transcended in the present climate, because harvests decline as we come closer to natural tillage, which is imperative for environmental reasons. Also the people's nutrition need grows as industrial energy is being replaced with the muscle energy of man. If we

conclude at restoring the working horse stock, a significant acreage of fields is bounded to produce this domestic energy.

Beginning with the present situation, securing the businesses of the few most hard-working farmers and large estates isn't interesting; they will survive anyway. The protection of small, and particularly the smallest, family farms is essential.

Exactly likewise a bank, office and industrial company must guarantee a living for also the slow and unskilled employees, it is focal that a minimum livelihood is secured for also the slow and slacking master and mistress of a small estate or cottage farm. Half of every population are always people more inefficient and less handy than on average. Society's functions must always be constructed according to the weakest citizen.

In a global survey, shortage of crops, food, the hunger is knocking on our door very soon: we all are familiar with these statistics. It has to be kept in mind that even now the conditions of agriculture are worse in a major part of Earth (for example, the whole continent of Africa) than they are in Finland. On a global scale, Southern Finland is excellent area for cultivating crops, Central- and to an extent, Northern Finland as well, are outstanding for animal husbandry.

Also this global point of view is strongly for the Finnish society to concentrate on agriculture. Products of forest economy (paper!) are not necessary at all, food is.

The present climate prediction promises diminishing of the world's granaries by drought, wind erosion and the rising of the sea level. On the contrary, increased harvest is expected for Finland. Even after the concept of overproduction has ceased, the possible surplus of nutrition will be very wanted on the global market in the future.

It follows from these grave facts of the world's nutrition balance that EU must adapt to the Finnish agriculture, and not the opposite way. EU's current policies of societal- as well as agricultural politics are on a badly retarded level. If there will be no adjusting to the facts, the fatally harmful directives have to be systematically left disobeyed or in the worst case, it must be detached from the society.

In Mustiala 30/3 1996

*Translated 28.9.2006*

## ***Can We Survive? - A Certain Model Of Controlled Future***

Mankind, the human species, seems to have reached its end. We are in the midst of ecocatastrophes, in the eye of the storm. No natural scientist or serious futurologist likely has promised more than 30-100 years of remaining time. A case of their own are the ordered researchers hired by the fanatical business world, who cry their screams as a small minority of world science. The human language does bend into as insane claims as possible: it is easy to say that the sun rises from the west and sets to the east.

There are plenty of severe warnings. When individual biologists, population scientists, philosophers or thinkers get their own bloody warnings into the public, when a hundred Nobel-awarded scientists compose a declaration, which deems that economical growth must be immediately halted.

In the process of reality, the most wretched vein is of course the extinction wave of organisms, which has been running on massively for decades, and is continuously gaining speed.

It can be said that doomsday omens are old news already. At this century they are completely different from older predictions, which were based on intuition or revelation. The modern prognoses are founded on scientific facts, observation data, calculations, figures. They aren't older news than a full or a half century.

The actual point is that mankind or a nation (I mean the Finnish one now) does not react to this information in any way, or at all. In media, news of the end of the world are drowned in the incomprehensible opulence of news material. Even though news concerning the gradual dousing of life are really the only significant news, the only ones under which all other human aspirations are subject to, they never reach the largest headlines.

The greatest of titles and the most enormous of space is reserved for unbelievably indifferent rubbish: Diana, Clinton, Sundqvist, Vennamo and so on. And foremost of all, the decision maker in politics and business life talks and acts as if there was no threat to life. As a man aware of the conditions of life observes the undertakings of the minister, president or general manager, he doesn't know if a flabby loony or an altogether ignorant brat was a more fitting comparison. Everyone can test the ordinary citizen by asking the question: how do you take into account the endangering of life in your everyday life? A bewildered stuttering is the answer. All the elements of a collective suicide are perceptible in the society.

Menacing, or already occurring ecocatastrophes at ground, water and air are multiple, and besides, they cross and amplify each other. I'll take only one among the many as an example: the climate change, which we perceive with our own eyes to proceed faster than any predictions do.

In short, what follows the warming up of climate is the submerging of wide, fertile coastal plains under the sea level, and most importantly the destruction of the world's most essential crop cultivation areas by drought. Then again, in the North - like in Finland - harvests seem to grow, although the lack of direct sunlight may compensate for the rise in temperature. But the massive increase in rainfall prevents harvest both by machines and handwork. According to another scenario, the Gulf stream will change its course, and Finland along with its neighboring regions shall change into tundra. There are no other scenarios.

We know that the governments' ostensible awakening to the reality of climate change has produced spectacles like the conferences of Rio and Kyoto. Against their buffoonery, business making and cynical swindling there are the calculations of climate researchers and ecologists, which say that to actually stop the climate change would require reducing emissions to ten per cent of what they are now. Also other stopping programs of various ecocatastrophes arrive to the

same 10 per cent class; the curtailing of overall consumption should naturally be more than 90 per cent in industrial countries.

All these programs, figures and percents are retouched in the way, that they do not require the most essential: stopping the extinctions of organisms and the human species drawing back from their domineering position. So that the avalanche of extinctions would halt, in other words; the remaining organisms would return to the so called natural frequency of extinctions, which is about one thousandth of the current one - or somewhere around, I don't recall the exact numbers - , undoubtedly also the numbers of mankind should be cut down to around ten percent, without delay.

I shall hold on to that reduced program that aims only towards the preserving of mankind and their few companion species, when I am drafting some directions, quick sketches of those changes in society that the stopping of the climate change would really demand.

It is possible that even this objective would require lightening the intolerable population burden - although not down to a tenth, but somewhere around two billions. That figure is the world's population at the time a bit over half a century ago, when the grand natural systems of the world moved, began to shock and collapse. A hypothesis of some value can be proposed: that the globe could handle a population load of almost the same size, obviously with the material consumption of the time.

Nevertheless, I shall reduce furthermore in this presentation: I want to begin with a reckless attempt where the existing population burden is sustained and diminishing is striven towards only through the method of controlling birthrate. This policy is deeply humane - and because of that, likely too soft. In any case, a full reversal from the stray paths of the Western culture to the guidance of reason is demanded.

I will proceed in the order that I'll first give some practical solutions and only in the end will I express philosophical and psychological outlooks.

### **The population program**

The cornerstone of a minimal population platform is the dismantling the freedom of birthing, the most senseless form of individual freedom. Puzzlingly, it has been realized so far only in the oldest cultured country, China.

Birth-giving is based on licence, and the amount of births per woman is one on average for so many generations that we have reached a sustainable population load. The quality of the population must be taken care of in all circumstances, however. So, the birth-giving licence is not granted for genetically or growth environment-wise worthless homes, while families that are first-rate in regards to their incentives, are permitted several licences.

Contraceptive means and different methods and abortion are free, available anywhere.

The truly wretched welfare extra that is now prevalent, is deducted from the people's body size by regulating, controlling and norming the nutrition and vitamin- and hormonal levels of adolescents. A realistic, easily reachable drop in the average height may be twenty centimeters and the drop in mean weight twenty kilos, respectively. This is a very important and remarkable - and the most humane of all possible ones at the same time - thinning action of the population load and consumption burden.

## **Energy economy**

Fossil fuels, including peat, are completely removed beginning with the very first day of the policy becoming valid. Even the production and distribution of electricity - harnessing of which can probably be seen as the truly great misfortune of mankind - is mostly ceased. It can likely be preserved as an energy source for the media and for illuminating rooms, strictly allocated into quotas per person and room; outside lighting will end. Manual methods are being moved over to in households, as well as in other lines of activities.

Firewood is the warming energy, tightly regulated. The efficiency of fireplaces is developed to the extreme. Inside, firstly the body is warmed with clothing instead of warming cubes of air.

The necessary electricity is produced by wind power - while keeping in mind that a wind power plant, especially at its construction phase with its transportations and materials, but also at the utilization stage with its acreage losses and transfer lines, is a considerable environmental disadvantage.

Other power plants will be demolished. The structures of the worst kind of electricity production, water power, are the first to go. Indeed, water power has caused the third great ecocatastrophe alongside the clearing of fields and forest economy: the faltering of our whole water economy. In other words, the natural state of waters is returned.

## **Collection of carbon dioxide**

The only large-scale method of removing the colossal surplus carbon burden, which has already been released to the atmosphere, is absorbing it to vegetation, firstly into trees and bushes. In Finland the mean cubic volume of living trees on growing forest land is now 70 solid cubes per hectare, and it will be raised to about 400 cubes per hectare that is the default in the natural state. Additionally, a significant amount of carbon is included in fallen trees, the more the norther the woodland is, and the slower the decomposing is. Fallen wood transfers a part of the carbon into peat, as well, if the tree is left alone.

That figure will probably be reached in a hundred years. For that while, the forest industry will mostly close down. Still, delivering the authorities' orders and announcements to the populace,

news media and literal culture, which must be held on to sustain the society's wholeness, demand production of paper, even though it is the most strictly regulated commodity; perhaps two per cent of the nowadays' level.

A remarkable deficit to trees' absorption of carbon, and correspondingly carbon emissions into the atmosphere, is born with the use of firewood, even when spared and controlled as described. Firewood is grown from quickly growing deciduous trees on small, carefully outlined areas. It will be survived very far by burning the waste wood of the suicidal society.

There's no room for forest fires when binding carbon. Fire-fighting troops are trained to efficient action on terrain without a network of forest roads.

Also the increasing of woodland acreage is necessary. All wastelands, banks and fields that absorb carbon a little or not at all, are afforested. In the different passages of this program, little increments are gotten to the forest acreage in a multitude of ways.

Reforestation a significant part of field acreage is the most notable of turns, which will be made possible by replacing grain with mostly animal protein in nutrition. Taking the production of inland- and coastal waters into use, that is wholly unutilized in the suicidal society. Annual profit, or interest, is reaped from the whole fauna of fish, and also from the fish species that have been titled as junk fish by the whims of fashion and prejudice, which are just as excellent food. Fish catch can be sustainably multiplied a hundred times, and perhaps a third or a half of the nutritional content of grain and other vegetables can be substituted with first-class animal protein. A corresponding share of the field area is afforested as a truly significant carbon binder.

Also hunting is made more effective, although its maximal profitability is rather small when compared with fishing. Small mammals, and also periodically producing rodent populations - perhaps also invertebrate animals - are added to game species. It is taken care with detailed researches both in hunting and fishing, that food chains remain whole and functional. Only the interest affordable to man, although plentiful, is used from them.

## **Agriculture**

Farming is moved to small units, when machines are abolished and a major part of the population moves to practise agriculture with light, work-focused methods. Already the limiting of transportations requires that the populace scatters beside sources of sustenance and raw material: close to farming, fishing and gathering. Most of the other people have at least a parcel of vegetables; also a garden of fruits and berries in the south. A comprehensive network of advisors operates to guarantee harvest.

The hall spaces released from machines and the inner road network of farms are added to cultivated area or afforested. It will be considered to return half a million horses for the heavy duties of farms as fast as the production of foals gives in - even if it would mean as many hectares of field to produce fodder.



Full collection, transport and use of human and animal manure is organized in the agriculture.

