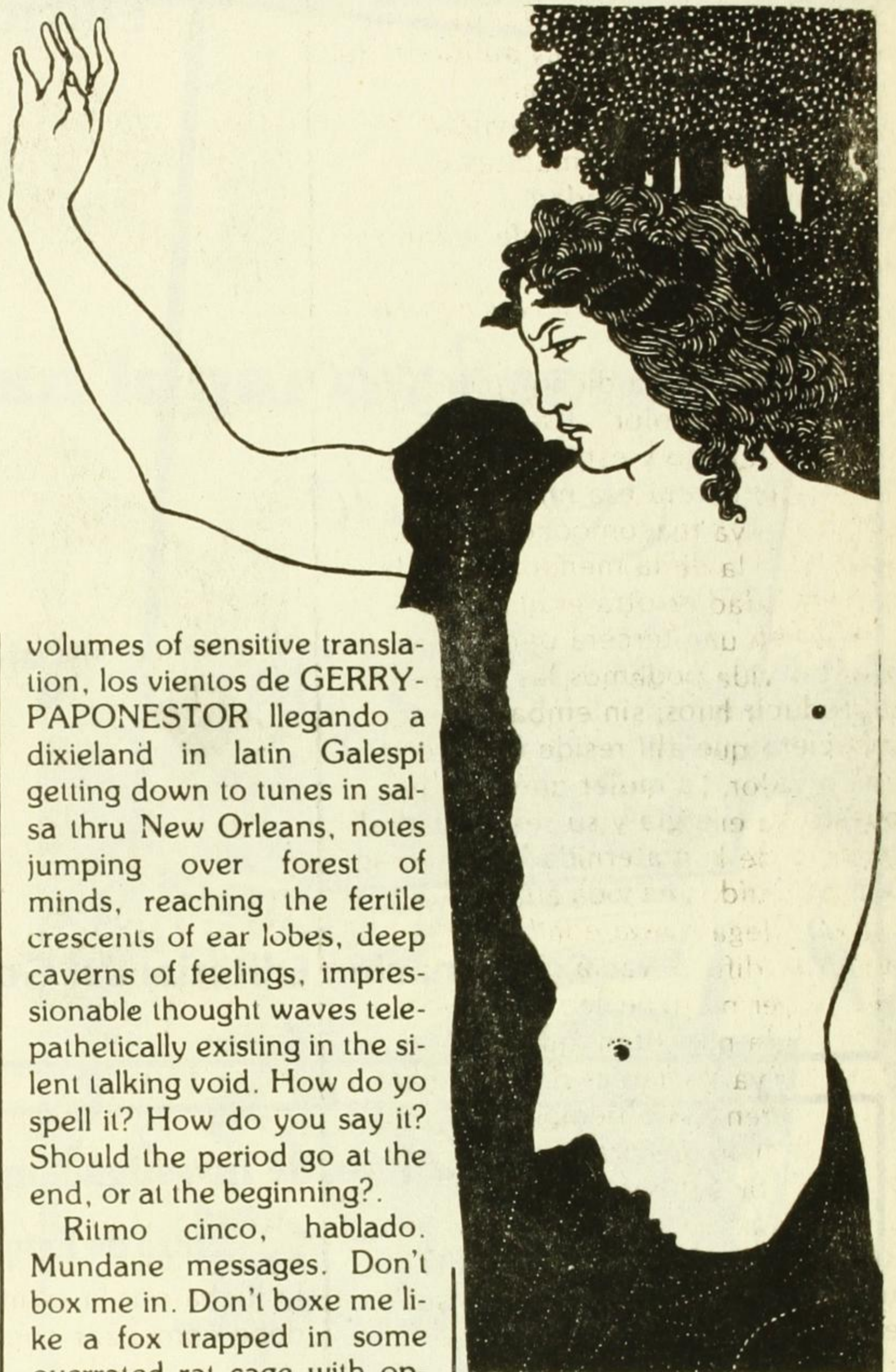


Mestiza*



Ritmo uno, empezando. Los bongos se afinan con las congas. Bongose mano conga leased from congonolium explantation, deportation of unalien generation in congafade bongocide, Gerry and Pupy mezclan manos de los hermanos, manos bongodiando en la tierra Nueva Conga. Los micrófonos se prueban, a cantar las armonías, hombres contagiando con trompetas finados en una desafinación de ritmo, siguiendo como siempre, un solo ritmo en la armonía de todas las gentes (incluyendo las mujeres).

