



FACULTAD DE FILOSOFIA Y LETRAS
LITERATURA ESPAÑOLA Y TEORÍA DE LA
LITERATURA Y LITERATURA COMPARADA
FRANCISCO LAGUNA DESDE LA ESTILOMETRÍA
Y LA CRÍTICA GENÉTICA

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“We are born alone, we live alone, we die alone,
Only through our love and friendships
can we create the illusion for the moment”.
Oscar Wild

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1. RESUMEN

Al igual que el trabajo de un escultor consiste en retirar el material sobrante de un bloque de mármol para poder dar forma a su trabajo, el escritor de igual por su parte, debe seleccionar las palabras más adecuadas para crear un texto que previamente ha sido concebido en su imaginación y retirar las palabras restantes. Esta toma de decisiones ha coincidido en la teoría de la recepción de la lectura, donde un autor interviene activamente en el acto de recepción de su propio texto para dar sentido a sus obras, con el fin de llegar a su lector ideal. Sin embargo, este proceso de edición puede causar numerosos problemas, especialmente si los cambios se realizan en las ediciones ya publicadas y de venta al público. Tal es el caso de Francisco Laguna Correa quien, al ser su propio editor, muestra incongruencias en dos de sus trabajos: *Finales Felices* y *Crush me / Ria Brava*. El propósito de este estudio es sustentar Humanidades Digitales para realizar la crítica genética de *Finales Felices* y el estudio estilométrico en *Crush Me / Ria Brava* para identificar el género del autor real.

ABSTRACT

Just as the work of a sculptor consists in removing the excess material from a block of marble to be able to give shape to his work, the writer does same on his part, must select the most appropriate words to create a text that has been previously conceived in his imagination and removing the remaining words. This decision-making has insisted on the theory of the reception of reading, where an author actively intervenes in the act of receiving his own text to give meaning to his works, in order to reach his ideal reader. However, this editing process can cause many problems, especially if the changes are made in the editions already published and sold to the public. Such is the case of Francisco Laguna Correa who, being his own editor, shows inconsistencies in two of his works: *Finales Felices* and *Crush me / Ria Brava*. This investigation is in conjunction with Digital Humanities to perform the genetic criticism of *Finales Felices* and the stylometric study in *Crush Me / Ria Brava* to identify the genre of the real author.

1. INTRODUCCIÓN

En las últimas décadas la expresión literaria chicana ha ido adquiriendo terreno dentro de los Estados Unidos a un ritmo sorprendente y ha repercutido a un nivel internacional. Para algunos investigadores como Philip C. Ortega, *El tratado de Guadalupe Hidalgo*¹ marca el principio de la literatura chicana (Ortega. 1971:240). A mi parecer, esta afirmación resulta errónea, ya que la literatura chicana existía previamente, pero no se tenía conciencia de identidad. Por otra parte, autores como Francisco Lomelí afirman que: “la expresión literaria chicana se ha logrado a base de mucho esfuerzo” (Lomelí. 1994:1). La literatura chicana comienza a florecer en los años sesenta como resultado de pro derechos civiles² y de las rebeldes inquietudes de los años setenta³. Sin embargo, lo chicano no surge a raíz de un movimiento político, aunque lo definió. La ideología del mexico-estadunidense había estado presente desde el primer momento en que un pueblo de ascendencia mexicana se encontró en territorio norteamericano. Los chicanos no emergieron de generación espontánea en los años setenta, tan solo se habían cansado de callar durante tantos años.

Tanto su literatura, como su arte y su música se encontraba en búsqueda de su propia identidad en un espacio y tiempo, y resultaba fundamental para su pasado histórico. Esta introspección comienza a cobrar sus frutos a partir de los años sesenta, en

¹ El Tratado de Guadalupe Hidalgo fue un convenio entre México y los Estados Unidos. Se firmó el 2 de febrero de 1848, al final de la Guerra de Intervención Norteamericana, estableció que México cediera a los Estados Unidos casi la mitad de su territorio, que comprendía la totalidad de lo que hoy son los estados de California, Texas, Arizona, Nevada, Utah y parte de Colorado, Nuevo México y Wyoming. Como compensación, los Estados Unidos tuvieron que pagar 15 millones de dólares por daños al territorio mexicano durante la guerra. Entre los aspectos del tratado, se encuentran los siguientes: se estableció al Río Bravo del Norte o Río Grande como la línea divisoria entre Texas y México; se estipuló la protección de los derechos civiles y de propiedad de los mexicanos que permanecieron en el nuevo territorio estadounidense. Además, Estados Unidos aceptó patrullar su lado de la frontera, y los dos países aceptaron dirimir futuras disputas bajo arbitraje obligatorio.

² El movimiento pro derechos civiles en los Estados Unidos se caracteriza por haber sido una lucha larga y, sobre todo, no violenta para extender la igualdad de las minorías norteamericanas y su igualdad ante la ley. Toma lugar entre 1955 y 1968 cuando muere asesinado el principal líder de este movimiento político Martin Luther King Jr.

³ Las rebeldes inquietudes de los años setenta conforman la lucha de pro derechos civiles de donde emerge de forma paralela “el movimiento campesino”, de la unión de trabajadores del campo quienes luchaban junto a sus líderes, Cesar Chávez y Dolores Herrera, pidiendo la igualdad de derechos de los campesinos, la mejora de la jornada de trabajo y mejoras en las condiciones laborales. Con este fin, realizaron protestas contra el empleo de inmigrantes mexicanos, quienes hasta este tiempo eran una fuga de empleo por su obra de mano barata. Entre otras cosas, se pedía el fin del programa Bracero para dar prioridad a los campesinos norteamericanos.

que por primera vez se publican por lo menos dieciséis trabajos literarios de alta calidad⁴ (Perucho. 1989:160-170). Es decir, hasta hace dos décadas las letras chicanas eran etiquetadas como una subcategoría, debido a que no podían identificarse con los parámetros del canon o de lo que se consideraba *normal*. Se percibía como panfletaria, proletaria, populista y en pocas palabras, era una literatura basura de la clase baja.

Por una parte, en los círculos norteamericanos del establishment⁵ se percibía como una bofetada a lo burgués por su carácter folclórico, el cual era un compendio de gustos y voces bilingües que retaba a muchos puristas del lenguaje. Los norteamericanos rechazaban este tipo de lectura por parecerles foránea y muy ajena a sus ideales. Por otra parte, los mexicanos la impugnaban por encontrar en ella una dosis de claudicación a unos valores que no les pertenecían y porque desafiaba su sentido monolítico, un reto a lo nacional. Lo cierto es que, no puede resultar una tarea fácil el tratar de entender la irreverencia chicana frente a la norma ya establecida. Y aunque ambas culturas alardearan de ser abiertas y flexibles al cambio, lo que no admitían era que este cambio solo podía llevarse a cabo al cambiar su visión de la otredad.

Es necesario entender, que el chicano forma una parte importante del mundo cambiante de los Estados Unidos, siendo una de las fuerzas de esos cambios. Es decir, en el caso de los 20 millones de chicanos que antes solían tener el estatus de campesinos, sirvientes o lava platos, etc. Si se suman a los otros diez millones de hispanos: puertorriqueños, cubanos y a otros latinoamericanos que viven en los Estados Unidos, forman un conjunto panhispánico, con gran fuerza de identidad cultural. Tal y como lo señala Francisco Lomelí: “el chicano ha ido más allá del barrio, el poder adquisitivo de este grupo ya no es lo que era antes. Los hispanos forman una parte importante del poder adquisitivo norteamericano” (Lomelí.1994: 20). Si la discriminación y el racismo era lo que los definía, a pasos agigantados se acercan a la cultura del *mainstream*⁶. Lo chicano

⁴ En 1960 José Antonio Villarreal publicó la novela *Pocho*, En 1963 John Reechy publicó *City of Night*. En 1964, Rodolfo Cocky Gonzalez, publicó *I am Joaquin* poesía y en 1966 Luis Valdez estrena la obra teatral *La quinta temporada*. Datos extraídos de la Antología de Javier Perucho.

⁵ La palabra *establishmen* es un anglicismo que se refiere al grupo de poder establecido o clase dominante. El término se refiere a un grupo social que selecciona a sus propios miembros (opuesto a la selección por herencia o por sus propios métodos). Esta terminología cobra auge en los años sesenta para describir estructuras de elite arraigadas en algunas instituciones, pero su uso es de forma informal y es en mayor parte usado por medios de comunicación que por académicos.

⁶ *Mainstream* o corriente/tendencia mayoritaria es un término que se utiliza para designar los pensamientos, gustos o preferencias predominantes en un momento determinado en una sociedad. Adquiere relevancia a través de los estudios mediáticos actuales al reflejar los efectos de los medios de comunicación de masas del siglo XX sobre la sociedad contemporánea. Se emplea al hablar de arte

va influyendo a lo norteamericano cada vez más y la forma en que este ha sido considerada; prevalece una cultura de sincretismo y se desvanece la figura del *melting pod*⁷, de donde la institución anglosajona era la cultura dominante.

En el panorama actual, las humanidades chicanas se han sumado a la cultura estadounidense debido a que sus raíces están formadas en torno a una convergencia de códigos mexicanos y norteamericanos. Y es precisamente en este punto donde radica su innovación y su originalidad, ya que comparten dos tradiciones literarias y las confirman para elaborar una identidad híbrida propia; trasciende porque mezcla dos culturas creando una tercera. En palabras de Francisco Lomali, ya se ha superado la etapa de compromiso político para resaltar los valores establecidos sin tener que sacrificar una conciencia social. Ahora se procura un equilibrio más mesurado sin caer en lo perogrullesco o el fácil dogmatismo, ya no importa definir lo chicano como un hecho épico (Lomali.1994:10).

Desde 1980 hasta el presente, la literatura chicana se esfuerza en mostrar la experiencia del individuo, de donde emerge un sentido colectivo; el minimalismo es uno de sus rasgos distintivos. La bifurcación de forma y temática es el asunto primordial de los últimos años, que en cierta forma cuestiona el carácter de lo angloamericano. Si antes se imponía su lectura en español o en *espanglish*, en la última década se procura cultivar el inglés, sin rechazar el español; por el contrario, se incorpora con palabras, ideas y voces que habían permanecido apagadas. Al sembrar lo chicano, florece lo americano que representa la nueva realidad hispanounidense.

(música y literatura principalmente), designando los trabajos que cuentan con grandes medios para su producción y comercialización y que llegan con gran facilidad al público en general

⁷ *Melting pod*, La expresión inglesa se acuñó por Israel Zangwill en la obra teatral de 1908 *The Melting pod* y desde entonces se viene utilizando para describir la peculiar forma de integración de la emigración en los Estados Unidos. La analogía lleva implícita la idea positiva de que se produce una convivencia armoniosa, o incluso una unificación a través del mestizaje o la asimilación; por oposición a la separación en *ghettos* o de la segregación racial (*apartheid*). También puede emplearse desde perspectivas negativas, para denunciar la pérdida de diversidad cultural a través de la aculturación (el *American way of life*-"modo de vida estadounidense"-); o, con fines opuestos, para lamentarse de la contaminación de una supuesta "pureza racial".

1.3 INTERÉS SOBRE EL TEMA

La motivación principal de esta investigación reside en la voluntad de unir la crítica genética y la estilometría, para vincularlas en un tema innovador y de interés personal: las letras chicanas. Es una satisfacción personal el poder utilizar un texto virgen, es decir, un texto para el que aún no existe crítica sobre su autor: Francisco Laguna Correa y su obra. Este interés no radica solo en lo teórico; esta investigación tiene como objetivo enriquecer tanto mi actividad profesional en literatura chicana, como mi labor de investigadora y explorar dos ramas importantes en los estudios filológicos. Numerosos investigadores han usado la crítica genética y la estilométrica, pero pocas veces se han combinado ambas disciplinas. El asir como base de sus experiencias para entender y analizar dichas disciplinas, el aplicarlas a un tema contemporáneo para incorporar nuevos métodos de investigación desde las ciencias exactas, y el uso de programas informáticos aplicados a la investigación filológica, supone el establecimiento de nuevos campos de estudio. Por otro lado, mínimas son las investigaciones sobre las humanidades chicanas que consiguen aumentar saberes sobre una minoría mayoritaria que radican en un país tan diverso como los Estados Unidos y que, a su vez, concentra la segunda comunidad de habla hispana más grande del mundo, después de México y superando a España. Considero que el fomentar la investigación filológica en nuevos campos de estudio debe convertirse en una prioridad para que sea incorporada como parte del currículo de estudio.

Se debe advertir que, a pesar de todo, los estudios filológicos se encuentran en constante evolución. El primer proyecto que unió la filología e informática data de 1949, cuando el jesuita Roberto Busa (1913 – 2011) (Rojas Castro. 2013:75) empezó *suindex Thomisticus*, una concordancia del latín de las obras de Santo Tomas de Aquino y otros autores. Tras consultar al fundador de IBM, Thomas J. Watson, consiguió unas tarjetas perforadas que se convirtieron en las palabras de un catálogo. Con la ayuda del ordenador, el sacerdote pudo organizar las entradas de más de doce millones de palabras categorizadas por letras. Como resultado, el jesuita fue el primero en combinar la tradición humanística con las investigaciones filológicas y crear lo que hoy en día se conoce como Humanidades Digitales. Gracias a la complejidad, profundidad y exactitud de su trabajo Busa⁸, se situó a la vanguardia de su tiempo, al ser capaz de explorar un sin

⁸ Gracias a la labor del jesuita se incorporó el premio de Humanidades Digitales (ADHO) que lleva el nombre del mismo. Galardonando a los premios de investigación más sobresalientes en esta rama. Hasta la fecha seis han sido los elegidos: el mismo Roberto Busa (1998), John Burrows

número de posibilidades en fracciones de segundo, convirtiéndose así en un pionero en los estudios filológicos. Los tiempos van cambiando y el filólogo moderno debe estar comprometido con esos cambios, afrontar que las nuevas tecnologías deben representar el dogma de esta universidad.

Como he indicado previamente, en el campo de las Humanidades Digitales hay mucho por hacer, pues esta disciplina se encuentra en una etapa inaugural. Sin embargo, hay que recordar que el estudio de las Humanidades tal y como se presentan hoy en día, también tardó algunos años en florecer. Según Julia Flanders, (2009:3), el proceso de fragmentación del conocimiento comienza a producirse en el siglo XVII con el surgimiento de las academias; pero no es sino hasta el siglo XIX cuando las Humanidades se pueden considerar como una disciplina, después de separarse de las ciencias naturales y de la física. Iniciado el siglo XXI, se comienzan a establecer los departamentos de literatura, primero como filología medieval y renacentista y años más tarde como departamentos de Filología moderna.

Lejos de poder definirse como una disciplina homogénea, las Humanidades Digitales son la incorporación de distintas metodologías y objetos de estudio. Desde sus orígenes con el proyecto pionero de Roberto Busa hasta finales de los noventa, predominaron proyectos centrados en el estudio del texto. La codificación y el análisis textual siguen siendo actualmente dos de los pilares de las Humanidades Digitales, pero los modelos digitales se han diversificado hasta incluir la creación de grafos o la visualización de datos. La literatura digital, así como el estudio de los nuevos medios, se han incorporado a la disciplina por derecho propio. La nómina, sin duda, seguirá aumentando porque lo que realmente define a las Humanidades Digitales son una serie de principios como la interdisciplinariedad y la construcción de modelos, de valores como el acceso libre y el código abierto, y prácticas como la minería de datos y la colaboración (Rojas castro. 2013: 76).

Es por eso que considero primordial la institución de la disciplina en áreas geográficas no anglosajonas. El hecho de incorporar las Humanidades Digitales a mi investigación supone extraer beneficios de esos cambios. Al incorporar la informática al estudio genético de textos tendré la posibilidad de comparar y cotejar miles de párrafos

(2001), Susan Hockey (2004), Wilhelm Ott (2007), Joseph Raben (2010), Willard McCarty (2013) y recientemente Antonio Zampolli (2017).

de forma simultánea para identificar los cambios realizados en la obra y seguir la génesis literaria sin romper la linealidad de la escritura. Es verdad que la crítica genética se ha realizado en varios textos sin incorporar la informática, pero en mi opinión, la génesis se rompe y puede ser confusa. Al elaborar mi investigación de forma digital, el lector podrá ver todos los cambios en una pantalla de ordenador de manera lineal. De igual forma, con el uso de las nuevas tecnologías y la psicolingüística seré capaz de distinguir el género de la voz narrativa de un libro de ficción. Considerables investigaciones se han hecho en cada una de estas especialidades, pero esta sería una de las pioneras en incorporar ambas disciplinas simultáneamente. Debido a que la literatura chicana es un género relativamente nuevo, este estudio se convertiría en el primero de su gama.

2 METODOLOGÍA

2.1 HIPÓTESIS

Este trabajo de investigación pretende aplicar dos asignaturas centradas en el estudio de la obra del autor Francisco Laguna Correa y la literatura chicana. Aunque los temas están relacionados por el autor, se han desglosado las hipótesis en función de cada uno de ellos.

a) HIPÓTESIS EN CRÍTICA GENÉTICA

¿Se pueden identificar los cambios que ha sufrido un texto e incorporarlos a su edición para que el lector vea el proceso creativo real?

El primer objetivo de la crítica genética es reconstruir la marcha de la escritura. De igual forma, intenta desdeñar la red de significados que puedan irse configurando. Es decir, se desarrollan dos tipos de actividades de forma simultánea: la edición genética de textos modernos y la interpretación del mismo. Los exámenes de los procesos de escritura muestran que en ese espacio existe un continuo enfrentamiento entre unidad y diversidad. De análoga manera, la permanencia y el cambio. El propio término “crítica genética” data

de 1979 y fue acuñado por Louis Hay en su obra *Essais de critique génétique*⁹. Aunque su germen data de 1972, cuando J. Bellemin Noël creó el término “pre-texto” (“avant-texte”), verdadero concepto fundador de la crítica genética, para designar el conjunto de los testimonios genéticos de una obra o de un proyecto de escritura. Se usa frecuentemente para referirse a un manuscrito concreto o, en general, a propósito de los documentos previos a la fijación de un texto. En otras palabras, los constituyentes del que se ha dado en denominar dossier genético. Por su parte, Luis Hay sostiene que con su instalación quedan delimitadas tres etapas en el proceso de la comunicación literaria: “producción escritural, texto y lectura (Lois.2014:57). En lo referente al proceso de elaboración del texto, analizaremos aquí cómo la obra de Laguna Correa se fue incrementando a partir de la primera edición y se siguió nutriendo de las ediciones subsiguientes al mismo. De ello resulta que, cada una de las ediciones incorpora nuevas variantes que tienen como fin crear la edición final. De ahí que al cotejar cada una de las ediciones, desde la versión primaria comparada con su precedente, tendré la capacidad de trazar la génesis de escritura. Asimismo, un rasgo de suma importancia para este estudio es que cada uno de los cambios se han realizado en función de mejorar el texto. Por ende, intuyo que cada una de las ediciones se ha ido utilizando como un ejercicio de escritura..

b) HIPÓTESIS DE ESTILOMETRÍA

¿Se puede saber a través de un análisis estilométrico si un texto refleja la voz de una mujer o un hombre?

Desde sus inicios, la estilometría se ha utilizado para analizar atribuciones de autores. Según Javier Blasco, uno de los principales precursores de la estilometría en España: “cada escritor tiene ciertas tendencias al escribir; se suele favorecer algunos rasgos en la escritura más que otros. Decenas de estos rasgos medidos estadísticamente y enfrentados crean la denominada huella dactilar textual del autor: un patrón que puede

⁹ Una muestra de las posibilidades de este campo de estudio es el enfoque aplicado a la poesía española en el excelente trabajo de Investigación de Javier Blasco Pascual (2011).

reconocer la autoría de un texto¹⁰. Es una especie de ADN que está compuesto por el trazo de escritura del autor y que a su vez pueden medirse por medio de la estadística. La estilometría forma parte de las Humanidades Digitales y es la aplicación de elementos de estilo lingüístico para la atribución de textos.

La estilometría es una de las áreas de investigación de las Humanidades Digitales que, como ya hemos mencionado, se encuentra en pleno apogeo. Sin embargo, existen muy pocos estudios que intenten verificar el género del narrador y menos aún estudios realizados en países de habla hispana. El objeto de esta investigación es, por tanto, mostrar en español uno de los principales métodos utilizados en la estilometría: el estudio lingüístico del texto.

2.2 OBJETIVOS GENERALES

1) Leer y escribir la génesis de *Finales Felices*. Con la ayuda de la crítica genética incorporaré las tres ediciones para crear una cuarta que muestre la génesis de escritura del texto.

2) *Crush Me Ria Brava* fue publicada con un seudónimo: F. L. Crunk. Francisco Laguna Correa asegura ser el autor de la novela por ser él quien la escribió. Sin embargo, afirma que la obra está compuesta por un compendio de relatos de varias mujeres emigrantes. Con ayuda de la estilometría realizaré un análisis automatizado sobre el género de la voz narrativa en la obra *Crush me / Ria brava* para determinar si en efecto F. L. Cruck es una mujer o en realidad Francisco Laguna Correa usó un seudónimo y es un excelente copista.

2.2.1. OBJETIVOS DE INVESTIGACIÓN

1) Una vez establecida la génesis de *Finales Felices*, estudiaré las variantes que la integran y que hacen posible la incorporación de partes en la obra.

¹⁰ Para explorar los alcances de la estilometría es inminente explorar la página de internet destinada a este campo de estudio: <https://www.estilometria.com> puesto que en ella se encuentra lo más puntero en herramientas para este tipo de investigación.

2) Entender la naturaleza del texto y explicar quién es la voz real y los componentes que la integran.

2.3 METODOLOGÍA

2.3.1 CRÍTICA GENÉTICA

El eje central de la presente investigación es la literatura chicana y por tal motivo considero de relevancia centrarnos en una obra contemporánea: un compendio de 59¹¹ microrrelatos bajo el título de *Finales Felices*. Desde el comienzo de esta investigación he mantenido contacto directo con su autor, Francisco Laguna Correa, quien ha mostrado su apoyo hacia la misma desde el principio. Correa me ha otorgado acceso la primera edición del texto, materiales preparatorios, entrevistas, y dos manuscritos. También me ha ofrecido información sobre todas las ediciones realizadas hasta hoy en día del texto. Cada una de las ediciones se encuentran en mí poder de forma digital y en formato de TXT. De similar relevancia, dispongo de algunas capturas de pantalla y fotos de la libreta que le ha acompañado en sus viajes.

El dossier genético se compone de todos los materiales preparatorios y de todas las ediciones del libro *Finales Felices*. Una vez reunida y decodificada la información, el geneticista puede estudiar la concepción del texto y recorrer el camino que siguió el autor. Para Lluch Prats, se deben seguir las siguientes operaciones para la construcción e interpretación del dossier:

- El análisis material de los documentos que se han localizado, identificar, datar y clasificar. Tras finalizar este análisis se puede proceder con el desciframiento.
- La evolución y la interpretación de la edición. La tarea del crítico va más allá de la tarea de reconstrucción paleográfica de las ediciones, solo en función de una interpretación del material examinado puede hablarse de una autentica critica genética. (Lluch. 2010: 28).

¹¹ En esta cita me refiero a la edición de 2012, ya que es la copia oficial por así decirlo al haber ganado el premio de la North American Academy of Spanish Lenguaje.

Ahora bien, conviene determinar el objeto de estudio, ya que pueden surgir dudas e incertidumbres en torno a una labor. En este caso en particular, existen varias ediciones de la obra, pero solo una de ellas no presenta ningún cambio, por tal motivo desestimo la relevancia de incluir esta versión¹². El objeto de estudio se focalizará en el análisis de los cambios que se han realizado en una gran mayoría de las ediciones para reconstruir la linealidad de la obra. Por lo tanto, la edición que no muestra ningún cambio no forma parte del dossier genético. De ahí la importancia sin par que tiene destacar que, para poder concluir si la edición del 2014 contenía cambios o no, fue necesario examinar todas las ediciones a través del programa Juxta, para corroborar la información obtenida.

Juxta es una herramienta que sirve para cotejar textos. En sus inicios este material de trabajo fue diseñado para ayudar a editores, ya que con base Java es posible trazar la trayectoria o las variantes de un texto. Gracias a su código abierto, Juxta se puede usar en manuscritos y versiones impresas. Es una aplicación de escritorio independiente que permite completar muchas de las operaciones necesarias de crítica textual en textos digitales (TXT y XML). Juxta software es capaz de comparar el texto base (la primera edición del libro) con las otras ediciones de *Finales Felices*. De igual forma, es posible agregar o cambiar el texto base y cotejarlo con el conjunto de comparación. Una vez que ha realizado una comparación, Juxta ofrece la posibilidad de visualizaciones analíticas, es decir, el cambiar el color de todas las variantes del escrito para localizar una unidad distinta al texto. Una vez localizados todos los cambios, procederé a realizar una edición prototipo compuesta por el conjunto de todas las ediciones vinculadas a un hipertexto que separa cada una de las ediciones en archivos codificados por color.

2.3.2 ESTILOMETRÍA

Encontrar maneras que puedan diferenciar la forma de escribir de hombres y mujeres es, en gran parte, el eje de la lingüística forense. En la actualidad, gracias a las nuevas tecnologías podemos saber si existen diferencias de género en la escritura para determinar si la novela *Crush me / Ria Brava*, fue escrita en verdad por Francisco Laguna Correa o fue una transcripción literal de las memorias de una joven emigrante.

Mí corpus de análisis se divide en tres grupos: el primero es una muestra de

¹² La versión del 2013 de finales Felices es una versión digital de rdeeditores; 20 de enero 2014, Sevilla España.

texto de la novela *Crush me / Ria brava* de 6,484 palabras a la que he sustraído todos los pasajes de intertextualidad para evitar la contaminación de la narrativa. El segundo, se constituye por una muestra escrita formal del autor chicano Francisco Laguna Correa, titulado: *The Mexican influence in XIX century New Orleans musical scene: The Mexican Band in the 1884 World's Cotton Exposition* de 3,500 palabras. El tercero, que denominamos como grupo de “control”, está compuesto por 8 autores, cuatro hombres y cuatro mujeres, 24,000 palabras, divididas en 3,000 palabras por autor. En concreto, el compendio de autores y obras es el siguiente: Sandra Cisneros, *Never marry a Mexican*, Helena María Miramontes, *Their dog came with them*, Janet Desaulniers, *After Rosa Parks*, Helen Trope, *Just like us*, Daniel Orosco, *Orientation*, Daniel Chacon, *and the shadows took him*, Junot Diaz, *Nilda*, Rodolfo Anaya, *Tortuga*.