Greenhouses function, if at all, only by solar energy during the warm season. Fresh vegetables, fruits and berries are available only on their natural riping seasons. Preserving - drying, souring, salting - is a part of every household. Forest berries and mushrooms have great importance both in nutrition and satisfying the need for vitamins and minerals. Lingonberry is the most preferred, because it will keep up as purée in its own juices for years. On good berry years hundreds of millions of kilos of it will be gathered to safe storage for many years to come. The same applies to mushroom harvest on good years.

The country is over self-sufficient in food production: there are also batches reserved for export. It will be allocated to the research of plant cultivation - as well as fish- and game economy -; especially subspecies that withstand moisture are developed.

## **Traffic**

Traffic conditions will sharply change. The main rule is that the population lives on their native area, the home district. Services are scattered to be reached by foot, skiing, cycling, rowing and paddling. There is functional public traffic on roads and waters for long trips. The guesthouse institution will be restored according to the olden model.

Private car- and motorboat traffic will cease. Only vehicles of public transport, and a small share of goods cars, will remain in road traffic. The majority of heavy goods traffic will be directed to go via railroads and by waters, and moreover as short distributing transports.

As metal-, plastic- and rubber junk will be in little need in the future as well, the most of car base, household machinery and other metal- and plastic waste will be moved off as pressed blocks and focused container transfers to the unproductive rocky grounds of junkyards; firstly all mine shafts are filled. Most of the road network is cleared and reforested, the grid of forest roads and the whole of vacation housing's roads, among others.

## **Foreign relations**

After all international trade agreements have been revoked and all trade coalitions detached from, foreign trade will drop to the minimum. Mostly metals amiss from the country and salt carriages are needed, because the use of salt will increase abruptly because of preservation. After decades, when railroad- and bus equipment will probably ruin in the end, despite the developed repair techniques, we may need equipment and parts that cannot be manufactured in the homeland.

Products of handicraft and woodworking and foodstuff, for example fish and berries, are used as

exchange currency.

Mass traveling will end and be replaced with hiking at the home area. Only professional correspondents, negotiating officials, and persons and delegations that practice cultural exchange, will travel abroad. Ship traffic will operate on sparse intervals for them and mail. Most of the trips and transports will occur on open waters. Ships will not travel on stiff wind.

Foreign visas can be granted to hikers moving by foot and bicycle, who can be assumed to survive with bag lunch and by working in the countries in question. The customs is able to check the backpacks and bags of these people without any hassle.

Air traffic will cease. The equipment will be scrapped, airfields and terminal grounds reforested. The main part of the ship base, icebreakers and structures of most coastal harbors are demolished excluding what is left for inland traffic. It can be considered to maintain minimal ice-breaking equipment, and the upkeep of the only winter harbor in Hanko, for emergencies.

## **Industry and wares**

Industrial manufacturing will turn licenced in respect to considered necessity. No product will get a manufacturing permit, unless it has an orderer who presents an acceptable need for its use. Like at other times, the ecological balance of the undertaking is a central basis of evaluation.

Most enterprises end. There are only a handful of large corporations: for example those making public transportation equipment, bicycles and paper products. They are state property. Avoiding long haulings is favorable for small units, little firms. Many persons work in decentralized handcrafting trades.

It is moved to sturdy equipment that will last from one generation to another. Mending and maintaining of objects is one of the focal areas of society. Willfully abandoning an usable thing will be punished for.

## **Constructing**

New building will stop. As the looseness of living lessens by the passing of households' machinery and equipment, there is a manifold base of houses usable in the country when contrasted with need. The existing deserted houses on rural areas are enough for the spreading population, sometimes with small repairs. Most of the building base will be taken apart in suburbs, and building grounds and areas of yards and streets will be afforested.

A minimal amount of public buildings will be deliberately left intact, which will be used as schools, conference rooms and in cultural happenings at various times of day. The smallest of gatherings will occur in private households. Sports will be outside in the rhythm of the seasons.

The vacation building base will be deconstructed as holiday trips move on to terrain and tents. The wooden parts of holiday buildings - like other wooden material to be disassembled - is cautiously stored, protected from damage by moisture and decay, until they are gradually used as firewood, saving living trees.

## **Schooling and teaching**

The schooling system will be cherished as the society's most precious one. In elementary schooling, foreign languages drop off (are transferred into the extended education of the thin staff managing foreign relations), mathematics lessen; the main weight is on all-round education (natural sciences, history, mother tongue), sports, arts and most importantly, on the teaching of civil skills (at which also the adult population is schooled). Throughout the year there are camp schools in the terrain.

Civil skills include teaching about responsibility of one's neighbor, nature and mankind, social skills, behavioral education and also practical abilities. Every citizen is capable of mending, patching, using the most common tools, making a shaft for an axe, filing a saw, gutting a fish, skinning an animal. Handling food is taught painstakingly: everyone can bone a fish so that only the largest glimmering ribs are left; use one's teeth in mincing the food; eat the skin, insides, fats and bone marrow without loss. There will be extremely little biological waste.

The schooling system shall root all competition from the society from the very beginning.

Universities will be maintained up to the upper limits of the economical state's resources. They will focus on the spiritual capital, and buildings and tools will be modest. Basic research has the main emphasis: humanistic and natural sciences, philosophy. Fields of science and research that require the most expensive of equipment are removed. Applying sciences concentrate on the versatile research and adjustment of the saving economy, developing of soft technology, repairing of buildings, production and preservation of foodstuff. Commercial sciences will come to an end as material-based way of living has finished and trading minimized.

Arts and music shall be widely practised and taught, but the heavy and bulky equipment and the special realities for practising arts will be abolished. At the area of literature, the government of education will grant printing permissions only for fictional and non-fictional works of high quality; the category of throwaway reading will vanish. The inherited capital of public and private libraries will be carefully tended for. Afternoon- and other pulp papers will cease. The number of pages in papers will be reduced, when adverts in their current form will be no more, announcements are only text, and the repeating of the same news in the same publishing will be criminalized. The backgrounds of news, happenings and trends will still be thoroughly illuminated.

The schooling system, like the whole of the society, will be extremely prejudiced towards technology. A lesson, that every developmental phase of technology is more destructive than the

previous one, is legacy of the era of the suicidal society. It has also been learned that technology is never a servant, but always the master. It will be held on to solutions tested for decades, preferably centuries. Discoveries unrelated to repairment- or saving technology, innovations, are not allowed.

## **Law and order**

The worst bullies of economical growth and competition, the likes of Ollila, Niemelä, Siljola, Härmälä's, Niinistö, will be transferred to mountains and highlands to contemplate and for retraining. Mostly the properties that have served as tuberculosis sanatoriums, located on pine ridges and a healthy climate, come into the question. Also the buildings in Saariselkä and Levi that are left without use may serve as additional places.

The staff of the supervising body, in which work the tasks and authorities of teacher and police merge, is trained to be aware of objectives and determined to achieve them with effective schooling. There will be enough of supervising staff decentralized in the whole country, both in uniforms and civvies.

It is intrinsic for the interpretation of criminal law that property crimes are harshly punished for. The scale of sentences shall be hardened generally, as well.

The economic society cannot endure drugs and the damage for health and disruption of order it creates. It forbids drugs, including tobacco. Alcohol has been directed to only the largest of festivities by pricing. When the population is permanently in caring control, no home distilling will occur. Borders are closed from smuggling.

## **The surplus economy**

Saving economy will penetrate the whole society. Most commodities are regulated, "on coupons". The coupon portions of foodstuff are closely scaled according to the citizen's age, body size and type of work. Thus even the bulkiest doers of heavy work are guaranteed sufficient nutrition, but then again, obesity does not occur. However, self-sufficient cultivation and gathering products are free of control.

Losses are attempted to be eliminated until the last bits in stages of production, transport, distribution and usage, as well. There will be no crust of bread thrown away in the state.

The hysteria of freshness and hygiene, which has caused fateful squandering and overly dense intervals in carriages, has been utterly extinguished. The population has been trained immune to the most common bacterium strains like salmonella and others since childhood. In other ways, as well, there will be an about-turn in medical science from the path signed by Pasteur to practices fit for the legacy of Darwin.

## **Money**

Rivalry with money, without material counterparts, will come to its end. Stock markets shut down, investing business halts.

The only functions of banks are to store money and small-scale withdrawal- and deposit loaning. Other payment traffic happens everywhere man to man, face to face. Automatic systems will be seen only in museums.

## **Information technology**

When the human life and society return from their most morbid odyssey, from virtual reality to the concrete, material reality, information technology is attempted to be moved into the thrash bin of history for archiving. It is nevertheless feared that the bubble will burst, and nothing will remain at the bottom of the bin.

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Some reader, who has stuck up to the formulae of the modern surrounding absurd world of delusions, may think that what has been presented above is humor, dark humor. The thought is not altogether stupid, because humor grows from anguish, for all we know.

This program truly buds from agony: from agony and the fear of collective death, the dread of extinction. But in this case, it doesn't result in dark humor, but an absolutely serious document without a trace of a smile. In fact, there is hardly any spot (with respective appliances in different societies) in the policy's draft that wouldn't be necessary, if we want the human life to continue on Earth. Figures and proportions are obviously unverified.

A few truisms form the basis of the program. The greatest of all pronounceable insanities is the faith in human. If man knew what was good for him, would the history be chock-full with wretchedness, war, murder, oppression, torment, misery - and would mankind have piloted itself to the brink of total destruction by following millions of false light buoys?

It is a part of the axioms that likewise very few, one of a thousand or hundred thousand, is capable of being a first-class fine mechanic, trapeze artist or pilot, exactly similarly only very few are able to solve the matters of the nation and humankind. Only rare people can perceive the connections between matters in the big picture, and to unravel the key questions: what caused

each fact and what will it lead to.

At this phase of history and this part of the globe, we madly hold on to democracy and parliamentarism, although we all are well able to see that they are some of the most irrational and hopeless experiments of mankind. In democracies, countries of the parliamentary system, the world destruction, the sum of ecocatastrophes is incomparably at their most advanced: these things walk hand in hand. The sole glimmer of hope lies in centralized government, in untiring control of citizens.

I shall yet repeat: the course and direction of politics based on indulgence is the foundational, crushing error. The society and form of life are planned according to what a human desires, and not by what is the best for him. These two things are as distanced from each other as east is from west.

I will arrive at an amusing observation in the end. Besides guaranteeing its main goal, the preservation of life, the formulated model of society would provide surprisingly also an incomparably better standard of living. What are those sweet, dear things of the modern world that man would lose? They are: record statistics of suicides, panting competition, unemployment here, job stress there, renovations and insecurity in work life, alienation, desperation, mountains of psychic medicines measured in tons, the decline of body and diseases of the living standard, the unbelievable arrogance of the individual, quarrel, corruption, crime...

What man would be left with: unhurried socialization between people, the endless spectrum of arts and hobbies: singing, music, dancing, paintings, sculptures, books, games, plays, riddles, shows; the whole enormous museum activity, research of history, home area, dialect, family; the millions of biologist's themes, handcrafts, gardens; clear waters, virgin forests, marshland plains and fells; the seasons, trees, flowers, homes, private life - by definition: life.

Why, then, strict centralized government is needed? I already referred to the shameful history of mankind. If the ordinary man, the people, masses, can choose, it will again and again plunge after the shiny ones like a magpie, like a butterfly into the fire. The government of a few wise ones is necessary to guard the people from the people, the man from himself.

