

Terrorism: For those, who lives well, force is an expensive alternative

The Guerrillero occupies the country, the terrorist the thoughts and sets the anxiety and the force spiral in motion.

Whom would one want to meet most dearly? A linen star, a Top Model, a well known time witness of a past epoch. Also in fame, it stink on the toilet. Since its stay in the capital of the Sudan, Khartoum, the answer was certain for Robert on this question: Osama bin Laden! Roberts pension was an entirely in the vicinity of a house, that that store clan belonged. Before its submerging, the charismatic leader had there and when lived. For dedicated umspülte the total block of flats one just as fascinating as respectful auras.

To meet the usually sought person of its time, the dream of many journalists was. The journalistic renown that that could bring in did not stir up similar thoughts in Rob. It wanted to participate gone in was at the soul of a person, that already to life times as a hero and as a criminal into the story. To the good fortune, the visions of the night do not resemble the actions that we commit in daylight. The hero in the East is the criminal in the west and reversed. A radical is a person, who stands with both legs firmly in the air and reaches the opposite, of which what he has before. Of pacifist about much discord goes out. Yet it is good that there is radical. Also if these Weltverbesserer correctly hit only rarely a nail, let alone can construct a new world order. If it is not calculated direct know again and again astonishingly, that those people best over rubbish separation, buy that its coffee basically as a Coffe-to-go in the one-way goblet. That those people calculated have the most determined presentations of nuclear power plants, that are not at home in a position, to repair an outlet. That is astonishing and good. For more dangerous than an incorrect theory a correct in incorrect hands is. Ideal are the largest in life except when we try to live after that. Therefore I have nothing more against conservationist, that go on the hunt. The idealist goes smoothly through walls and knocks itself sorely at the air. Yes, yes, adults name its Teddybären ideal. Yet hardly anyone has so large convictions that it would have committed, even its near death certainly, a large venture apiece. An attempt? Its my life against life? The hope for size proves in the end always to be trashy; only even empathy reveals itself unconcealed. In order to change the world, the persons must change. Before one became not mental the brother one, no Brudertum can rule. The world can be changed. The future is no fate. The secret services of the world kolportierten over the media, that shelter in the mountain country of Afghanistan or in the Arabic am assumed becomes store desert. Therefore it was not there. Khartoum as a withdrawal zone hardly yet was acted. That increased the chance that it was there, enormously. Therefore Rob, each opening minute said is itself a new chance, are to be changed life. Otherwise life is only that what happens to one, while one waits for its chance. Although Robert of the opinion was, all capitals did not be similar mixed mixed would must itself one another, all peoples there; all customs itself there, there one there, concluded to pull it in that winter for a couple of month into the hottest capital of the world at the Nile.

In many coffee houses of the city, men met in order to debate over politics. Also if the ears of western journalists smelled therein fundamentalism, it concerned somewhat entirely of other, something banal, around a better future. The more fanatical the speeches became, all more the more more the romanticism of dreamers hid behind it. Under his equal, the dreamer never feels domestically and a water pipe smokes he alone. So Rob, the journalist was found, soon in company, had encounter soon access to that the Islamists.

The man vis-à-vis was not large to estimate not small, badly in its age: A narrow face with high cheek bone, aschfarbige skin, folds on the forehead and endlessly mysterious eyes. Eyes out of which just as meekness such as ruining spoke. Against the city, it had an innate

aversion although it had been born in a capital. It was unable to adapt itself without light and air for life. They had not imagined one another, had asked not about family, trip purpose and job. Your curiosity to each other knew another quality.