Trabajo pues con un total de 33,984 palabras aproximadamente, en inglés moderno contemporáneo. Para conservar la objetividad de los resultados y como la novela se suscribe a la corriente chicana, todos los autores del estudio comparten este mismo origen¹³. Además, todos ellos son contemporáneos de Francisco Laguna Correa.

Una vez determinado el corpus de investigación, emplearé el programa LIWC2015 Linguistic Inquirí and Word Count, LIWC: Pennebaker, Francis, & Booth, (2001), una herramienta utilizada en la investigación y el desarrollo de las propiedades psicolingüísticas. También utilizaré una herramienta creada por Aragamon, Shlomo, Moshe Koppel y Jonathan Fine, (2006): *Gender, and writing style in formal written texts* conocida como Hacker Factor de la Universidad de Pensilvania. Esta herramienta será utilizada para corroborar los datos de LWIC 2015.

LWIC2015¹⁴, fue modificada por la Universidad de Austin en Texas, bajo la supervisión de James W. Pennebaker, Ryan L. Boyd. Keyla Jordan y Kaye Blackburn. El programa, entre otras cosas, hace un análisis lingüístico de cada uno de los textos. LWIC analiza las muestras de escritura de cada uno de los autores y cada una de las palabras, comparándolas con un diccionario dividido en 74 categorías. LIWC por lo general

¹³ Como es sabido, una gran parte de autores chicanos usan palabras en *spanGLISH* o palabras en español, en la novela *Crush me* aparecen estos usos. Con lo cual, es eminente, el manejo de esta corriente ideológica para evitar una variante dialectal. Aunque se debe tener en cuenta que estas investigaciones no muestran la correlación de ideología y género, resulta más fácil congregarse todos los datos a una forma de escritura.

¹⁴ La primera versión de LWIC fue elaborada para un estudio en la formación del lenguaje y su significado (1993; Pennebaker 1993; El segundo LWIC (LWIC 2001) y el tercero (LWIC 2007) contiene algunas reformas además de un diccionario y un sistema operativo nuevo. El LWIC 2015 supera a los antecesores: no se ha reformado sino se ha creado un diccionario completamente nuevo y el sistema operativo se encuentra a la vanguardia de las nuevas tecnologías.

reconoce alrededor del 80% de las palabras en una muestra de texto determinado; nombres propios y las palabras de muy baja frecuencia comprenden el otro 20%. Una vez que se ensamblan las muestras de texto, se pueden analizar miles de muestras en docenas de dimensiones en cuestión de segundos. Los resultados aparecen en forma de porcentajes del total de las palabras de los textos muestra Peennebaker, Francis, & Booth, (2001).

Una vez conocido el funcionamiento del programa LWIC, analizaré en primer lugar el grupo de control: Los ocho autores chicanos. Incorporaré las muestras de texto a la base de datos del programa y dejaré que esta herramienta me informe sobre el género de los autores y algunos datos que consideré esenciales para poder explicar el género de los mismos. Después, procederé con la misma operación utilizando el ensayo de Francisco Laguna Correa y analizaré los resultados. Por último, seguiré con la obra *Craush me Ria Brava* para comparar los resultados obtenidos. (En el apéndice D se encuentran las muestras de texto de cada uno de los autores).

3 BIBLIOGRAFÍA DE FRANCISCO LAGUNA CORREA

La familia Laguna Correa forma parte de la clase trabajadora de la ciudad de México Distrito Federal. La familia es originaria del barrio de Tepito, al norte del centro histórico de la ciudad. Esta zona es característica por su historia y por su gran actividad comercial. Su padre fue un vendedor de enciclopedias mientras que su madre siempre se dedicó a las labores domésticas y al cuidado de su familia.

Francisco Laguna Correa es catedrático, autor y editor chicano, nacido en la Ciudad de México y residente en los Estados Unidos. Obtuvo su licenciatura en humanidades por la Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México (UNAM). Después de varios intentos y al no poder colocarse profesionalmente en esta ciudad, en el 2002 se traslada a la Ciudad de Cancún, México, donde trabajó de recepcionista. Su ímpetu de superación lo motivaron a buscar nuevos horizontes y así decide trasladarse a la ciudad de Barcelona, España, en 2004, donde estuvo trabajando algunos meses. El 2005, por otra parte, fue un año marcado por constantes migraciones para el autor. Así, en este periodo se traslada constantemente dentro de la unión europea: Paris, Barcelona, Praga, Lisboa y Essaouira. En 2006 continúa su peregrinaje en la ciudad de México, Chiapas, Baja California Sur y Roma Italia. En el 2007, se trasladó a los Estados Unidos, donde radicó por un año en la ciudad de Portland, Maine. Un año más tarde, regresó a España para cursar un master en filosofía Hispanoamericana en la Universidad Autónoma de Madrid. Su trabajo de fin de máster llevaba por título: *El socialismo utópico del Zarco y Esteban Echeverría*. Durante su estancia en Madrid, publicó dos trabajos de investigación; uno para la revista *Articulum* de la Universidad autónoma Metropolitana titulado: *Breve retórica del éxito en Emilio Prados* y otro para la revista *Especulo* de la Universidad Complutense de Madrid: *La conciencia civil en Miguel de Unamuno*. Tras acabar sus estudios en Madrid, regresó a los Estados Unidos, donde en el año 2012 fue galardonado con *The II National Literary Price of the North America Academy of Spanish Language*¹⁵ (ANLE). Consecuentemente adquirió su segunda licenciatura en literatura hispánica en el 2016 en Portland State University. En el 2013, cursó un año en Nahuatl en University of Yale. Meses después, la Universidad Politécnica de Aguascalientes le entrega el

¹⁵ *North American Academy of Spanish Language* (ANLE), es una institución creada por filólogos de la lengua española que trabajan y viven en los Estados Unidos. La sociedad congrega a escritores, editores, profesores, poetas y expertos de la lengua española. La fundación se encuentra localizada en la ciudad de New York desde 1973 y es miembro honorario de la Real Academia de la Lengua Española. Gerardo Piña Rosales es el actual director de la academia.

premio internacional de poesía. En 2016, terminó su doctorado en la University of Carolina at Chapel Hill. Ese mismo año recibió *the fuerza award*¹⁶ en la ciudad de Pittsburgh. Por otra parte, su trayectoria literaria se compone de las siguientes obras:

Novelas:

Crítica literaria y otros cuentos, (2012), editorial Paroxismo.

Finales felices North American, (2012), Academy of Spanish.

Los esclavos editorial Miami, (2014), editorial Paroxismo.

Desquebrajadura (deforme y mutilado este relato), (2014), editorial Paroxismo.

Wild North, (2016), editorial Paroxismo.

Crush Me Ria Brava a broken novel, (2017), editorial Paroxismo. Pero publicada con un seudónimo F.L. Clank.

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Fragmentos de un violín roto: El discurso amoroso en casi nunca de Daniel Seda.

De la ciudad letrada a la ciudad digital tecnología y grafiti en el nacionalismo mexicano del siglo XX.

The significance of the encaunter: A case of literary actualization in Dos cuentos catolicos of Roberto Bolaño.

El ultimo ciudadano la conciencia civil de Miguel de Unamuno” (España 2010)

Retórica del exilio en Emilio Prados.

Ponencias:

“Canonical roots in 19 century Mexico, The Mexican band in 1883 in the wold cotton expocition”.

“Viajeros mormones y anarquias del siglo XIX mexicano: Helaman Pratt Plotino Rhodakanatti y la iglesia de Jesucristo de los santos de los ultimos días”.

¹⁶ *The fuerza award*, es un premio de índole social entregado a intelectuales que luchan por los derechos de civiles en la ciudad de Pittsburg. Este galardón se entrega una vez al año por el ayuntamiento de dicha ciudad.

“Canon nacional civilización literaria y estrategias de socialización en la narrativa mexicana contemporánea: las óperas primas de Daniel Sada y Juan Villorco”.

4 CRÍTICA GENÉTICA DE *FINALES FELICES*

4.1 CRÍTICA GENÉTICA: HISTORIA Y PLANTEAMIENTOS

Al igual que el trabajo de un escultor consiste en retirar el material sobrante de un bloque de mármol para poder dar forma a su trabajo, el escritor, por su parte, debe seleccionar las palabras más adecuadas para crear un texto que previamente ha sido concebido en su imaginación y retirar las palabras restantes. Como es de suponer, este proceso es largo y va acompañado por toda una serie de decisiones: desechar, borrar, rehacer y pulir ideas. El resultado de esta ardua tarea de poda queda en el camino junto con los restos, dejando atrás una papelerera llena de borradores, tachones, esquemas, ideas, etc. En pocas palabras: el esqueleto del texto. El acceso al taller del autor nos permite indagar en esa papelerera para conocer su sistema de trabajo, sus influencias, sus cambios de opinión, sus preferencias y los problemas que le atañen.

La crítica genética es una disciplina que puede considerarse como nubilidad. Comienza a hacerse eco a principios de los años 70, cuando surgió una especialidad encargada de estudiar los documentos que testimonian la génesis de las obras literarias. En particular, toma como material de análisis los testimonios preparatorios del autor para servir como vínculo con la obra final y entender “ese proceso de creación”.

La historia de su origen se remonta a 1968, cuando Luis Hay reunió a un grupo de investigadores, bajo su supervisión, para estudiar unos manuscritos. Este grupo de análisis culminó en lo que hoy conocemos como la crítica genética. Así, años más tarde, en 1974 Hay fundó el *Centre d'Histoire d'Analyse des Manuscrits Modernes*, que posteriormente fue denominado como *Institut des Textes et Manuscrits Modernes* (ITEM) (Lois. 2014: 30). Para Almuth Grésillon (2012: 36). La ausencia de una auténtica tradición filológica en los estudios literarios modernos en Francia fue el hecho que hizo posible el nacimiento de la crítica genética. Por tal motivo, pronto se sustentó en los estudios filológicos, siendo la base teórica de esta nueva disciplina que se regía por el estructuralismo francés. Sin embargo, la crítica genética no surge a raíz de una confluencia de fenómenos culturales de los años 70.

Dos de sus principales teóricos, Louis Hay y Jean Louis Lebrave coinciden en fechar el surgimiento de esta disciplina a finales del siglo XVIII y comienzos del XIX con un punto culminante en el último tercio del siglo XX. Según estos autores, los factores

determinantes para la incursión de la crítica genética son: La evolución tecnológica (que posibilita el tipo de circulación impresa)¹⁷, la compilación de grandes colecciones de manuscritos modernos y el desarrollo de la ciencia lingüística y la crítica literaria Llunch – Prass (2010: 21).

Según señala el mismo autor, existe una etapa de transición donde se marca la clara distinción entre el texto impreso y el texto manuscrito. Surge el concepto de “manuscrito moderno”, de índole diverso a la de los manuscritos de circulación textual, y genera una pareja de opuestos simétricos: los que pertenecen al ámbito público (los que van de mano en mano) y la segunda, los pertenecientes al ámbito privado (los documentos del taller del autor o escritura personal). Aunado a este concepto aparecen los materiales de génesis, en otras palabras, todo lo que el texto dejó detrás de sí: “los pretextos”,¹⁸.

Por otra parte, en países como Italia, Alemania y la textología rusa, el estudio del texto y sus variantes constituía un aspecto fundamental. El italiano B. Pascuali se interesó por las variantes de textos clásicos que atribuyó como testimonios de la obra corregidos por el autor, de donde acuñó el término “variante de autor” en su recensión a la *Textkritik de de P. Mass* de 1929, que concretaría tiempo más tarde en la *Storia della tradizione e critica del testo*. En 1937, G. B Conti (1971:56) promovió el estudio de la llamada crítica de las variantes, punto de unión entre la crítica textual y la crítica literaria definiéndola como: una forma estética de considerar la obra literaria, la cual es de modo descriptivo, y una segunda aproximación de forma dinámica, la cual atiende a la escritura en proceso. Conti sostiene que ninguna variante puede ser considerada de forma aislada o separada del resto durante el análisis.

En Alemania, a finales del siglo XIX se tenían noticias sobre una tradición de ediciones de textos literarios contemporáneos donde las variantes del autor se incorporaban a pie de página. En 1937, F. Beibner introdujo el método sinóptico en la edición, la cual incluye los materiales autógrafos a través de un método de representación en la columna a la derecha del texto, en la que una palabra o frase se acompaña de las variantes que la originan. Su método permitía consultar el texto base con las variantes de génesis localizadas en el margen derecho al mismo tiempo que iba mostrando las distintas etapas creativas. Por su parte, Hans Zeller fue más allá e introdujo las variantes en el texto

¹⁷ Levrabe sostiene que contrariamente a lo que se suponía dado el tiempo transcurrido desde la invención de la imprenta, no fue hasta finales del siglo XVII cuando la circulación textual alcanza su consolidación representado por la reproducción de un texto en miles de ejemplares idénticos.

¹⁸ Adaptación de *avant- text*, concepto fundador de la crítica genética.

con signos diacríticos e indicaciones cronológicas y topográficas, intentando reproducir la génesis en tiempo real.

La textología rusa se remonta al siglo XIX, cuando comienzan a estudiarse los manuscritos de Pushkin, Tolstoi y Dovstoevski, como lo afirma Olga Anokhina Abeberry (2010: 71–72). La textología teórica surge a finales de la segunda década del siglo XX y el gran referente en este campo son los trabajos de Boris Tomashevski, cuyos estudios presentan similitudes con la crítica textual realizados por la crítica genética francesa y que sientan las bases de la textología rusa. Para Tomashevski el término variante se aplica a las modificaciones hechas por el autor mismo en el transcurso de su trabajo (Anokhina- Abeberry 2010:81-86). Denomina a este grupo de variaciones “variantes de autor”, diferentes de las “variantes del censor”. En el ámbito estructural, se distingue entre “variantes independientes” y “variantes ligadas”. El primer tipo modifica solo parte del texto y no produce cambios en el total de la obra. El segundo, por su parte, origina cambios en todo el texto.

En Latinoamérica la tradición de crítica genética es aún más novedosa. Comienza en 1936, cuando Antoine Alabat tuvo un discípulo argentino: Carlos Alberto Leumann. (Lois 2014:47), quien acometió un análisis de los borradores de la obra “*La vuelta de Martín fierro*” que, tiempo después, culminan en la publicación del libro “El poeta creador”. Su sistema se basa en el análisis de grafías, que Laumann lamentablemente solo se limitó a interpretar, sustentándose por su opinión personal. Toda su metodología se resume en esta regla: registrar meticulosamente todas las enmiendas de José Hernández para mostrar la existencia de un cambio hacia la perfección. Una vez que termina la descripción de cada proceso, introducía el resultado con una adjetivación de la siguiente manera: “magistral”, “insuperable”, “prodigio” o “sobrenatural”. Cabe mencionar que, simultáneamente con la publicación de Leumann, apareció otro libro que mostraba de forma parcial la génesis del *Fausto de Estanislao*: una copia en limpio sin enmiendas, ni muestras del original que Amando Alonso había extraído del original.

La primera crítica genética formal se introduce en Argentina en 1983, cuando Ana María Barrenechea publica *Cuaderno de bitácora de Rayuela*. Bajo este contexto crítico, se muestra el análisis del embrión de *Rayuela* como una de las primeras muestras de editar génesis y de enseñar a leer génesis siguiendo las líneas de la producción textual. De esta forma, se llega a la noción de “texto” como “eventualidad”. Un dato importante para poder situar la práctica crítica genética en Latinoamérica es la aparición de la colección

Archivos, editada por la *Asociación Archives de la literatura latino-americane, descarabes et africane du XXe*. patrocinada por la UNESCO.

En 1984, el filólogo Giuseppe Tavani convoca al primer seminario sobre *Metodología y práctica de la edición crítica de textos modernos* en la biblioteca nacional de París. En dicho congreso se fijan los lineamientos para el tratamiento de textos, pre-textos y otros materiales.

Por otra parte, una reflexión importante en el estudio de la crítica genética y el empleo de una nueva metodología es el concepto de *avant-text*, categoría descriptiva y fundadora de la crítica genética, que se materializa en el estudio de un poema de Miloz. Su creador, el psicoanalista y crítico literario Jean Bellemin – Noel habla de encauzar su investigación teorizando acerca de un enfoque psicoanalítico de la literatura que denominó como *textdnalysé*¹⁹ (Louis. 2014:63). De forma paralela, Roland Barthes había distinguido entre “escritura” y “texto”, y por su parte Julia Kristeva, entre “geno-texto” y “feno-texto”. Así se acordó entre los miembros del ITEM desplazar el estatuto científico y positivista del texto para cedérselo a los manuscritos “los papeles privados del escritor” y a los procesos genéticos de su construcción; por tal motivo, las primeras investigaciones formalizan su trabajo en “una poética de la escritura” por oposición a una poética del texto.

4.2 INTRODUCCIÓN DEL DOSIER GENÉTICO

..... no puede haber sino borradores.
El concepto de textos definitivo no corresponde
sino a la religión o al cansancio.
Jorge Luis Borges

El compendio de microrrelatos en *Finales Felices* representan una innovación en el campo de la filología, dado que muestran una serie de circunstancias relativamente nuevas en la formación de la crítica genética. Para comenzar, nos enfrentamos con un tipo de escritura poco convencional, denominada como literatura chicana, que todavía se encuentra en proceso de desarrollo. Segundo, el género del

¹⁹ Jean Bellemin Novel, (1972) publicó *Le test et l'avant-text*. Paris: Larouss

microrrelato, cuya clase sigue creando polémicas en los círculos literarios, al no poder ser clasificado como un género literario en particular. A todo ello, se incorpora un elemento incluso más reformador que los anteriores y que a su vez cambia los parámetros de la crítica genética para extenderla a situaciones nuevas. Tal es el caso que, el ciclo de escritura tangible en la obra fue remplazado por una pantalla de ordenador. Es decir, desde el tiempo de la concepción del texto (Praga 2005), el autor chicano viajó por diez países y tres continentes y la conservación de borradores en formato papel es casi nula. Francisco Laguna tenía en su poder una memoria externa USB (existen algunos originales de los cuales hablaré cuando se estudie el corpus) donde se encontraban los borradores de sus microrrelatos. Por tal motivo, se veía forzado a continuar su proceso de creación por medio de un procesador de textos, lo que le impedía dejar rastros de la escritura antecesora. Por otra parte, existen las copias impresas que se han ido modificando paulatinamente. Con respecto a este evento distingue Pablo Tanganelli (2012: 74-77) los materiales sucesivos que se relacionan con el texto. Esto incluye las publicaciones realizadas por el autor que contengan la más mínima variación con respecto al texto definitivo, ya que esta presenta una nueva versión.

Como se ha dicho, la reproducción de un proceso de escritura se materializa en la edición genética. Y una edición genética se define (según menciona Javier Blasco, uno de los pioneros en el tema): “La crítica genética es la oposición a la edición crítica, ya que la edición genética se encarga en leer los pretextos. Se define entonces en la edición que presenta los pretextos”. Es por tanto importante subrayar que en este caso en particular los pretextos estarán compuestos por todas las ediciones que presenten variantes en la obra y, siguiendo un orden cronológico en su aparición, los testimonios de la génesis. Por ende, en palabras de Blasco: “Una edición genética es la transcripción de un proceso significativo fracturado que rompe con la ilusión de la linealidad a lo que nos tiene acostumbrados la letra impresa (Blasco, 2011). Representar ese proceso y facilitar la legibilidad es la finalidad de esta investigación, por así decirlo, poder crear una máquina que lea los testimonios de la arqueología de la producción literaria de Laguna Correa.

4.3 TEXTO Y GENÉISIS

4.3.1 EDICIONES DE *FINALES FELICES*

A continuación, se ofrece una detallada descripción de todas las publicaciones de *Finales Felices* utilizadas en la elaboración de esta crítica genética.

(2012) – La primera edición de *Finales Felices* se imprime para conmemorar el libro ganador en la categoría de microrrelato del *II congreso de la North American Academy of Spanish Lenguaje (ANLE)*²⁰. El libro se imprime en la ciudad de New York por una filial de dicha academia. La estructura interna del ejemplar se compone por un compendio de cincuenta y nueve microrrelatos, todos ellos precedidos por fotografías de diversos autores inspirados en la narrativa. Se divide en cinco secciones: I. *in festum*, II. *Soledades*, III. *El tiempo*, IV. *La felicidad*, V. *la voz*. Los para-textos contienen: un prólogo introductorio por *North American Academy of Spanish Lenguaje* con el sello de la misma.

La estructura externa tiene una portada de color morado, con la figura delineada de un ángel de tonos negros a mitad de la página. En la parte inferior izquierda de la portada se encuentra un resumen sobre el galardón obtenido por su autor, quien curiosamente está utilizando un seudónimo: Gaeteano Fonseca²¹. Las dimensiones del libro son 21cm X 15.5cm.

²⁰ El premio al libro *Finales Felices* fue declarado por unanimidad del jurado, ganador del II certamen literario del ANLE dedicado este año al microrrelato. El jurado estaba integrado por: María del Rocio Oviedo, Violeta Rojo, Rosa Tesanos – Pinto y Francisco Muñoz. Según los miembros del jurado, el galardón se otorgó por “su calidad literaria por su estilo poco convencional y porque en sus mínimas narraciones ofrece originalidad, lirismo, sorpresa e ironía”.

²¹ La edición del segundo certamen literario del ANLE. corresponde a un libro morado con la figura de un ángel de tonos negros a mitad de la página. Las dimensiones del libro son 21cm X 15.5. No existen especificaciones sobre el número de ejemplares producidos pero esta edición es la que se exporta a México, Colombia y Argentina.

(2013) - Segunda Edición, por editorial Paroxismo²². La estructura interna mantiene el mismo contenido del anterior con tres variantes significativas. Primero, al conjunto de los microrrelatos se suma uno más al final de la cuarta sección del libro: el número 00 *casini*. Se retiran todas las fotografías que acompañaban las micro-narraciones. El número de secciones permanece igual, pero se incorpora una cita intertextual bajo el nombre de la sección leyéndose de la siguiente forma: *I. In festum* “la historia es rara, lo sé; bizarra, como dicen los cursis. Hay gente que tiene que vivir en las tinieblas, no le quepa la menor duda” –El desfile del amor, Sergio Pitol. *II. Soledades* “Rayando el sol, me despedí” –canción popular. *III. El tiempo* “Porque no te me quitas de las ganas” –Silvio Rodríguez. *IV. La realidad* “Hay golpes en la vida” –Cesar Vallejo. *V. La voz* “Regálame un poco de tu tiempo para que pueda escuchar tu hermosa voz” –Mi madre. Se añade un segundo prólogo escrito por el autor titulado “*a quema ropa*”. Aparecen algunas variantes ortográficas.

Segundo, se realizan cambios en la estructura externa: la portada es de color oscuro, con la sombra de un hombre sentado en una mesa con la mirada puesta sobre el horizonte apunto de ingerir sus alimentos. La imagen se encuentra enmarcada en un paisaje de flores exóticas en tonos primarios. El tamaño del ejemplar aumenta, muestra unas dimensiones de 21cm X 10.5cm. No tengo información sobre el número de ejemplares, pero sé que se distribuyó en México y Estados Unidos. Tercero, por primera vez se incluye el nombre del autor: “Francisco Laguna Correa”.

(2015) – Tercera edición de *Finales Felices* por editorial Paroxismo. Esta reimpresión del libro contiene el mayor número de variantes realizadas al ejemplar puesto que se muestran cambios internos y externos. Para comenzar, se incorporan dos secciones: *VI. Breve historia del sumo en México (breves prólogos)* y *VII. Kultura americana*. Además, un cincuenta por ciento de los microrrelatos han sido modificados de una manera u otra. De la misma forma, aparecen más cambios de tipo ortográfico. Se incorporan tres prólogos más: Federratas, Hexagono y al lector.

En la parte externa, la portada del libro ha sido modificada. Para comenzar, el título *Finales Felices*, se convierte en subtítulo, ahora lee *Federratas* (en negrita y con un

²² La última visita que hice a la página web de editorial Paroxismo fue el 10 de mayo del 2018. Hasta esta fecha, el director y fundador de esta casa editorial es Francisco Laguna Correa, con sedes en Chicago y México. Se puede visitar en esta dirección: <https://www.editorial-paroxismo.com/> La editorial se encarga de impulsar nuevos talentos en letras chicanas.

tamaño superior al título), continúa con una palabra en inglés “of “*Finales Felices*, con letra pequeña. Las dimensiones del ejemplar se reducen a 17cm. X 12cm. La portada aparece en tonos cafés, verdes y azules. La contraportada contiene testimonios de autores: como: Salvador Calva Carrasco, Salvador Piña – González director del ANLE y Waldo González López. Es publicado en México y Estados Unidos.

Como puede apreciarse, las variantes entre ediciones se producen de forma paulatina, ascendente y altera el producto que recibe el lector dependiendo de la edición que decida leer. Dicho de otra forma, no recibe el mismo mensaje del autor el lector de la edición (2012), (2013) ni mucho menos quien lee la última edición. A continuación, se muestra una gráfica que expone las variantes producidas en la estructura interna del libro.

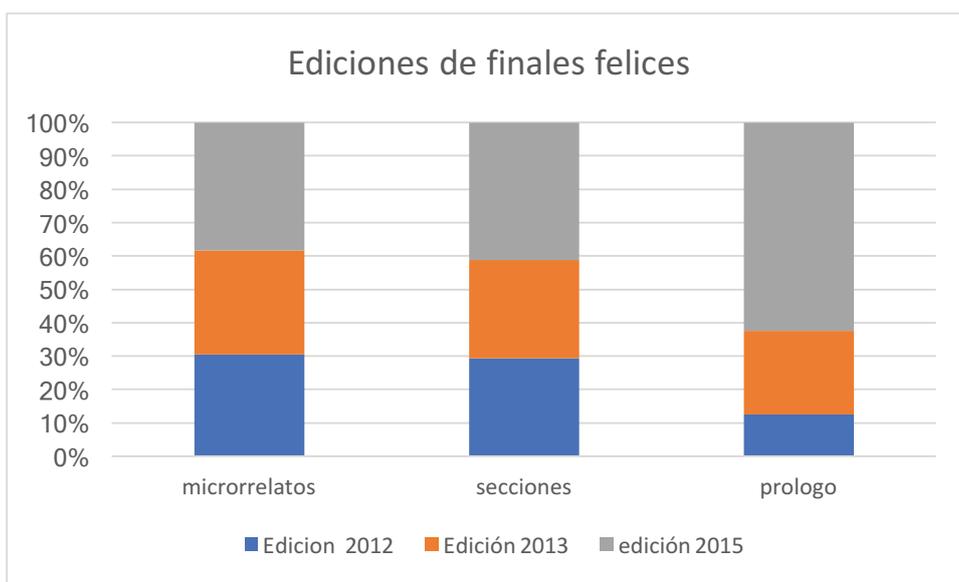


Figura 1.1 Cada una de las torres representa una edición: 2012, 2013, 2015 que a su vez se encuentran divididas en unidades que representan el incremento de las variantes divididas en tres bloques: microrrelatos, secciones y prólogo. De tal forma que puede apreciarse que la torre de la izquierda muestra el mayor número de variantes.

