



On the illusion of violence as the way to justice and peace

Violence is like a pool of poison water threatening the river of life. Gazing out over the whole of the river, one sees that answering violence with violence never stops the corruption of the water, but rather becomes a part of the pollution itself;

Violence is like a fire raging in the house of love and good intentions. Never putting out the flames, answering violence with violence is the fuel that burns the house to the ground;

Violence is like a noise drowning out the symphony of all peoples. Answering violence with violence, noise replaces music, soon becoming the only sound we know.

(Photo: Glacier Stream, Granite Bedrock—the Alps. Close to the source of the Rhine, the water of this stream flows some 1100 kilometers through three different countries to eventually join the North Sea.)



The Crows of Truth . . .

Gone is the era of an honest man riding a horse to congress. *Enter* the era of politicians with makeup and a staff of burger-with-fries linguists to compose their historic addresses.

Enter the era of fearful imitation, the utterly 2nd-hand, and deliberate obfuscation. *Gone* is the era of the house of classics with windows on all sides, and of rhetoric practiced under a tree, knowing that the gods may well be listening.



On the necessity of Common Form

When meaning and movement have found a powerfully fitting pattern of expression, then the way is clear for form to become a part of the cultural common ground.

Sonnet, Haiku, Sonata, Raga, and Minuet—*patterns of movement*, one and all. No different from Acorn, Leaf, Sunflower and Cloud. Ah, when the rocks are constant, how free we are to marvel at the many moods and changes of the:—common, mountain stream.



(Photo: Solo Runner—the Alps)

Without Movement . . .

A world without light or
without sound is thinkable,

but not a world
without
movement.