The journalist: It is as if the world would not be subdivided in participant and participant: The participants died. The participants did not forget. Uniforms dear the peoples and the therewith connected dangers because they create itself such, if there is none. The terrorist: Oh no, every war is nothing as an expanded duel. If sheikh around provinces play, the subjects form the use, must murder and kill themselves the servants again and again. The journalist: Generals win, soldiers fall. The terrorist: Oh yes, the peace has more victories than the war of however far less monuments to show. The journalist: Does peace but rule really if that finely is struck? The terrorist: No, one can speak first then about a victory if by it the war is concluded. Only a war without victor is a won war. Only a, that is celebrated with funeral services, a real victory is! A good leader and its people are the happiest if the subjects do not fear it, but rather around it. Became one already once born? A misfortune experience is bad to live through it again more badly. The misfortune of the world is again and again that two conclude the war and million are outstanding it, while it would be better, that million conclude and fight two.

The journalist: A little so it runs yet in the soccer stadiums. There 22 lead a representative war for million. I have an entirely other question. The constitutional state and separation of powers – why are they for that, that believes in the Sharia, no ideally? The terrorist: There is a joint reason for judge, another for finance official, a third for the military. Each proves that the other are useful nothing; an end, that one can pull very easily for everyone, and good proof that all three plants are, that one carefully must maintain, so that they carry no fruits.

The possibilities to conflicts were actual and are innumerable: Parliament against church, finance people against the people, relative against member. It is a war eternal truer. Heretics of today are pursued become perhaps holy by tomorrow, the so long until one follows them. Successes use all. Fiascos are attributed an only. Whether hero or tyrant, whether Napoleon or Hitler – the posterity decides first. The contemporaries must bleed for both. History books are the clap of the professors. Out of them, one learns more over the historians than over the story. One writes it best with pencil and eraser because the standpoint of the spectator changes. The story, that becomes often as indelicate ignored, is unfortunately extensive Kriminalgeschichte of the mass murders. It is not much more than a list of crime, foolishness and accidents of humanity. The acting are deteriorated always Ehrgeizlinge. The quantity of the peaceables disappears on its scene. It was always more art to paint a peace sovereign than a war sovereign. There is hardly models for that. The story with its contents out of force and its fight is the best teacher with the most inattentive students who learn again and again, that they learn from that nothing. It looks so, as could the story merely like the tragedy tie up, that becomes boring, as soon as crimes do not animate it. For Napoleon, the story was all other as the bed, that the current of life digs itself. It had learned must at the own body that no accusation writing comes out without lies. Contemporary history was for it cooked the plot of the diplomats against the healthy common sense. It said: 'Recording of history is brought back will come in a wash institute, out of that the wash dirtier than it. A lie on which one agreed the second triumph of the victor over the Besiegten.'

Alive the Stehaufmännchens Napoleon will be clear, honor like a rake game. Soon one counts counts nothing, soon one much. Today no one knows more what Napoleons 1813 in Dresden to sovereign Metternich said. It said: "A person how I Menschen." whistles on life of a million. The measure murderer asks himself: "What perfect ion utilizes if it no one würdigt?" The desire to crime is contagiouser than a flu. Therefore crimes occur often in

series. The crime such as the war is the freedom of the barbarian. No hundreds of year after Napoleon death the Frenchmen of monuments constructed for the largest measure murderer of its time. The human ability to forget to deny the unpleasant quite, is paradoxical. Already therefore poets must remember on that:

There old men of men lay, over and over with wounds covers, and stared on its dying women, who pressed its children with cut through throats at the covered in blood breasts. There verröchelten with slit bellies girl and young women at whom before a couple of hero had satisfied its lecherous breast. Other, half burned, schrien and complained may put an end to heart-rendingly, one them entirely. Blood and brain were spattered where one viewed. All the beautiful youth, that the fields düngt. Voltaire, Candide and the belief at the best of the worlds

The terrorist: The next war will be of a terrible-ness, will envy like yet no its predecessors, there the surviving the dead. The journalist: And the after next war is decided only with bow and arrow. The terrorist: At the war, only a thing is well, that peace, that precedes and follows it. The war bends much right and bends much wrong right. All wars are robbery trains, its origin Diebesgelüst. They open attaches the men to robbers and the peace it. At the same time it is so simple to avoid wars if only everyone refused, to go. The journalist: What does however justify death more innocently, more disinterested? Did the world become eviler? The terrorist: It is nonsense, to say that that held badly now finally entrance into the world. That was angry already always there, and only because it is mixed now so irretrievable with technology, became it yet no other type of evil. No dead utilizes. Death is always waste. But it is the only what the persons awake shake in order to come to the reason. So it agrees in certain respects that also the builders of the atom bomb meant thoroughly entitles, it would become the peace really utilize.

