

# pensées

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People come and people go, and like the shadow, they move unnoticed. People talk but most do not make sense.

There are people in whom you see nothing but silence, a deep silence, and a silence that speaks for itself. It is like a whisper in a crowded room. You can hardly hear it, but when you do, all else is noise and there is only the whisper.

Great minds move along the crowd. They do not speak. They only whisper.

They whisper about many things.

Some whisper about life.

Poe whispered from the grave in a gloomy, funereal voice, "the sickness, the nausea, the pitiless pain have ceased... with the fever called 'living' that burned in my brain..."

Sophocles has his own say about it. "Call no man fortunate that is not dead. The dead are free from pain."

"The dead are free from pain." But only the living experience joy!

There are people who live under a cloud of gloom, people who live through life in imagined and self-imposed sorrows. And to others, a gloomy past is as present to them as the present gloom. But for most, it is because they do not let the light in, they do not take the dark glasses off.

Speaking of dark glasses...they irritate me sometimes, especially when worn inside a building on a rainy day. Of course, there are some styles meant for certain ends. But I do not see any reason for them

except maybe for reasons of taste. Well, I must say that it's really a matter of taste.

Maybe even politics is as much of a matter of taste just as dancing is, or standing straight, or sitting erect. I know of some who believe that they have no reason to be sitting erect or walking straight when they feel a whole lot more comfortable doing otherwise. Others don't dance because they don't see any form of enjoyment in dancing. Maybe it's not really being a nonconformist. Maybe it's all a matter of personal or individual opinion. Individuality is a matter of taste and it can be interesting indeed.

But of course, tastes may not always be reasonable...most especially when they don't conform to yours.

Individuality is a concept worth contemplating about. But there are times when it is often threatened by a confusion of words and personalities, of formalities and procedures. And I must say that individuality preserved in any atmosphere of confusion is a form of conquest.

Individuality might be parallel to "making one's identity realizable." Students engage in a Movement which is of worldwide concern. Their cause? "More than anything else, I want a world where we're free to be human to each other." It is a noble ideal.

It is always edifying to know that there are people whose interests are those of charity, of spreading brotherly love and joy. Some even ascend from the level of brotherly love to the very love of Christ. Their bloodstream is one passage from the Gospels: "Love one another as I love you."

But it is such a pity that people get squeamish when one talks about these things. Perhaps it is because it constitutes one primal, underlying principle of life which demands a very high price — self-abandonment — which not everyone can afford to pay. There are people who prefer to be human when they can be divine.

But let's not approach the subject in such a negative way. After all everyone is good. Allowances should be made for mistakes, conscious or unconscious. It is said that the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.

But let's not talk about such delicate things.

Let's talk about the Filipino.

Maybe we have never conceived of the Filipino as a superior being. Maybe he's not, but he's different. And the difference indeed is unique. My friend when she was in the States said that European and American boys prefer the Filipina to others because she is very reserved. They love our songs. I, myself, find our own folk dances very beautiful. Maybe it's because I wasn't exposed to it before as I am now, and as all the rest are, to the tom-tom music of the Indians and the Africans. But there is such contrast. And it adds to the loveliness.

It seems that everything Philippine is lovely — except for politics maybe. Issues range from forgery to land-grabbing, the Meralco and integrity.

And what about campus politics? There's only one thing I can say about it. It's interesting, very interesting, indeed. For some, it is interesting to the point of being humorous.

At certain moments, things seem to us very interesting. Even the commonest object seem to us lovely, like seeing a rose in an old vase, or a tree against the night sky, or even the face of an old man. Some people call it "epiphanies."

But there are times, too, when moments can be boring, moments when you feel hollow inside for no reason at all, when you don't feel like doing anything.

Like now.