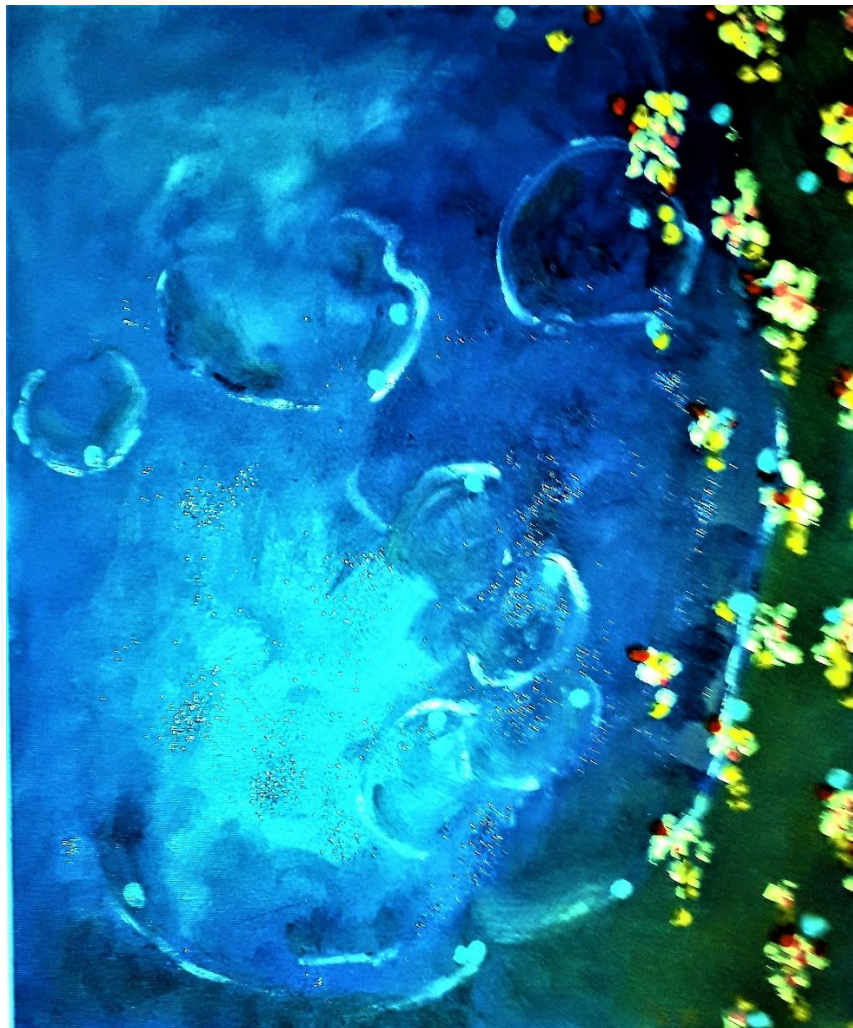


APRIL 2022

WATERING THE FLOWERS



It must have been in the eighties when the Viennese comedian Georg Kreisler sang the song 'Watering the flowers'.

It's been a long time, but it is still relevant and it will always be.

It is about the question what to do when half of the world is in flames, when dictators are abusing their power, when injustice happens, when genocide is committed, when migrants drown in the sea, when, when, when and when the neighbour secretly burns his plastic bottles in the chimney...

...'then I go watering the flowers in my garden'.

Behind the box hedges all the noise from outside is silenced.

A quiet and calm island amidst a world completely crazy, a universal hysteria which makes a clear thinking impossible. In all the tide of war rhetoric, reporting, opinions of self-proclaimed experts, of fools and smartasses in 'social medias' who have to contribute their two cents to everything, of real and fake videos, of freely interpretable satellite images and emotional flushes of good people their index finger raised, - it is impossible to form your own, clear and independant picture of something.

Who opens the beak, turns into a parrot.

What to do?

Who says that I have to do something?

... I don't have time anyway, I have to go to the garden to water the flowers.

... but also in the garden all hell broke loose. The leaf bugs attacked the tomatoe plants.

Only effective sanctions can help.

The water tap will be turned off.

The effect is impressive: after two weeks the leaf bugs are gone.

(the tomatoes as well)