4.3.2 PROBLEMÁTICA TEXTUAL

Hasta la fecha han sido publicadas cuatro versiones de *Finales Felices*, pero solo una de ellas fue publicada por una compañía independiente (ANLE) sin la supervisión del autor (2012). Laguna Correa hizo correcciones, añadiduras y borrones a los textos subsecuentes (2013) y (2015)²³. El examen de esas versiones sucesivas (que sin duda aportará valiosos datos para el estudio del proceso de la producción de sentido en *Finales Felices*) es de importancia trascendental para entender la génesis de la obra. El material pre-textual que se encuentra fragmentario (los dos escritos que tengo en mi poder) complementará este panorama documental y por ende se podrá reconstruir etapas de la composición.

Con el objeto de verificar la fijación del texto, he realizado una serie de cotejos en Juxta. La copia del resultado obtenido (aparato crítico, se encuentra en el apéndice B). A continuación, defino los pasos que he seguido en el análisis del texto:

- a) He confrontado la primera edición (2012) con la segunda (2013).
- b) La segunda edición (2013) con la tercera (2015).
- c) La primera edición (2012) con la tercera (2015).

Por otra parte, he corroborado dos borradores (son las copias autógrafas que tengo en mi poder) de los microrrelatos 7 y el 90 con las ediciones 2012, 2013 y 2015, que amplían el aparato crítico de algunas zonas del texto.

Como resultado de estas confrontaciones, he llegado a la siguiente conclusión: La primera edición New York (2012) coincide en su gran mayoría con la segunda edición (2013), continúa un proceso de corrección de errores ortográficos y añadiduras al texto, pero los cambios no son muy drásticos. Por otra parte, en la versión de 2015 la obra se ha ido incrementando de forma sorprendente dando como resultado una versión completamente distinta de *Finales Felices*. Cabe mencionar que las añadiduras encontradas funcionan a nivel interno y cambian el mensaje social y semántico de la obra.

Una observación importante sobre el texto en general, es que cada una de las ediciones es capaz de sostenerse de forma independiente si solo se tiene acceso a una versión. Es decir, el lector de *Finales Felices* (2012) no recibe un mensaje distinto al

²³ La edición de RDeditors; Sevilla es una copia digital de la versión de (ANLE).

que recibe el lector de la versión 2013 o 2015. Sin embargo, el lector de la publicación de 2015 recibirá un mensaje más maduro, específico, personal y por ende una visión más completa del mensaje del autor. Tomando en consideración que los conjuntos de variantes alteran el significado del texto a nivel social y a nivel discursivo, considero pertinente emprender un estudio genético de tipo sociosemiótico para interpretar las variantes. Otro elemento de igual relevancia para el estudio del texto es la entrevista que he realizado a Francisco Laguna donde le cuestionaba la naturaleza de dichas variantes. (Las comunicaciones con el autor se encuentran en el apéndice C).

4.4 DISPOSITIVOS SOCIOSEMANTICOS PARA EL ANALISIS DE VARIANTES

Fang, digamos, tiene un secreto; un desconocido llama a su puerta;
Fang resuelve matarlo. Naturalmente, el intruso puede matar a Fang,
ambos pueden salvarse, ambos pueden morir, etcétera.
En la obra de Ts'ui Pen, todos los desenlaces ocurren;
cada uno es el punto de partida de otras bifurcaciones.
Jorge Luis Borges

La crítica genética centra su tarea de análisis en las opciones que va tomando un autor durante su proceso de producción, el sentido que va adquiriendo su obra. Por ello, el adoptar un modelo sociosemiótico del texto de Laguna Correa parece ser el más adecuado, ya que define el significado textual como el resultado de una serie de oposiciones hechas dentro de un contexto. Por consiguiente, es el marco de referencia idóneo para interpretar las variantes textuales.

Según M.AK. Halliday, las opciones se producen dentro de un sistema semántico tridimensional que consta de un componente ideacional (significado cognoscitivo), un componente interpersonal (en tanto todo texto instaura y mantiene algún tipo de relaciones socialmente significativas) y un componente textual, manera en que las estructuras léxico-gramaticales relacionan las distintas secuencias entre sí y con la situación en que se usan (Halliday. 1982:128) (Lous 2014:96). El texto lo nuestra de esta forma como un sistema semántico cuyos componentes funcionales no determinan una jerarquía escalonada de unidades estructurales, sino que son configuraciones simultaneas de significados de distintos tipos: *Finales Felices* posee una estructura genética, tiene una conexión interna y constituye un ámbito pertinente para la selección

de formas léxico gramaticales. Sin embargo, su unidad como texto también se despliega en una diversidad de patrones de significado ideacional e interpersonal. En otras palabras, *Finales Felices* es un texto producto de su entorno y funciona en él. Por tal motivo, un texto es, en suma, un proceso continuo de elección semántica. Tal y como lo señala Halliday:

“The text is meaning and meaning is choice, an ongoing current of selections each in its paradigmatic environment of what might have been meant (but was not). It is the paradigmatic environment – the innumerable subbasements that make up the semantic system – the must provides the basis of the description, if the text is not to be related to higher orders of meaning, whether social, literary or of some other semiotic universe” (1982:150)²⁴.

En este ámbito, la crítica genética funciona al introducirse al entorno paradigmático de las diversas opciones y trata de indagar en las resonancias significativas que produce cada opción que toma el autor.

Dentro del modelo sociosemiótico de Halliday, comienzo el análisis de los principales tipos de variantes en el proceso textual de *Finales Felices*, las cuales están distribuidas en tres categorías: variantes en el campo ideacional, variantes en el componente interpersonal y variantes en el componente textual. Son tres dimensiones de tipo analítico operativo. Es decir, funcionan como una unidad y no como formas separadas, ya que desde el primer análisis de rescritura se observan los diversos anexos como complementos de una misma unidad.

4.4.1 VARIANTES EN EL COMPONENTE IDEACIONAL

Para Lois, este componente está ligado con una de las tres principales funciones lingüísticas, la expresión del contenido, y se activa en la elección de un campo. Es decir, en la acción social que todo texto constituye. Al tratarse de materiales de ficción, el campo de discurso se sitúa en dos niveles: el acto social de la narración y los actos sociales que constituye el contenido de la narración (2014:58).

El anclaje referencial es la emigración y la necesidad de que el hombre no pierda su identidad nacional. El marco referencial de *Finales Felices* es la metáfora de la vida

²⁴ Mi propia traducción: "El texto es significado y significado es elección, una corriente continua de selecciones, cada una en su entorno paradigmático de lo que podría haber significado (pero no fue). Es el ambiente paradigmático -los innumerables subyacentes que componen el sistema semántico- el hacer proporciona la base de la descripción, si el texto debe estar relacionado con órdenes superiores de significado, ya sean sociales, literarias o de algún otro universo semiótico ". (1982: 150).

como un viaje para obtener un final feliz. La concepción del mexicano como tipo “identidad” subyace en ellos en un nivel social caracterizado desde la óptica de extranjero de Francisco Laguna Correa por el reconocimiento ante sucesos que se denuncian como una amenaza por la pérdida de la identidad; se muestra una constante búsqueda de rasgos que afirmen una identidad nacional como parte de un proceso iniciado por los mexicanos que se encuentran fuera de su patria. Es por tal motivo que ese proceso va acompañado por narraciones de sectores populares o de costumbres desplazadas y por grupos provenientes de la emigración deseosos de integrarse en un grupo nacional. Las enmiendas que sufre el componente ideacional de estos relatos testimonian la firmeza de concepción que tiene el autor.

Durante todas las ediciones de *Finales Felices* los relatos se van personalizando de manera constante, se añaden nombres, dedicatorias e incluso se da cuenta a lugares geográficos. Se considera más importante definir una idiosincrasia nacional que consagrarse a exaltar las virtudes de una raza; por eso Francisco Laguna no evita las características de la “picardía mexicana” y “los vocablos”. De igual forma, las enmiendas en el componente ideacional muestran que Francisco Laguna Correa quiere mostrar su conciencia nacional frente a un lugar donde tiene que vivir. De este modo, la génesis de *Finales Felices* descubre el inicio de un proceso de estilización que culminará en la reelaboración de *Federratas of Finales Felices*. Tomando una actitud básica y regionalista, a Francisco Laguna le interesaba la reelaboración estética de los materiales ya escritos. Lo cual puede apreciarse en la incorporación de la sección VII, *Kultura americana*, donde por medio de seis microrrelatos se ve la perspectiva de vivir en un país que no es el propio²⁵.

Además, se encuentran los complementos anexos al microrrelato *16 Nomenclatura*, que son una clara muestra de identidad nacional el ensalzamiento de una raza:

Esta añadidura aparece en la edición 2015 como pie de página de este microrrelato.

“El diccionario de la RAE manifiesta que en México se emplea la palabra ojete para designar a una persona tonta. Corrijo, en México “ojete” se emplea

²⁵ Es importante notar los nombres que llevan los microrrelatos de esta sección: “Viaje a la luna”, “Escuelas bilingües”, “Nota sobre Hemingway”, “miradores”, “El que camina” Todos los temas son desde la perspectiva del emigrante.

para designar a una persona perversa, ruin o miserable. En todo esto se trata efectivamente de un sustantivo.” (*Finales Felices*. 2015)

Se muestra un cuadro regionalista que define lo que es ser mexicano.

Otra muestra es la dedicatoria añadida al microrrelato 4, La ficción más oficial a Salvador Calva Carrasco, quien es un famoso cuentista mexicano.

(Una detallada explicación sobre las variantes y la génesis de escritura en *Finales Felices*, se encuentra en la edición digital genética incluida en la sección 4.5).

4.4.2. VARIANTES EN EL COMPONENTE INTERPERSONAL

Siguiendo el modelo de Halliday, el componente interpersonal “está consagrado a instaurar y mantener la comunicación” (1082:128-130). Se realiza en la elección de un tenor, es decir, un tipo de interacción lingüística: niveles de formalidad, sistema de modalidad y persona, tono, intensidad, actitudes, evaluaciones, comentarios (Lois. 2014:79). En *Finales Felices*, el tenor se sitúa en dos niveles, dos series distintas de relaciones de papeles: una entre el narrador y sus lectores (la cual queda incluida en los relatos) y otra entre el autor y el lector real (queda instituida de forma intertextual en las añadiduras de los prólogos).

El primer prólogo añadido en la versión de 2013:

Prólogo a quemarropa

*Explicar el título o la estructura de esta obra no haría más que promover la bruma donde no se necesita. La claridad, en todo caso, es una alegoría poco probable; la brevedad, en cambio, impuesta y autoinfligida por el lector, retoza con pasitos estropeados a lo largo de estas páginas que, al fin y al cabo, han resultado demasiado huecas para decir todo lo que hubiera debido contar. Finalmente, la poesía, si llega a aparecer, ha sido un ilusorio accidente. Mi sincera gratitud, ante todo, a los lectores (*Finales Felices*. 2013)*

Se anuncia un material tomado que no puede explicarse, obtenido de experiencias de la vida y en completo desorden. Se hace hincapié en que los

microrrelatos no fueron suficientes para expresar todo lo que se quiere decir. Consecuentemente, en todos los relatos de esta edición se han incorporado números y las secciones se han definido, es decir, en realidad el desorden es una alegoría. Se crea una entidad mediadora entre el autor y el lector real y el mundo ficcional asume la función de dialogo. La explicación del orden es el desorden mismo.

Otra interacción con el tenor se encuentra en la inserción de otro prólogo en la edición de 2015 *Federratas*:

Un día junté los cuadernos donde había escrito garabatos y amagos de historias desde que tenía dieciocho años. Compilé un fardo de papel más o menos cuantioso. Durante varios días, me dediqué a espulgar el fardo sin importar que todas mis prácticas escriturales de aprendiz estaban contenidas en esos papeles arrugados. Recordé varios episodios de mi vida pasada y futura durante la purga, e incluí en este primer libro todo lo que consideré rescatable. Luego lo envié al concurso que convocó la Academia Norteamericana de la Lengua Española en Nueva York en 2012 y meses después me informaron que un grupo de personas, llamadas jurado, había decidido otorgar a mi “primer librito” un premio de academia. Fue halagador que los morbosos guardianes de la lengua española en Estados Unidos premiaran mis esbozos literarios juveniles. En esta edición definitiva hay muy pocos cambios. Sigue tratándose de un primer libro donde tiemblan varios episodios de mi vida pasada y futura. Aclaro que la arbitrariedad en el orden numérico de estas ficciones responde a la suerte: junté todos los textos que potencialmente iban a formar parte de *Finales felices* y los numeré del 00 al 100 (con algunas iteraciones); después dejé que el azar decidiera su orden de inclusión. En esta última edición, el desorden sobrevive y, además, aparecen dos capitulitos no incluidos en el feo libro morado con estúpidas fotografías que publicó la ANLE en 2012: “Breve historia del sumo en México” y “Kultura Amerikana”. Espero que así mueran de una vez por todas estos *Finales felices* que a la fecha han sido editados en Nueva York por la ANLE, en Sevilla por RD Editores, y en México por Paroxismo. Pinche librito, deja ya de joderme... (Finales Felices. 2015)

Aquí se crea un dialogo más directo con el lector.

Otra variante interpersonal se produce en la personalización de los microrrelatos. Tal es el caso de “Recetas del abuelo”, que en la edición de 2015 se incluye una dedicatoria que dice: “para mi abuelo”. O la incorporación del nombre de su esposo, Kim, en algunos de los microrrelatos de las ediciones de 2013 y 2015 que es el nombre de su esposo.

(Una detallada explicación sobre las variantes y la génesis de escritura en *Finales Felices*, se encuentra en la edición digital genética incluida en la sección 4.5).

4.4.3 VARIANTES EN COMPLEMENTO TEXTUAL

El complemento textual se va configurando a medida que las estructuras léxico-gramaticales se relacionan, a lo largo de un texto continuo, en las distintas secciones (y las relacionan no solo entre sí, sino también con las situaciones en que se usan). Se realiza en la elección de un modo de organización simbólica que tiene por resultado la lectura, y sobre su base que describen distintos tipos de variación estilista (diferentes formas de expresar un mismo significado cognitivo) (Lois. 2014:110-113).

En el campo del discurso literario se distinguen dos tipos de análisis: el acto social de la narración y el acto contenido en la narración; lo mismo en su tenor la intención lingüística autor-lector y la intención lingüística dentro del mundo ficcional. Pero el componente textual se realiza en un único nivel como el componente hablado de los otros lados; al cambiar la ortografía de algunas palabras para decir lo mismo, pero con otro sentido. Tal es el caso de *Kultura* americana donde se borra la “c” para añadir la “k” dando un sentido de identidad.

(Una detallada explicación sobre las variantes y la génesis de escritura en *Finales Felices*, se encuentra en la edición digital genética incluida en la sección 4.5).

4.5 EDICIÓN GENÉTICA DE FINALES FELICES

Con el objeto de no romper la linealidad en la génesis de *Finales Felices*, a continuación, se encuentra una edición genética digital de la obra de Francisco Laguna. Se trata de una memoria USB, que se encuentra dentro del sobre que preside este apartado. El objetivo principal del formato digital, es el no romper la linealidad al leer génesis literaria. Es decir, al pulsar los hipertextos, el lector podrá acceder de forma inmediata a la edición en cuestión y apreciar en tiempo real la forma en que originalmente fue escrita dicha edición o si lo prefiere apreciar la forma en que se encuentra; siendo consiente que se efectuó un cambio en la edición.

La edición digital de *Finales Felices* contiene las tres ediciones de la obra comprimidas en una edición digital en formato Word. De igual forma, cada microrrelato con variantes contiene notas de pie de página que ofrecen una explicación de los cambios producidos en el texto.

Para poder leer la génesis de escritura se deberán seguir los siguientes pasos:

- 1) Retirar la memoria USB del sobre.
- 2) Insertar la memoria USB en un puerto disponible para la lectura.
- 3) Aparecerá un icono en la pantalla, hacer doble click.
- 4) Se abrirá un archivo donde aparece una carpeta y un documento de Word con el título: edición genética de *Finales Felices*. Has doble click al documento.
- 5) Una vez que se habrá el documento podrás leer el libro de microrrelatos de *Finales Felices* con todos los cambios que se han realizado. Las variantes se encuentran en formato hipertexto, al hacer click a un hipervínculo, se abrirá la edición de donde proviene dicho cambio para que puedas leer la versión original.
- 6) Podrás regresar a la edición genética si regresas al documento que comenzaste a leer. Nota: No es necesario cerrar el texto que apareció cuando abriste el hipervínculo.
- 7) Cada página esta seguida por una explicación a pie de página de las variantes o tachones realizados.

Nota: En algunos casos cuando se abre un hipervínculo por primera vez, aparecerá una pantalla pidiendo autorización para continuar. Puedes aceptar, ya que el documento no pasará a la memoria de tu ordenador a menos que decidas descargarlo.

4.6 CONCLUCLIONES

A finales de los años 70 Wolfgang Iser sostiene que los textos literarios siempre contienen “huecos” que solo el lector puede llenar. El “hueco” entre las ediciones de *Finales Felices* surge porque la relación entre ellas no está fijada. De hecho, en la mayoría de los casos el lector no se percata que existen más ediciones de una misma obra. Lo único que el lector es consciente es si le gusta o no lo que ha leído. Sin embargo, la interpretación del texto cambia dependiendo del libro que se decida leer. El texto produce el tipo de interpretación por parte del lector. Este fenómeno es producido por que Francisco Laguna Correa se encuentra en una constante búsqueda por su lector ideal.

A lo que surge una cuestión: ¿quién es “el lector”? para Gerald Prince existen dos tipos de lectores: el narratorio, la persona a quien va dirigido el texto (en el Lazarillo es vuestra Merced) El lector por otra parte se divide en tres: “el lector real” es cualquier persona que lea el libro, “lector virtual” (el tipo de lector que el autor tiene en mente a la hora de escribir la narración) y del “lector ideal” (el lector completamente perspicaz que entiende cada paso del escritor).

Bajo esta línea de interpretación, se puede decir que el autor real se convierte en su propio lector al momento de leer sus textos para editarlos. Esto es posible porque el horizonte de expectativas que tenía el autor va cambiando de valor al momento de ser reinterpretada. Ninguna obra literaria es hermética, su significado cambia dependiendo de las experiencias del autor y sus conocimientos sobre el mundo. *Finales Felices* ha sido llevada a ese proceso de revaluación porque las expectativas del autor han cambiado simultáneamente con las expectativas que tiene sobre el mundo que conoce. Muestras de este proceso de revaluación se encuentran de forma explícita en los diversos prólogos del libro, que son la forma por la cual el escritor se dirige a su narratorio, quien es también su lector ideal.

Según M.AK. Halliday, las opciones se producen dentro de un sistema semántico tridimensional que consta de un componente ideacional (significado cognoscitivo), un componente interpersonal (en tanto todo texto instaura y mantiene algún tipo de relaciones socialmente significativas) y un componente textual, manera en que las estructuras léxico-gramaticales relacionan las distintas secuencias entre sí y con la situación en que se usan (Halliday. 1982:128) (Lous 2014:96)

5 ESTUDIO ESTILOMÉTRICO

5.1 PLANTEAMIENTO DEL PROBLEMA

No habitamos un país,
habitamos una lengua.
Una patria es esto y nada más.
Emile Cioran

En el otoño del 2017, *The Royal Holloway University*, abrió una convocatoria solicitando obras literarias que se suscribían a la rama de *Radical Narratives*²⁶. Entre los escritores galardonados, destacó la figura de F. L. Crank con su libro *Crush Me / Ria Brava*. La obra narra la historia de una joven inmigrante que se dedica a las labores domésticas en casa de la familia Clack, mientras reflexiona sobre su vida en un lugar extraño al que siente que no pertenece. La narrativa de F. L. Crank, en cierta forma, trata de representar la visión de las miles de mujeres emigrantes que viven en los Estados Unidos, cuyas historias se reflejan en Ria, la protagonista. Por ello, el libro se narra en primera persona y durante la novela el nombre de la joven inmigrante solo aparece una vez al principio de la obra, en un fragmento en el que recuerda los motivos que la llevaron a emigrar a Chicago. Según Ria, tuvo que trasladarse al país norteamericano no solo por causas económicas, sino, porque ya no podía soportar el acoso sexual de su tío de 41 años.

Sin embargo, las anécdotas de Ria no son las únicas voces que aparecen en *Crush Me / Ria Brava*. Crank hace un esfuerzo por incorporar ecos de destacadas

²⁶ *Radical Narratives* fue el nombre que se le otorgó a este concurso. Fue patrocinado por la *Royal Holloway University*. El congreso se celebró el 20 de octubre del 2017, en la ciudad de Londres, Inglaterra. Se denomina *Radical Narratives* a trabajos que muestren las nuevas vías de la narrativa en el siglo XXI, es decir un híbrido entre poesía, microrrelato, es también denominado novela rota. El tema en consideración para el concurso eran los espacios de las ciudades, conflictos y la política de razas marginadas. Entre los miembros del jurado se encontraban Laurrite Mcrose Abdrew, Serge Larcoque, Almed Honeni, Gerenth Definew Martin y Emily Hopkings.

mujeres activistas chicanas²⁷. Es el caso de Gloria Anzalúa,²⁸ quien aparece de forma intertextual durante la narrativa al evocar las citas de su novela: *Este puente, mi espada*; de Helen María Viramontes²⁹, y su novela corta titulada *Carbo Café*. que narra los avatares de los trabajadores ilegales que cruzan la frontera entre Estados Unidos y México, en situaciones deplorables (1965). Aludiendo a *Carbo Café*, Ria llega a los Estados Unidos, bajo las mismas circunstancias que describe Viramontes en su novela (F.L. Crank. 2017: 9).

Si se toma en consideración que la obra contiene constantes resonancias de activistas chicanas, que la voz narrativa en *Crush me* es una mujer y que las iniciales F.L. pueden resultar muy ambiguas, se puede intuir entonces que F.L. Crank es una mujer. Incluso nos resultaría fácil pensar que se trata de una nueva activista, escritora y feminista chicana que comienza a hacerse notar en los círculos literarios. Como soy una lectora comprometida con este movimiento, me interesé por investigar un poco más sobre esta autora. Después de enviar un correo electrónico a *Radical Narratives*, me informaron que el libro había entrado al concurso usando un seudónimo y que F. L. Crank, era en realidad un hombre: Francisco Laguna Correa, quien había recopilado la historia de una joven emigrante y que le interesaba usar un seudónimo para permanecer anónimo³⁰. Según el autor chicano, el libro había sido escrito como un tributo a las mujeres emigrantes y que no era su relato, sino que él se limitaba a transcribir. Es decir, Laguna Correa afirmaba que la novela era suya porque él había escrito el libro, pero que el relato era de una joven que le había compartido sus memorias. Tal y como lo menciona Francisco Laguna:

²⁷ En los Estados Unidos, las chicanas son las mujeres nacidas en ese país o emigradas de descendencia mexicana. Entre los años 1960 y 1970 este grupo luchó por sus derechos civiles dentro de la sociedad estadounidense. Las mujeres chicanas no se limitan a una identidad cultural, según ellas mismas, se definen como: mujeres bilingües, lesbianas, bisexuales o transexuales y no como puramente mexicanas o norteamericanas. Ellas han logrado construir una identidad cultural más específica que traspasa las fronteras nacionales.

²⁸ Gloria Anzalúa, 1942 – 2004 académica, activista política y chicana feminista. Sus obras más destacadas son: *Borderlands/La Frontera*, *The New Mestiza* en 1987, su autobiografía *La prieta*, *This Bridge Called My Back*, y en español: *Este puente, mi espada*. La obra literaria de Anzalúa se caracteriza por mezclar culturas, sincretismo religioso, bilingüismo, prosa y poesía, así como sexualidad y género.

²⁹ Helena María Viramontes. activista chicana autora de *Moth and Other* y *Bajo los pies de Jesús*, novelas cortas. Nacida en el este de los Ángeles, California, ha dedicado su carrera a la lucha por el derecho de los Chicanos. En la actualidad imparte cátedra en Chicano Studies o estudios chicanos. Entre sus principales preocupaciones se encuentra el papel de la mujer chicana en los Estados Unidos.

³⁰ Según los informes que obtuve sobre la obra, se encuentra en litigio jurídico por los derechos de autoría. Francisco Laguna Correa escribió la obra, pero eran las memorias de otra persona.

Quería escribir una novela, o un texto más narrativo, sobre mi experiencia migratoria de los últimos años, pero a medida que comencé a ensayar las diferentes maneras de articular esta experiencia, de pronto estaba escribiendo de manera obsesiva sobre algunas de las personas que he conocido durante los últimos años. Recordaba mucho a la señora Charo, una peruana de más o menos 55 años. Doña Charo era una mujer valiente y trabajadora (tenía tres trabajos), y a pesar de la constante melancolía con la que recordaba a sus hijos, siempre hallaba la manera de mostrar una sonrisa y mirar la vida con cierto optimismo, pese a la alienación, que me constaba, padecía en una ciudad donde sus conocidos se contaban con los dedos de las manos. La experiencia de doña Charo, y de otras mujeres inmigrantes que he conocido en Estados Unidos en el transporte público, me hizo revalorar mi propia experiencia como inmigrante. El resultado de esto fue una “novela” bastante lírica y fragmentada, entrecortada, abrupta algunas veces, donde intentaba narrar el valor y la admiración que siento por doña Charo y otras mujeres que han tomado la difícil decisión de emigrar a otro país, como fue también el caso de mi abuela materna. (J. Aguirre. Culturamas. comunicación 1 diciembre 2013 <http://www.culturamas.es/blog/2013/12/01/francisco-laguna-correa/>).

Debido a los problemas que se suscitaron con la autoría del libro, Correa decidió usar un alias, F. L. Clank. Y así, como lo ha mencionado el mismo autor, es un hombre que escribe usando la voz de una mujer, lo cual puede ser posible porque solo transcribe las memorias de otras mujeres. Aquí me surgió una incógnita ¿puede un hombre escribir como una mujer? Es decir, ¿se puede saber si una obra de ficción fue escrita por un género en particular? Y de ser así, ¿al transcribir las memorias de mujeres un hombre puede usurpar la identidad de una de ellas?

5.2 INVESTIGACIONES ANTERIORES

Identificar e interpretar posibles diferencias en la forma que escriben hombres y mujeres ha sido un eje de motivación en la lingüística contemporánea. Investigadores como Lakoff (1975), Labov (1990) consideran que existen constantes diferencias entre la forma de comunicarse de un hombre y una mujer. Para Labov (1990) estas diferencias radican en el campo fonológico y pragmático, mientras que, lingüistas como Aries y Johnson (1983) opinan que la mujer tiende a hablar más de sus relaciones personales que los hombres. En realidad, muchas investigaciones basan sus resultados en la forma en que se estructura una conversación dejando fuera la escritura, por que incluyen otros procesos cognitivos.

