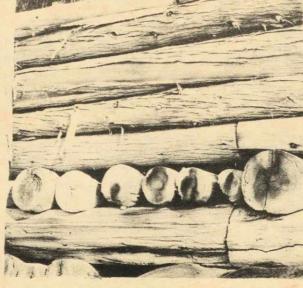
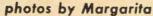
## LITERARY SECTION











Tale # 1

by Stephen Hall

A certain man refused to read books.

"How can you learn or know anything?", he was asked by his friends. "I find wisdom to reside within a person. I cannot search outside for it. If I do not find it within my daily work, with my family and friends, in prayer and at play, I will not know it elsewhere", was his reply.

"But are not books of knowledge a great achievement. Are you not depriv-ing yourself of joy, inspiration of excitement and learning from others in this manner", they continued.

"My dear friends, when you read you are only taking from the great books what you already understand know to be true. You feel free to disagree if you find anything that does not fit your fancy. It is only your conceit that makes this possible.'

They pressed him, "How will not reading benefit us then?"

"By itself, not at all. This is just it: you must actively 'not read' and be aware of it. When a man writes something, do you think he is satisfied with it if it means anything to him! No, he is constantly disappointed and is never sure of setting out what he wishes to convey. His words are evasive and become concrete too soon, his vision is hard to translate. experience of what one knows and feels cannot be translated. It can only be lived, or, rather called forth by living...in awareness of it. So I say, be active 'not reading'.''

"What will this do to learning, the wisdom of people before us? Our civilization is a structure that has evolved", argued a scholastic.

You are only seeking a completeness that the present denies you. What you find is what you are ready to find. It is a protest against what you are told the world is and you are that you seek. However, you do not need books for this. You seek a free ride on the nobility of other souls that sought to be in the world and wrestled with it to their death. You deny your own death and freedom when you rely on them. Why do you look elsewhere to find a grandeur that you yearn for, meaning that excuses the lack you feel.'

As usual, their words were considered as 'incisive' and 'refreshing', excused as an 'exaggeration' to emphasize a point.

To think that they had meaning by themselves was unthinkable and therefore, not possible. To apply it to themselves was considered pointless and, perhaps, it is.

## Union

Je detourne les yeux Mais tu me vois Du haut de ma bassasse Je dedaigne La hauteur de ta detresse Mais nous vivons ensemble Et chercher a continuer sous changer

Tu me satisfais.

De toi est venu ce que je suis Je t'ai fais me batir a meme ta ire Tu reponds a mon besoin Sous moi tu ne serais point

Je t'ai cree Avec le besoin L'un et l'autre sont nes Inconsciemment Consciemment Voulus .... Non-voulus

Ce qui est, est Cet qui est, demeure. Si ..... Non, sans moi tu n'es rien Je t'ai voulu ainsi . Tu me satisfais

Comme etraines par une passion irraisonnee,

Deux amants conditionees, nous nous dechirons

jusqu'aux entrailles Nous nous faisons mal pour mieux nous consoler Ou faire comme si Et je t'ai appris a ne rien dire Ou si peu...

Mais Je t'aime comme nul amant aime Car Tu m'es fidele

Du haut de ma richesse Je meprise La hauteur de ta pauvrete A la sueur de ton front Nait ma satisfaction.