It is the night of the New Rican waltz in a mambo two step born and quartered for the market grave, a pseudo-neo-post-partum-renaissance, five hundred years late for class, but already too soon for the six o'clock news which caters to decaying populations of mixed reformist in a synthesis that is somehow trying to grab a hold of itself from choking itself into uselessness.

Ritmo dos, acelerado. Néstor Torres incluye timbales, con flauta el tiempo de aire volando. And Americo's music box did sing on occassion, between beats of confrontation masturbation, but no one had time to dance dance dance the night away, while children are pushed into their graves by overslaving Tio Toms who

have difficulty in believing that all human being are not only white, but red, brown, tan, yellow, olive, orange and black, blue black, deep african south black are growing to a 1980 national majority, even though the congress does not represent this.

Ritmo tres, introduciendo. Melodía Jazz latino. Oye Espíritu, adónde estás? Ven acá, ven acá. Come here into this place like old harmonies in never ending circles of precious life. Oye Espíritu, don't you have no feelings? how can you ignore the destruction disintegration of the South Bronx migration generation trying to sustain the pain of proposal poverty and capital gain and radioactive rain on a future already slain by middle class aspirations in preparation for strait jacket mainline american sensation style suicide.

Well? Well? What did you have in mind? a job to help me rob myself of my own living time? Don't abuse my work potential with a loaf of bread so dead with preservation.

Ritmo cuatro, improvisando. Buenas noches gente. Aqui estamos. The liberation education for the elevation of people communication. It is time that we are all working together. Boca flauta ejercicios vocales, vocalizing visions in various

volumes of sensitive translation, los vientos de GERRY-PAPONESTOR llegando a dixieland in latin Galespi getting down to tunes in salsa thru New Orleans, notes jumping over forest of minds, reaching the fertile crescents of ear lobes, deep caverns of feelings, impressionable thought waves telepathetically existing in the silent talking void. How do you spell it? How do you say it? Should the period go at the end, or at the beginning?

Ritmo cinco, hablado. Mundane messages. Don't box me in. Don't boxe me like a fox trapped in some overrated rat cage with option to burn. I don't want it. What-do-you-mean I have to live with? what-do-you-mean I have to learn to love what I hate? I don't want it. Keep it for your self.

Tres palabras subió en notas inspiradas. Luces brillando en todas temperaturas, sonando de plata, oro y aire, cantando con pájaros en medio tiempo, río, cruzando las fincas adonde nacieron los abuelos.

Ritmo seis, Mozambique. Baile de milles y milles de pies, y líneas de zapatos in double parade time dress, colors counting miles of uncharted distances, an international hue of multilingual lovingless. Yes. it is possible to come together in variegated cooperation, for the mutual salvation of the

people generation through the spiritualization of our negative inclinations and the reorganization of this bureaucratic situation.

Buenas noches gente. Sí, aquí está, y sigue subiendo el espíritu, sigue subiendo...

Ritmo siete, sublime. Aguas dejando tranquilidad. ¡Mira! ¡Mira! ahí en el aire, casi lo puedo tocar, aguantarlo en mi mano y sentir las gotas tibias encima de mí.

¡Mira! Arco iris.

La noche se llenó con la luna. Potencias presentaron mensajes, discursos musicales, mi cumbia, trabajo espiritual

*Fragmento de *Mestiza*, novela en preparación, de la nueva narrativa chicana.