Como se ha mencionado, las diferencias de género son de tipo lingüístico y se manifiestan en el acto de producir lenguaje espontáneo. Un individuo es capaz de acceder a su lexicón de forma inconsciente (en fracciones de segundos), es un proceso que es, por ende, involuntario. Con lo cual, resultaría fácil deducir que los patrones de escritura formal (por ejemplo: escribir libros, ensayos u otros documentos), por contener un nivel cognitivo más concientizado pueden eliminar las variantes de género. En efecto, algunos autores se suscriben a esta ideología, entre ellos destaca la figura de Berryman Fink, & Wilcox (1983); Simkins-Bullock & Wildman (1991), quienes afirman que no existen diferencias entre la escritura formal de hombres y mujeres. Las variantes, si alguna se produce, se hacen visibles en términos de estilo.

El propósito de esta investigación es tratar de explorar si se producen diferencias entre hombres y mujeres en la escritura; en particular y con motivo de la autoría en la novela *Crush me / Ria Brava*, trataré de determinar si es posible identificar si la obra fue escrita por un hombre o por una mujer, si es que existen algunos patrones en la escritura para identificar el género; o si Laguna Correa en efecto solo transcribe las memorias de una mujer.

5.3 EL USO DEL LENGUAJE

A lo largo de varias décadas una gran mayoría de las investigaciones realizadas en las diferencias lingüísticas entre hombres y mujeres se han enfocado en las variantes visibles. Es decir, qué decían los hombres que los hiciera significativamente distintos al lenguaje de las mujeres. Sin duda alguna, este es el error que se había cometido. La diferencia más notable no es el qué se dice, sino el cómo se dice. Esta diferencia se refleja en el uso de las palabras funcionales o palabras vacías del lenguaje.

El lenguaje es un mecanismo complejo, por tal motivo puede ser estudiado desde diversas perspectivas. En este estudio se muestra que las diferencias tangibles radican en el cómo se estructura una oración. Compadecen: Thomson, R., & Murachver, T. (2001); Mehl & Pennebaker, (2003); Weatherall, A. (2002); Weintraub, W. (1981). A raíz de sus investigaciones, se planteó el análisis de las palabras funcionales, las cuales son: pronombres, artículos, preposiciones, conjunciones y verbos auxiliares. Este tipo de palabras se distingue de otras como: verbos, nombres y adjetivos, al ser utilizadas como punto de unión con palabras que aportan información relevante en la oración. Cabe

mencionar que las palabras funcionales son las estructuras más pequeñas de una oración (pronombres, artículos, conjunciones etc.), y siempre se encuentran en un acto de habla o lectura. Por tener una estructura tan pequeña tienden a ser parte de la memoria permanente en 2.3 milésimas de segundo. En el inglés, existen 500 palabras funcionales: un uno por ciento de la lengua sajona. Sin embargo, en actos de habla y escritura constituyen el 70% de una oración Peennebaker (2003).

Por ejemplo: si alguien encuentra una nota en el suelo que dice: “la dejé en la silla”, la oración solo tiene sentido para los comunicantes en un tiempo y momento determinado. Fuera de su contexto o una semana más tarde pierde su significado aun para los comunicantes, ya que esta oración está compuesta por un 90% de palabras funcionales. La diferencia entre sexos radica en la selección de palabras funcionales que cada género usa. El analizar estas estructuras (cuántas usan y cuáles usan) crea la distinción de género.

Para Peennebaker, las palabras funcionales reflejan la forma en que los seres humanos piensan y se relacionan con el mundo. Por ejemplo, el pronombre del inglés “you and I” (tú y yo) en lugar de usar el pronombre “we” (nosotros), refleja otro punto de vista en la relación que mantienen los hablantes y las referencias personales. Por lo general, el uso de pronombres personales en lugar de usar nombres determina una realidad abstracta, donde los hablantes deben saber quién es “él”. El uso de la primera persona singular se asocia con edad, depresión, enfermedad y complejos de inferioridad. Peennebaker (2003)

Las palabras funcionales o vacías determinan la psicología de los hablantes más que el contenido de la oración. Por ejemplo, si alguien dice la verdad, tendrá la tendencia a usar un pronombre en primera persona del singular y más conjunciones calificativas que una persona que miente Newman (2003). Esta nueva manera de entender el lenguaje muestra las diferencias en que los individuos se comunican, lo que se dice y como se dice.

El examinar las diferencias de género en las palabras funcionales es una nueva forma de entender el lenguaje, porque se sustenta en la forma de pensar de los hombres y las mujeres. Investigaciones anteriores no basaban sus datos en el uso de las palabras funcionales. En este sentido, un caso en particular es el estudio de Argamon S., Koppel M., Fine J., (2006). *Gender, genre, and writing style in formal written texts* quienes no prestan atención a este tipo de palabras, aunque tenían el mismo cometido: predecir las diferencias de género. Estos autores desarrollaron un *software* basado en una ecuación

matemática que se usa para predecir escritura por género a una veracidad del 80%. Este será el segundo método que utilizaré para corroborar mis resultados. He decidido que será el último escalón ya que nunca han revelado como funciona la ecuación y se limitan a dar los resultados por medio de un programa de base Java, sin entrar en detalles. Este grupo de investigadores son conocidos como Hacker Factor.

Regresando a la cuestión, la forma que un individuo selecciona qué palabras extraer de su lexicón provee información de su personalidad, género, estatus social, forma de pensar, creencias y miedos. Desde los principios de la psicología Freudiana hasta nuestros días, el fenómeno de PLD (información a la punta de la lengua) revela datos sobre el individuo. De esta forma, surge el interés por parte de lingüistas y psicólogos que comienzan a indagar en las formas en que se utiliza el lenguaje Peennebaker (2015).

Una de las principales diferencias entre la forma de escribir de hombres y mujeres es la forma en que los objetos, las personas, eventos y direcciones son presentadas. Un caso en particular es el uso de los pronombres. Las mujeres tienden a emplear pronombres cuando se refieren a objetos inanimados. De la misma forma, los hombres tienen la tendencia a describir objetos, mientras que las mujeres son más propensas a describir relaciones personales Aries & Johnson(1983).

Son muchas las investigaciones que se han realizado para encontrar diferencias en la forma de escritura entre hombres y mujeres. Una de las principales causas por las que aún no se puede predecir el género de los hablantes, es la falta de información en cómo analizar el lenguaje. Sin embargo, una de las investigaciones más contundentes y con mejores resultados es *Diferencias de Género en el Uso del Lenguaje*, un análisis de 14,000 muestras de textos Mathew L. Newman, Carla J. Groom, Lori D. Handelman, James W. Peennebakerñ (2013) Son los resultados obtenidos en este estudio los que hicieron posible la creación de los diccionarios contenidos en el programa LIWC y sus subsecuentes avances. Según los resultados obtenidos por LIWC, las mujeres usan palabras relacionadas con entornos sociales y psicológicos. Por su parte, los hombres tienden a usar palabras relacionadas con objetos, posesiones y temas impersonales. Aunque estas palabras se encontraron como una constante en el corpus de estudio, las variantes sugieren las diferencias de género en el uso del lenguaje.

5.4 RESULTADOS

Para responder mi pregunta inicial —¿se puede saber si algo fue escrito por una mujer o un hombre?— Después de haber realizado pruebas con mi corpus de trabajo, (el corpus de estudio fue dado en el apartado de metodología sección 2.3.2.) los 8 autores, el texto de *Crush me* y un ensayo de Francisco Laguna Correa; un total de 35.000 palabras examinadas en dos métodos distintos: LIWC 2015 y la función matemática del grupo de Hacker Factor de la Universidad de Pensilvania, como se esperaba el análisis dio resultados sorprendentes. Usando el programa de LIWC las variantes me ayudaron a identificar las diferencias en el uso del lenguaje de hombres y mujeres. Dado que los resultados son muy extensos, solo muestro las partes que considero importantes para la investigación. Comienzo con el grupo de control: los ocho autores.

Los resultados muestran que las mujeres tienden a usar más pronombres que los hombres. De igual forma, el sexo femenino usa más palabras de contexto social, palabras con referencia psicológica. Es decir, que hablan sobre su psicología o hechos que les atañen. El uso de adjetivos, conjunciones, preposiciones, referencias al hogar, tiempo, sexo, negocios, uso de la tercera persona del singular, adjetivos y más palabras dichas por segundo, fueron parte del perfil de las mujeres.

Por otra parte, los hombres tienen diferentes tendencias lingüísticas. Entre las que podemos incluir: el tamaño de las palabras, números, palabras positivas, negaciones, referencias al tiempo libre, estatus social, pertenecer a un grupo social, funciones físicas, movimiento y poder. El sexo masculino tiene tendencias a hablar de temas de actualidad y dice palabrotas con mayor frecuencia que las mujeres. Merece la pena remarcar además que usan un mayor número de verbos auxiliares.

La siguiente tabla muestra los resultados que obtuve en LWIC y las palabras analizadas.

Tabla 1: Muestra los resultados obtenidos por el grupo de ocho autores analizados por LWIC 2015. Las columnas se dividen de la siguiente forma, de izquierda a derecha: Los grupos de palabras examinadas por LWIC, especificaciones (en caso de existir) de las palabras examinadas, hombres, media de los hombres, mujeres, media de las mujeres, resultado total. Los totales reflejan el por ciento obtenido del total de las palabras de la muestra. Las palabras: Hombres muestra y Mujer muestra se refiere al grupo de control dividida en ambos sexos. La media es el número medio de cada grupo en particular. La palabra diferencia es calculada al restar la diferencia de los datos. Es decir, si los

resultados son positivos quiere decir que las mujeres utilizaron la categoría un menor número de veces. Si los resultados son negativos quiere decir que las mujeres usaron la palabra un mayor número de veces.

LWIC						
PALABRAS	EJEMPLOS	MUESTRA	MEDIA	MUESTRA	MEDIA	DIFERENCIA
Tamaño de las palabras		12009	3002.25	11306	2826.5	705
Palabras por segundo		76.77	19.1925	77.36	19.34	-0.59
verbos		66.98	16.7225	58.69	14.6725	8.2
Adjetivos		14.56	3.64	17.88	4.47	-3.32
Comparativos		7.17	1.7925	8.66	2.165	-1.49
Interrogaciones		6.13	1.5325	5.75	1.4375	0.38
Conjunciones		27.39	6.8475	25.81	6.4525	1.58
Cantidades		4.27	1.067	5.35	1.3375	-1.08
Efecto y causa		5.81	1.452	5.3	1.325	0.51
Positivos	happy, pretty, good, joy	7.72	1.93	5.26	1.15	2.46
Negativos	no, never, not nervous, afraid, tense	5348	1.37	7.48	1.87	-2
Ansiedad		0.89	0.2225	1.43	0.3575	-0.54
Enfado	hate,kill	2.35	0.5875	1.63	0.475	0.72
Tristeza	grief, cry, sad	1.99	0.4975	1.73	0.4325	0.26
Palabras de percepción		12009	3002.25	11306	2826.5	703
Vista	view, saw, look	76377	19.1925	77.36	19.34	-0.59
Escuchar	heard, listen, sound	18377	4.6925	17	4.25	1.77
Sentir	touch,hold,feel lust, pregnant,	7.51	1.8775	6.58	1.645	0.93
Sexo	gay	6.72	1.68	5.18	1.295	1.54
Afiliación social	family, friends, groups	3.5	0.875	4.34	1.085	-0.84
Poder		0.06	0.15	0.37	0.0925	0.23
Revelación		9.63	2.4075	7.29	1.8225	2.34
Pasado	verbos en tiempo pasado	27.25	6.8125	30.66	7.665	-3.41
Presente	verbos en tiempo presente	28.9	7.225	20.06	5.015	8.84
Futuro	verbos en tiempo futuro	3.54	0.885	2.76	0.69	0.78
Ascender	up, better	0.41	0.1025	0.39	0.0975	0.02
Funciones físicas	acne, breast, sleep	213.33	53.61	205.56	50.89	10.88
Preposiciones	on, to, from	14.56	16.425	17.88	14.675	-3.32

Pronombres personales		62.46	15.615	57.1	14.274	5.36
Uso del "yo"	I, me, my	9.91	2.4775	10.29	2.575	-0.38
Uso del nosotros	we, us, our	5.06	1.2625	2.12	0.53	2.93
Uso del ella/el	she, their, them	21.69	5.4225	23.09	5.7725	-1.4
Ellos	you, you tr	5.73	1.432	2.83	0.7075	2.9
Pronombres impersonales		46.58	11.645	42.38	10.595	4.2
Artículos	a, am, the	32.36	8.09	33.51	8.3775	-1.15
Relatividad	good, death	64.87	16.2175	63.51	15.8775	1.36
Movimiento	walk, move, go	11.44	2.86	7.68	1.92	3.76
Espacio	here, up, around	35.17	8.7925	34.72	8.68	0.45
Tiempo	till, started, hour	19.53	4.9075	22.16	5.54	-2.53
Trabajo	work, class, boss	5388	1.47	6.52	1.63	-0.64
Relajamiento	house, TV, music	3.99	0.9975	3.3	0.825	0.69
Hogar	house, kitchen, lawn	4.08	1.02	5.6	1.4	-1.52
Dinero	cash, taxes, income	1.92	0.48	2.91	0.7275	-0.98
Sentimientos	feel, sad, love	1.06	0.265	0.61	0.1525	0.45
Muerte	death, loss	0.65	0.1652	0.66	0.165	-0.01
Tacos	damn, ass, bitch	1.47	0.3675	0.37	0.0925	1.1
Palabras de poco uso		0.58	0.145	0.47	0.1175	0.11
Verbos auxiliares		29.52	3145	26396	6.74	5.56
Adverbios		16.48	4.12	15.58	3.92	0.08

Ahora bien, respondiendo a la pregunta inicial: ¿existen diferencias entre la forma de escribir de hombres y mujeres? una vez evaluados los datos obtenidos, la respuesta es sí, y para corroborarlo basta ver los resultados de la tabla. Todos los resultados coinciden con las investigaciones anteriores. Existe un patrón en el uso del lenguaje y ese patrón son las palabras funcionales. La siguiente figura muestra el resultado de género en el grupo de control.

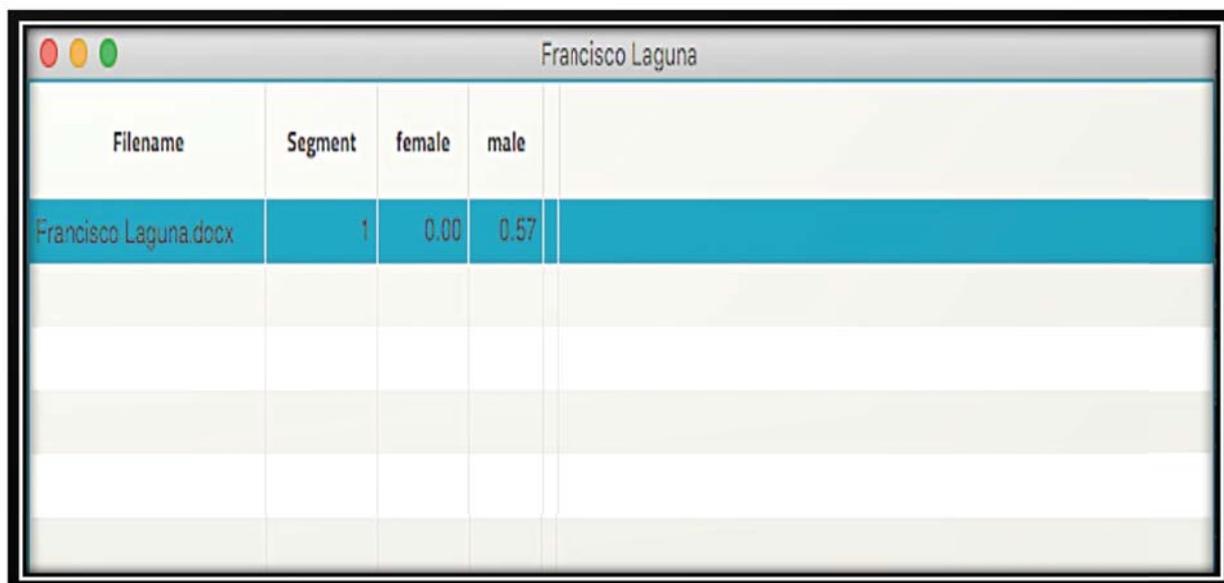
Filename	Segment	female	male
Anaya Rodolfo .docx	1	1.40	3.23
Daniel Chacon.docx	1	2.83	5.41
Daniel Orosco .docx	1	2.54	3.92
Diaz Junor.docx	1	4.16	6.87
Helen Trope.docx	1	5.10	2.16
Helena M. Miramontes.docx	1	4.46	1.62
Jannet Desauliners.docx	1	2.65	2.33
Sandra Cisneros .docx	1	2.65	2.33

Figura 2 Captura de pantalla de los resultados obtenidos en LWIC 2015.

Como se puede apreciar en la figura 2, los resultados son consistentes en cada uno de los ocho autores. Existe una veracidad del 100% en todos los autores de la muestra. Por consiguiente, al analizar las palabras funcionales el programa LWIC se puede saber si la voz narrativa del texto pertenece a un hombre o una mujer. Al parecer,

las investigaciones anteriores habían estado buscando los elementos equivocados. Lo importante no es lo que se dice, sino los componentes que integran lo dicho.

A continuación, muestro los resultados de la misma prueba, pero en esta ocasión el programa analiza la muestra de texto de Francisco Laguna Correa. El programa LWIC 2015 me da la posibilidad de examinar un autor a la vez o un grupo con la misma velocidad.



Filename	Segment	female	male
Francisco Laguna.docx	1	0.00	0.57

Figura 3 captura de pantalla del programa LWIC 2015 (sexo en la escritura de Francisco Laguna Correa)

Una vez más, los resultados muestran que Francisco Laguna Correa, en efecto, escribe como una persona de sexo masculino. Es de igual importancia indicar que las posibilidades de que el autor escriba como una mujer eran nulas. El porcentaje obtenido en la casilla del sexo femenino ha sido 0.00%. El resultado no se basa en el número de personas que integra la prueba, ya que como he mencionado en varias ocasiones LWIC 2015 está programado con una base de datos en forma de diccionario que mide el contenido de la muestra de texto.

Francisco Laguna																
Filename	Segment	function	pronoun	ppron	i	we	you	shehe	they	ipron	article	prep	auxverb	adverb	conj	negate
Francisco Laguna.docx	1	45.25	6.52	1.42	0.64	0.07	0.07	0.50	0.14	5.10	10.69	15.93	4.89	3.90	5.31	0.99

Figura 3 Muestra de texto de francisco laguna correa y palabras funcionales.

Filename	Segment	verb	adj	compare	Interrog	number	quant
Francisco Laguna.docx	1	8.50	5.45	2.41	1.27	2.48	1.63

Figura 3 Muestra de texto de francisco laguna correa y palabras funcionales.

Siguiendo el análisis de datos, considero que debe mostrarse el uso de las palabras funcionales en *Crush me* y Francisco Laguna Correa, ya que son la clave del éxito para determinar el género en la muestra. A continuación, expongo los resultados obtenidos.

Filename	Segment	verb	adj	compare	Interrog	number	quant	female	male
Francisco Laguna.docx	1	8.50	5.45	2.41	1.27	2.48	1.63	0.00	0.57

Figura 5 Muestra de texto de Francisco Laguna Correa y el uso de palabras no funcionales.

Filename	Segment	posemo	negemo	anger	sad	percept	see	hear	feel	body	sexual	affiliation	achieve	power	reward	risk	focuspast	fo
Crush me text.docx	1	1.56	1.59	0.29	0.32	3.40	1.47	0.51	1.16	2.30	0.12	0.97	0.87	1.56	0.97	0.68	1.90	

Figura 6: Palabras funcionales en la obra *Crush Me*

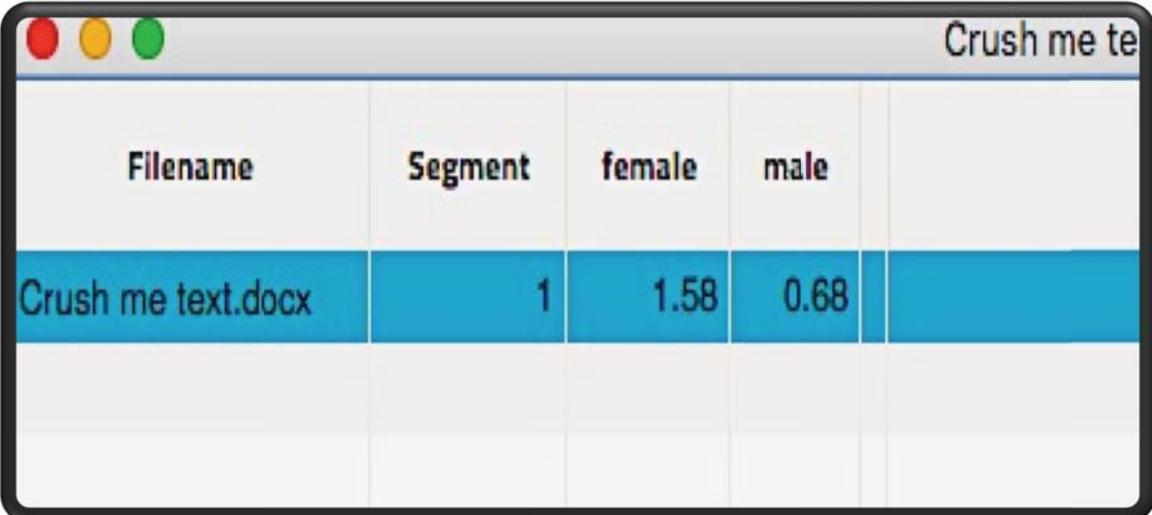
Filename	Segment	verb	adj	compare	interrog	number	quant
Crush me text.docx	1	12.30	3.34	1.76	1.05	0.80	0.93

Figura 7 Uso de palabras no funcionales en la novela *Crush me*

Al analizar las capturas de pantalla del programa LWIC 2015, obtenemos la siguiente información; tomando en consideración que los resultados obtenidos son el resultado de un supuesto, y que se trata de un mismo autor: Francisco Laguna Correa. Se puede asumir que ambos resultados mostraran patrones del sexo masculino. Sin embargo, los resultados afirman lo contrario. El autor chicano en realidad hizo un esfuerzo consciente en solo transcribir las memorias de jóvenes emigrantes. Dicho de otra forma, y para contestar mi pregunta inicial, se trata de una copia ferviente de la escritura de una mujer.

En realidad, los resultados muestran diferencias entre ambos tipos de escritura. Por un lado, aparecen similitudes en las palabras que usaban las mujeres del grupo de control: La novela *Crush me* usa más palabras por segundo, preposiciones, pronombres personales, verbos y adjetivos (palabras designadas al sexo femenino). Por otra parte, Francisco Laguna Correa utiliza más: números, cantidades y palabras con referencia a pertenecer a un grupo social (palabras propias del sexo masculino).

Ahora analizaremos el sexo del autor en *Crush me*.



The image shows a screenshot of a software window titled "Crush me te". The window contains a table with the following data:

Filename	Segment	female	male
Crush me text.docx	1	1.58	0.68

Figura 8 Resultados en LWIC de la novela *Crush me*.

Como era de esperar, los resultados descubren que Francisco Laguna Correa, en efecto, es un gran copista, ya que la novela *Crush me*, sigue todos los patrones de escritura de una mujer y muestran, en efecto, que fue escrita por el sexo femenino. Por tal motivo, es necesario acudir a mi otra herramienta (*Hacker Factor*) para comparar los resultados.

The screenshot shows the results of a gender analysis tool. It is titled 'Results' and contains three main sections:

- Total words:** 6472
- Genre: Informal**
 - Female = 5910
 - Male = 14657
 - Difference = 8747; 71.26%
 - Verdict: MALE
- Genre: Formal**
 - Female = 8986
 - Male = 7752
 - Difference = -1234; 46.31%
 - Verdict: Weak FEMALE
 - Weak emphasis could indicate European.

Como era de suponer, *Hacker Factor* nos da el veredicto final: se trata, en definitiva, de un hombre. Sin embargo, se preguntarán por qué obtengo dos resultados distintos. La respuesta emana del funcionamiento de las dos herramientas utilizadas. Una está diseñada para examinar las palabras funcionales. La segunda, es una ecuación matemática que extrae exactamente lo opuesto. *Crush me* sigue todos los patrones de escritura propios del sexo femenino en cuanto al uso del vocabulario. Es una fiel descripción de una joven emigrante en los Estados Unidos. La historia, en su totalidad, está basada en lo que la joven siente, ve, oye, sus relaciones personales y su estado psicológico; temas que concordaban con el sexo femenino.

5.5. CONCLUSIONES

Desde sus inicios la psicología Freudiana comenzó a estudiar las diferencias en la forma de hablar de hombres y mujeres. En los años 70, el lingüista George Lakoff (1970) afirmó que existen patrones de habla en cada género. A principios de los años 90 W. Labov (1990), estaba convencido que estas diferencias tangibles no eran exclusivas de la expresión hablada ya que también se producía desemejanza en la escritura de hombres y mujeres.

Con los avances de la ciencia y la incorporación de las nuevas tecnologías, un grupo de investigadores de la Universidad de Pensilvania conocido como “Hacker Factor”, desarrolló una ecuación matemática que predice (con una veracidad del 90%) el género de autores en obras de ficción. Se trata de un corpus de estudio denominado: “*Gender, genre, and writing style in formal written texts*” Argamon S., Koppel M., Fine J., (2006). Cinco años más tarde, la Universidad de Austin en Texas retoma el proyecto de la Universidad de Pensilvania y desarrolla un programa de ordenador capaz de determinar el género en la escritura de obras de ficción y lenguaje escrito. Se trata de: “*Diferencias de Género en el Uso del Lenguaje*”, (Mathew L. Newman, Carla J. Groom, Lori D. Handelman, James W. Peennebakerñ 2013). Este grupo de investigadores sostiene que la clave para predecir la forma de escribir entre hombres y mujeres radica en el uso de las palabras funcionales. Bajo esta hipótesis surge el programa LWIC (Linguistic Inquiry and Word Count) y sus sucesivas ediciones.