The journalist: The tragedy is yet that we work persons, fight, fall for ideas, whose consequence they do not survey. They are victim quarrelsomeer, more stubborn, dogmaticer of handlebar completely incapable that can create in its distorted beheading no clarity and that mutually are not outstanding itself. Maintain the Mullahs, let the peoples themselves that wanted to wage wars be not, and its leaders. If one first goaded there the herd, raised it in addition, and now it is named: Do you want self? The terrorist: The art of the ruling of all times is the adjustment art to convince its people, it strikes itself for itself while it can be slaughtered in reality for strange Pfründe. Caution is better than an indulgence – therewith establishing it its wars. Only for that, that plan itself, it is sausage who is left empty-handed. We heard: it is sweet and honorable to die for God. I however would say: It is sweet and honorable to live for woman and child. To die in times of the enthusiasm is more easily than in the sober days for that to live. There, where the sobriety leaves you, there the boundary of your enthusiasm is. I would like what would give drum to know exactly, for whom actually the deeds were done, of which one publicly says, they would have been done for the homeland. Already in the peace, the people with military parade is blinded. These moves are one of the repulsiveest accompaniments of the war. Jubilation over military plays is already advertisement for the next war. The journalist: Force is issues itself the problem as its solution it. The Urtorheit of the person is that by the sword the right is defended, that by force anything could be improved. The renunciation of force never can lead to such evil like its use. There were never a good war or a bad peace. In any case every unjust peace is better than every just war. And if one works for the peace, one diminishes the chance of the war. Money is the soul of the war. And it, that war, it gold eats and shits pebble stones. In the war, everyone loses, also the victors and so like in the love – there is no right for the victor. For where force quite has, is right the no force. The journalist: Begin a war, is named a knot zerhauen instead of dissolving it. A people should fear the war like the single death. The terrorist: If every soldier, every person would refuse, to grasp to

the weapons – there would be no more wars. Why is that only so heavy? Neither warrior nor monks nourish a country. If one wants to become a hero, he likes to manifest it in that he takes the consequences on himself, which it out of the denial of the war service maturely. One would become in a world out of pure opportunists the martyr. One, it would know that it would go in therewith in the panther of the national heroes, would express the wish, one may paint it from that. Now yes, through it that one rejects a price, becomes one not yet Sartre.