## **Power**

The reader may surmise that I will leave open the question that how those few wise ones will get to power, how the program of life's preservation will begin - because I do not know the answer. Will the salvation come at the final moment after large, truly massive catastrophes, are there shards of life anymore left to be saved; or will it happen suddenly, without notice, through some collective whiz, like the utterly unpredictable collapse of socialistic systems? Or perhaps it will not come to pass at all? That is by far the most plausible scenario. In all its horror, the extinction is not special to the biologist in any way, it is an ever-present option.

But: I have wanted to tell how immensely distant the life of the western man, the Finnish man, is

from all reason, how hopelessly deep we have sunk into the swamp. And, I have wanted to present of what manner of things, what kind of options, and on what level all societal discussion must be held on, what kind of questions the politician has to work with in this state of the world. Everything else, everything that surrounds us now is clowning, clowning around with death.

1999

## *Additional Essay Set One*

### *The Time Of Discount*

In August 1962, after the all time greatest mole summer and the subsequent summer festive for owls and hawks, I earned a decent vacation after the hectic bustle of ringing. I biked with my wife first through Skåne and then through Denmark - or not exactly, for the relentless west wind of the North Sea blew from day to day with such a fury that we never got to the destination of our dreams in the beaches of Jylland. Still we adored the grand beech forests - and spent our nights there - and the enormous green fields with cow herds, and lapwing and mew flocks. We ate countless cherries and apples at every fruit counter in which one had to insert as many pennies into the carton as indicated in the sign. We also got to know towns and population centers. I remember from those the armadas of old black bicycles and how the situation of the bicyclist is completely different in traffic than in homeland. And I remember how I once made the error of ordering glasses of non-alcoholic wine and when the bill came we noticed that we had lost half of our trip funds. To this day it's the most expensive food item I have dealt with.

But the greatest source of amazement for us in Denmark were the cities' shop windows which had large placards of discounts of regular food items: "kun 95 öre", "kun 2 kr 95 öre". We thought of this as shocking, appalling, and pitiful: were the Danes (except for the special group of non-alcoholic wine) so poor that they couldn't afford to pay normal prices of bread, butter, and sugar? We had never seen any food items being advertised anywhere in Finland, unless it was an announcement about some new product. A pack of butter, Finnish sausage, a liter of milk, and a kilo of oatmeal cost the same in every shop from Hanko to Utsjoki - of course, as much as the milk and the sausage cost. We were also horrified of the ugliness of the windows, we knew that every decent Finnish shop used the services of a window-dresser who built stylish and artistic display windows.

Yeah, right. Now we know otherwise, Finland followed the lead of countries larger than her, the European civilization that Matti Klinge adored. For a long time nor day nor Moon have shone into the grocery store which windows have been plastered full of senseless price announcements ending in 95 pennies. (Should we still be happy from little: in last summer the prices in Germany ended, not in 95 but 99 pfennigs?)

What is negative and miserable in this? First of all the cityscape turning gross and dilapidated. Beauty is always a central and inalienable value after which values such as economy come light years behind.

The other bitter effect is that the people's thoughts are aggravated, their thinking capacity is being bound to trivial rubbish. Every day they are forced to wade through hundreds or thousands of pieces of price data, and to consider where to get the cheapest tomatoes or pepper mackerel, ten pennies cheaper than the next lowest offer. And where do vanish, once again, the devout speeches of paper and energy savings, when daily changing window banners are glued, a myriad of food price catalogues are shoved into every mail box, and every day *Helsingin Sanomat* is filled with dozens of pages of everyday items and hundreds of thousands of cars are accelerating from one discount house to another around the province after discounts. Oh our land Finland, oh our continent Europe. Oh man, the crown of creation. Now try to love man after all this.

These everpresent giant-lettered sums of money, marks and pennies, truly aren't a small concern, a cause for a causerie writer's merrymaking. They are dire cultural history, the prelude and a part of the extremely material Zeitgeist in which we now live. As long as the human culture has existed, we have complained and disapproved the vein of materialism and tried to get rid of it - for the sake of "higher goals", let us simply say for ideology, philosophy, science, and art. Now we have entered the clearest and most absolute materialism, the dominion of money, that is known by the world.

In my youth even this country had a so called educated class. I got well to know that folk which had completely internalized, as their lives' values, intellectual culture, beauty and style, social responsibility and charity - not the bleak social security of state power but comprehended as personal bestowing. Also consideration and good manners were absolute values, and they had a basic rule that it was never proper to speak about money, even if it had to be moderately controlled in one's own thinking.

As we know, presently the educated class with its values is almost dead, trodden into cracks of the earth. Some old white-haired aunt and uncle still lives in their own minority culture, greets all the flat neighbors, radiates a puzzled smile and friendship to a nation of windbreakers, stops to talk with the janitor.

When was the last time they published poems in newspapers? When did the market news, the account statements of corporations, the orders of factories and workshops broke from *Kauppalehti* and other professional business publications to main news items in *Helsingin Sanomat*, *Kainuun Sanomat*, STT? When did this climax of madness and farce arrive, this Helibor interest? Since when did *Helsingin Sanomat* head their greatest section with flaring honesty: "MONEY"? I probably won't remember very wrong if I say a year ago, five years ago, ten years ago all this was still unknown in this realm.

From what is the Zeitgeist born, what or who creates the values of society? The answer is ramified, one must write books about it, not newspaper columns. To put it shortly, we may reveal one significant perpetrator, mediators of information, journalists - unbelievably irresponsible, vile, and harmful a profession. Both Mauno Koivisto and Paavo Väyrynen tried to snap its power, and they both were even more right than they themselves comprehended. The journalist isn't just a lemming and monkey, running after the latest trends, copying each other as a herd. The journalist also creates fashion, values. The journalist of this era wrenches the raise of Luxemburg's central bank's basic rate of interest by 0,1 percentage units as the day's headline.



The mediator of information pleads for the same matter as the mark and penny numbers in windows and mail boxes I described in the beginning. The journalists have an incomprehensible ability and desire to fill people's consciousness with rubbish, both trivial and false issues. He creates a mighty wall in the front of serious and important questions. He is the most definite guarantee that the questions of life and death, the questions of population explosion, depletion, pollution, extinction remain as the reader of small special publications - as did the financial news before.

In her book *Antiikin nainen* [*Woman of Antiquity*] Päivi Setälä reminds us of Queen Cleopatra's state visit to Rome. Cleopatra had a prestigious escort of experts. Outcomes of the visit were, for example, the calendar reform, renewal of the whole water regulation system, and renewal of the library system of Rome according to the model of Alexandria. For example.

Also president Koivisto makes state visits. Nope, not president Koivisto, but the haberdasher Koivisto. He has an unbelievable collection of scumbags, these mining counsellors, commercial counsellors, trade-attachés, hawkers with him on a "state visit". If he ever did make state visits, he would bring along academics and philosophers, writers, artists, and before all else scientists, historians, linguists, ethnologists, demographers, sociologists, biologists. Some ingenious engineer could pass along, as a warning example.

Even the peddlers may do journeys abroad. Foreign trade has long traditions. The Silk Road of the East, the vikings, etc. But it's so straining on the Earth that it must be forced in other furrows. A common car ferry turn and a good ol' truck with a plywood booth and benches on its bed will be enough for their escort. Both Ehrnrooth and Matomäki will have plenty of space there with their tissues, and colored and colorless coated fine paper rolls, and Vuorilehto with his shoe phones and other trinkets.

As the creators of the casino game, the journalists have as great a burden of sin as the Finnish National Bank has with its finance-political fumbles. The journalists raised the top figures of the casino game as incomparable national heroes. The magazines were flooding with adoring presentations of Pentti Kouri, Jukka Keitele, the Brothers Uoti, and Sam Inkinen. And the people followed, invested, and played with their lousy pennies. In my circle of acquaintances, as with others, the student world thrilled, even in places other than the School of Economics, rushed or tried to rush into the stock exchange or investment companies. Now the double moral flourishes, we are crucifying a few savings-banks' managers who were just as little or as much guilty as half of the nation - and nevertheless less guilty than the provocateurs of the casino game, journalists, themselves.

The casino game has now been denounced, one surely cannot create wealth by moving money around nor create gold by grinding iron or tin. Will the heroes be replaced by better ones? I think they will only get worse. The new national hero is a genuine lout who truly won't make money with money in a company called Masa Yards - even the name is disgusting -, but with concrete goods, furiously pounding steel. But can there be a more worthless, criminal act than to construct vanity for the world's oceans, waste the last of natural resources on luxury cruises in which the most worn-out carcasses of humanity sail around the Caribbean in their whiskey haze?

Even a dumb person sees that this is not written by a civilized man. No educated person would make noise, rail like this. The civilization is truly dead, even in my family.

Civilization is dead, long live the civilization. Where is that national movement, where is Jesus of Nazareth's little brother who drives out the money-changers from the temple? I would instantly enlist as a disciple, and I believe that after it I can trim my writing.

Indeed, has this filth come to stay? Have we really gotten here, is this the condition of man - and the offering for the life of Earth - after all the marvellous inventions and scientific accomplishments, after all the purgatories? Is this, by the words of Fukuyama, the end of history, the end of cultural history? Or is it possible that something decent can still be recovered? The people's sense of style does cut the longest weeds sometimes. At least we got rid of the brutal titty commercials in the newspapers; how long did that suffering last, only half a year? Lord help us a little, and at least take away the Helibor interest from us!

1994

*Translated 7.12.2006*

## ***Vuotos And Suomen Kuvalehti***

It occurred that I read the Vuotos editorial of Suomen Kuvalehti while standing, amidst toiling at a strand in November. I began swaying, I had to seek support from a common alder and then sit down on snow. What is this? Text by the most wretched of Kemijoki Oy's engineers, or only a bad dream?

"*A l l* economical reasons speak for the damming of the basin. (Spacing out was mine.) I do have done my homework, and also read the Government Institute for Economic Research's surveys, which display the Vuotos-project as politico-economically unprofitable.

The writing lowers itself to bring in the employment argument, which is insane, here and always. I'm sure we probably could employ the whole populace of Finland and all the people of the world to dig a hole through the crust of earth to China. The question is never about employment or unemployment, but if the work is nonsensical, in vain or harmful. Unemployment is always preferable to doing damaging labor. And the effects have to be seen to the last of them, over millenniums ahead.

But what arguments are truly weighty in the modern world, the modern Finland - economical? Are Finland, Europe, the industrial world in an economical distress, materially impoverished, lacking food, clothing? "It has to asked where extra energy will be got from." What starting point is this, what is the thought behind it? More energy? More? For what, why?

What scam is this pollution-free hydroelectric power? What is it used for? For brushing teeth, flaring lamps on ever smaller forest roads? For producing material? What goods are we lacking?

Or for operating the world's largest paper machine in Rauma?

Is there a shortage of paper, can we not get writing paper from a bookstore, are newspapers not published? Do people hopelessly wait in line for their colored advert brochure, in vain? Is the unemployed of Savukoski truly in material misery? What about Pakistanis and Ethiopians? For what, why? And until what? Extra energy in the year 2000, 5000, 100000 A.D.?