En efecto, las palabras funcionales revelan información sobre el género de la voz narrativa. El programa LWIC 2015 predijo con exactitud el género de cada uno de los autores en mi muestra. La Diferencia de género radica en el uso de las palabras funcionales. Las cuales marcan la disimilitud en el lenguaje de hombres y mujeres. Tal es así, que cuando se examinó la muestra de texto de *Crush me*, el veredicto fue incorrecto. El programa sostenía que el autor de la obra es una mujer. Lo cual nos lleva a evidenciar que Francisco Laguna Correa es un gran copista. La clave en su imitación radica en la manera que usa las palabras funcionales las cuales son iguales a las que usaría una mujer.

En el corpus de estudio analizado se demuestra que Francisco Laguna Correa se dedicó a transcribir las memorias de una joven emigrante en los Estados Unidos. Para concluir e ilustrar mejor la destreza que Francisco Laguna Correa tiene al imitar la voz femenina en *Crush Me*, me gustaría ofrecer una muestra de su narrativa. Cabe

mencionar que el texto original fue escrito en inglés³¹ y la muestra que ofrezco en español es mi traducción del original. De igual forma, siendo que el género denominado como “radical narratives” puede resultar ambiguo, es mejor definido como un género híbrido, una mezcla de poesía, microrrelato y novela fragmentada.

1. Llegué como las cosechas destinadas a engordar ganado: en un saco donde ni los sueños ni la esperanza podían encontrar un espacio. Llegué por la noche, como misterio y silencio. Llegué por la noche, pero el sol del mediodía ardía en mi cuerpo. (Crush me /Ria Brava. 2017;14)

2. Hombres Obstinos que Acusan a Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz Mi inocencia no duró lo que se suponía que duraría, y esto no significa que no había visto fantasmas o escuchado ruidos en el techo antes, o que un hombre no lo había hecho. miró directamente a los ojos inmóviles para recordarme que no valgo nada. No. Mi inocencia se derrama frente a la indiferencia de quienes me rodean y su misma certeza que los hace pensar que mi cuerpo y mis deseos no tienen valor. ¿Que no tengo valor? Por supuesto. Ya lo he convencido. yo misma de la presencia de mi bendita soledad. (Ceush me/Ria Brava. 2017;15)

10. Abro los ojos muy temprano, pensando, diciéndome con la voluntad que puedo recoger temprano en la mañana, que esta es la historia de una mujer acostada en la oscuridad, respirando, buscando en la soledad de mi amanecer por la corrupción que empaña mis recuerdos. Recuerdo, claramente, un par de fish negro encerrado en una esfera de cristal. Daría cualquier cosa, incluso toda mi historia, para intercambiar mi confianza por la de ellos. "Tonta", me digo en la oscuridad, mientras trato de tender una mano para ayudarme a salir de la cama. (Crush me/Ria Brava.2017;17)

³¹ 1. I arrived like the crops destined to fatten cattle up: in a sack where neither dreams nor hope could find a space. I arrived at night, like mystery and silence. I arrived at night but the midday sun still burned in my body.

2. Stubborn Men Who Accuse Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz My innocence did not last what it was supposed to last, and this does not mean that I had not seen ghosts or listened to noises on the roof before, or that a man had not stared straight into my eyes to remind me that I have no worth. No. My innocence spilled in front of the indifference of those who surround me and their very certainty that makes them think that my body and my desires have no value. That I have no value? Sure. I have already convinced. myself of the presence of my blessed solitude.

10. I open my eyes very early, thinking, telling myself with all of the will that I can collect in the early morning, that this is the story of a woman lying in the darkness, breathing, · searching in the solitude of my sunrise for the corruption that tarnishes my memories. I remember, clearly, a couple of black fish locked in a sphere of crystal. I would give anything, even my entire story, to exchange my confinement for theirs. "Foolish," I tell myself in the darkness, while I try to reach out for a hand to help me get out of bed.

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APENDICE A
DEL TALLER DE FRANCISCO LAGUNA

Se encuentran en mi poder dos copias del taller del autor que muestran la génesis de escritura. Las cuales muestro a continuación junto con sus tachaduras.

La primera data del viernes 10 de enero 2006:

Guardo los días más tristes en una memoria lleno de resignaciones (~~mis labios se desengañan~~) Mis labios, suaves, se desengañan de la conragación y del tiempo. (.....) No tengo muchas cosas que decir. Sólo una cosa es clara los hombres me (~~entristecen—me desegañan~~) dan risa.
Este microrrelato se convertirá en el número 90 “Filiación”

Esta segunda muestra data del 11 de enero del 2006,

Estaba equivocado, la errancia que he cultivado, sobre necias mentiras insoporbles, me ha llaveado a lugares fortuitos y sin conclusión alguna. Ignoro si obedezco o simplemente abro la boca, agotado de (~~la~~)su inmensa ilusión, para (~~dejar despoei~~) saber extasiado meradas de peces henchidos de antipatía y estéril (furor) fulgor. Ya no tengo dudas: pronto seré, lo presiento.

Este microrrelato llevara el número 7. Ontología

El apéndice A de critica genética muestra las fotografías de estos documentos del taller del autor, así como las fotografías de sus cuadernos de trabajo.

APENDICE B

ENTREVISTA CON FRANCISCO LAGUNA CORREA: “APENDICE B”

Como se ha ido advirtiendo durante el transcurso de esta investigación, la crítica genética se encarga de coleccionar cualquier tipo de documento que pueda revelar la personalidad del autor. No solo como un ente creativo, sino como un ser humano capaz de tomar decisiones. Esta re-introspección ayuda a entender la psicología del mismo. En otras palabras, ayuda a entender el marco referencial de donde surge *Finales Felices*. A continuación, muestro una entrevista que mantuve con el autor acerca de las variantes que existen en el libro:

Pregunta: ¿Me podrías decir cómo surge la idea de escribir *Finales Felices*?

Respuesta: “Escribí todos los microrrelatos de "Finales felices" en una libreta negra que compré en Praga en 2005, en esa libreta escribí mis impresiones y varios poemas relacionados con mis viajes por Portugal, Marruecos, España, Italia, México, Estados Unidos y Cuando leí la convocatoria de la Academia Norteamericana de la Lengua Española (ANLE) para el concurso de microrrelatos, decidí convertir las notas de la libreta negra en un proyecto de libro titulado *Finales felices*. Creo que pasé dos semanas releendo la libreta negra y transcribiendo fragmentos que me parecían estructuras narrativas con las características de un microrrelato. Desde esa primera relectura de la libreta negra, he releído y editado los microrrelatos de *Finales felices* (Nueva York: ANLE, 2012) en varias ocasiones, siempre en el procesador de texto Word (siempre ha sido difícil para mí hacer anotaciones en los libros). ”

Pregunta: Francisco, viajaste mucho antes de establecerte en los Estados Unidos, ¿Cómo mantienes tus escritos? ¿Viajaste con ellos?

“Viajaba con mis escritos, todos los originales—hasta antes de establecerme en USA en 2011—los llevaba en cuatro libretas (todavía las llevo conmigo, adjunto una foto) y una memoria de USB que transfería a otra y a otra hasta archivar el contenido en mi memoria local.”

Pregunta: ¿Por qué añadiste el nombre de Federratas en finales felices?

“Después de corregir, recorrer, hacer cambios y lograr que *Finales felices* tuviera varias ediciones que reflejaran los cambios del texto a lo largo del texto, decidí releer y corregir *Finales felices* una vez más. El resultado fue *Federratas* (Pittsburgh: Editorial Paroxismo, 2015). Como el título sugiere, esta edición es una "fe de erratas" en la que pretendo haber corregido todas las erratas de la primera edición de la ANLE.”

Pregunta: ¿Cuál es la importancia de hexágono en el mismo libro y por qué añades dos secciones más: Breve historia del Zumo en México y *Kultura americana*?

“Unos meses después de recibir el premio de la ANLE en NYC en 2012, recibí un mensaje del señor Carlos Paldao para invitarme a enviar una serie de minificciones para una antología de microrrelato hispanoamericano "actual" (*Entre el ojo y la letra*, Nueva York: ANLE, 2014). Bajo ese pedido, escribí una primera serie de narraciones breves que articularan detalles de mi vida en Estados Unidos como "resident alien". El resultado fue *Kultura Amerikana*. "Historia del sumo en México" es un proyecto de libro de microrrelatos incompleto, lo comencé a escribir en una libreta en Raleigh, Norte Carolina. Decidí añadir esas dos secciones porque me parecía que *Finales felices*, ese primer libro morado publicado por la ANLE, estaba incompleto. Después de *Federratas* al fin dejé de releer y corregir las narraciones breves de ese libro inicial.”

APENDICE C

APARATO CRÍTICO DE LA OBRA FINALES FELICES

El siguiente es el aparato critico diseñado por el programa Juxta. La colección se integra de las siguientes obras:

Bibliografía

Texto base, se denomina texto base al dossier que fueren comparadas las dos ediciones consecutivas para mostrar si algún cambio se había realizado en cada una de ellas. Esta es la edición sometida al premio de la Academia Norteamericana de Lengua Española.

- Author: Francisco Laguna Correa
- Editor: ANLE
- Source: Digital Word doc.
- Date: noviembre 21 2017

(edicion 2013.txt)

- Author: Francisco Laguna Correa
- Editor: Paroxismo
- Source: Word doc
- Date: 2017

(Edicion 2015.txt)

- Author: Francisco Laguna Correa
- Editor: Paroxismo
- Source: Word doc.
- Date: 2017

Critical Apparatus

1 ^a mi Madre / a mi Padre / a Dax / a Kim /y a mi cuate P.B. [porque no leyó este librito] / Prólogo a quemarropa / Explicar el título o la estructura de esta obra no haría más que promover la bruma donde no se necesita. La claridad, en todo caso, es una alegoría poco probable; la brevedad, en cambio, impuesta y autoinfligida por el lector, retoza con pasitos estropeados a lo largo de estas páginas que, al fin y al cabo, han resultado demasiado

huecas para decir todo lo que hubiera debido contar. Finalmente, la poesía, si llega a aparecer, ha sido un ilusorio accidente. Mi sincera gratitud, ante todo, a los lectores. / Al lector / Una multitud se amontonaba en el umbral, sin saber que yo era el invitado de honor. Me armé de valor: me fajé los pantalones debajo de los calcetines, tomé aliento y emprendí la carrera. Hice de mis codos tumbaburros, prodigué empujones y unas cuantas patadas, y entré en el cuento con un majestuoso resbalón. / I. In-festum “La historia es rara, lo sé; bizarra, como dicen los cursis. Hay gente que tiene que vivir en las tinieblas, no le quepa la menor duda”.

El desfile del amor, Sergio Pitlor / 1 [edicion 2013.txt \(3\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt](#)

4 ^2 [edicion 2013.txt \(15\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(23\)](#)

9 ^3 [edicion 2013.txt \(17\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(25\)](#)

10 ^4 [edicion 2013.txt \(19\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(27\)](#)

10 ^a Salvador Calva Carrasco [Edicion 2015.txt \(28\)](#)

10 ^a [edicion 2013.txt \(20\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(30\)](#)

10 unas] unos [Edicion 2015.txt \(30\)](#)

10 dichocomo] dicho— como [Edicion 2015.txt \(31\)](#)

12 IMaginación] 5. Maginación [edicion 2013.txt \(21\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(33\)](#)

12 hubo] hubieron [Edicion 2015.txt \(34\)](#)

13 ^6 [edicion 2013.txt \(23\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(35\)](#)

14 ^7 [edicion 2013.txt \(25\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(38\)](#)

15 ^8 [edicion 2013.txt \(27\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(40\)](#)

16 ^9 [edicion 2013.txt \(29\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(44\)](#)

17 ^10 [edicion 2013.txt \(31\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(47\)](#)

18 ^11 [edicion 2013.txt \(33\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(49\)](#)

19 ^12 [edicion 2013.txt \(35\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(52\)](#)

20 ^13 [edicion 2013.txt \(37\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(55\)](#)

21 ^14 [edicion 2013.txt \(39\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(58\)](#)

22 ^15 [edicion 2013.txt \(41\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(60\)](#)

23 ^16 [edicion 2013.txt \(43\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(62\)](#)

24 ojete] ojete1 [Edicion 2015.txt \(63\)](#)

25 ^que la O era por ojete y que su padre no había tenido la culpa, y añadió con cierto orgullo que por algo era un buen policía. / * El diccionario de la RAE afirma que en

México se emplea esta voz para designar a una "persona tonta". Corrijo: en México, "ojete" se emplea para designar a una "persona perversa, ruin o miserable". En todo caso, se trata efectivamente de un sustantivo. / 17 [edicion 2013.txt \(45\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(63\)](#)

27 ^18 [edicion 2013.txt \(49\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(70\)](#)

29 ^II. Soledades / "Rayando el sol, me despedí..." / -Canción popular / 95 [edicion 2013.txt \(52\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(73\)](#)

31 ^2 [edicion 2013.txt \(57\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(79\)](#)

33 ^43 [edicion 2013.txt \(59\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(81\)](#)

34 ^4 [edicion 2013.txt \(61\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(84\)](#)

36 ^65 [edicion 2013.txt \(63\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(86\)](#)

37 los] el [edicion 2013.txt \(64\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(87\)](#)

37 que~ [Edicion 2015.txt \(87\)](#)

37 ninguna~ [Edicion 2015.txt \(87\)](#)

38 ^60 [edicion 2013.txt \(65\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(89\)](#)

39 ^a los de la colina de la capilla, sólo por joder [Edicion 2015.txt \(90\)](#)

40 ^3 [edicion 2013.txt \(67\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(92\)](#)

42 ^8 [edicion 2013.txt \(69\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(94\)](#)

44 ^98 [edicion 2013.txt \(71\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(97\)](#)

46 ^10 [edicion 2013.txt \(73\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(99\)](#)

48 ^11 [edicion 2013.txt \(75\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(102\)](#)

50 ^39 [edicion 2013.txt \(77\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(106\)](#)

52 ^III. El tiempo / "Porque no te me quitas de las ganas". /-Silvio Rodríguez / 1 [edicion 2013.txt \(79\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(108\)](#)

54 ^2 [edicion 2013.txt \(84\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(113\)](#)

56 ^3 [edicion 2013.txt \(86\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(115\)](#)

58 ^4 [edicion 2013.txt \(88\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(117\)](#)

60 ^5 [edicion 2013.txt \(90\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(119\)](#)

62 ^7 [edicion 2013.txt \(92\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(121\)](#)

64 ^8 [edicion 2013.txt \(94\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(124\)](#)

65 ^a mi abuelo, precisamente [Edicion 2015.txt \(125\)](#)

66 ^13 [edicion 2013.txt \(95\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(127\)](#)

68 ^IV. La realidad / “Hay golpes en la vida...” /-César Vallejo / 1 [edicion 2013.txt \(97\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(129\)](#)

70 ^21 [edicion 2013.txt \(102\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(134\)](#)

72 ^23 [edicion 2013.txt \(104\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(137\)](#)

74 ^en el vacío. / 4 [edicion 2013.txt \(105\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(138\)](#)

76 ^15 [edicion 2013.txt \(108\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(141\)](#)

78 ^72 [edicion 2013.txt \(110\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(143\)](#)

80 ^8 [edicion 2013.txt \(112\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(145\)](#)

82 ^90 [edicion 2013.txt \(114\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(147\)](#)

84 ^10 [edicion 2013.txt \(116\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(149\)](#)

86 ^01 [edicion 2013.txt \(118\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(151\)](#)

88 ^12 [edicion 2013.txt \(120\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(153\)](#)

90 ^03 [edicion 2013.txt \(122\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(155\)](#)

92 ^44 [edicion 2013.txt \(124\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(157\)](#)

94 ^00. Cassini /Dio un giro sin encanto, bailarina hosca, cuya hermosura da vueltas sin tocar el aire. Dio otro giro y al fin cayó, trayendo consigo la peor de las suertes. / V. La voz / “Regálame un poco de tu tiempo para que pueda escuchar tu hermosa voz”. /-Mi madre / 1 [edicion 2013.txt \(126\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(159\)](#)

96 ^3 [edicion 2013.txt \(133\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(165\)](#)

99 ^5 [edicion 2013.txt \(136\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(168\)](#)

101 ^8 [edicion 2013.txt \(138\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(170\)](#)

103 ^12 [edicion 2013.txt \(140\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(172\)](#)

104 mirar a Kim] mirarla [Edicion 2015.txt \(173\)](#)

107 ^101 [edicion 2013.txt \(143\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(176\)](#)

108 ^porque la conocí y nos conocimos [Edicion 2015.txt \(177\)](#)

108 Kim] ella [Edicion 2015.txt \(178\)](#)

108 de] por [Edicion 2015.txt \(178\)](#)

109 ^99 [edicion 2013.txt \(145\)](#), [Edicion 2015.txt \(180\)](#)

110 ^VI. Breve historia del sumo en México (nueve prólogos) / Primer prólogo: el globo /Nació una mañana de noviembre emitiendo un vagido estentóreo, con el cuerpo embarrado hasta las uñas en líquido amniótico, con un corazón que latía y con un nombre

elegido ex profeso por sus padres: Ubaldo, nombre orondo y jugoso como los frutos de los viñedos. Su madre lo miró con delicia, después lo llevaron, por necesidad, a una incubadora, donde su padre lo observó lentamente, planeando la vida entera de su primogénito. Pero Ubaldo dormía, sumido en la pequeñez de su cuerpo, soñando su primer sueño en el mundo exterior. Un sueño extraño, hay que admitirlo, porque, ¿dónde se ha visto que un recién nacido sueñe con volar en un globo aerostático? / Segundo prólogo: el invento /Un ser humano es un ser viviente que nace desnudo como el resto de los animales y que transcurre casi toda su existencia intentando vestir su desnudez. Duerme y come como el resto de los animales. Aspira y expira el aire enrarecido que lo rodea. Consume de todo, desde alimento, aire y agua, hasta deseos, fracasos, sueños, meditaciones crueles, películas, música, letras, pobreza y fortuna. Ubaldo, aún inconsciente de su naturaleza humana, se aferraba con insolencia al seno de su madre: succionaba con los ojos bien cerrados !fingiendo la siesta vespertina! el botón dispensador del sabroso líquido. No soñaba, el muy fingidor, pero sí se entregaba a la ya recurrente ensoñación de volar en un globo aerostático. Perdido allá en las alturas celestes fue donde ideó el novedoso invento: un recipiente cilíndrico para almacenar la leche de su madre, con chupete de plástico sabor cereza o aguacate. Pobre Ubaldo, desde su primera infancia vivió el engaño de creerse un elegido, sin tener un ápice de consciencia de que en toda su vida la verdadera novedad no hallaría cabida en su cuerpo. Empero, Ubaldo no se daría por vencido con tanta facilidad. Esta historia es, desde cualquier punto de vista, una crónica de esa carencia de facilidad. / Tercer prólogo: primeras palabras /Dicen que los padres hablan como idiotas a sus balbuceantes bebés para estimularlos o, al menos, divertirlos. También dicen que no es recomendable hacer esto porque de esta manera los niños tardan más tiempo en pronunciar su primera palabra. Ubaldo observaba a sus padres con ironía, aferrado al biberón que en sueños había inventado, mientras sus progenitores intentaban convencerlo de los beneficios de decir primero papá o mamá. El que había puesto el chisqueto de semen argüía que lo llevaría a las mejores universidades, incluso al extranjero, digamos, la Universidad de Kansas o la de Oklahoma. Su madre, por el contrario, le recordaba que ella lo había cargado en su interior durante varios meses y que aunque estuviera afuera, sentado y sonriendo con opípara maldad, siempre lo cargaría porque las madres es lo que mejor hacen. Sin que los dos adultos, sus padres, lo esperaran, Ubaldo dejó caer la mamila al suelo, y elevando el índice derecho como un orador romano !un hilo de

saliva se estiró inclemente mientras separaba los labios!, prorrumpió una serie de extraños sonidos que poca semejanza fonética tenían con papá o mamá. La primera palabra de Ubaldo fue “shoma” o “choma” o algo parecido. Tras el maleficio inaugural de la palabra, Ubaldo sonrió aún con más ironía, sabedor de que a pesar de no satisfacer a sus progenitores, su padre aún lo llevaría a los mejores colegios y su madre lo cargaría, efectiva y simbólicamente, durante el resto de su vida. / Cuarto prólogo: imprecación / Todos en algún momento salimos de casa y dejamos que el aire de las calles mexicanas, sean hurañas o maniáticas, entren en nuestros pulmones y, lo que es aún más significativo, en nuestros oídos. Salimos a la calle a respirar aire limpio o anegado de esmog, pero, sin falta ni dilación, las clásicas groserías vuelan como polen hasta nuestros huesecillos auriculares. Así Ubaldo se enteró cómo sonaba un claxon retozando una mentada de madre. ¿Cómo era posible, se preguntaba, que pudiendo volar, por ejemplo, en un globo aerostático, a la gente de la ciudad le diera por engentarse y bañarse en horas pico bajo el chorro febricitante de las ya legendarias mentadas de madre? Había variaciones, por supuesto, siempre lesivas a la cuna materna: unas madres eran flacas y otras gordas, e incluso unas más misteriosas que otras, pero no por eso dejaban de ser madres en toda forma. Por eso el día que su padre dio un enfrenón frente a la intransigencia de un conductor que ipso facto hizo evidente que era políglota urbano y diestro en el arte del albur más genésico, ante el azoramiento de su padre, el aún escueto Ubaldo dejó salir de su garganta el proyectil, que coloreado con su voz dulcemente infantil surtió un efecto todavía más astringente: “puto de tu madre”, desembuchó el nene con aplomo y la tierna seguridad de que si el altercado prosperaba escaparía en su globo relleno de aire volador, dejando a su padre la ardua tarea de razonar con la lengua barrocammente lépera de aquel conductor que ya comenzaba a remangarse la camisa a la altura de los codos. / Quinto prólogo: primeros pasos. / Y caminó como lo hace la gran mayoría de los animales, y cayó al suelo, tropezando, como sólo lo hacen los seres humanos. De bruces sobre el piso lustroso imaginó que observaba el reflejo de su rostro en el mosaico bruñido que su madre fregaba todos los días con Maestro limpio. No hubo nadie cerca que lo ayudara a reincorporarse y esa primera soledad fue el anuncio inexpugnable de que todos, sin excepción, nacemos simplemente para recordar a los otros de nuestra especie que la frustración prevalece incluso ante la voluntad más férrea. Desde ese momento, Ubaldo prodigó sus días a la ardua tarea de fracasar en cada uno de sus intentos de satisfacer a sus padres. ¿Por qué los padres se entregan con estúpida delicia a la

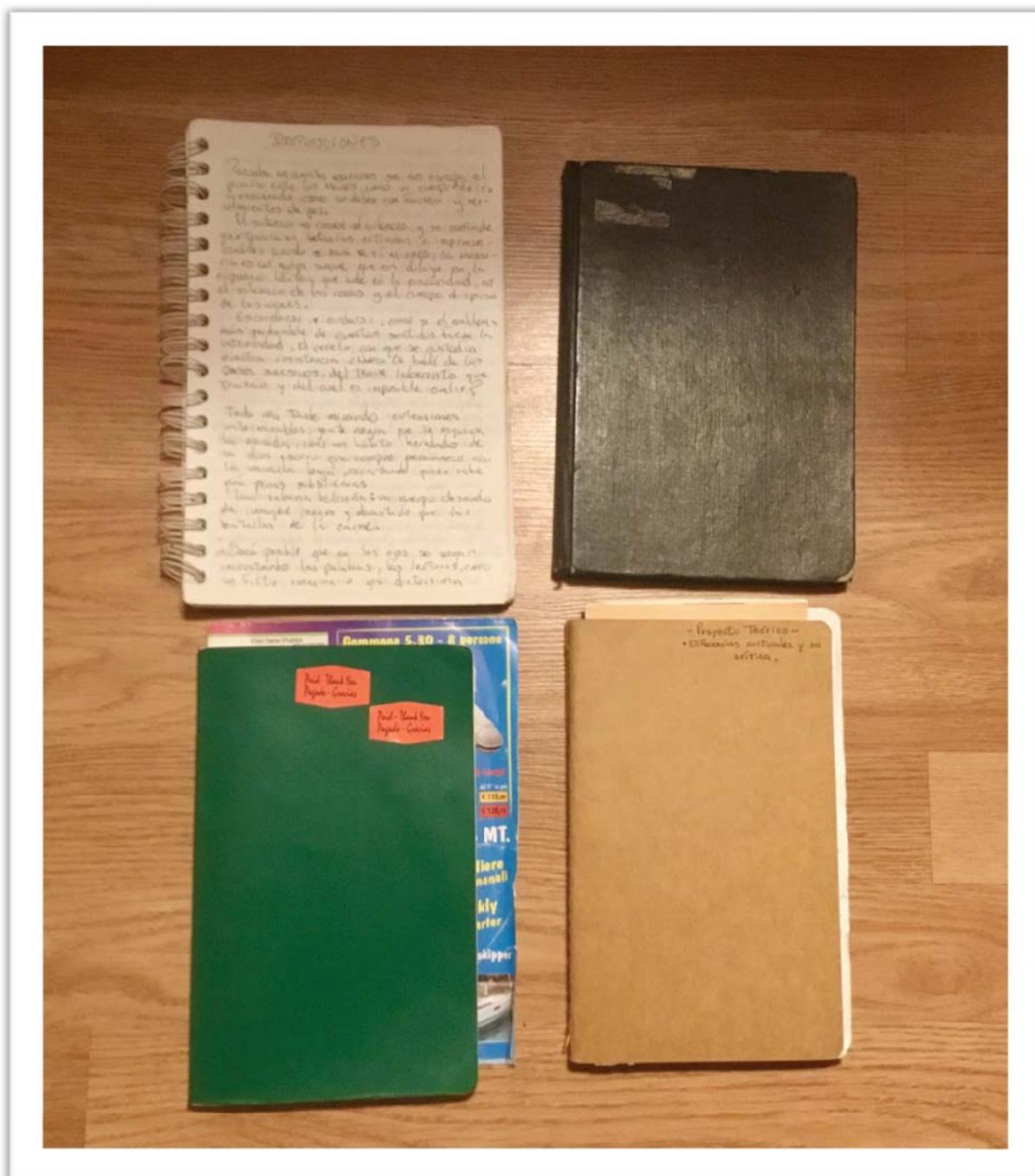
grosera confección de un manjar espurio en el que sus hijos (hijas también, aunque en menor medida, es preciso reconocer que nuestro machismo es aún altisonante y rocoso) son el ingrediente más selecto e imprescindible? A Ubaldo lo creían un genio, sus padres, por eso mismo él se encargaría de convencerlos, lenta y purulentamente, de que lo suyo era la estupidez más recalcitrante y deslumbradora. Y por este motivo fue que Ubaldo brilló al grado de merecer que yo escribiera la historia, en breves retazos, de su vida. / Sexto prólogo: descubrimiento americano /Y manducando fue que halló los primeros y postrimeros sabores de la vida, una especie de antorcha deslizándose en su paladar, flama líquida que en su infancia temprana fue el puré de verduras que su madre le preparaba con denuedo. Ya en la adolescencia comenzarían las grasas saturadas, es decir, las agruras y gorduras que determinarían su vocación, su peso y forma, el diámetro de sus primeras lonjas agresivas, pero mejor es no correr antes de tiempo, y por este motivo mejor remitámonos sólo al presente angelical del aún tierno Ubaldo, que con serena pero despiadada parsimonia dejaba entrar a su boca las cucharaditas de Gerber, no sin embarrarse de comida el rostro y salpicar arteramente la mano amorosa y resignada de su madre, quien sin prestar atención al incoherente masticar papiloso de su hijo imaginaba que aquella sosa criatura era la encarnación de la más pura genialidad. /¿Qué sería de los insolentes y rastrosos sin la tierna mirada de sus madres? Ni siquiera yo podría responder a esta pregunta: nací en los brazos de mi progenitora y aún no he logrado descender de esas alturas. / Séptimo prólogo: reconocimiento del ser propio /¿Qué sería del mendrugo sin el incisivo masticar del hambre? Pero aquello no eran mendrugos sino humeantes tacos de canasta, ingeniosamente rellenos con los ingredientes más dispares sin menoscabo de succulencia. Esta es, como ya se han dado cuenta, una viñeta más bien afianzada en el futuro, en la irrisión calumniosa que desde hoy mismo nos confirma que Ubaldo comerá con abundancia singular tacos de canasta, engullendo con sofocante interés esos que en su interior alojan chicharrón tan prensado como fantasmal, pues es bien sabido que el relleno es lo que más escasea en estos sudorosos manjares semejantes a ostias colmadas de calorías y falsa nutrición. / Octavo prólogo: primeras letras /Su madre lo miraba orquestar un concierto de soberano desmadre sobre la vieja alfombra de la sala. Ubaldo restregaba con infantil encono las crayolas de colores sobre el papel terso del cuaderno Scribe a rayas. Aquello era un marasmo de trazos suicidas, la representación viva de la génesis de la palabra escrita. El ojo materno hallaba formas y

