

On truth:

Truth is like a treasure placed at the summit of a mountain. There are many routes to the summit. All routes require effort and perseverance. Some routes are less difficult, some more difficult and some are all but impossible.

The philosopher said: “There is no truth; there is just more truth.” Thus, knowledge of the truth is always tentative, never complete, often fleeting. Nevertheless, I have long felt that there is, in any situation, a true way forward, a way that harmonizes with what is possible within that particular time and place and which therefore, in a sense, maximizes truth, making the most of the situation for all involved. I think that is at least part of what the ancients meant by *following the way*.

What is the relationship between what is true and what is right? Are they the same? I can remember having a sense of right and wrong from when I was very young. For example, while in first grade I once dragged a schoolmate who had called me a “mother fucker” to my family home where I made him apologize to my mother. I had a strong and sometimes fierce love for my mother back then, it never ceased while she was alive. But I also had a sense of what was right and what was wrong and I never doubted my intuitions in that regard.

*Are truth and falsehood different from right and wrong? Is truth always the path to what is right and does what is wrong always lead to falsehood?*