"Still, one would hope that the government would keep a cool head." Most certainly. Actually Finland, Europe, the world, have only one problem, one emergency, one crisis: the collapse of the environment, nature, natural systems. Erosion, asphaltation, forest loss, reduction of green productive area on earth, staggering of carbon and ozone balance in the air. Is this balance mended by the gigantic construction yard of Vuotos with its hundreds of caterpillars that run with oil? Do human marks on the surface of earth not frighten already, the fatal grasps? One more time: what is that water energy, solar energy, of Vuotos being used for? Even a child knows, if willing to, that the fate of the world is not dependent upon how the energy is being produced, but much it is used. The destruction of life is directly and exactly proportionate to the total gross national product of mankind, and not anything else.

The editorial is jeering: "- - what cry would result from drying up a huge natural lake." It has been attempted to yell about them, smaller and larger. About drying the most fantastic of tiny bird lakes into (fallow) fields, even of the Aral Sea. Right right, madness versus reason. Lakes dry, lands into lakes. Lunatic emotional people frenzy with their dams, powerplants, skyscrapers, motorways, material living standards - because those are large, shocking, dominating. Reasonable people try to ask that do not play with fire, for the play is short, the story brief and without honor.

I cannot help it that I have had a penchant towards Suomen Kuvalehti for decades. Come back Suomen Kuvalehti, come to the side of reason, climb up from the pit.

1995

*Translated 26.10.2006*

## ***What Is The Majority And What Is The Minority?***

Reality, the everyday evidence, material for news, does its best to stomp the caretaker, "life guardian", "ecologist" into the ground with depression. It is heavy to take upon one's shoulders the worry of creation's and mankind's drift into destruction and extinctions. And it is burdensome to kick back; paralysis is constantly threatening.

However, sometimes we receive glimmers of hope. Some small actual enhancement in some area's natural state, a little saving, some decrement of emissions, some changes in the law towards a conserving course, a new area under protection, some Rio conference. We immediately try not to think that annihilation simultaneously rumbles on elsewhere with manifold results. And we attempt to not notice that a part of these "environmental" actions are

masquerade, sanctimony or scam - if we calculate the overall effects and life spans.

But another reason for real consolation is the repeating observation that there aren't so few of us "ecologists". We receive shining ecological perceptions from unexpected directions to see and hear all the time, evermore new unknown names. In the most varied of letters to the editor, columns, gossip, and random encounters with strangers. There is also the prospect in which life is odd and dim, that we "ecologists", nor anyone else, don't know what worldview, what outlook of the society's goals is the majority and what is the minority, after all.

Does the torrent carry the society towards a direction that the majority does not desire at all? In their hearts, how many do want and support such signs as panting competition, efficiency, rationalization, renovation? Attempting for the sake of attempting, running for life, inventing new and abandoning old all the time in the throes of death? Barter for the sake of barter, back and forth the far reaches of the world, chartering to and fro for its own sake? Schooling, courses, adult schooling, re-education; fire on heels all the time?

How many do truly accept that man's thriving, pleasure and happiness flee all the further away upon this path? That this road would be gloomy and dreadful, even if it didn't lead to ecocatastrophes and extinctions at the same time?

I've heard, or myself had, peculiar conversations startlingly often after some municipal council or the like has made a miserable decision. The trustee confesses in a private discussion that he was against the decision, but voted for it, because he knew the position of the majority and didn't wish to shatter the cooperation, mess the flexible flow of things, and stir up unneeded confusion. Then the same thing is brought up with another council member, alone, and the same words are heard. In the end, it may be so that thirty councilors make an unanimous decision that is the exact opposite to the actual standpoint of those thirty.

It is wholly possible that the "opinion of the majority", "the general idea", according to which decisions are made; that the council, parliament, media and editorials follow, is the position of a very small mighty minority. This minority whips the society into rivalry between individuals, enterprises, other societies - to performance, automatization, endeavour, production, consumption, export, import, the stock market, motorways and Pendolino trains. This minority possesses the power and cogency of a shaman, the potency of a fanatic, the mysterious, irrational and persuading strength of an idiot. Perhaps only a few set the pace.

Formally, even Finland is a democracy, and we have a common and equal right to vote; one's word weighs as much as anyone else's in decision-making. And we do see, elections after elections, that the major parties, which are the same thing; the thing of development, progress and money, receive a huge majority of votes - and permission to form the government.

In the end, the first place is taken by the power of habit, which is tremendous - and that strange idea of what is the "general concept" of the society's policy. The Greens' election prosperity is a fitting description about the strength of routine even during the last, final moments: the support is always wider even in gallups in advance to the voting than the final voting itself! People would want to vote for little alternative parties, "but it isn't worth it", "they'll get so few votes anyway

that they can't influence a bit".

Some part of voters is able, even in the last moments, to sway midst the "general opinion" and their own conception, and to vote the dissident of a big party. How close to the Ecologic Party is the one who votes for the Coalition, but Sirpa Pietikäinen?

It is both deeply shocking and profoundly absurd game of thought that basically, in their hearts, a great majority of Finns would like to vote for the Ecologic Party! Is Finnish society a tragic comedy, in which both tragedy and comedy are of grand class?

1996

*Translated 27.10.2006*

## *The Landscapes Of Sääksmäki*

During the autumn it had been discussed about the landscapes of Sääksmäki parish in Valkeakosken Sanomat (Kari Rydman and the editorial). Writings have been repulsive in their hatred towards trees and nature. The only thing in which so-called progress has been positive in Finland on this century has been the change in the beauty concept of cultural scenery. Yet at the beginning of the century, even in enlightened Tavastia, brutish clearing of trees from around buildings prevailed, originating from fear of beasts and the tradition of settling. The time's photographs of bald yards and villages made one shiver in terror. Manses and manors spread the ideal of yard parks already a hundred years ago, and a change has come to pass everywhere during the last decades. Now Finns love trees, bushes, green and lushness. Should we now revert back to the level of wild men even in this respect?

The editorial's choice of words is altogether rabid: clearing of shrubs is being called "cleaning". No bush, tree or plant can surely be messy, unkempt. And living shrubbery is never "thicket"; felled bushes, pruned branches and logging scraps are thickets.

If talking of preening, with reason we can only mean the clearing of man-produced waste and junk and wretched, desolate buildings. In fact, a building stuck into a landscape by man, whether it was a mansion or a cowhouse, a church or a shed, is always a rigid, rectangular, hard and crass block, a flaw in the scenery. Every tree and shrub is delicate, fluffy, round, fringed, inexplicably diverse and multifarious, architecturally always superior to a chunk crunched together by man.

The picture Kari Rydman painted of the church of Sääksmäki as a Maya-temple, which can be reached only with the aid of a machete, was very alluring - I'd say: lovely! No doubt it is reasonable to leave a path to the church's door, but otherwise all buildings should be covered with trees and bushes all the way from walls to window frames. And parks such as Voipaala, where a lonesome grass field screams of emptiness midst sparse trees bare from low, should be filled with a layer of shrubbery. It may be the most important to cherish stumps and stubs felled by storm or old age, beside which splendor of lichen and fungus growth all human endeavours on the field of arts are left in shame.

In regards to flower meadows and leas Kari Rydman is on the right tracks. Certainly small areas must be reserved for them, but in the manner that meadows are assuredly pastures for sheep, horses and bovine; they will in no way keep as leas without annual grazing. And grazing animals bring scenery the liveliness without which an open landscape is abhorrent.

Dry and scantily nutritious fields, even richer than leas in terms of flowers, stay as fields by simple annual cutting (in late August!). We did have splendid flower fields on the steep slopes of Kelhi-Voipaala in Huittula, until they were demolished underneath the asphalt of a bicycle road. They should be renovated, as well.

1997

*Translated 30.10.2006*

## *Life Protection, Utopias And Agriculture*

As the ecologist seeks possibilities of survival, farming always holds the key position, is the focus of conversation. Mikko Hovila's wide survey "Agriculture and the environmental movement" in issue four of *Elonkehä* was a significant speech - important also because it offered an opportunity to straighten out some rather miserable delusions.

I don't know how the dictionary of foreign words defines the word utopia. Anyway, Hovila uses the definition in the meaning of 'a model differing from the dominating one', or elaborated 'a model that differs from the one that happens to prevail exactly at the time of observation'. The concept is fruitless and deceiving as such.

The words utopia, utopistic are sensible when they describe reveries that are day-dreaming, impossible, deceptive, unrealistic or that lead to ruin. For a long time it has been easy to see that of all known systems of society and economy, the one that is being practiced now is the most purely utopian, as it is based on the logical impossibility of continuous economical growth.

When Hovila mentions the model societies of Pentti Linkola and Eero Paloheimo as "dangerous utopias" and "unrealistic" in an article of his partly similar in content 'Utopian politics is dangerous' (in *Helsingin Sanomat*), his line of thought is impossible to comprehend. What could be more "dangerous" in the world than the prevailing consistent, straight downhill into a mass grave, our society of economical growth and technology that destroys life around us every second? Whatever else the programs of Linkola, Paloheimo, or Schumacher, who was likewise mentioned by Hovila, may be, extreme realism, anti-idealism and anti-utopism is their basic attribute. They have been specifically - each in its way - built to surely guarantee the continuity of society, mankind and life, point by point. They are as far away from "dangerousness" as infinity is from zero.

An unbelievable citation can be gathered from Hovila "... the utilization of violent methods is a risk. The recent forcible strikes of extreme animal activists are an example of how 'utopians' may

discuss with dissenters.' (HS) Is this how Hovila proportions animal activists' subtle and considered mini-violence to the massive open violence practised by fur farmers, or the vast, total hidden violence of the growth society?

Hovila writes rather deftly: "These ... models possess a problem typical to all utopias: if they are not fully realized, they won't be realized to any degree. They have been left meaningless without a connection to the present."

It is tragicomic that Hovila's sentences null equally completely also his own recommendations as gradual amendments (in this case, toward a greener direction in farming). Neither have his compromising suggestions been "realized to any degree": total finishing of agriculture and absolute triumph of performance farming prevails in our present market economy reality. Small adjustments toward a softer direction have not been accepted any more than ecological total alternatives, and integrated farming, or IP-cultivation, does not play any part at all.

A focal principal factor is about Hovila's "connection to the present." The most horrid of cardinal errors a societal thinker can fall in is setting the prevailing system as the starting point. Beginning from an empty tablet, plain paper, is an absolute requirement for presenting a societal program. In historical continuum and likewise in the geographical distribution of the same period, mankind offers a profusely varied mosaic of different societal solutions, and the experimentation that coincidentally operates in the spectator's environment at the exact moment of observation, does not give more materials for building a wise model than others do. Even a slight binding to some societal solution paralyzes the whole of thinking - as is shown by the line of conventionalities in Hovila's writing, among others.

As he disapproves of the green movement because of their opposition to farming, Hovila interprets the past years' feelings of many, also mine, when there still was harmony of small family farms' lifestyle agriculture left. But Hovila could have mentioned even in a subordinate clause the disgusting features of the Finnish farmer that predominated even then: the nonsensical admiration of machines and consequent foul overmechanizing, and the brutish relation to forests. These factors truly have the key to the green man's (whether he was from countryside or city) suspicion towards the farmer.