sentidos ahí donde los colores conformaban más bien garabatos y jeroglíficos indescifrables. Y ese otro trazo, más que letra, semejaba un inequívoco falo. La madre, freudiana por inconsciente convicción, interpretó la verga trazada por la mano infantil como el símbolo del amor que la maliciosa criatura le profesaba. /Tras un par de horas de infructuoso tutelaje, la progenitora de Ubaldo renunció a la necesaria empresa de enseñar al pequeñuelo la forma de escribir su nombre. Fue en ese momento cuando la primera sombra de duda oscureció el semblante de la amorosa mujer. “¿Y si mi Ubaldito no es el prodigio que yo pienso?”. Pero justo tras la duda escurrió un hilo de baba de la boca del aún diminuto analfabeta, y su madre lo volvió a mirar con la ternura corrupta que Ubaldo jamás llegaría a corresponder. //Noveno prólogo: explosión /La ritualidad comenzó el día de su primer aniversario, pero la práctica de esta ritualidad no surtió efecto hasta que cumplió diez años. Como todo buen sintoísta, Ubaldo celebró aquel emblemático día derramando el agua pintada con KoolAid de color azul menta en su camiseta almidonada y de un immaculado color blanco titanio, derrame azuloso que significó purificación y bautismo, retorno, como quien dice, a su más tierna infancia, ese tiempo que en la vida de Ubaldo se podría ilustrar con el derrame, la mancha, el giro, la glotonería y, siempre después, gracias a la mano depuradora de su madre, como estación que seguía aquellos ensuciamientos escabrosos, el baño purificador y sedante. Ubaldo fue un gran dormidor de siestas hasta los diez años, pero sin ninguna razón evidente, el inicio de la segunda decena de su vida estaría marcada por la vigilia y los insomnios. /Uno de sus amigos menos queridos, pero invitados a la fiesta de su décimo aniversario, le obsequió a Ubaldo una tablita de madera con una fotografía de Olga Breeskin adherida a uno de los lados. Su madre no advirtió el incitador regalito y con mano diestra Ubaldo lo sustrajo de la mirada de su progenitora. Aquella noche Ubaldo, ya con diez años cumplidos, durmió con la fotografía de la Breeskin en uno de los bolsillos de su pijama de Supermán. Antes de quedarse dormido, aún tuvo tiempo de rememorar la lucha cuerpo a cuerpo que sostuvo durante la fiesta con un niño, desconocido hasta aquel momento, de nombre Miguelito. La reyerta !luchoso y reñido desafío! fue provocada por el compartido amor que ambos contrincantes profesaban a una niña de ojos grises cuyo nombre era Mayra. Ubaldo, más corpulento que Miguelito, había hecho acopio de su peso para dejar fuera de combate a su enclenque opositor para alzarse así con el nominal amor de Mayra. Como biógrafo de Ubaldo, tengo que reconocer, y lo reconozco, que ese injusto combate debe considerarse como la génesis de la

voluntariosa y frustrada carrera de un luchador de sumo mexicano... / VII. Kultura Amerikana / Viaje a la Luna / Me han dicho que me quite los zapatos y el cinturón. También debo desprenderme de todo objeto metálico que lleve encima. Confieso que la idea de sacarme los zapatos en público me produce un poco de vergüenza porque estoy seguro de que un lacrimógeno miasma se desprenderá de mi calzado: en tantos años de persistente combate, aún no he logrado erradicar el pie de atleta que me aqueja desde que en mi adolescencia comencé a frecuentar las albercas públicas del norte de la ciudad. Ahora me ordenan que ponga las manos arriba, orden chusca por la reminiscencia que suscita con los robos a mano armada... Al otro lado de la puerta de embarque, un guardia de seguridad acaricia mi cuerpo, de arriba abajo, con un detector de metales. Una vez que recobro un poco de mi libertad, con impaciencia busco mi calzado, tibio por dentro, con el propósito de alejarlo de un olfato lo suficientemente aguzado para detectar el mefítico olor. Lo primero que haré cuando llegue a Estados Unidos será comprarme una buena crema para los pies sudorosos. ¿Por qué me obligo a pensar que del Otro Lado hasta la crema fungicida es de mejor calidad? Esta tergiversación del valor de las cosas es mi primer paso hacia el “primer mundo”... Arrellanado en mi asiento del Boeing 787, cuyo destino es Houston, cierro los ojos y me preparo mentalmente para hacer esta especie de viaje a la Luna. / Escuelas bilingües / Mis padres me enviaron a una escuela primaria bilingüe para que en mi futuro refulgieran las oportunidades. Después de seis años de una hora diaria de inglés a la semana era capaz de dar los buenos días y decir hola y adiós en el idioma no de Shakespeare sino de Hemingway. No sólo hay varios siglos y el Atlántico entre estos dos autores, sino que también hay una lengua totalmente distinta. / Nota sobre Hemingway / No es buena idea prepararse para viajar a Estados Unidos leyendo El viejo y el mar. No sólo ese viejo nunca existió, sino que en el mar del país que colinda al norte con México las olas y los peces no puján con tanta vehemencia como el condenado pez de la novela del autor estadounidense. / Miradores / La azafata más guapa que he visto en toda mi vida (tiene acento regiomontano, cabello negro muy lacio y unos ojos que no me permiten cerrar los míos) indica por el altavoz que en estos momentos estamos cruzando la frontera con Estados Unidos. Nos insta a vislumbrar en la distancia el muro divisorio que durante la administración de Bush-hijo fue construido para hacer visible una frontera que antes era invisible. No sé qué pensar mientras observo la culebrita esa que divide el Allá del Acá. Inspirado por la voz de la azafata y sus ojos (vergas,

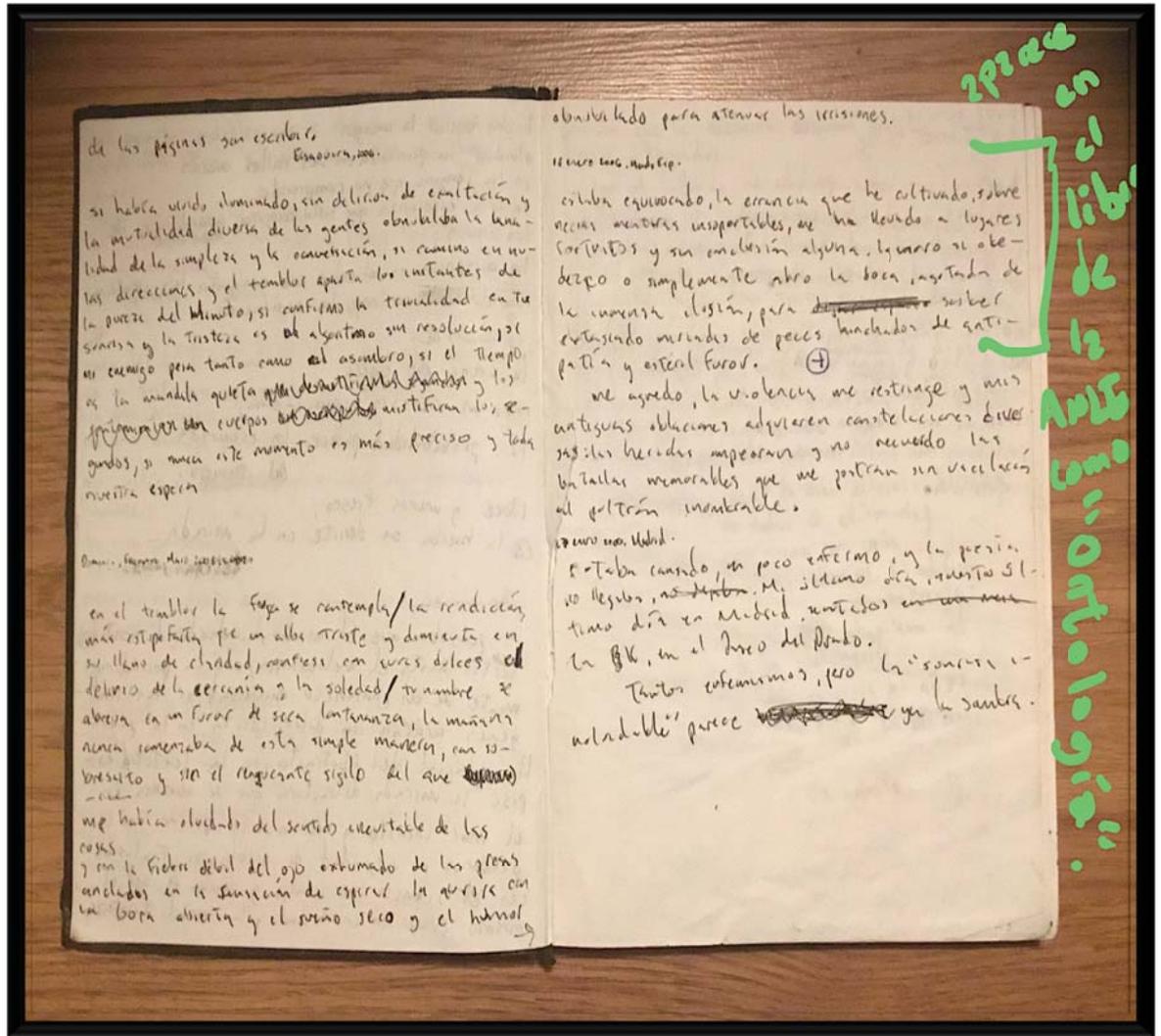
qué ojos...), imagino que en este momento un puñado de compatriotas !sin el privilegio de los que ahora volamos sentados en este Boeing de Aeroméxico! urden la manera de saltar el muro que los separa del Otro Lado... Después de varios minutos el desierto parece nunca acabar y la idea de caminarlo me parece uno de los más terribles destinos, casi como si a la azafata (he mirado su gafete y se llama Laura) le sacaran los ojos como a Polimestor. / /El que camina /Mi resuello gotea y deja tras de mí una línea punteada que inmediatamente el viento borra inconsciente de mi historia personal. Lo único que puedo hacer para que ustedes, mis testigos, puedan escuchar mis pasos es recolectar piedritas pardas del desierto... Pero no puedo continuar con esta mentira, porque es evidente que en mi vida he caminado desiertos y que las fronteras las he cruzado siempre impulsado por un motor. Lo mío es pura y solemne imaginación, un poco de culpa, proclividad estética a apropiarme de una experiencia que nunca será mía. /Las turbinas del Boeing 787 hacen ruidos semejantes a un retortijón de tripas y el capitán nos informa que hemos comenzado nuestro descenso y que hace una magnífica temperatura y que nos agradece haber volado con Aeroméxico. Me abrocho el cinturón de seguridad y miro por la ventanilla el mundo diminuto que se extiende y palpita allá abajo. /Desembarco del avión con mi maleta con rueditas siguiéndome como un perro bien entrenado. Vuelvo a sentir mis piernas. Camino. Busco en mis bolsillos unas monedas para pagarme una lustrada de zapatos, pero en el fondo sedoso sólo encuentro piedritas terrosas que al primer contacto se deshacen entre mis dedos [Edicion 2015.txt \(182\)](#)

APENDICE D FOTOS



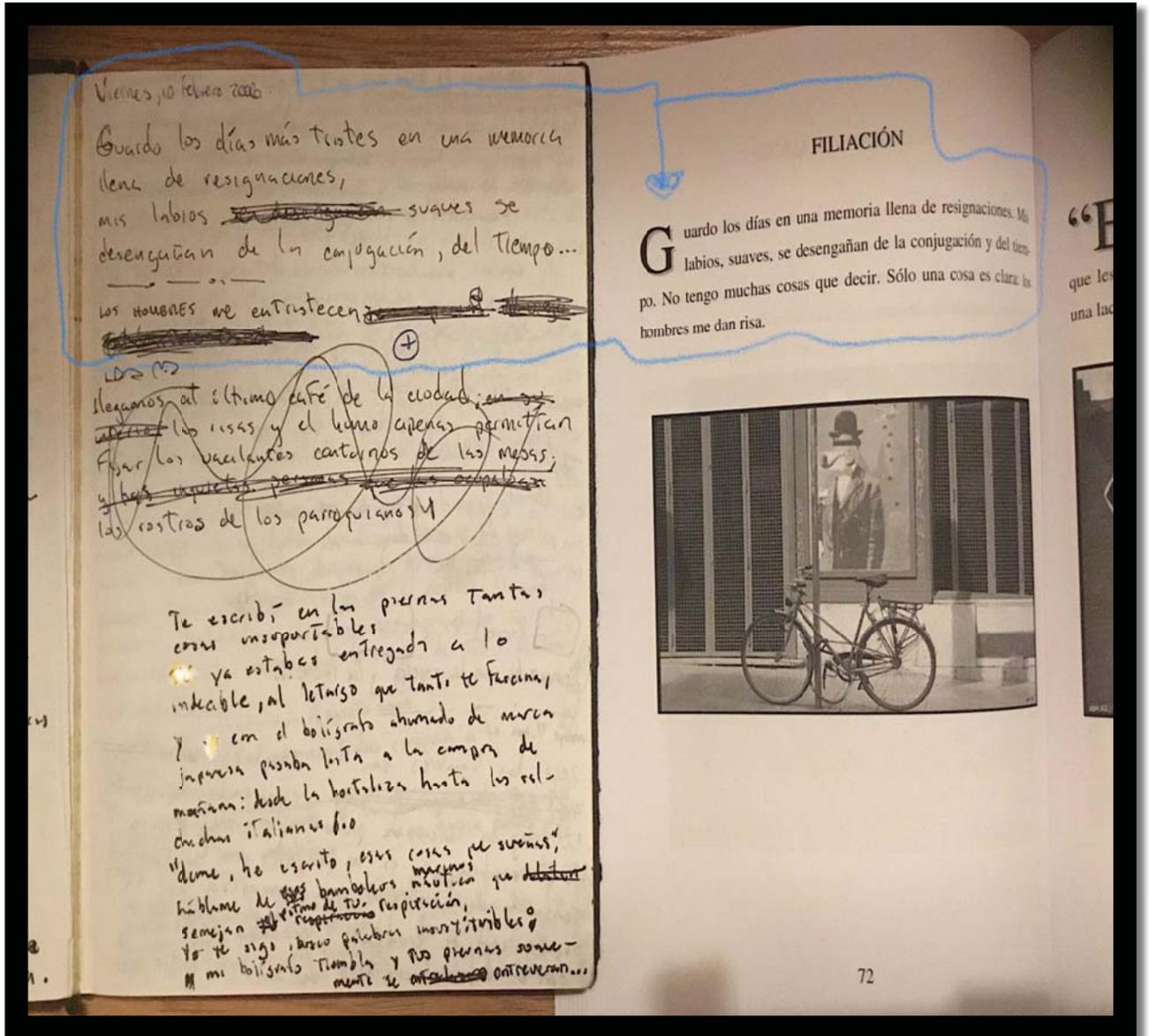
Fotografía de las libretas que Francisco Laguna Correa llevaba en sus viajes por el mundo.

APENDICE D: FOTOS



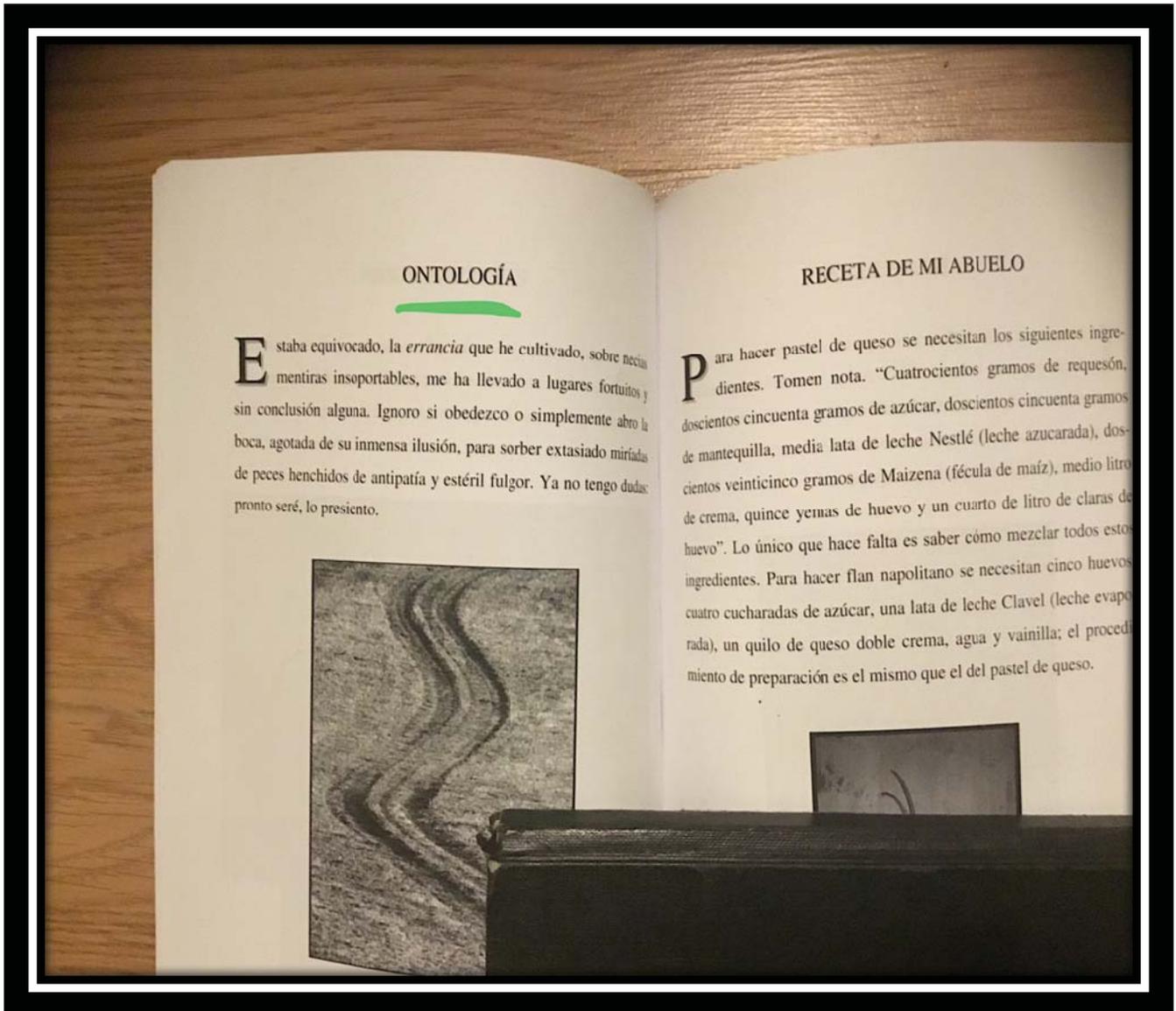
Captura de pantalla de la libreta de Francisco Laguna Correa "borradores"

APENDICE D: FOTOS



En la izquierda, fotografía de un borrador. A la derecha se encuentra la versión publicada por ANLE.

APENDICE D: FOTOS



Fotografía de la primera edición de Finales Felices ANLE.

APENDICE E1

Rodolfo Anaya
Tortuga

The word “macho” has one of the shortest definitions in the Spanish language dictionary, and yet the cult of macho behavior (machismo) is as ambiguous and misunderstood as any aspect of Hispanic/Latino culture. To be macho is to be male, that’s simple, but when the term is applied to Hispanic male behavior, then the particulars of the role are defined according to the particular culture. From Spain to Latin America, from Mexico to the USA Chicano communities, one gets a slightly different definition of the macho image at every turn. Being macho is essentially a learned behavior; as such it is a conditioned behavior. We males learn to act manly from other males around us; the macho behavior that preceded us was learned from the cultures from which it evolved. Many forces impinge on the Hispanic/Latino cultures, so throughout history, machismo—or the conditioning of male behavior—has attracted all sorts of positive and negative elements. Many cultural forces (from literature and religion to the latest musical fad, movies, MTV, or car styles) play a role in promoting the behavior of the macho, and these influences are the issue here. Still, beneath the conditioned behavior, the essence of what maleness means remains largely unchanged across time. We can describe conditioning and its effects; it is more difficult to describe the essence of maleness, especially today, when males seem to be retreating from describing, or laying claim to, a positive macho image.

Drunkenness, abusing women, raising hell (all elements of *la vida loca*) are some mis-taken conceptions of what macho means. And yet the uninformed often point to such behavior and call it machismo. In fact, much of this negative behavior is often aped by a new generation, because as young men they are not aware that they are being conditioned. Young men acting contrary to the good of their community have not yet learned the real essence of maleness.

Los Chucos Each generation becomes a new link in the group’s tradition, but also transforms behavior. My adolescent years saw the advent of the pachuco, a radical departure in the male behavior of the small New Mexican town I knew. Who were *esos vatos locos* imitating in the forties when they invented the pachuco argot, the dress, sexual liberation in attitude and action, use of drugs, use of cars, and so on? Was there a continuous line of macho behavior in which the chucos were a link? Or was the behavior so spontaneous and new that the pachucos initiated a new definition of what it meant to be macho? After all, being macho does mean to defend the territory, and the chucos did defend their barrios against mainstream encroachment. Were the pachucos a reaction to the growing oppression by Anglo America? Partly, but once the warriors defined themselves, they spent as

much time fighting each other as they did fighting the enemy, *el gabacho*. The pachuco became a new model of behavior, breaking with the past, and yet in his role vis-à-vis *la chuca*, the male-female dance contained the same old elements embedded in the mexicano culture. The power play was definitely at

work. La chuca, as liberated as she was from her contemporary “square” sister who remained a “nice” girl, was still subservient. The pachuco loved to show off his baby doll. This makes us question if breaks with the past are really radical, or does only the surface dress of the macho change? Beneath the zoot suit of the pachuco, old cultural forces and conditioned behavior continued to define the relationship between the macho and his woman. “Esta es mi ruca,” he said proudly, introducing the woman as property in which he was pleased.

The pachuco practicing la vida loca continued to influence the definition of macho behavior in the nineties. They were the early lowriders. They spawned the baby chooks and those Chicano males who today are acting out roles, sometimes unknowingly, with roots in the pachuco lifestyle. (The Chicano rapper borrows from the Black rapper, but in his barrio and in his strut and talk, he is borrowing as much from the old veteranos.) This role of an “unconscious energy” in the community is something we can’t measure, but it’s there. History is passed on not only in stories and books, but by osmosis. It makes us ask: ¿Is behavior only learned? Or is there real maleness, a golden rule not only in the blood but in the myths? I look at the young machos parading down the street, acting out their roles, and I wonder how much of their behavior comes from that unconscious influence, something inherent in maleness itself. There is something in that dignity of maleness we don’t want to give up. But what is it? We know those negative forces that condition us have to be repudiated. But we also yearn to be noble men, and to act in a noble fashion for our families. La Familia The pachuco macho behavior, while very visible in the barrio (and introduced to a larger audience by the U.S. Navy antipachuco, anti-Mexican riots during the early forties in Los Angeles, and made more visible through the Valdez “Zoot Suit” film), was not the only model of maleness in the community. A far greater percentage of the men of the barrios went about their work, raising families, trying to do the best they could for them. Macho means taking care of la familia. Perhaps this is the most important definition of macho,

the real, positive meaning of the word. And yet it is often given short shrift. Critics often look at the negative behavior of the macho and forget the positive. In the villages and barrios of New Mexico when I was growing up, being manly (hombrote) meant having a sense of honor. The intangible of the macho image is that sense of honor. A man must be honorable, for himself and for his family. There is honor in the family name. Hombrote also means providing for the family. Men of honor were able to work with the other men in communal enterprises. They took care of the politics of the village, law and order, the church, the acequia, and the old people. The greatest compliment I could receive as a child when I did a job well was to be called hombrote. I was acting like an hombre, a man. This compliment came from both males and females in the family and in the extended family. By the way, this compliment

is also given to the girls. They can be hombrotas, as well as muy mujerotas, very womanly. Either way, the creation of male and female roles are rewarded with the appropriate language, and the language is male centered. Much is now written about male bonding, how the father and other males in the community shape the macho image. In Hispanic culture the role of the compadres is such a role. (The

compadres are the godfathers, for lack of a more thorough definition.) The compadres bond at marriages, baptisms, or other family celebrations. Their goal is to ensure the welfare of the child that one of the compadres has baptized or confirmed. The best man at the wedding becomes a compadre. Compadrazgo has a very positive role to play. The compadres act manly toward one another, and the children of the compadres learn male behavior through those interactions.

Still, it's not just the males that are in charge of shaping the macho image. Women play an importante role.

