

What makes a man dangerous is not the strength of his arms, but the content of his heart. The weakest men, resented or enraged, will hurt a thousand more than any gentle giant. Similarly, what makes beautiful a person is not the power, but the purity of their thoughts.

Gregariousness is the among the most beautiful of virtues. The world is filled with kind and beautiful people, some as simple and immediate as a flower, some as complex and mysterious as an abyss or the moon. With the exception of serious flaws—for violence and wickedness are real—one need only practice a radical acceptance of the other for their virtues to become almost instantly apparent, and to learn how very much alike we all are. (If one is not willing nor capable of practicing such acceptance, one has very little right to any claim of justice, for the world is constantly accepting our many flaws.)

For instance, a few days ago I spent a calm and sweet afternoon with a girl who (so I believed) shared very little with me. Whilst my childhood was stable and comfortable, she was the daughter of an adolescent mother and a criminal father who ended up going to jail. The city I was born in is far from being a great city, but it is the capital of my province—she had been born in the deepest interior of a poor province, which (on top of it all) she fled to escape her father, winding up in the austral barrens of Usuahia. We could not talk about politics—she wasn't interested—nor books—she wasn't learned—nor any of the things which I'd been taught, in my childhood, made a person worth conversing with.

All of this, to my fortune, left only place to talk about the content of our hearts: of the struggles and joys which decorated the landscapes of our minds. In that conversation, which perhaps was just a whisper, I saw the clearest sparks of human kindness. I learned that we were ongoing rather similar psychological processes; that, in all our differences, the sufferings which plagued our families (and our minds) were not as different as first glances gave away; that it wasn't an interest nor a passion what was bringing us together, but something else indescribable and true. And in her kiss I felt we were unsullied, freed from the hindrances which set us apart from others.

I see it now: Aloofness is not a crown. If there is any such thing as wisdom in this world, it must be this: that, at least *in potentia*, a perfect form of kindness resides in every living thing. If one assumes this is true (and I believe one must, even if only to find a reason a live), a simple imperative arises: that one ought to strive to find it and, if possible, to nurture it in oneself and others. It is not a revolution, but a world under such ethic is superior to its alternative.