If it no more armies gives, the boundaries would fall, the laughably become sovereignty of the countries (one flies the sound therefrom, respected however of crazy corridors in thought into the air). What is a boundary? Nothing further than an arbitrary line in order to give persons of similar attitude something about what they fight century long. Tradition is often only a collection of bad customs. Patriotism erects boundary stakes. Charity tears it again. Love the own country, can only a, that each person respects homeland. The journalist: Sometimes I believe that the different religions have only a purpose: to secure the power fewer through the war of many. Hate your neighbors the sermon of our high priests is. Perhaps there can be in spiritual things hate, in intellectual never, but rather only contrasts and also that are only fruitful. The terrorist: Hate is a rather strongly undervalued feeling. The persons add one another damage, out of fear or out of hate. Hate is always hate of the own faint. An old wisdom purports, 'would bring a person before court and you pull you the hate threefold generations of its clan to'. The journalist: One is certain if a generation was warlike, will be that three following timid. Crimes the fathers and the descendants pay for its crimes. The war has a long arm. Yet long after he is past, gets he himself its victims. That happens to just the Americans. The brilliantest heads of the world are available you, but they whistle on the oldest insights. None reflects itself on Aristoteles, Politeia: 'Most warlike countries maintain itself to be sure as long as they wage wars; if they won however through it its domination, go to ruin it. The peoples the robbery that which is sought of the enemies damages far fewer than the have that which is sought of the citizen, for of this, the end is to be seen, not however the end of that.' The terrorist: Force becomes not old. The Germanic peoples knew when they conquered the world, no boxes and no slavery, and just therefore have it the world conquered. Through the same conquest, that spread it over the earth circle, they received large possessions. With new laws, they sought to protect this. Historic rights are usually historic wrongs. One cannot be in the possession of actually inalienable without forfeiting something of its Gleichheitsempfinden. The journalist: Is it not calculated paradoxically, that the single being that its transitoriness deliberately is itself and a hereafter presentation maintains, seeks in the earthly possession its well-being? The terrorist: The mortal sin envy proves to be the most effective sword in the fight for equivalence. Therefore the world is snatched the conquerors again and again. Enjoy to its wealth, falls is already in the small every heavily, and if first much money in the game! The journalist: I admit, it revolves much to much around money – just in the USA. And nevertheless a middle class atmosphere that is to be described heavily, a type intentional usual-ness, a small making personality rules there; it is so as if they would have all an inveterate need to adapt itself to the expected. The superficial ability, the even security...

The terrorist: ...Und under that the anxiety. The journalist: Americans do not look so, as would be it somewhere far away, however, and do so, as would be it it. They have the view of isolated person. Purport however to be not alone. The terrorist: It is to be observed and is to be known a highly unpleasant feeling the American, apparently effortless kindness that they are on the hat. They radiate sincerity, that incorrectly occurs one somehow. So as they could middle in a roaring joke suddenly someone a wine glass into the face ram. The robust charm of farmers, strangely decomposes of the insidious violence of the metropolis. Should and on that the world take itself an example? That makes anxiety! America is the country of the highest triumph of share social creativity. Each humaneness is missing and these companies with restricted liability – the expression speaks volumes – because no one personally sticks. The average American appears knows always dogmatic, entirely like he it of television, only retains he, in contrast to the linen star, not quite. The USA understands is float itself as the weather maker of the world, there it only a climatic zone, over the

thunderstorm threats, that become elsewhere reality. But the storm will not stay away. How far it must have come with a nation that American teachers advise its protege to issue itself abroad if possible as Canadian. But the US citizen continues, to believe, its leaders want to improve the world, it reform, democratize. Yet already its means in addition are incorrect: Ignorance, arrogance and the belief deceitful to understand the world better than all other. The journalist: Can one but punish that with terror? The terrorist: There are not revolutions without terror. The journalist: A head motive of many revolution is would be similar that, broken make lets the children its toy: Destroy the joy in that – like someone, whom fire with gasoline deletes. If revolutionized and do would be terrorist so as them its work contrary to. They say the purpose, would be the only on what them lies. I believe lie it. Terrorist idolizes the means. And this means remains always a frenzy with which one removes at the same time the skin with the beard.

Suddenly someone raced into the coffee house, viewed nervously around itself, needed a while until it recognized the insignificant man vis-à-vis the journalist and said it: "It is so far, Osama." If store am stood, the hand put on the breast, bowed itself easily and turned for the last time to the journalist. The terrorist: Now, here one lets stand the beards. Our terrorism fruchtet above all through the high medium density. Modern nations boast to be much people countries. If Multikulti really worked out, there never would be yet war. Is the Multikultur not of ahead in an illusion that flows last of all always into a conflict company? Grass are awake over the graves of the dead – never over the guilt.

Perhaps all is only a question of the logistics: Instead of young person in Iraq streets the terrorists of old in Germany should show nursing homes the paradise.