



Association "Sentinels of Peace - A stone laid is not thrown"

Hautecour Declaration 6 August 2022

We are gathered around this project of a permanent garden of Sentinels of Peace created by Alain Mila within the framework of the Artistic Path organised by the Association Léz'Arts en Adrets in the commune of Hautecour (Savoie - France).

The concept of the Sentinels of Peace, created by Alain in 2004, is an educational tool for the promotion of peace by proposing to carry out a symbolic gesture, accessible to all, the raising of stones in balance, which we call "Sentinels of Peace".

Through an artistic "Land Art" approach, art being a universal mediation, the raising of stones in balance makes people aware of the fragility of many balances of life, of our world, and in particular of peace... Here, it is the way to mark the world with a "symbol" in order to stimulate and perpetuate the "active memory" of the victims of all conflicts and on this very special day, of the 220,000 victims of the two atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

For we allow ourselves a sad reminder. On 6 August 1945, exactly 77 years ago today, the first atomic bomb used on a battlefield, the first atomic bombing in history, was dropped on Hiroshima.

Three days after Hiroshima, "Fat Man" was dropped on the city of Nagasaki. I deliberately did not call this bomb the second atomic bomb. Because I think we can agree on one thing: If the bomb dropped on Hiroshima was the first to be used in a conflict situation, the Nagasaki bomb must have been the last use of the atomic bomb in history.

"Never more!"

For Hiroshima is in fact the beginning of a new era, and we must reflect on the words of the philosopher Günther Anders, for whom, since the bomb came into existence, we have become "more mortal", for we are no longer able to kill only people, but humanity itself. After the Trinity atomic bomb test in New Mexico, the man in charge of the project, Robert Oppenheimer, said, "Now I have become death, the destroyer of worlds.

To return to the process, the pile of stones made available to all of you to erect "Sentinels of Peace" can be seen here, in this context, in a "symbolic" way as the ruins and destruction resulting from all wars.

By "erecting" "Sentinels of Peace", people engage in a symbolic reconstruction of destroyed buildings, but above all, this act is part of a process and a commitment to peace.

It is also and above all precious lives that are destroyed in all wars. The process of "raising" Presidia or "relieving" them, because a Presidium of peace is fragile in time, can also be seen in a "symbolic" way as the will to ensure the memory of the victims and also the relief of the direct witnesses of all conflicts.

The verb "to raise" has two meanings in particular: to raise something that has fallen, but also to ensure that a message is passed on to future generations. By raising or relieving a Sentinel, everyone expresses his or her desire not to see this commitment to peace disappear, but to see this peace process always present, always "standing" and never letting it fall. By raising a

Sentinel of Peace, one becomes in fact a Sentinel of the memory of the victims of all conflicts and joins the call of the survivors to build a world of peace without nuclear weapons, for this is the main threat to humanity.

A third symbol

A sentinel erected can be seen as the symmetrical or rather the opposite of a mushroom cloud.

Never more ! More & More !



In conclusion, we invite you to meditate on the text of a short poem written in 1955, ten years after the bombing of Hiroshima by the Turkish poet Nâzim Hikmet. It was later translated into Japanese by Nobuyuki Nakamoto as "Shinda Onnanoko" ("Dead Girl") and is frequently sung at commemorations. Given the terrible times we live in, it is worth reflecting once again on Hikmet's beautiful and haunting words:

*I come and stand at every door
But none can hear my silent tread
I knock and yet remain unseen
For I am dead for I am dead*

*I'm only seven though I died
In Hiroshima long ago
I'm seven now as I was then
When children die they do not grow*

*My hair was scorched by swirling flame
My eyes grew dim my eyes grew blind
Death came and turned my bones to dust
And that was scattered by the wind*

*I need no fruit I need no rice
I need no sweets nor even bread
I ask for nothing for myself
For I am dead for I am dead*

*All that I need is that for peace
You fight today you fight today
So that the children of this world
Can live and grow and laugh and play*

We therefore invite all those who wish to do so, and in particular children, as they are the "next generation", to raise the Peacekeepers on this site.

THANK YOU