But what is the state of agriculture nowadays? How the farmer has taken to himself being snuffed out? I have myself lived closely in a farming community for the last fifty years and increasingly terrified, observed the farmer's surrender. Not the faintest touch of the land spirit of Alkio, not to mention the spirit of the Cudgel War, but apathetically submissive yielding to what is given from above.

There are the tens of thousands (tens in my own circle of friends) of farmers who, as humbly as slaughter cattle, give their estates and houses, close the business, move on to retirement- or sickness pension even in middle age, to be 40- or 50 year old idlers. That they do this early being scared by prognoses that promise decline of farming and its profit, in a phase where the milk-, meat- and grain salary is still well sufficient, is most saddening in this.

And then there are these tough guys of agriculture, berserks of performance, who invest,

mechanize, widen, buy half of the village's lands without concern for millions of debts and charge to fulfill the wishes of EU with tremendous numbers of cattle, swine or chicken and hundreds of crop hectares. The agribusiness-farming of these walking environmental catastrophes does not deserve the slightest of sympathy.

It will of course be left a permanent fact that our sustenance, our life, will come forever and ever from agriculture. But that force-feeding tastes evermore acrid in our mouths.

1998

*Translated 31.10.2006*

## *Against Highway Crime!*

The papers tell of disruption and sabotage on highway construction sites. The Finnish Road Administration asks help from the Security Police.

It must be noted that building a motorway in the current state of world is clearly criminal activity, classifiable as major crime by its weight. All kinds of action that spur, encourage, increase, ease or quicken traffic are criminal activity. The smothering of every green, productive are under asphalt is a crime in a situation, where the existence of mankind is on the edge, where ecocatastrophes avalanche.

One of the ecocatastrophes is the climate change, which we witness with our own eyes to proceed faster than any prognoses do. In the near decades it will blight a large share of the globe's crop harvest by drought and make northern regions (like Finland) unsuitable for farming, when the fateful increase of rainfall will obstruct harvest both by machines and methods of handwork. (We got foretaste last autumn: if the continuous rains had resumed for 1-2 weeks longer, about nothing would have been harvested from our fields.) The faltering of the atmosphere's gas balance, in which traffic plays a decisive role, is behind the climate change.

A major share of road traffic has nothing to do with the livelihood of man. 90 % of cargo traffic transports unnecessary and harmful material. 90 % of passenger car traffic is either wasteful driving or the kind of traveling that would be easily replaceable with public transportation (50-500 persons per a vehicle unit).

Trillions or quintillions of animal- or plant individuals are wiped out from motorways. The Jutikkala-Kulju segment of Tampere motorway, observing which has abhorred me, has been the example in newspapers. At the most dreadful of places where they simultaneously build intersections to highway 9, the road to Valkeakoski and wherever else, one can see tens of hectares of plantless moon landscape, gravel and quarry, from a single spot. The crossing of Vanajavesi in Konho has swept a mighty bird colony and river scenery into history. Man cannot accomplish a greater and more total deed of villainy on the face of the earth; in no war have wastelands this large been achieved.



The motorway's decision makers, all those responsible on different echelons should be put to the Court of Impeachment. In that context, f.ex. the inviolability of parliament members should be revoked.

For as long as this does not come to pass, responsible young activists deserve all support in their war of delay against the beasts of the motorway.

The role of the Security Police should be evaluated once again. Is it unambiguously protecting criminality, or could it guard life?

1999

*Translated 3.11.2006*

## *The Tragedy Of Kuhmalahti*

Over the course of decades, I have travelled the Kuhmalahti-Kuhmoinen road hundreds of times on trips between my home and summerlands. This autumn I was shocked on that way in a manner I had never before experienced, even though I have seen the majority of this country's grid of roads and cruised in most European countries with my bicycle.

Both roadsides had been deflowered in an unbelievable way through a trek of tens of kilometers at the side of the township of Kuhmalahti, exactly until the border sign of Kuhmoinen. Even earlier the banks had been cleared of trees and bushes, which calm and protect walkers, agonizingly over the breadth of many meters by the Road Administration's decree. Now the trees and shrubberies have been slaughtered from roadsides so widely that the scenery is turning into a desert.

Thousands of white-bodied birches, lovely willows and bird cherries of the banks sprawl on dikes, being snipped as three-meter logs, a league-long opening. Perhaps they are gathered away sometime - and maybe innumerable pyres of branches and treetops are also cleared off with terrifying expenses; then the desolation is ultimate.

It is being spoken about the "spiritual landscape" of man. How can it be travelled on this road hereafter? The hiker and cyclist are in the weakest position: they go slowly, constantly absorbing the sights and impressions of the sides of road. Also shield from wind is a prerequisite for them. My bewilderment peaked when I heard that the outrage had been carried through with EU's grant for Kuhmalahti's people's applied for it, under the title of "cleaning the village road". My first thought was that there are no limits to insanity, and no boundaries for EU's villainy. That moment I noticed that I had thought a word-play: EU indeed has no limits.

But it is the strangest thing that there isn't a trace of obscenities like this in the core countries of EU. It's the opposite: roads are lined by alleys of trees and bushes, which guard the traveller's eyes from even the most depressive of open fields torn to black soil. Or for example the old motorway of Dresden-Berlin, built by Hitler: deciduous trees' boughs brush the bus' sides, the

middle lane grows tall, bushy trees.

When I wandered throughout Kuhmalahti in the 1950s and 1960s, both edges of villages and heartlands (then roadless), I saw Kuhmalahti as the most beautiful and grand out of the about fifteen Tavastian villages that I then knew thoroughly. In comparison with all those villages, its forests were the most magnificent and least felled. Almost untouched old fir woods prevailed; cloud-scraping shield-barked pines and eternal aspens of owls and flying squirrels had remained in every corner of the village.

I gained the most friends and acquaintances exactly in Kuhmalahti; I began to feel as if I had already known almost half of Kuhmalahti's masters, bit older than myself. Eero Penttilä, Lauri Brusila, Martti Sirén, Tuomo Rauhamäki, Esko Nieminen, Tauno Koskinen, Niilo and Leevi Rauhalahti. Immensely strong Leevi helped me to begin climbing a sturdy pine of ospreys along with my rings by pulling a young spruce from earth, and lifting me on its roots for the first five meters until poleboots began to hold on the shield bark...

Antti of Toivola wasn't a farmer, but all the firmer woodsman, and friend and sage on nature in countless conversations. All others also were woodsmen and friends of nature. The saw did then ring in their woods as well, but sparingly, on small areas and cautiously thinning, so that the forest looked like one even after the felling.

It would be impossible and wrong to speak for others; besides, most of these friends of mine are already deceased. But my own imagination isn't enough to picture that they would have accepted the current course of events in Kuhmalahti. Nowadays Kuhmalahti is actually famous for its opposition towards Natura and its brawls against the wise campaigns of environmentalism. Against the kind of environmentalism, on which prosperity - and only that - also the preservation of human life on earth and Finland is dependant.

1999

*Translated 5.11.2006*

## *Northern Winds Blow In Sääksmäki*

November was a bleak month at the Sääksmäki church.

Per the church council's demand the vivid aspen wood by a road leading to Pappila was cut misshapen. The result is miserable; inconceivable at a place like this. Also Pappila's even already sparse park was thinned, and that and a row of large firs that protected Pappila from the north wind were mangled, even to the shock of the vicar's family.

Next, the ruin befell the cemetery by razing a spruce wall that shielded it from northern and northeastern sides. On the top of it all, the job was done as massive machine logging, which represents the most grotesque kind of noise pollution. The cemetery is now fully bare both to the whistle of the adjoining car road and biting north wind. And there's more: the aim is to finally

desecrate grave peace and slay a large group of old trees from the graveyard itself, primeval birches and even sacred rowans. The same people who drive a bellowing tractor on the corridors of the cemetery to carry tiny - easily fitting to a wheelbarrow - loads of chipping to the rubbish heap, are behind this act of sabotage.

It is at cemetery where olden trees are a metaphor for eternity, and they must be let to die a natural death, to collapse down to the ground ill and dried after a time. Like the late ones have fallen underneath their gravestones; not many people who have had a violent death lay there, either. It is then in the power of the relatives to decide if the fallen aged tree is carried elsewhere for burial, or is it let to gather moss and molder midst tombstones. But it isn't a long way from slaying trees of cemeteries to knocking down gravestones. They sprout from the same frenzy of destruction.

We have had priests each more excellent than the other in Sääksmäki. But what curse haunts the secular branches of the church? Even the previous generation receives little respect: the course center is like a fist in the face of Pappilanniemi. It is an architectonic fiasco with its overly large asphalted parking places. The concrete block-terrace that reaches to Vanajanselkä's strand is an unbelievable fright.

We do have other communities than church ones in Sääksmäki. The Sääksmäki-club worships the village's history and gives medals. Is it interested in the present condition of Sääksmäki, or is it not part of their job description?

From midst the annihilation of Sääksmäki I left to a seminar of the bishopric of Strängnäs (November 12-15th), to Vagnhärad and Eskilstuna. I was there to give lectures to Finnish parishes, but first of all to learn myself - earnestness, calm, enlightenment, education. And to see and experience large old trees, everywhere.

There I received a present for the neighboring country: Strängnäs' bishopric's pastoral for churches, "an environmental manifest". I will cite its focal part here. It must be noted that parishes own even more land and forest in Sweden than they do in Finland.

#### *"Our will*

We wish our responsibility over the whole of creation to dictate our actions.

We wish to protect the diversity of species within flora and fauna by careful planning and tender forestry.

We wish to strive to use as little chemical products as possible in both forestry and farming.

We want to reserve especially precious areas for conservation in cooperation with churches. The parishes of our bishopric must loyally bear the expenses that arise from these actions.

We want to give a chance to try out ecological methods of cultivation.

We want that responsibility of environment stemming from conscious creation theology is characteristic to all work at the diocese's mansion, chancellery and around the bishopric, and that it is visible in both words and deeds.

#### *Our proposition*

We wish to issue a request that all church councils:

- check the usage of their premises by considering environmental factors and particularly costs of warming
- inspect their machines and move, if possible, to environmentally economical fuels and equip their vehicles with as efficient catalysators as is feasible
- avoid chemical products
- aim towards using as good purification technology in crematories as possible
- set a team, whose task is to suggest improvements to fields of environmental work. The parish's actions and the usage of their premises must be the locality's paragon in preserving and respecting nature
- seek to join hands with various groups, organizations and authorities in matters regarding responsibility of the environment."

Is the Baltic Sea a border between worlds, between civilization and barbarism?

1999

*Translated 9.11.2006*

## *The Misery Of The Countryside*

Last autumn, after a rainy and miserable summer, I received a letter that contained a description, a light article, a report of farm's work and condition during the past harvest season. The following referral letter was included within the article:

"In Unnaslahti 14.9.98. Hello Pentti! - The summer passed and the autumn arrived. To battle the ill feeling I made a report of the farm's work as if we were living the time ten years ago, when New Finland was alive and breathing. Back then perhaps some Helsinki yuppies read my column 'Agriculture's course'. Now it would be even more needed inside the ring road, namely factual knowledge. But New Finland is dead. I have to settle for smaller circulation, as well. This time it is 6 pieces. Fortune was favorable upon You. - Regards, Seppo."