"My name's Waldo," he said, "but everybody calls me Speed-o. Jack of all trades, orderly, driver, I can get you anything, I mean anything you want from town. And I take care of a few of the nurse's aides around here." He leaned over me and winked as he pushed the squeaking gurney down the deserted hall. I could smell the sweet smell of pomade on his hair and the Dentyne gum he chewed. "What's your name, kid?" I thought awhile then answered, "Tortuga." "Tortuga! Hey, that's all right daddy-o! I like that!" Then he burst out singing. Hey, watch out! Turtle man coming down the road And he's carrying a heavy load Just looking for a place to sleep tonight! "Like that, huh?" he snapped his fingers. "I'm a real swinger, just a real cool swinger!" He stopped suddenly and pushed the gurney into a dark corner. "Hey, Tortuga, you don't mind if we slide in here for a minute, right. There's a new nurse in this ward that is bad. I mean really bad! but she likes you know what. Everytime I pass by we slip into the linen closet for a quickie." He giggled crazily. "Whad'ya say?" I was about to answer, but he was already gone. I just wanted to get some- where and rest, I wanted to put everything in perspective and get a sense of where I was. But why did the girl Ismelda keep popping in and out of my thoughts. I had only been here a few hours and already met some crazy characters ... what would the future hold for me? How soon would the doctor start the therapy? And how much movement could I recover from my legs? I closed my eyes and listened to the sounds of the hospital. Somewhere dishes clanged and kids shouted to each other. From faraway I thought I heard the whimper of babies crying. Along the wall the steam radiators pinged and groaned as they swelled with steam. Overhead the cold wind moaned ... and if I listened very carefully far beneath the frozen earth I could hear the sound of water, Tortuga's warm pee cutting new channels through the frozen wasteland ... Follow the river, Filomón had said, and yet even he seemed lost in the storms which racked us as we crossed the barren desert. Wait till spring ... Pray to God, God's will be done ... I prayed, a million times I prayed, why the paralysis? Why me? What did I do to deserve this punishment? Why? Why? Why? I awoke in a sweat. "Where am I?" I asked, and in the darkness I heard an answer, I heard someone moving around the gurney and for a moment I thought Danny had returned. "Is this Tortuga?" the voice asked. "Yes, he has come to live with us." "Filomón brought him." "Is he an orphan, like us?" "Will he go to live with Salomón?" the voices whispered. "Pray he doesn't, sister, but Salomón knows he's here." I thought I was dreaming. Dark figures shuffled around the gurney, wheel-chairs squeaked. "Who's there?" I asked. "Are you awake, Tortuga?" "Who is it?" I asked. "Your brothers and sisters," came the answer. Someone tapped on the cast, but because the

gurney was high I couldn't see anyone. Then I felt a tug as an arm wrapped itself around my cast and pulled. At first I thought they were pulling me down and when the face of the girl appeared suddenly over me I realized she had pulled herself up. I gasped with fear. Her twisted face was gray and wrinkled, the face of an old woman. She drew closer and I saw the hump on her back. She was a small, deformed creature. She had clawed her way to the top of the gurney, now she smiled at me. "Who are you?" I cried. Around me the others also squirmed their way up the side of the gurney, giggling and calling out, "Is that Tortuga?" "Does he look like Tortuga?" "Lemme see—"

"Yes, it is Tortuga," the hunched back girl smiled. Her eyes were pale green in the dark. Her breath was sweet on my face, but her face was twisted and deformed. "Who are you?" I cried again. "Cynthia," she whispered. "Is he going to stay in our ward?" another one asked. "Salomón will say," she answered, studying me closely, curiously, and drawing closer and closer as if to kiss me. "No!" I finally screamed as loud as I could, "Get away! Get away!" "Shhh—" she tried to quiet me by placing her thin fingers over my mouth. "It's okay ... we know ..." I gagged with panic, heaved and shouted again. "Get away! Get away! Don't touch me!" They were swarming over me now, pulling themselves over the side of the gurney, their twisted gnome faces looming over me, whispering, giggling, poking at the cast, calling it a turtle shell, celebrating my arrival, vying for my friendship, then suddenly scattering as I shouted and cursed at them. They disappeared quickly, dropping off the gurney and scrambling away. I was still shouting when I felt Speed-o's hand clamp over my mouth. "Shh—Hold it! What the hell's the matter with you, kid? You wanna wake the dead?" "Freaks," I gasped, "freaks—" "Oh, that group," he said and shook his head as he lit a cigarette. "That's Cynthia's group ... they prowl the halls at night ... know everything that goes on in this hospital ... but they don't come out during the day ... bad cases ... but if you ask me the whole place is crawling with freaks ..." He pulled the gurney out of the corner and pushed it down the hall. Somewhere the sun was about to set because the pale ochre light which touched the high windows which faced the patio created a haze in the dim hallway. At the end of the hall he stopped at the nurses station and rang the bell on the counter. He paced nervously back and forth, muttering "I wonder where in the hell everyone is? I'm asked to deliver a body and there's no one waiting at the gate! This is your ward ... but I wanna get back to that quickie I didn't finish. Noooooorse! New boy!" "They're gone," someone whispered. "Where?" Speed-o asked. "Supper." "And the nurse?" "Chasing Danny." "What'd he do now?" "Started throwing spaghetti in the dining room. Big fight. Lots of fun." "For cryin' out loud," Speed-o groaned. "I can't stand around and babysit this turtle man ... he's gotta get to bed and I gotta get back to my beaver ... Any empty rooms around here?" he asked the kid. "Maybe up the hall, some—"

"Well let's go," Speed-o said and pushed me hurriedly down the long, empty hallway. "We'll find you a room, ole buddy, we'll find you a nice and private place—" We went deeper into the ward until he found a room without a name tag on the door, there he turned the gurney in and swung it alongside the only bed in the otherwise empty room. "This will do fine," he nodded. He grunted and pushed and managed to slide me off the gurney onto the bed. "Just fine, just fine," he smiled and covered me with a sheet. "The nurse will be here in no time," he smiled and smoothed back

The room was dark and silent. Through the window I could see the top of the mountain, glowing magenta as the winter clouds lifted long enough to let the setting sun shine on its back. The gigantic mass of boulders seemed to breathe with life as the color grew a soft watermelon pink then salmon orange. The light glowed from within the mountain as Tortuga seemed to lift his head into the setting sun ... he turned to look at me, another crippled turtle come to live at his feet. The rheumy eyes draped with wrinkled flaps of skin bore into my soul and touched me with their kindness. For a moment the mountain was alive. It called to me, and I lay quietly in my dark room, hypnotized by the sight. Now I knew what Filomón had meant. There was a secret in the mountain, and it was calling me, unfolding with movement and power as the dying rays of the sun infused the earth with light. Then a gray wash fell over the desert and the golden light was gone. The cold wind rattled the roof of the hospital. Brittle tumbleweeds rolled across the frozen waste. The fatigue of the journey settled over me and I fell into a troubled, restless sleep. In my dream I saw myself crawling across the desert like a crippled turtle. I made my way slowly towards the mountain, and when I was there I found the secret ponds and springs at the foot of the mountain. A ring of young

girls danced around the water ... they sang and danced like the group of first communion girls who had shared my holy communion so many years ago ... when I was only a child. Then one of them, a dark-haired girl with flashing eyes, broke loose from the dance and ran towards me, calling my name as she ran. Tortuga! Oh, we're so glad you've come. Come and swim in the holy waters of the mountain! Come and hear Salomón tell his stories! I recognized Ismelda, dressed in flowing white and singing a song of joy ... She took my hand and together we tumbled into the warm, bubbling waters. I'll drown! I cried, I'll drown! No, she cried, you will not drown in the mountain's waters. And holding me tight she taught me how to move my turtle flippers until I too could swim in the rushing water. Around me golden fish swam as effortlessly as birds float and glide in the air on a still day. See! she shouted with joy as she led me deeper and deeper into the mountain's heart, see the blood of the mountain. I looked and saw the rivers which fed the springs, one molten and red with burning lava and the other blue with cold water ... and where the two rivers met the water hissed and became a golden liquid, apricot scented. This is where the waters meet, she whispered to me as we swam towards the shore, this is the place of power. Look! I looked and there on the bank sat a small, thin boy surrounded by cripples. He smiled and waved to us. This is Salomón, Ismelda said, and you have come to hear his story. Salomón knows the magic of the mountain ... he is the mountain. Listen to his story. I listened as the frail, angelic boy opened his lips to speak. Then in the deep night and in the dream there was only silence as Salomón began his story ... Before I came here I was a hunter, but that was long ago ... Still, it was in the pursuit of the hunt that I came face to face with my destiny, so I will tell my story and you will know.

We called ourselves a tribe and we spent our time hunting and fishing along the river. For young boys that was a great adventure, so each morning I stole away from my father's home to meet my fellow hunters by the river. My father was a farmer who planted corn on the hills along the river. He was a good man. He kept the

ritual of the seasons, marked the path of the sun and the moon across the sky, and he prayed each day that the order of things not be disturbed. He did his duty and tried to teach me the order in the weather and the seasons, but a wild urge in my blood drove me from him. I went to join the tribe along the river. At first I went willingly, the call of the hunt was exciting, the slaughter of the animals and

APENDICE E2

Daniel Chacon

and the shadows took him.

Their father never took them to restaurants, because he thought it a waste of money when they could open up a can of beans, sprinkle on Tabasco sauce, stuff their bellies, and it would all shit out the same way anyway. When the kids cried and whined to go to McDonald's for cheeseburgers, he stood over them and growled like a bear that they only wanted to go there because it was so expensive. They wanted life to be like *The Brady Bunch*, but they were poor Mxi cans, not rich movie stars, and they better eat whatever the hell he put on the table, whatever it was, even if it was food they hated.

Like steak. For them, steak was a cheap strip of meat that their mom fried in lard until it was hard and charred and tasted like burnt wood. And if the kids didn't want to eat the meat—if they pushed it around their plate with a rolled-up tortilla, as if that strip of steak were the very thing in life that they found distasteful—they saw the shadow of their father's hand rise up the white wall of the kitchen. "Don't make me do it," he'd say. On his fist's fingers, his hitting fist, were tattooed letters that spelled "L.O.V.E." The kids didn't know that a steak could be thick and juicy and explode with flavor, because they had never been to a steak house. On the rare occasions that they went to the drive-in movies, the father pulled the car into a grocery store parking lot, and while they waited in the hot backseat, he went inside for a big bag of salted pigskins and two six- packs of warm generic sodas. Then he drove across town by the

factories and the stinky lumberyards and bought them a bag of burgers at Munchies. The burgers were ten cents. They held the warm bags on their laps until they got back across town to the drive-in movies and ate in the car during the first feature. Munchies burgers tasted like liver meat, so they balanced burgers on their knees and smothered them in ketchup and mustard. Billy, the older son, said he had heard that they were so cheap because they used old horsemeat instead of beef, but Joey, the youngest, liked them anyway.

Joey liked food. On days that the mother went for groceries, he was so distracted while she was gone, imagining the good things she would bring home, that he couldn't concentrate on playing with his best friend Ricky Jones or doing his homework or whatever. Once while his mother was gone buying groceries, he was supposed to be helping his father fix the Ford. The father lay on his back, under the car, his torso and legs visible, with the smell of grease rising from the heat of the asphalt. He cursed

the car. "Give me a three-quarter wrench," the father yelled to Joey, who watched for his mom's car to turn the corner and handed him a crescent wrench instead. "Your worthless piece of shit, go get your brother!" While the father, William Molina, and his older son, Billy, fixed the car, Joey sat on the curb in front of the house and waited for her

Chevrolet to turn the corner, slow and heavy, the music beating from down the block, Rachel's head bobbing up and down, black sunglasses and strawberry-

blond hair. He reverently stood up before she pulled in the driveway, as if greeting an important relative he was in awe of but had never seen. It was the boys' job to unload the bags. Billy carried two or three bags at a time, grasping them in his muscular arms like a dockworker, but Joey only carried one, hugging it to his chest, the itchy brown paper against his forearms. He placed the bag on the counter or the table, but before going back to get another one, he looked inside the bag for something good, a bag of chips, cheesy crackers, or a box of sugary cereal. After the mom and Vero, the oldest child and only daughter, put the groceries away, he took out bologna and American cheese and tortillas and mustard and made himself a couple of burritos—he used three slices of bologna per tortilla—and tore open a bag of corn chips. Afterward, even though his stomach felt bloated, he opened the refrigerator door and looked at all the food and tried to decide what he would have for breakfast the next morning. He liked fried eggs and wieners, which he cut in half. He liked fried bologna, which puffed up in the sizzling lard like a Chinese hat and filled the kitchen with that wonderful fried, salty smell. He'd warm up three fat flour tortillas. One evening William Molina came home, stood above Joey, and told him to get his ass off the couch and turn off the TV. Joey, who was enjoying a rerun sitcom about a 1960s-middleclass family, asked, "Why?" The father said that he was taking them all out to dinner, and he wanted Joey to tell everyone to get ready. "No way!" Joey said.

Please, please. "Dad's taking us out to eat," he yelled, and then he put his ear against the door. "To a restaurant. Get ready." She turned the music down. "Really?" she said.

"Yeah, really!" Joey said. The door opened, revealing her round, dark face. "Our dad?" Rachel sat in a chair before her beauty, leaning into a makeup mirror with lights all around the frame, painting on purple eye shadow. "I guess you know," he said. "I know," she said.

"I wonder where he'll take us," he said. "Someplace nice, let's hope," she said. "I'm kind of scared," he said. "Why?" "What if I don't like what I order?"

She looked in the mirror at him and sighed and slowly shook her head. "OH, Joey," she said. He thought that she was sighing about him, at what he had said, and he felt guilty, but then she said, "I don't know what to do with your father." Her Mexican accent came out strong. She was the only one in the family with an accent, the only one who had been to Mexico, except for when Vero went to Tijuana with her cousin Norma and some friends. Rachel was also the only one in the family with blond hair and blue eyes. Everyone else had dark skin, Vero, Billy, Joey. William looked like the son of an Aztec, black hair slicked back

and boys liked, buxom, wide hips, long legs. One time, a kid at school who watched her drive up to the curb and drop Joey off said, "Wow, your mom looks like Marilyn Monroe." Now she looked in the vanity mirror and pouted her lips as she put lipstick. This time she said it in Spanish. "Ay, Joey, ¿Qué vov hacer con tu papá?"

"What's the matter?" he asked. She turned around. "I don't know if I should kiss him, or kick him really good in the cojones." William was having second thoughts. Rachel was ready to go, wearing red and black. Joey was standing by the front door, but William was still in his tank top undershirt, sitting on the couch and looking suspiciously out the window as if

the world outside were waiting to push him to the ground and beat him. The principle of eating out, the entire concept of paying extra for someone to serve your food, always bothered him. He used to say that when he was a boy he had to share an apple with three brothers, how his mom cut it into slices as they eagerly awaited, their hands cupped for the offering. Since he was the youngest, he got the smallest slice, with seeds and stem, tastes so bitter he had to spit them out. Now Rachel buys fruit and they don't eat it before it goes bad and she has to throw it out. What kind of lesson would he be teaching them by taking them to a sit-down dinner? Even as they gathered, Billy sitting on the edge of the couch, Vero standing in the doorframe of the hallway as if life were just a fact, the father seemed like he hadn't fully resolved that he would follow through. He stood up and said, "Maybe we should go get some Chinese take-out, and we could eat at home." "No way, Dad," Joey said. "That's not fair." "I knew it wasn't true," said Billy. Even Vero was disappointed. "Figures," she mumbled, and headed back to her room, until Rachel told her to wait.

"William, don't do this to us." "Do what? I'm not depriving you of anything. You never had it, how could you be deprived of it? Huh, vieja, think about it." "Don't try to reason your way out of this." "You said," Joey whined. "You're depriving us of our desire to go, the desire you created for us." "Good point, Joey," said his mom. William sat on his love seat and put his head in his hands. Everyone watched him, the thinker thinking. He rubbed his chin. "All right," he said. "Let's go eat." "All right!" Joey said. "Let's go!" Billy said. "And no Munchies," Joey said.

"No Munchies," Rachel agreed. "A real restaurant." As they sat in the car, the motor running, Joey looked at the house. It was one of those rare times when it was empty, when the entire family would be gone at the same time, and there was something sad about it. The father looked at the house too, and he commented about how drab the brown paint looked. He wondered aloud, If he were to paint the house some bright color, would it have a subtle psychological effect on them and make them happier? Vero said that was ridiculous, and William said that there were psychological effects on them that they weren't even aware of, and color was one of them. "Why do you think actors wait in the green room before going onstage? Because green is a calming color. It's called the subconscious, and it's something we don't even know it's there, but it's always with us." "You mean like an angel?" asked Joey. "No, stupid, not like an angel—not anything like an angel. I'm talking scientific stuff that's been proved."

He parked the Maverick in front of the windows of the Thrifty Café, located between a pool hall and a vacuum-parts store in a strip mall. In the windows, handwritten signs announced, "Chicken Fried Steak and Eggs," "Discount Turkey Dinner," "Early Bird Special." After he stopped the engine, no one said anything or got out of the car. He raised his butt from the car seat and reached for his wallet. He counted the bills to himself, then looked up at the ceiling and closed his eyes as he calculated the numbers. He sighed loudly and put the wallet back in his pocket while Rachel watched.

Billy had his head sticking out the back window. "I never heard of this place," he said. "Why are we going here?" "Where the hell do you want to go?" William said, "the Four Seasons?" "What's that?" "You want the most expensive restaurant? Would that make you happy, Prince William?"

"I'm sure it's better than..."—she looked sadly at the restaurant— "...than the Thrifty Café." "Are we going to sit in the car forever?" said Vero. "What wrong with sitting in the car together?" Joey said, scrunched in the middle between his brother and sister. "This is neat." He rested his head on Vero's shoulder, but she jerked it off. "It's hot in here," said Billy.

"Little shit, you think spending my money on feeding and clothing you ain't enough love?" "No, I'm just saying. Some families hug." "You mean The Brady Bunch?" said William. "You better not try to hug me," said Vero. "Me neither," said Billy.

"I'm just saying." "I'll hug you, Joey," Rachel said, but she didn't. "Come on, William, what are we going to do?" "I'm thinking." "The kids are hungry." "I'm not a kid," said Vero.

"Then don't act like one," she said. "The kids ain't going to starve," William said. "The kids are not going to starve," Joey corrected, and his dad turned around, raised his fist, and clenched his teeth. "Boy, you better shut the hell up." "Sorry." "What's your reason for choosing this restaurant, William? Why here?" "I heard things about it. Good things." "From whom?" "Someone at work." "What did they say, that it was cheap?" "Mom, open the door," said Vero, as if it were an emergency.

"What's wrong?" "Just open it, please." "All right." She opened it, and Vero slipped between the seats and stepped outside and stood in the parking lot. She put her hands in her baggy pants pockets. "What are you doing?" Rachel asked.

"Getting some air," she said. "Little brat," the father said. "You too good to sit in the car like the rest of us? I should leave you here." "Please do," she said, not loud enough for him to hear, but Joey heard because he had his head out the window, hoping for a breeze. "How about a good-bye kiss?" he said to his sister, puckering his lips.

She looked at him, a short cold stare, and then she looked away. "When you guys decide, let me know." She walked to the storefront windows and looked into the pool hall, which was empty except for two guys drinking beer, and they both looked at her. Between them, the reflection of her face appeared like a ghost in the glass, round cheeks, sad eyes. She wrapped her arms around herself and walked past the vacuum repair shop, her vague reflection sliding across the storefront window, where old vacuums shone like torture instruments. She looked away and walked to the next door, a Laundromat, looked inside, sighed, shook her head as if she had decided something important, and walked to the next door, a liquor store. She read the newspaper through the glass case. "Can I get out too?" Joey asked. "You sit the hell down," William said. "William, let's decide, please. I'm getting hungry and hot." "Okay, we'll eat here," he said, and Rachel said, "Ay, dios," and moved to get out, but William stayed seated. "What is it now, William?" "I was thinking..." "What were you thinking, William?" "Maybe Sambos," he said. "Maybe we should try Sambos."

"Yeah, Sambos!" Joey yelled. "I want to go to Sambos!" Rachel smiled at her man. "We want Sambos!" yelled Billy. They often looked longingly at the sign aglow at night, a cartoon of ferocious Bengali tiger, SAMBOS, and inside the restaurant was lit up like a stage,

walled by picture windows, people sitting at the timeless booths, drinking sudsy sodas from sparkling fountain glasses.

“Sambos!” Joey yelled. “That would be nice, viejo,” said Rachel. “They got good deals there,” he said to himself. “Let’s go,” said Billy. “All right,” he said. “The boys want Sambos: Sambos it is!”

“We’re going to Sambos,” Billy yelled. She looked at her feet as if sending a message for them to start walking. Then she wrapped her arms around herself and slowly walked back to the car. Three Cholas came out of the liquor store, hard-core barrio girls wearing dark eye makeup and baggy pants, and they stopped walking and stared at Vero. They looked like they wanted to beat her up. “Let’s go,” William said, honking the horn at Vero.

“We’re going, you little shit,” William said. “Have some patience.” Inside was narrow like a river, and there was only one occupied booth in the back, a bald man and a teenage girl. She had a gift in front of her, a box wrapped in silver paper and a bright red bow, which she looked at as if afraid to see what it might contain. The waitress, who walked across the shiny floors with a handful of menus, wore a light blue waitress’s dress with a white apron, her hair in a bun like a TV mother from the past. Her name tag read ALICE.

“Good evening, folks. Can I start you off with something to drink?” The boys yelled for Cokes. “How much are they?” William asked. The waitress sighed. “Fifty cents,” she said. “All right,” he said, but after she left the table, he shook his head in disbelief. “You guys better suck slow on those things. You’re only getting one.” Joey put down the slick menu and was so excited that he rubbed his hands together and licked his lips. He looked around the place, at the lights, the curves of the booths, a round clock over the metal counter, beyond which the cook in a tall white hat stood over a sizzling grill. Vero reluctantly sat back down, but she left on her sunglasses and frowned until Rachel whispered to her and she took them off. The waitress came back with old-fashioned soda fountain glasses, and she placed the sparkling drinks in front of them. I could stay here forever, Joey thought. Alice flipped open her order book and said to Joey, “What’ll it be, sweet-heart?” That thrill that came right before you do something brave or crazy like jump- ing into a cold canal or going to talk with Sherry Garcia came over him like strong wind, but when he tried to speak, no words came out, and the thrill dis- integrated into doubt. Was he ordering the right thing? It was a decision he’d have to live with. The waitress held her pen point to the pad, but he was thinking that maybe he should try something other than a cheeseburger, because he might never come back to a restaurant, ever again. He read descriptions that seemed so good: “A generous stack of ham smothered in two kinds of cheese and stacked with strips of crispy hickory bacon.” Or “Prime Rib Sandwich: A fat slab of roasted prime rib of beef.” And he hoped it wasn’t just the language that made them sound good and that the words actually meant what they evoked. “Well?” Alice said.

APENDICE E3

Daniel Orosco
Orientation

Those are the offices and these are the cubicles. That's my cubicle there, and this is your cubicle. This is your phone. Never answer your phone. Let the Voicemail System answer it. This is your Voicemail System Manual. There are no personal phone calls allowed. We do, however, allow for emergencies. If you must make an emergency phone call, ask your supervisor first. If you can't find your supervisor, ask Phillip Spiers, who sits over there. He'll check with Clarissa Nicks, who sits over there. If you make an emergency phone call without asking, you may be let go. These are your In and Out boxes. All the forms in your In box must be logged in by the date shown in the upper left-hand corner, initialed by you in the upper right-hand corner, and distributed to the Processing Analyst whose name is numerically coded in the lower lefthand corner. The lower right-hand corner is left blank. Here's your Processing Analyst Numerical Code Index. And here's your Forms Processing Procedures Manual.

You must pace your work. What do I mean? I'm glad you asked that. We pace our work according to the eight-hour workday. If you have twelve hours of work in your In box, for example, you must compress that work into the eight-hour day. If you have one hour of work in your In box, you must expand that work to fill the eight-hour day. That was a good question. Feel free to ask questions. Ask too many questions, however, and you may be let go. That is our receptionist. She is a temp. We go through receptionists here. They quit with alarming frequency. Be polite and civil to our temps. Learn their names. Invite them to lunch occasionally. But don't get close to them, as it only makes it more difficult when they leave. And they always leave. You can be sure of that. The men's room is over there. The women's room is over there. John LaFontaine, who sits over there, uses the women's room occasionally. He says it is accidental. We know better, but we let it pass. John LaFontaine is harmless, his forays into the forbidden territory of the women's room simply a benign thrill, a faint blip on the dull flat line of his life.

Russell Nash, who sits in the cubicle to your left, is in love with Amanda Pierce, who sits in the cubicle to your right. They ride the same bus together after work. For Amanda Pierce, it is just a tedious bus ride made less tedious by the idle nattering of Russell Nash. But for Russell Nash, it is the highlight of his day. It is the highlight of his life. Russell Nash has put on forty pounds, and grows fatter with each passing month, nibbling on chips and cookies while peeking glumly over the partitions at Amanda Pierce, and gorging himself at home on cold pizza and ice cream while watching adult videos on TV.

