



Once there is difference, there is complementarity. Once there is complementarity, there is movement. Art happens in the balance thereby created.

Sometimes we look for Art where there is intense activity, either on the performance stage or in the political arena. But frequently we come away disappointed because of the lack of any movement of a substantially significant kind. Despite the camouflage of all the noise and commotion, as well as the allure of the superficial sophistication which results from complicatedness and unnecessary difficulty of every description, we feel somehow cheated because what is happening makes no real, that is, *relevant*—difference.