The author is an intellectual farmer Seppo Unnaslahti, who became quite close during my years in Kuhmoinen. On our first meeting on February 1960, the ten year old Seppo showed his home museum, to which he had already collected hundreds of items. Later he became a so-called influential person all the way up to municipal government, and on provincial level in organizational life (starting with the chairman position of the local department of the Coalition Party's Young). A strongly culture-focused attitude, which already the home museum hobby gave clues toward, has been less common: many history surveys, a historical outlook in festival orations.

Seppo Unnaslahti's gifts in writing have been the most close to me, of which pinnacle was the novel "The day rises, the day falls [Nousee päivä, laskee päivä]" that was published in Kuhmoisten Sanomat as a serial story in the 1970s. (Amusingly, a recently published novel

translation by Nobel-author Singer was named the same.) The novel was in literal terms the level that a few, perhaps only two decades earlier it would have come out as a work characterized as remarkable national literature. But fashion had already changed; countryside literature was left aside in publication politics. And there was no demand for a newspaper column on the subject of countryside when arriving to the 1990s, either, even the most brilliant ones.

The farm of Unnaslahti is not one of the ceased, desolate; it is part of the minority that still struggles as an active farm, by widening and expanding, merging the neighborhood's disappearing properties to it, by renting or buying extra land. The society has, as known, put the farmer to a pinch by benefit- and loan politics and by continually decreasing producer prices: either you stop or expand, increase the turnover, when the price of a product unit drops down.

The development of Seppo Unnaslahti's party, the Coalition, is illustrative. I well remember the time when the Coalition had a firm agricultural wing in the Parliament, may have been even half of the members. In Tavastia that I'm the most familiar with, as well as in Ostrobothnia, farmers along with their families sided with the Coalition Party except for the smallest of cottages. Now only one farmer representative, risen from a spare seat, was just at the end a part of the last Parliament group of the Coalition Party... The Western Finnish farmer is indeed for the most part in the Coalition; transfer to the Center Party is only partial, but the number of voters is no more even nearly enough for getting a candidate from countryside through.

The determinate "closing down" of agriculture and countryside in political decision making is mostly familiar. I am also aware that Kalevi Hemilä continues as an Minister of Agriculture in the new government as well, whose main task is decimating the farming folk, removing agriculture from the traditional farmer into the clutches of a few thousand, or perhaps only hundred, gigantic agri-business corporations. It has been written about these matters once in a while in *Elonkehä*, as well. Mikko Hovila, for example, has analyzed the multiple fateful effects of the growth of a farm unit.

The snuffing of countryside appears at its most enormous in a recent governmental decision - even though this side has not been stressed at all in endless speculations, as is typical. That the Central Party, winner of elections and the second largest of the great parties, was pushed aside contradictory to all former rules, as if it was self-explanatory, has truly been noted to the point of boredom. But the issue has been examined as arm wrestling between parties, or in the worst neo-moronic manner of media, as a personal battle between party leaders.

The actual reason has been underlined a lot less: the Central Party was pushed aside because it is namely the countryside's party. This depressive outlining becomes certain, and actually even more shockingly, when one looks at the little parties accepted as governing peers. The Christian Union, which got the greatest electoral victory, raised the number of representatives in the Parliament from six to ten, and rose to be practically equally large with the Green League (11 representatives), was out of the question as a governing party all the time, while the Green League was as obviously a governing party throughout the negotiations.

How these two small parties are placed on the map is a clear explanation. They are prettily mirror images of each other. The Green League is more absolutely than before a city party, by

far the most urban out of all our parties. Its all Parliament members are from Great Helsinki (Helsinki-Espoo-Vantaa) and three university cities (Turku, Tampere, Oulu). It lost its only seat in outer Finland; the new seat from Southern Tavastia is part of that Helsinki suburb (if we look at voting numbers of localities), which is formed by the Hämeenlinna-Riihimäki-Hyvinkää railroad's side. The Christian Union then again does not have a single representative from Helsinki, and only one from Uusimaa.

The vying for power between the rural area and cities has gone through different phases also in our own country. In Anneli Jussila's broad article 'From industrial production to handicrafting tradition [Teollisesta tuotannosta perinnekäsityöhön]' (in the book "Into the Ecological Way Of Life [Ekologiseen Elämäntapaan]", Yliopistopaino 1996). Such periods are described there when the countryside has been oppressed to the extreme at the cost of cities' rights with administrative orders and strict taxing - all the way to uprisings (the Cudgel War!) and partial deserting of rural areas.

Then there have been periods of time when the countryside has got the "upper hand". For example, there was a short glorious term after last wars, when almost anything was paid for food. I well recall from my childhood how bitterly amusedly it was being told of farmer-fishermen from Sipoo, who didn't know where to spend their abundance of money, and hopelessly bought six pianos into their large house...

If only we could follow the turning of history's pages like a distant historian and state that now a phase, when the farmer and countryside is held tightly, is underway in its turn. But sadly we cannot take things with the former calmness, when the world's condition is different and wholly new. Environmental menaces are now world's end-class, and the city values and the consumer's way of life stand for the way to ruination. And as misfortunes tend to feed each other, so now has the desperate defense battle of the countryside led to countryside's, the Central Union of Agricultural Producers' and also the Central Party's horrid attitudes towards nature conservation - utterly warpedly, only to speed the devastation.

1999

*Translated 26.11.2006*

## ***Thoughts And Memories About The Old Educated Class - A View Into The Century's Ideological History***

This writing's trains of thought actualized in a Väinö Linna-seminar in Tampere on September 2000. The conference was the 80-year anniversary of Linna's birth, so it was understandable in that sense that all dimensions of Linna's work were appraised in an exalting manner. However, the bias of Linna's social and historical conception and their miserable effects stood out for me.

For the sake of clarity, I remind that I am part of the majority for whose Linna is a master as a writer. Even though direct storytelling is cumbersome, dialogue is brilliant, characters extremely intriguing and memorable - lacking the burden of overt psychological deep probing, or nitpicking - and most of all, the plot structure and overall outline of

novels is fantastic. It is then a different matter with the correctness of the social outlook.

Likewise when Linna was familiar with emotions and thoughts of only the ranks, not officers, when writing "Tuntematon Sotilas [The Unknown Soldier]", he only mastered the deep masses of people of his material in "Pohjantähden Alla [Beneath the North Star]". The depiction of the educated class - those wholly untypical caricatures of Mr. and Mrs. Reverend Salpakari and teacher Rautajärvi - was based solely upon ill-willed fantasy of his own and the environment. Portrayal of the people is qualified and competent, but also its selection of types is twisted, idealized. The idealist character of the tailor Halme and Koskela's family, excellent in their work morale, are plausible and realistic but not representative. The rabble is not denoted enough.

Linna certainly has the right to characterize the kind of members of educated and common folk as he wishes in a fictional novel. The fault is in his readers and interpreters, who began to manipulate the positions and meanings of various social groups and mold and change the Finnish reality according to Linna's depictions. Although, Linna has likely had something more in his mind to begin with than creating a fictional novel when writing "Pohjantähti", and in any case, he soon took the place of rewriting history backed by his interpreters.

As is usual, it is left unsolved what actual position Väinö Linna holds in the change of historical concept and opinion climate "from White to Red", and what is held by social opportunity independent of him. I am myself interested in Linna's case also separately, but in this review I observe the settings of the civilized folk and the people from a general point of view.

It has been stated - and was stated in that seminar, as well - that Linna gave a sense of self-esteem to the people. But that bargain ended up awry. The habits, interests and ideals did not change. They are the same as they have always been: bread and circus, nothing else. Instead of adopting education, the people dragged the civilized folk down - with the masses' mauling overpower.

Even as a schoolboy, when I was to become a scientist, I received guidance in composing a research. First, a review of what the presented is based on, is required: data and methods, Material und Methode. When I describe the educated and common people - and the Finnish society -, I first use my own expertise. It is fortuitous for this very theme that I have lived amongst various social groups, ranging from one side to another, during my long life, identifying myself with them in turns. Also the opportunities received to spend several years within communities of only other vertebrates than humans give perspective for contemplations of a valuation-philosophical nature.

There is no brief definition for the educated class, no anymore than for education, either. It has to be listed a bunch of focal characteristics and attributes, of which the image of the educated is formed.

The perspective of the cultured man - I prefer to use the past tense and speak of "the old educated class" - must always reach spheres wider than the own self and family. Creating and maintaining high culture, and ideological activity on the field of the nation, the mankind, the creation in the best case, was essential.

Duty and responsibility were always before freedoms; high morale, self-discipline and -restraint were basic principles. At every turn it had to be striven to be ethically superior to the surroundings - so that the environment would follow the example. Superiority in regards to other

social groups had to not display out as arrogance, as friendly and empathetic behavior towards also servants, people of the folk, was an absolute precept; superiority was supposed to show only through example.

It was the mark of education that money was not allowed to be talked about, not even thought about. Business life, "geschäft" (nowadays "business") was contrary, eschewed and slightly despicable (although despise had to not be shown offensively here either) to the deeply spiritual life. Surplus money, if there was some, had to be used in supporting culture and charity. Purchasing of art was equally motivated by aiding the poor painter and being attached to art. The consumption level of an educated family was very low, ascetic, in regards to resources.

The philosophical background of sophisticated, fair manners (at conversation, dressing, meal) was the same leading rule piercing the whole of civilization: the quality of your neighbor's life, community's atmosphere always ahead own desire for convenience. The educated man fell silent of sexual issues. "They are matters of the bedroom, and the bedroom door is closed." Again, a life wisdom was behind it: the more the veil obscuring the few truly enchanting things of human life is opened, the more they diminish in fascination. And on the other hand, one wasn't to cause ill feelings and grief, in any way, to those who were lacking those joys for one reason or another, by exhibiting these matters.

A sidenote may be necessary for a young reader, who has lived in another, collapsed world: I did not describe a monastery above, but a relatively large human group that has indeed lived also in Finland; the country's most remarkable social group. But no doubt old-fashioned Christianity has strongly influenced the shaping of its ideals. As Antti Eskola was researching Finnish educated families, he had stated that many of them were priestly families in past centuries (and certainly some still are). The austere morality and Christian-humanist values were preserved, like Eskola notes, even after when families stood firmly after being secularized and knowing their own value, on their own feet, without God.

My depiction fits the mightiest wing of the educated class the best: the official class, people of which were in universities, the educational system, in the church, generally in academic professions: doctors, judges, pharmacists etc. There actually was a time, as unbelievable as it sounds nowadays, when an equality sign could almost be drawn inbetween the educated and academic classes. Often academic trades were inherited within families, and ideals were absorbed in home upbringing. Also secondary schools had their role in transferring the tradition of education. Sometime ago, Matti Kuusi compiled a statistic of the school background of people leading or most noted in various fields of life, and discovered the majority being from a few elite secondary schools. However, Kuusi didn't differentiate between different professions and included leading persons also in the industry, army and the like to his statistics, people who hardly were considerably touched by education.

