



This article was written in March, 2009, at the strong instant of the political confusion of Madagascar. Two years afterwards, we are always in a state of deadlock! Near the commemoration of March 29th, 1947, it appeared to me necessary, as duty of memory, to bring us back two years behind, would be what to note that nothing changed (since in obviousness, it is so so difficult to remember what indeed took place 64 years ago). Eh yes, unfortunately, one of the wrong of this country is precisely the syndrome of the unthinking chronic suicidal amnesia

Litany of a disabused generation (Litanie d'une génération désenchantée*)

Blessing or curse? Since I believed be capable of considering, neither any principle nor any plays political parties persuaded me. These are not however election campaigns, nor political propagandas (which in another world, in another life, areas time of dialogues are, of exchanges on the best future of the nation) which are lacking. Political parties rush, reproduce in several variants of acronym as fundamental spaces, as dénuées by ethics!

To whom error? Surprisingly, responsibility belongs to nobody, while everybody is victim.
Result: cycles of political crisis, curling interregional hate every time, at the edge of social depression, in a huge economic chasm. Bravo!

I have nothing against Mr Rajoelina, apart from its difficulties – the same rhetorics – to offer, to lead fundamental ideologies and true human principles leading to a minimum, to a very small degree of sociocultural and of course economic blossoming of the Malagasy. Finally, what serves for to have power ? If it has it.

I have nothing against Mr Ravalomanana, as much as, its untenable mistake of the malagasy population, get away from all his plans and plans of actions of personal enrichment; in measure also, where one at his capacity to define the Malagasy, malagasy competences and the malagasy needs, takes a new look to be in parallel with the reality of "*Mother country*" ("*Firenena*").
Finally, what serve for to be so much lucky?

I have close by people, less and less educated, to become more, more fanatical, irresponsible and opportunistic. To whom is it of benefit?

Here is the pretty draft of a nice picture of our country in the premises of the third millennium.

But can they then speak about future?

And youth?! I am 24 years old, sensible be active and dynamic do you say? My eye yes! I am softened by the being stupid programmings of the mass media, I am dumbfounded by the only objective of the politicians: quick and without effort lasting enrichment, I am stunned by the silent melody and the passiveness of the pseudo-intellectuals, and I cross it.

I am part of a disabused generation

Would I Have even, boldness today to dream that a day, some children, just children's handle – among the hundreds of thousands in frightening situations – can sketch a smile without the shade of a future of cultural destitution and instructive beggary?

Of course, I do not speak about these rascals of rich rottenness spoiled by politicians and by opportunistic economists – who are the privileged of grants in spite of the children of the people much more deserving and necessitous. I speak about these thousand hungry children, holding concurrently hard labour and thin public scholastic course.

Instructive reform and Cultural Revolution would lead to their term if and only if the children of Minister for Education, sees frequently the public schools. Bringing about equality of opportunity of success at the level of « *young shoot* » of citizen, here is the development to which I aspire for my beloved country. It is that I think be one of the fundamental roles of

« *Fi-ren (y) ena* »

for his people.

Definitely good morning in the disabused generation!

*** Drawn by a song of Mylène Farmer.**

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