

**The Last Writing of a Great Master** By Gabriel Garcia Marquez

>The Nobel Prize winning writer,  
Gabriel Garcia Marquez, has  
retired from public life due to  
health reasons: cancer of the  
lymph nodes. It seems that it  
>is getting  
>worse. He has sent this  
farewell letter to his  
>friends, which has  
>been translated and posted on  
the Internet.  
>to any who might enjoy it. This  
is possibly, sadly,  
>one of the  
>last gifts to humanity from a  
true master.  
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>  
>If for an instant God were to  
forget that I am a rag  
>doll and  
>gifted me with a piece of life,  
possibly I wouldn't  
>say all that I  
>think, but rather I would think of  
all that I say. I  
>would value  
>things, not for their worth but for  
what they mean. I  
>would sleep  
>little, dream more,  
understanding that for each  
minute  
>we close  
>our eyes we lose sixty seconds  
of light.  
>  
>I would walk when others hold  
back, I would wake when  
>others  
>sleep. I would listen when  
others talk, and how I  
>would enjoy a  
>good chocolate ice cream!

>

>If God were to give me a piece  
of life, I would dress  
>simply,  
>throw myself face first into the  
sun, baring not only  
>my body but  
>also my soul. My God, if I had a  
heart, I would write  
>my hate on  
>ice, and wait for the sun to  
show. Over the stars I  
>would paint  
>with a Van Gogh, dream a  
Benedetti poem, and a Serrat  
>song would be  
>the serenade I'd offer to the  
moon. With my tears I  
>would water  
>roses, to feel the pain of their  
thorns, and the red  
>kiss of their  
>petals ...

>

>My god, if I had a piece of life ...  
I wouldn't let a  
>single day  
>pass without telling the people  
I love that I love  
>them. I would  
>convince each woman and  
each man that they are my  
>favorites, and I  
>would live in love with love.

>

>I would show men how very  
wrong they are to think that  
>they cease  
>to be in love when they grow  
old, not knowing that  
>they grow old  
>when they cease to be in love!  
To a child I shall give  
>wings, but  
>I shall let him learn to fly on his  
own. I would teach  
>the old  
>that death does not come with

old age, but with  
>forgetting. So  
>much have I learned from you,  
oh men ...  
>  
>I have learned that everyone  
wants to live on the peak  
>of the  
>mountain, without knowing that  
real happiness is in  
>how it is  
>scaled. I have learned that  
when a newborn child  
>squeezes for the  
>first time with his tiny fist his  
father's finger, he  
>has him  
>trapped forever. I have learned  
that a man has the  
>right to look  
>down on another only when he  
has to help the other get  
>to his  
>feet. From you I have learned  
so many things, but in  
>truth they  
>won't be of much use, for when  
I keep them within this  
>suitcase,  
>unhappily shall I be dying.

>

>GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

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>A QUICK BIO ON THE  
WRITER:

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>Colombian author Gabriel  
Garcia Marquez began his  
>career as a  
>Journalist for a series of liberal  
South American  
>newspapers in  
>the late 1940's. Although he  
toyed with fiction as a  
>young man,  
>his first true efforts were incited  
by the negative

>reviews of  
>contemporary Latin-American  
writers. The result was  
>the short -  
>story The Third Resignation.  
The reviews of the story  
>were  
>positive and the impact strong;  
the press heralded The  
>Boom, a  
>second generation of  
Latin-American writers. Garcia  
>Marquez  
>followed with a compilation of  
short stories (Big  
>Mama's Funeral)  
>and three novellas (Leaf Storm,  
No One Writes to the  
>Colonel, and  
>In Evil Hour). These dark, eerie,  
and sad works were  
>influenced  
>heavily by Franz Kafka yet they  
reveal the voice of an  
>intelligent  
>young writer preparing himself  
for larger things.  
>  
>Larger things came to Garcia  
Marquez in 1967. While  
>suffering  
>from writer's block several  
years earlier, the author  
>suddenly had  
>a vision of his next novel -- as  
he has said, the  
>first chapter  
>was as clear as if it had  
already been written. The  
>idea was to  
>tell the story of several  
generations of a Colombian  
>family as his  
>grandmother might have told it:  
supernatural  
>occurrences and  
>unbelievable events described  
with unblinking

> sincerity.

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> After eighteen months of seclusion, Garcia Marquez

> produced One

> Hundred Years of Solitude, which has been called one

> of the

> greatest novels in history.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez was

> awarded The

> Nobel Prize for literature in 1982.

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