At trades populated by civilized people the atmosphere was so potent that the same ideals and habits often quickly adhered to those who were recruited through caste cycling. At a time a situation opposite to the one after the later cultural revolution, Väinö Linna and comprehensive school, did indeed prevail: education was gaining ground. The civilized class's dream of the influence of example may have realized even down the class hierarchy. I've often told of the



university's janitor, a little official, as a childhood memory of mine, who had learned the values of education so deeply that he saved the institute's ink by cutting it with water, because "de' ä' kronans", "it is owned by the state".

The educated class also had their other branch, with somewhat similar ideals, a bit different ways of life: namely educated farmers. It had received influence from Christianity and the clergy even more, and even later. People at mansions and enlightened large estates were part of it - which upright, broad-minded masters the Red scoundrels then walked behind the barn to be executed. The reflections of these tragedies are still alive to me from my home region of Tavastia, near Linna's place of growth. Linna describes those phases from a rather dissimilar point of view...

The third category of education must not be forgotten, either. The term "education of the heart" sounds quite sugary, but still is not an empty phrase. It comes to mind that in somewhere, in the human brain, all human insights have born to begin with, also the ideals and models of Christianity or the good life of the civilized. Why couldn't they spontaneously spring out here and there, even from unfavorable grounds? Linna's tailor Halme is an example of "education of the heart" in literature - whereas Linna himself is an example of swift caste cycling. The son of a poor farm, an industrial worker, soon fully adopted the role of the academic, modest and natural behavior without even the slightest underlinings of success or station; judging by their form, essays of his late season might almost be from the pen of some old family's humanist researcher.

The Red Insurrection was a severe disappointment for the educated class, a severe disappointment and strict lesson. Afterwards it is easy to complain such a foundational error as belief into the decorated image of Runeberg's Saarijärvi's Paavo, generally belief into the people. All in all, the civilized folk had fallen into that error, and idealist's fate is always harsh.

The Red Rebellion, the Civil War, should not be compared to total wars. In a lucky case one could stay away from it; neither party executed full mobilization. Especially North- and East Finland stood wholly apart from the brawl. But in contrast it was actual reality in Tavastia, the home region of me and Väinö Linna.

The intensity of participation was case-specific with both sides. Even people opposing violence got pulled along by the Reds due to peer pressure. Still, the reason for the insurrection was familiar to everyone, the same as with every Red revolution: furious spite and jealousy towards the economically, and most of all, mentally superior. And brawling, robbing and murder became its practice. Choosing of sides was a truism for the educated. It was also a question of a clash between culture and barbarism.

The rebellion was shocking and traumatic in several ways, but the happy ending was even then a tremendous relief. My mother - who was eleven at the time - tells of the immense experience of salvation, when German brothers in arms freed Hämeenlinna from the grip of Red terror in May 1918. It was dazzling when "Ein feste Burg" was being sung together at the town marketplace, Germans in German, people of Hämeenlinna in Finnish. My mother's maternal father, old county doctor Karl-Johan von Fieandt, was moved to tears from yet being able to see Finland autonomous, and couldn't keep himself from adding his other dream within the same breath: "If only I could see a woman in the pulpit."

When I attempt to map the relation of the educated to the Reds, I also have to evaluate "White terror", which has been striven stress quite a bit in the newest historical writing. It has to be put

clearly that White and Red executions are not comparable with each other at all, surely not on the same axle. The Red Uprising began from the deeply agitating disparity of income- and wealth levels between population groups (even though the bracket in these was incomparably thinner than in present-day Finland), but all in all in a state of peace, when the value of human life is always seen as great. "White terror" instead was firstly a revenge, which always aspires to be manifold in the realm of men. And most importantly, the executions were now made within the atmosphere of war, in which human lives are weighed with utterly different scales than during a time of peace. We can somehow criticize murders committed by Reds from the standpoint of contemporary peace-time ethics; those committed by Whites we cannot at all. (The same of course applies to events during all wars.)

The civilized folk no doubt advocated strict punishments in principle after the Red Uprising, although they did usually leave the tasks of the judge and executioner to others. The most rigid of executions are the work of a few cold-hearted infantrymen, who had "had a taste of blood" already on the Eastern front of Germany. There indeed was only a small share of educated people in the infantry, and there were similar emotionally damaged adventurers in the group as in the foreign legion.

Even nowadays it should be remembered to ask what the consequences would have been if the Red Rebellion had been settled with general amnesty, not with executions and hunger camps of Lahti. Now even the chosen path meant quite a small number of victims percent-wise. In many of the World Wars' individual battles - also on our front - there were more human casualties than in the whole Red Uprising both sides put together. And the minute losses of the Reds were apparent in the first Parliament elections of autonomous Finland, where socialists received a frighteningly large flood of votes.

Sometime in the family archives, I browsed my maternal father Hugo Suolahti's and my grand uncle Eino Suolahti's 1920s correspondence with the state police chief of the time. A deep concern over the danger of a new rise of the Reds is visible in them. I shall tell a bit about these brothers to illustrate the life's work and attitudes of the educated class of the time.

Hugo Suolahti was a professor of Germanic philology and the first chancellor of the Helsinki University for 18 years. He saw it the duty of the civilized people to take part in building the society, and so he worked also as a representative and presidential candidate for the Coalition Party and also in the administrative council of the National Share Bank, in which he had to resolve the outcomes of the temperamental director general J.K. Paasikivi's temper tantrums so that even I recall these complainings about them at my grandmother from the time when I was a little boy.

Grandfather was compliant by nature, fitting as a peace negotiator, and very social in his way of thinking - there was fishing ban put on the family at his officer farm in Tyrv nt , at the strand of Vanajanselk , my childhood setting, because there were fishermen in the village who fished for their living. Pike perch was bought from them throughout the summer to a big household.

Eino Suolahti was of a different kind, hasty and stern (regardless of which the brothers were very close with each other). He was a doctor, the chairman of the Duodecim Society and the Finnish Medical Association, president of Instrumentarium, professor h.c. and much more. During the wars he was the chief surgeon of the Defence Forces as a Major General of Pharmacy. He was an extreme right-wing politician, who thought that Reds should be utterly snuffed out; he was one of IKL's founders and a supporter for the Lapua Movement (the third brother, my granduncle Ernesti Suolahti, "Uncle  nsti", was among the leading persons in the M nts l  Uprising).

Folk romanticism didn't bother Eino Suolahti: when spar fences broke under his over a hundred kilos at a grey

partridge hunt, he really gave Tavastian peasants a piece of his mind, insulting them as slothful and useless. Still in the 1960s, when I had befriended the residents of Vanajanselkä's small beachside cottages first as companions in nature activities and then as fishing colleagues, the old generation was bitterly remembering the "butcher general". Even long after the uprising he had had his possessions transported to his villa by boats - also that was in Tyrväntö - without payment - most probably for reminding that the cottage people had used the same boats to expropriate the movables of lords' villas.

Should I pull back a bit here, and observe that there are now some analogies found to Väinö Linna's types of the educated. Eino Suolahti was obliged to surrender some of civilization's ideals when temperament came to way, at least tolerance. (I myself I am more akin to my granduncle than my placid grandfather: I also find that tolerance, ignorance by another name, may be an incentive for wrong of the worst kind.)

But my granduncle bore his responsibility over the nation well and held fast to civilized manners still in the 1940s. He saw a doctor colleague of his (who was later actually the personal doctor of the president) approaching from the beach - in shorts - from his summer residence's window. The servant had to tell at the door that the professor wasn't available.

In the light of this, it is surprising that Eino Suolahti agreed to be an equal and hospitable host for the Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler in summer 1942, who, stressed to the extreme, got to a little vacation for resting his mind by pulling a lure at Vanajanselkä. Hitler and his group were actually looked quite down upon, because they originated from the lower middle class, and presentation was analogous to that. This was the case in Germany, too. My father, a professor of botanics and the president of the Helsinki University Kaarlo Linkola, told that his best botanical friends, professors of the Marburg University, took a rather condescending view to Hitler, even though they admitted his grand merits.

I'd presume that the positive attitude towards Himmler was because of the warm and close relation to Germany in general. Germany was indeed the cradle of world culture, science, philosophy and ideas (and only in arts was the leading position held by France, and even that only when excluding music) until the wretched end of the Second World War.

As we know, the Finnish government held Eino Suolahti's policy even 20 years after the rebellion, and held the most devoted of Reds, or communists, in a steel grip. One didn't need but to slightly whisper or print a small flyer, and he/she would end up behind bars in Tammisaari. No matter how I try to identify with the Zeitgeist, I feel tempted, like many do, to argue that that was exaggeration of self-defense in the 1930s. Or was it after all: the Karelian Republic did linger just beyond the border with its own red dreams of Great Finland - before it fell into its own trap, got devoured by Russian national fanaticism in turn.

And history repeats itself: at this moment the slander and hunt of "fascists", old- and neonazis, blatantly overlooking the noble principles of the freedom of speech, is fully identical to the communist persecutions of the 1930s in Finland, as well. There is only the difference that it has been 55 years since the reign of national socialists, and the shuddering at them is already now appalling farce.

I have described the educated class in its days of might and some of its power figures. They went on through the Red Rebellion, having lost some of their idealism; it was well in the 1930s, and times of war were their golden years, as also many of its ideals and life habits were respected. But then the downfall began: industrialization, the welfare of the masses and aggressive self-esteem. The Reds got what they wanted in the end. There are some relicts left of the old civilized folk; we can perhaps already tolerate these few ones.

The defeat of the educated certainly isn't astonishing. It has been endangered for the whole duration of its existence. The cultured people's springy impeccability, abstinence, sacrifice and untiring standing as an example are heavy for human to bear. I shall again snatch an example from close of how even concretely vulnerable the civilization was:

My father Kaarlo Linkola, who I already introduced above, died 53 years old in early summer 1942, during the worst food shortage. He couldn't withstand the complications of a successful prostate surgery, the last blood coagulation entered his heart. According to my mother's hypothesis, it may have been partially because my father was in a weak condition due to malnutrition. He was a large man and in intense movement on his trips as a terrain biologist, but he had the food coupons of the doer of mental work. And the emergency aid that was necessary for many, the black market, was out of the question for the son of a strict family of officials; also the university president's status he recently retired from bounds one to be an example for the nation.

I have spent a long time at the stages of the educated class and my memories of them. What about the other party of the survey, the common folk? I have already said its interests in reduced terms, but I will refresh: own belly, own kids, a partner and a couple friends, the light weekend joys, that's the world. And stuff up to ears. All else is none of our business. Masters take care of it. And the masters are hated as a reward.

It is not difficult to point out where the deep rows of the people flock, where the pariah class gathers. The Trade Union Movement, the monument of greed, incomes policy negotiations. Streets full of clamouring masses wagging miniature flags when ice hockey players have won the bashers from other countries. Rally races, Formula races. Stockholm-cruise, Tallinn-cruise. The supermarket on Saturday.

When a novel department store called Gigantti was opened in the capitol area a year or two ago, which promised gadgets of many colors for the stinking cheap price of 9:90, 99:90, 999:90; the parking field's rafts of metal plated beetles reached the horizon, and the human lines wriggling midst them in tens of thousands surpassed all the records of the good old Soviet Union. As I looked at those newspaper pictures, a tormented scream erupted from my lips: no democracy, for heaven's sake, no democracy! No common voting right, never! No, no, no!

The downfall of the educated is apparent all around us. Even in publications of young schooled people, for example magazines Ydin [The Core] or Vihreä Lanka [The Green Thread], it is seen that magnificent words like "the elite", "elitistic" are being used in a degrading manner - unbelievable, but true. The media is filled with Helibor-interests, Prime-interests, currency and stock exchange courses, profit calculations of businesses - data that wasn't part of news material at all twenty years ago - it was the field of the financial world's special publications, of Kauppalehti [The Trade Paper]. And new prophets travel around the country, preaching the doctrine of unrestricted selfishness to great audiences: "fulfilling oneself", "own life's hero". One cannot imagine an opposite more exact to the old educated people's teaching of life and sacrificing for others, both neighbors and the nation.

Wild circus acts are performed in the country because of the people's will. The golden calf, around which it is being danced, is a frippery boutique named Nokia, which has not produced or sold any gadget that wouldn't be both dull and harmful, not after the makers of rubber boots separated from it. But when its head salesman enters for lecturing to college rectors, they

congregate respectfully to listen how the basic research of universities has to be dumped down the well, and how it must be focused on producing techniques and experts for business life. Where is the pride of the scientist, the university's pride? Gone, lost. Lots of shuffling is heard in graveyards, as it is being turned in the tombs.

The Finnish Union of Literature, my trade union, is endlessly tinkering with publishing contracts, percents and their fractions of royalties, marks and pennies, digging gold for authors, who are immensely rich in both international comparison and historical continuum - like all other Finns. And still it is the writers, who master the rapier of words, that the state of the world and earth would cry for to take part in ideological discussion.

At last and finally we receive, like a wet rag to our faces, this neoprimitive "information society", the bubble of bubbles, in which seemingly adult people worship toys; in which means and substance mix into mash; in which computers progress and knowledge lessens. This information society, in which the necessary information drowns without leaving a trace.

As I sink into the depths of misery, I recall that even the meager spark of civilization, which was embodied by the working class' shadow of an education, reaching to the fields of culture, has fallen into the chasm of damnation. Gone are the labor movement's idealistic seams along with their ideas of sobriety and people's enlightenment; gone the thousands of workers' associations' hours of voluntary work; gone the ideal matter of the cooperative shop; gone into cracks in earth like all red capital gathered as collective property - for banks and crooks.

We live the time of the history's deepest depression, the reign of outrageous simplified materialism, of money - that materialism, from which mud man has attempted to struggle up earlier periods, and succeeding partially, as well. Now also former cultured families fuss among the rabble in this inferior, flat, simple and stupid world of stock exchange shares, investment funds, derivatives, options, interest calculations. Professions of the old educated class are in income fights, doctors and teachers - people who are oozing with money and fat from ears and nostrils. What depth of shame!

An ironic may discover something positive within this doomsday atmosphere: honesty. We are openly avaricious. Can you find anymore sincere and fitting names than market powers, market economy? Market: the summary of cheapness, the spectacle of the poorest baubles, pumpnickels, feather fans and balloons, cheapjacks, the festival of the mob.

Civilization and the educated was the little beautiful and noble that the wretched humanity was able to squeeze out of itself. I miss it. I did get to witness it. I do not enjoy anymore.

2000

## *Additional Essay Set Two*

### *The Finnish Body*

In spring I participated to the nation-wide sport days which were christened as Sporttipäivät [internationalized Finnish --ed. note] in the discount sale of Finnish language. Physical fitness is a very dear subject to me and an early run-through of Vaasa led by the young city manager, listed in the program, was a real treat for me. But, but... The seminar must have had some five hundred sports- and exercise persons from around the country and thirty of them showed up at the take-off - and even of these half had entered for the walking team of the shortened route. Perhaps my example wasn't particularly good, the run was on the second evening of the seminar, and the previous night program may have taxed the participation with good reasons. Nevertheless, my narrow-minded gaze picked too many typical Finnish men, reddish faces, thick cheeks, suspiciously bulging jackets and windcheaters. Though, there were vigorous bodies as well. I had a glance at my fellow lecturer Harri Holkeri's jogging and Baltic herring diet with delight.

Professor Vuolle from Jyväskylä University did show us excellent numbers of the Finns' sports hobby. As a student of nature there, however, old rancour rose for these sociologist's survey forms. I felt that the results more aptly represented the positive attitudes to exercise. It's good that way too, sure, but I doubt that the temptation for a small cheat was great, so that spectator sports and one's personal accomplishments easily mix up. What if the study had been made by surveying concretely the day's schedule of a shot of people? My fragmentary and inaccurate data, gathered according to this principle, tells that the Finnish body is degrading at a fast rate due to the lack of usage and that females are - even in this term - in better shape and that the upper social strata hold their posture better and that the person of population center walks more than the countryman.

The real problem child is the countryman who is a total slave for the machine from a shockingly young age. General inspection must overlook the exceptions. It's impossible for any power to get the typical Finnish countryman, up from fifteen years, on the bike saddle, to skiing or oars - or sport fields. The magic of car and its pre-stage - moped - is unbelievable. The young man travels a hundred meters to the strand sauna by car, backs, turns over, maneuvers in the yard and sauna, opens and shuts garage doors; it's not a matter of saving time. What especially comes to the farmer is that the more technology advances, every fertilizer sack is lifted with a tractor or truck's lifting bucket and feeding and removal of manure becomes mechanical in barn, will the bodily feats be limited to taking few steps in the yard and climbing on the sauna benches. The lumberjacks have already been brushed away with the multitasking machine, the fishermen sail trawls, lever their trawl sacks with a winch, their nets with a net lever, and their Baltic herrings from the open fish trap with an aspirator.

The biologist, to whom man is a balanced integrity, to whom muscles, bones, sinews and veins are equally important as brains, observes the destroying of physical work and physical shape upset. When a curious figure entered the daily politics, Martti Ahtisaari, my biologist friend Olavi Hildén - a man of university, who still after his 60 years of living fostered his physical fitness as the apple of one's eye - became really furious. "How can such man be considered as the president who even can't walk but crawls forward by stepping along strangely!"

If one has the patience to cool down, he will have to admit that there are charming personalities

among stocky people, many brilliant life-works have been done from within large layers of fat. But still, it frightens in particular to have a person in the office of the president who has completely allowed his will power and discipline to slacken at one sphere of life. And the setting is made really unpleasant if you believe the sociologists according to whom it's not (anymore) about the ideals the candidates represent in the presidential election, but the images they offer. Does the popularity of Ahtisaari arise from that the typical Finnish male with his sauna sausages and beer bottles feels him as his buddy and that the typical Finnish female sees her own safe hanging-belly life companion in him?

When was the Finnish body taken out of function? It happened fast in the same decades, as did all the societal structural changes grounding the (eco-)catastrophe, beginning from the 1960s - and the final remains are still dropping off. When I recall my 1940s in a secondary school in Helsinki, all the spare time was bare racket of movement - despite that the school's gymnastics and sports were hated. It was an absolute necessity to have a day-long skiing trip on winter Sundays - street-cars to their end stops in Munkkiniemi and Arabia were full of clank and clatter of ski bundles. During weeks we spent shift evenings in the skating rink of Johannes or slide in Kaivopuisto, at least half of the class, girls and boys. Waiting for the late evening, we had huge snowball fights on the cliffs of Töölö, you dropped out if you took two hits. I can still remember the statistical miracle when I succeeded in destroying the opposing team alone with eight hits.

Sure we spent evenings indoors and, taking turns in each among the classmate's house, we had social occasions with the official title "fight night", in which we wrestled or fought tournaments of knight pairs the whole evening. Luckily the old houses of the middle city had roomy apartments and good soundproofing. The only peaceful program among my peers, which I can remember of those nights, was few nights of sitting down and playing Monopoly. But the percentual share of those evenings was insignificantly small compared to the monitor staring of the pale school boys of this time.

Remembrances like this which have the leitmotif of the superior quality of olden times are anything but original, they are common to every aged person. But settling them as trivial "blather of old men" is a stupid phrase and mistake. They are historiography, depictions of objective, calculatory differences in condition and ways of living. That, to which measure and according to what points of view are these changes positive, negative, or harmless, must be discussed separately - and always seriously. Likewise, which factors depict irreversible long period changes, which factors perhaps short period wave-motion.

I see terrible prospects in man's separation from his body, the separation of direct connection of perceiving nature's laws in general. It's not about a small issue, it's about whether man is man or machine. And the question is about even heavier, the heaviest matters of all. The last hand question of fate in every human action of this era is the degree of nature's strain: growth or saving? And the progress of exercise and not exercising really does not offer reasons to celebrate. Substituting muscle power in work with industrial energy means, of course, great increase in the strain, the fiasco of fiascoes. But let's separately inspect the "eco-balance" of hobby exercise, and get back to school boys.

The health care moment may have not yet gotten much of an addition from district rallies,

mopeds, and waterscooter - at least not immediately, not at that age. When the front wheel of bike broke loose in a downhill of Espoo, I regained consciousness in the Red Cross hospital in Töölö, without front teeth. Our court hospital was the Surgeon in Tähtitorninmäki, fittingly close to both the field of Johannes and Kaivopuisto. There my long handsome nose that I broke while skating was patched up, but still a bend was left on it. Much longer time was spent by Jussi Lihtonen who was carried from the slide, later the famed reporter of Lapland's local radio, the creator of original, lingering, elegiac fell programs; I can remember well how he was given Gunnar Granberg's great illustrated work of birds in the hospital, as a token of the class' sympathy.

It's also true that what comes of instrumental costs, the "old system" failed sometimes. A bitter memory relates to the virgin skiing of my new wooden skis from Merisatama to Suomenlinna. After twenty minutes the other one broke apart in the front of binding on smooth ice and I quickly counted the expenses: 9 900 marks/hour. But an exception it was, in reality the sports and outdoor activities equipment, skates, sleighs, footballs, bowls, and high jump stands of that time were cheap capital and essentially were handed from generation to generation and from sibling to sibling. Undoubtedly the bikes of boys of our class were put on hard trials by our invented ball game for spring and autumn season which had the rules of football, the players riding only on bicycles. But bikes were extant, indispensable equipment on way to school, nevertheless.

When we go to see the equipment supply of the modern exerciser, may he be a downhill skier, ice hockey player, or sport fisherman, we are dealing with nasty squander. The mind and plot of the whole spare time hobby has changed. In my youth hobbies couldn't and mustn't cost much about anything, often really nothing, if not patches to trouser knees. Schools and institutes do have had gyms and ball playing halls for a long time, but in the new era of madness the square and cubic measures of sport halls have no sense at all. Winter sports in ice stadiums during summer, football in winter, the Finn has defeated his climate. Everything of this has the direct line into wasting and straining nature: fabrication, transportation, energy, emission, fallout, shrinking green area, climate change, ozone depletion. The whole "ecologist's" old song and choruses, which persistent repeating and harping one must not tire to, for the sake of life. One must again and again have enough strength to remind that motor sports is the worst class ecocrime - so long, until it is finally banned by law or suffocated with a heavy environmental taxation.

Every individual who walks, runs, rides bike, swims, rows, paddles, skis, shovels, hoes, establishes a focus of defence against the attack of madness, the machine, in the best case a bit of defence line if he as a parent, grandparent, teacher, youth mentor, exercise instructor manages to pull a few along with him.

1993