Amanda Pierce, in the cubicle to your right, has a six-year-old son named Jamie, who is autistic. Her cubicle is plastered from top to bottom with the boy's crayon artwork—sheet after sheet of precisely drawn concentric circles and ellipses, in black and yellow. She rotates them every other Friday. Be sure to comment on them. Amanda Pierce also has a husband, who is a lawyer. He subjects her to an escalating array of painful and humiliating sex games, to which Amanda Pierce

reluctantly submits. She comes to work exhausted and freshly wounded each morning, wincing from the abrasions on her breasts, or the bruises on her abdomen, or the second-degree burns on the backs of her thighs. But we're not supposed to know any of this. Do not let on. If you let on, you may be let go. Amanda Pierce, who tolerates Russell Nash, is in love with Albert Bosch, who sits over there. Albert Bosch, who only dimly registers Amanda Pierce's existence, has eyes only for Ellie Tapper, who sits over there. Ellie Tapper, who hates Albert Bosch, would walk through fire for Curtis Lance. But Curtis Lance hates Ellie Tapper. Isn't the world a funny place? Not in the ha-ha sense, of course. Anika Bloom sits in that cubicle. Last year, while reviewing quarterly reports in a meeting with Barry Hacker, Anika Bloom's left palm began to bleed. She fell into a trance, stared into her hand, and told Barry Hacker when and how his wife would die. We laughed it off. She was, after all, a new employee. But Barry Hacker's wife is dead. So unless you want to know exactly when and how you'll die, never talk to Anika Bloom. Colin Heavey sits in that cubicle over there. He was new once, just like you. We warned him about Anika Bloom. But at last year's Christmas Potluck, he felt sorry for her when he saw that no one was talking to her. Colin Heavey brought her a drink. He hasn't been himself since. Colin Heavey is doomed. There's nothing he can do about it, and we are powerless to help him. Stay away from Colin Heavey. Never give any of your work to him. If he asks to do something, tell him you have to check with me. If he asks again, tell him I haven't gotten back to you. This is the Fire Exit. There are several on this floor, and they are marked accordingly. We have a Floor Evacuation Review every three months, and an Escape Route Quiz once a month. We have our Biannual Fire Drill twice a year, and our Annual Earthquake Drill once a year. These are precautions only. These things never happen. For your information, we have a comprehensive health plan. Any catastrophic illness, any unforeseen tragedy is completely covered. All dependents are completely covered. Larry Bagdikian, who sits over there, has six daughters. If anything were to happen to any of his girls, or to all of them, if all six were to simultaneously fall victim to illness or injury—stricken with a hideous degenerative muscle disease or some rare toxic blood disorder, sprayed with semi-automatic gunfire while on a class field trip, or attacked in their bunk beds by some prowling nocturnal lunatic—if any of this were to pass, Larry's girls would all be taken care of. Larry Bagdikian would not have to pay one dime. He would have nothing to worry about. We also have a generous vacation and sick leave policy. We have an excellent disability insurance plan. We have a stable and profitable pension fund. We get group discounts for the symphony, and block seating at the ballpark. We get commuter ticket books for the bridge. We have Direct Deposit. We are all members of Costco. This is our kitchenette. And this, this is our Mr. Coffee. We have a coffee pool, into which we each pay two dollars a week for coffee, filters, sugar, and CoffeeMate. If you prefer Cremora or half-and-half to CoffeeMate, there is a special pool for three dollars a week. If you prefer Sweet'N'Low to sugar, there is special pool for twofifty a week. We do not do decaf. You are allowed to join the coffee pool of your choice, but you are not allowed to touch the Mr Coffee. This is the microwave oven. You are allowed to heat food in the

oven. You are not, however, allowed to cook food in the microwave oven. We get one hour for lunch. We also get one fifteen-minute break in the morning, and one fifteen-minute break in the afternoon. Always take your breaks. If you skip a break, it is gone forever. For your information, your break is a privilege, not a right. If you abuse the break policy, we are authorized to rescind your breaks. Lunch, however, is a right, not a privilege. If you abuse the lunch policy, our hands will be tied, and we will be forced to look the other way. We will not enjoy that.

This is the refrigerator. You may put your lunch in it. Barry Hacker, who sits over there, steals food from this refrigerator. His petty theft is an outlet for his grief. Last New Year's Eve, while kissing his wife, a blood vessel burst in her brain. Barry Hacker's wife was two months pregnant at the time, and lingered in a coma for half a year before dying. It was a tragic loss for Barry Hacker. He hasn't been himself since. Barry Hacker's wife was a beautiful woman. She was also completely covered. Barry Hacker did not have to pay one dime. But his dead wife haunts him. She haunts all of us. We have seen her, reflected in the monitors of our computers, moving past our cubicles. We have seen the dim shadow of her face in our photocopies. She pencils herself in in the receptionist's appointment book, with the notation: To see Barry Hacker. She has left messages in the receptionist's Voicemail box, messages garbled by the electronic chirrups and buzzes in the phone line, her voice echoing from an immense distance within the ambient hum. But the voice is hers. And beneath her voice, beneath the tidal whoosh of static and hiss, the gurgling and crying of a baby can be heard. In any case, if you bring a lunch, put a little something extra in the bag for

Barry Hacker. We have four Barrys in this office. Isn't that a coincidence? This is Matthew Payne's office. He is our Unit Manager, and his door is always closed. We have never seen him, and you will never see him. But he is here. You can be sure of that. He is all around us. This is the Custodian's Closet. You have no business in the Custodian's Closet. And this, this is our Supplies Cabinet. If you need supplies, see Curtis Lance. He will log you in on the Supplies Cabinet Authorization Log, then give you a Supplies Authorization Slip. Present your pink copy of the Supplies Authorization Slip to Ellie Tapper. She will log you in on the Supplies Cabinet Key Log, then give you the key. Because the Supplies Cabinet is located outside the Unit Manager's office, you must be very quiet. Gather your supplies quietly. The Supplies Cabinet is divided into four sections. Section One contains letterhead stationery, blank paper and envelopes, memo and notepads, and so on. Section Two contains pens and pencils and typewriter and printer ribbons, and the like. In Section Three we have erasers, correction fluids, transparent tapes, glue sticks, etcetera. And in Section Four we have paper clips and pushpins and scissors and razor blades. And here are the spare blades for the shredder. Do not touch the shredder, which is located over there. The shredder is of no concern to you. Gwendolyn Stich sits in that office there. She is crazy about penguins, and collects penguin knickknacks: penguin posters and coffee mugs and stationery, penguin stuffed animals, penguin jewelry, penguin sweaters and tee shirts and socks. She has a pair of penguin fuzzy slippers she wears when working late at the office. She has a tape cassette of penguin sounds which she listens to for relaxation. Her favorite colors are black and white. She has personalized license plates that read: PEN GWEN. Every morning, she passes through all the

cubicles to wish each of us a good morning. She brings Danish on Wednesdays for Hump Day morning break, and doughnuts on Fridays for T.G.I.F. afternoon break. She organizes the Annual Christmas Potluck and is in charge of the Birthday List. Gwendolyn Stich's door is always open to all of us. She will always lend an ear and put in a good word for you; she will always give you a hand or the shirt off her back or a shoulder to cry on. Because her door is always open, she hides and cries in a stall in the women's room. And John LaFontaine—who, enthralled when a woman enters, sits quietly in his stall with his knees to his chest—John LaFontaine has heard her vomiting in there. We have come upon Gwendolyn Stich huddled in the stairwell, shivering in the updraft, sipping a Diet Mr. Pibb and hugging her knees. She does not let any of this interfere with her work. If it interfered with her work, she might have to be let go. Kevin Howard sits in that cubicle over there. He is a serial killer, the one they call the Carpet Cutter, responsible for the mutilations across town. We're not supposed to know that, so do not let on. Don't worry. His compulsion inflicts itself on strangers only, and the routine established is elaborate and unwavering. The victim must be a white male, a young adult no older than thirty, heavy-set, with dark hair and eyes, and the like. The victim must be chosen at random, before sunset, from a public place; the victim is followed home and must put up a struggle, et cetera. The carnage inflicted is precise: the angle and direction of the incisions, the layering of skin and muscle tissue, the rearrangement of the visceral organs, and so on. Kevin Howard does not let any of this interfere with his work. He is, in fact, our fastest typist. He types as if he were on fire. He has a secret crush on Gwendolyn Stich and leaves a red-foil-wrapped Hershey's Kiss on her desk every afternoon. But he hates Anika Bloom and keeps well away from her. In his presence, she has uncontrollable fits of shaking and trembling. Her left palm does not stop bleeding. In any case, when Kevin Howard gets caught, act surprised. Say that he seemed like a nice person, a bit of a loner, perhaps, but always quiet and polite. This is the photocopier room. And this, this is our view. It faces southwest.

West is down there, toward the water. North is back there. Because we are on the seventeenth floor, we are afforded a magnificent view. Isn't it beautiful? It overlooks the park, where the tops of those trees are. You can see a segment of the bay between those two buildings there. You can see the sun set in the gap between those two buildings over there. You can see this building reflected in the glass panels of that building across the way. There. See? That's you, waving. And look there. There's Anika Bloom in the kitchenette, waving back. Enjoy this view while photocopying. If you have problems with the photocopier, see Russell Nash. If you have any questions, ask your supervisor. If you can't find your supervisor, ask Phillip Spiers. He sits over there. He'll check with Clarissa Nicks. She sits over there. If you can't find them, feel free to ask me. That's my cubicle. I sit in there.

APENDICE E4

Junot Diaz

Nilda

She was Dominican from here and had super-long hair, like those Pentecostal girls, and a chest you wouldn't believe—I'm talking world-class. Rafa would sneak her down into our basement bedroom after our mother went to bed and do her to whatever was on the radio right then. The two of them had to let me stay, because if my mother heard me upstairs on the couch everybody's ass would have been fried. And since I wasn't about to spend my night out in the bushes this is how it was. Rafa didn't make no noise, just a low something that resembled breathing. Nilda was the one. She seemed to be trying to hold back from crying the whole time. It was crazy hearing her like that. The Nilda I'd grown up with was one of the quietest girls you'd ever meet. She let her hair wall away her face and read *The New Mutants*, and the only time she looked straight at anything was when she looked out a window. But that was before she'd gotten that chest, before that slash of black hair had gone from something to pull on the bus to something to stroke in the dark. The new Nilda wore stretch pants and Iron Maiden shirts; she had already run away

from her mother's and ended up at a group home; she'd already slept with Toño and Nestor and Little Anthony from Parkwood, older guys. She crashed over at our apartment a lot because she hated her moms, who was the neighborhood borracha. In the morning she slipped out before my mother woke up and found her. Waited for heads at the bus stop, fronted like she'd come from her own place, same clothes as the day before and greasy hair so everybody thought her a skank. Waited for my brother and didn't talk to anybody and nobody talked to her, because she'd always been one of those quiet, semi-retarded girls who you couldn't talk to without being dragged into a whirlpool of dumb stories. If Rafa

decided that he wasn't going to school, then she'd wait near our apartment until my mother left for work. Sometimes Rafa let her in right away. Sometimes he slept late and she'd wait across the street, building letters out of pebbles until she saw him crossing the living room. She had big stupid lips and a sad moonface and the driest skin. Always rubbing lotion on it and cursing the moreno father who'd given it to her. It seemed like she was always waiting for my brother. Nights she'd knock and I'd let her in and we'd sit on the couch while Rafa was off at his job at the carpet factory or working out at the gym. I'd show her my newest comics and she'd read them real close, but as soon as Rafa showed up she'd throw them in my lap and jump into his arms. I missed you, she'd say in a little-girl voice, and Rafa would laugh. You should have seen him in those days: he had the face bones of a saint. Then Mami's door would open and Rafa would detach himself and cowboy-saunter over to Mami and say, You got something for me to eat, vieja? Claro que sí, Mami'd say, trying to put her glasses on. He had us all, the way only a pretty nigger can. Once when Rafa was late from the job and we were alone in the apartment a long time, I asked her about the group home. It was three weeks before the end

of the school year and everybody had entered the Do-Nothing Stage. I was four-teen and reading Dhalgren for the second time; I had an IQ that would have broken you in two but I would have traded it in for a halfway decent face in a second. It was pretty cool up there, she said. She was pulling on the front of her halter top, trying to air her chest out. The food was bad but there were a lot of cute guys in the house with me. They all wanted me. She started chewing on a nail. Even the guys who worked there were calling me after I left, she said. The only reason Rafa went after her was because his last full-time girlfriend had gone back to Guyana—she was this dougla girl with a single eyebrow and skin to die for—and because Nilda had pushed up to him. She'd only been back from the group home a couple of months, but by then she'd already gotten a rep as a cuero. A lot of the Dominican girls in town were on some serious lockdown—we saw them on the bus and at school and maybe at the Pathmark, but since most families knew exactly what kind of tigueres were roaming the neighborhood these girls weren't allowed to hang out. Nilda was different. She was brown trash. Her moms was a mean-ass drunk and always running around South Amboy with her white boyfriends—which is a long way of saying Nilda could hang and, man, did she ever. Always out in the world, always cars stopping where she was smoking cigarettes. Before I even knew she was back from the group home she got scooped up by this older nigger from the back apartments. He kept her on his dick for almost four months, and I used to see them driving around in his fucked-up rust-eaten Sunbird while I delivered my papers. Motherfucker was like three hundred years old, but because he had a car and a record collection and foto albums from his Vietnam days and because he bought her clothes to replace the old shit she was wearing, Nilda was all lost on him. I hated this nigger with a passion, but when it came to guys there was no talking to Nilda. ¿I used to ask her, What's up with Wrinkle Dick? And she would get so mad she wouldn't speak to me for days, and then I'd get this note, I want you to respect my man. Whatever, I'd write back. Then the old cat bounced, no one knew where, the usual scenario in my neighborhood, and for a couple of months she got tossed by those cats from Parkwood. On Thursdays, which was comicbook day, she'd drop in to see what I'd picked up and she'd talk to me about how unhappy she was. We'd sit together until it got dark and then her beeper would fire up and she'd peer into its display and say, I have to go. Sometimes I could grab her and pull her back on the couch, and we'd stay there a long time, me waiting for her to fall in love with me, her waiting for whatever, but other times she'd be serious. I have to go see my man, she'd say. One of those comic-book days she saw my brother coming back from his five-mile run. Rafa was still boxing then and he was cut up like crazy, the muscles on his chest and abdomen so striated they looked like something out of a Frazetta drawing. He noticed her because she was wearing these ridiculous shorts this tank that couldn't have blocked a sneeze and a thin roll of stomach was poking from between the fabrics and he smiled at her and she got real serious and uncomfortable and he told her to fix him some iced tea and she told him to fix it himself. You a guest here, he said. You should be earning your fucking keep. He went into the shower and as soon as he did she was in the kitchen stirring and I told her to leave it, but she said, I might as well. We drank all of it. I wanted to warn her, tell her he was a monster, but she was already headed for him at the speed of

light. The next day Rafa's car turned up broken—what a coincidence—so he took the bus to school and when he was walking past our seat he took her hand and pulled her to her feet and she said, Get off me. Her eyes were pointed straight at the floor. I just want to show you something, he said. She was pulling with her arm but the rest of her was ready to go. Come on, Rafa said, and finally she went. Save my seat, she said over her shoulder, and I was like, Don't worry about it. Before we even swung onto 516 Nilda was in my brother's lap and he had his hand so far up her skirt it looked like he was performing a surgical procedure. When we were getting off the bus Rafa pulled me aside and held his hand in front of my nose. Smell this, he said. This, he said, is what's wrong with women.

You couldn't get anywhere near Nilda for the rest of the day. She had her hair pulled back and was glorious with victory. Even the white girls knew about my overmuscled about-to-be-a-senior brother and were impressed. And while Nilda sat at the end of our lunch table and whispered to some girls me and my boys ate our crap sandwiches and talked about the X-Men—this was back when the X-Men still made some kind of sense—and even if we didn't want to admit it the truth was now patent and awful: all the real dope girls were headed up to the high school, like moths to a light, and there was nothing any of us younger cats could do about it. My man José Negrón—a.k.a. Joe Black—took Nilda's defection the hardest, since he'd actually imagined he had a chance with her. Right after she got back from the group home he'd held her hand on the bus, and even though she'd gone off with other guys, he'd never forgotten it. I was in the basement three nights later when they did it. That first time neither of them made a sound.

They went out that whole summer. I don't remember anyone doing anything big. Me and my pathetic little crew hiked over to Morgan Creek and swam around in water stinking of leachate from the landfill; we were just getting serious about the licks that year and Joe Black was stealing bottles out of his father's stash and we were drinking them down to the corners on the swings behind the apartments. Because of the heat and because of what I felt inside my chest a lot, I often just sat in the crib with my brother and Nilda. Rafa was tired all the time and pale: this had happened in a matter of days. I used to say, Look at you, white boy, and he used to say, Look at you, you black ugly nigger. He didn't feel like doing much, and besides his car had finally broken down for real, so we would all sit in the air-conditioned apartment and watch TV. Rafa had decided he wasn't going back to school for his senior year, and even though my moms was heartbroken and trying to guilt him into it five times a day, this was all he talked about. School had never been his gig, and after my pops left us for his twenty-five-year-old he didn't feel he needed to pretend any longer. I'd like to take a long fucking trip, he told us. See California before it slides into the ocean. California, I said. California, he said. A nigger could make a showing out there. I'd like to go there, too, Nilda said, but Rafa didn't answer her. He had closed his eyes and you could see he was in pain. We never talked about our father. I'd asked Rafa once, right at the beginning of the Last Great Absence, where he thought he was, and Rafa said, Like I fuckin' care. End of conversation. World without end. On days niggers were really out of their minds with boredom we trooped down to the pool and got in for free because Rafa was boys with one of the lifeguards. I swam, Nilda went on missions around the pool just so she could show off how tight she looked in her bikini, and Rafa sprawled under the awning and took it all in.

Sometimes he called me over and we'd sit together for a while and he'd close his eyes and I'd watch the water dry on my ashy legs and then he'd tell me to go back to the pool. When Nilda finished promenading and came back to where Rafa was chilling she kneeled at his side and he would kiss her real long, his hands playing up and down the length of her back. Ain't nothing like a fifteen-year-old with a banging body, those hands seemed to be saying, at least to me. Joe Black was always watching them. Man, he muttered, she's so fine I'd lick her asshole and tell you niggers about it. Maybe I would have thought they were cute if I hadn't known Rafa. He might have seemed enamora' o with Nilda but he also had mad girls in orbit. Like this ne piece of white trash from Sayreville, and this morena from Amsterdam Village who also slept over and sounded like a freight train when they did it. I don't remember her name, but I do remember how her perm shone in the glow of our night-light. In August Rafa quit his job at the carpet factory—I'm too fucking tired, he complained, and some mornings his leg bones hurt so much he couldn't get out of bed right away. The Romans used to shatter these with iron clubs, I told him while I massaged his shins. The pain would kill you instantly. Great, he said. Cheer me up some more, you fucking bastard. One day Mami took him to the hospital for a checkup and afterward I found them sitting on the couch, both of them dressed up, watching TV like nothing had happened. They were holding hands and Mami appeared tiny next to him. Well? Rafa shrugged. The doc thinks I'm anemic. Anemic ain't bad. Yeah, Rafa said, laughing bitterly. God bless Medicaid. In the light of the TV, he looked terrible.

That was the summer when everything we would become was hovering just over our heads. Girls were starting to take notice of me; I wasn't good-looking but I listened and was sincere and had boxing muscles in my arms. In another universe I probably came out O.K., ended up with mad novias and jobs and a sea of love in which to swim, but in this world I had a brother who was dying of cancer and a long dark patch of life like a mile of black ice waiting for me up ahead. One night, a couple of weeks before school started—they must have thought I was asleep—Nilda started telling Rafa about her plans for the future. I think even she knew what was about to happen. Listening to her imagining herself was about the saddest thing you ever heard. How she wanted to get away from her moms and open up a group home for runaway kids. But this one would be real cool, she said. It would be for normal kids who just got problems. She must have loved him because she went on and on. Plenty of people talk about having a flow, but that night I really heard one, something that was unbroken, that fought itself and worked together all at once. Rafa didn't say nothing. Maybe he had his hands in her hair or maybe he was just like, Fuck you. When she finished he didn't even say wow. I wanted to kill myself with embarrassment. About a half hour later she got up and dressed. She couldn't see me or she would have known that I thought she was beautiful. She stepped into her pants and pulled them up in one motion, sucked in her stomach while she buttoned them. I'll see you later, she said. Yeah, he said. After she walked out he put on the radio and started on the speed bag. I stopped pretending I was asleep; I sat up and watched him. Did you guys have a fight or something? No, he said. Why'd she leave? He sat down on my bed. His chest was sweating. She had to go. But where's she gonna stay? I don't know. He put his hand on my face, gently. Why ain't you minding your business? A week later he was seeing some other girl. She was from

Trinidad, a coco pañyol, and she had this phony-as-hell English accent. It was the way we all were back then. None of us wanted to be niggers. Not for nothing. I guess two years passed. My brother was gone by then, and I was on my way to becoming a nut. I was out of school most of the time and had no friends and I sat inside and watched Univisión or walked down to the dump and smoked the mota I should have been selling until I couldn't see. Nilda didn't fare so well, either. A lot of the things that happened to her, though, had nothing to do with me or my brother. She fell in love a couple more times, really bad with this one moreno truck driver who took her to Manalapan and then abandoned her at the end of the summer. I had to drive over to get her, and the house was one of those tiny box jobs with a fifty-cent lawn and no kind of charm; she was acting like she was some Italian chick and offered me a joint in the car, but I put my hand on hers and told her to stop it. Back home she fell in with more stupid niggers, relo-cated kids from the City, and they came at her with drama and some of their girls beat her up, a Brick City beat-down, and she lost her bottom front teeth. She was in and out of school and for a while they put her on home instruction, and that was when she finally dropped. My junior year she started delivering papers so she could make money, and

APENDICE E5

Janet Desauliners

After Rosa Parks

were beyond surprise. “I have a stomachache,” he said. “Yeah?” Ellie sat down beside him and stroked his bare arm. “That’s the mes- sage I got.” “It’s a nervous stomachache, Mom. It’s right in the middle.” He pointed to his belt buckle, a nicked metal casting of a race car. “It’s right where Mrs. Schu- macher said my nerves are.” Cody was in kindergarten, and he did not like school. He told anyone who would listen that he did not like school. Yesterday, from just inside their back

door, Ellie overheard him telling their next-door neighbor Mrs. Schumacher that school gave him a bad feeling behind his stomach, “the kind of feeling,” he said, “that you get before something happens.” Ellie stood still in the doorway and watched as Mrs. Schumacher looked up from grooming one of her half dozen cats. Mrs. Schumacher was a stringy wild-haired widow—dirt poor, bone thin and half-crazy with loneliness and neglect. Sometimes when Cody and Ellie would haul trash back to the cans in the alley, she’d wave and call out her kitchen window to Ellie, “You pull those shoulders

back, girl. Divorce is no sin.” Yesterday she picked cat hair out of a long metal comb and told Cody, “There are two kinds of stomachaches, you know. Now a sick one just swirls through your gut like a bad wind, but a nervous one sits real still.” She pressed one gnarled hand to Cody’s belly. “Almost like you’ve swal- lowed a baseball,” she said. “And it glows.” “That’s the one I get at school,” Cody told her. “That’s the one.” After he said it, Ellie pressed her head against the cool storm door and felt sorry for herself, sorry she lived in the only run-down pocket of this suburb on probably the only

street for miles where a woman could put her hands on her child and tell him such things. The school nurse, a young red-haired woman strangely overdressed in a carnation-pink suit, came from behind her desk to the couch. Ellie leaned back as the nurse ran her hand over Cody’s forehead. “He doesn’t have a fever as far as I can tell. But he won’t take the thermometer in his mouth. He says he wants it under the arm.” “Axillary,” Ellie said. “That’s how we do it at home.” Cody lay still under the nurse’s hand. “I told her that,” he said.

“Well, at school we do it by mouth,” the nurse said. “You need to try doing it that way at home so it won’t be new at school.” Cody and Ellie both looked at the nurse, then Cody looked back at the ceiling. “It’s a nervous stomachache, Mom,” he said softly. “I can tell.” “Let’s sit up, Cody,” Ellie said. “You look sicker than you are like that, and lying down is not what you need. A break is what you need. Put your shoes on now.” Ellie stood up and took the nurse’s elbow, led her to a window that looked out

over an empty play yard. “He gets nervous,” she said quietly. “It seems to happen most often when too many people treat him like a child.” The nurse looked at her. “I mean when too many people try to tell him what to do,” Ellie said. “See, he’s an only child, and he lives half his time with his dad in their house and half his time with me in ours. So he’s accustomed to partnership, you know, to being a partner in his own management. I mean, you live alone with a child, and there’s none of that usual ‘us versus him’ kind of thing. You live alone with a child, and he’s part of the us.”

“Oh,” the nurse said. She took a step back. People often did that when they learned how Cody lived. A social worker, new to their city from California, had concocted the scheme during

the divorce. To Ellie and her ex-husband it had sounded humane, but Ellie and her ex-husband did not live in California. They lived in an old and mostly refined Midwestern suburb, a place where tall trees and wide driveways led back behind big houses to double and triple garages. “I’m wondering,” the nurse said, “if I have the correct home phone number for you. A man took the message when I called.” She looked Ellie in the eye, insinuating now. “I think I woke him up.” “That’s my brother. He’s been staying with us to help out.” Disappointed in herself for revealing more of their life than was necessary to this woman, Ellie added, “I’m sure you did wake him up. He’s ill today.” Cody looked up from struggling with his shoelaces. “Uncle Frank is a night person,” he said. “When I’m asleep, he’s awake. He does life the opposite.” Ellie smiled at him and looked back at the nurse. “Frank works nights, is what he means.” The nurse’s face said that even this fact made her suspicious.

“Look, I think Cody just needs extra time is all,” Ellie said. “This is his first year of school. He didn’t go the play group and preschool route. His father and I kept him home so he could get wise to both of us still being there for him, even though it was in different houses. He’s fine about that, but he’s no wise guy when it comes to school. ¿Are you, Cody?” Cody stood up and smiled. “I get stomachaches,” he said. Both his shoes tied, he was ready to go now. Ellie saw that he believed the hard part of this day was behind him. Next to her, the nurse narrowed her eyes at his sudden good

humor, and Ellie felt her hesitate, weighing for a moment whether Cody was a liar or only a new and distinct form of damaged child. Then she looked at Ellie, and Ellie saw that what the nurse had decided was that Cody was an odd child, that he was an ill-equipped child—a child with a strange and probably damaged life—and probably, Ellie understood the nurse was thinking, probably it was Ellie’s fault. They stared at each other a moment. Then Ellie went to Cody and took his hand. “I’ll just take him now. We’ll just be on our way. We’ll try school again

tomorrow, right, Cody?” “Okay,” he said. “You have to sign him out.” The nurse pointed to a binder on her desk. “For our records.” “Right,” Ellie said. “No problem.” They drove away slowly from the school. Cody rolled the window down and rested his head on the door frame so that the wind lifted his hair off his forehead. Ellie didn’t know if he was pensive or only relieved. Maybe he had sensed what the nurse thought of her. Or of him. She

turned the radio on low. “Do you want to drive by the lake?” she said. “It’s warm today. We could climb down the rocks to the beach.” The beach was where Cody told Ellie things, where he confided in her. The wide expanse of sand and water loosened something in him. It was there, digging a hole one day last spring with a new miniature folding spade, that he had looked up and said, “Do you want to hear something secret?” “Sure,” Ellie told him, and then he recited, nearly word for word, an ugly

desperate argument she and her ex-husband had had just before they gave it all up. He recited it so precisely that the night came back to Ellie. She’d made a formal dinner in the middle of the week—cornish hens stuffed with herbs and rice. A friendly Greek man at the liquor store had helped her choose a nice wine which she served in their wedding crystal. She’d left the bottle on the table, tucked in a hammered silver ice bucket, while she and her ex-husband said horrible, hurtful things they’d never said before or since. On the beach that day, Cody recited it all. He paused in his digging and

looked up at her. “I was under the table,” he said. “You just didn’t see me there.” For a moment, Ellie believed him. Then she remembered another moment, carrying their salad plates to the kitchen, when she’d been so ashamed she’d gone back to Cody’s room to check

on him. He lay sideways in his youth bed, one foot wedged between the bars. From the doorway she listened to his breathing before she went to his bed and straightened him, sliding his foot from the bars, folding his quilt up over his shoulders. On the beach, she felt the same relief she'd felt at his door. He'd been asleep. He'd slept through it. She watched him dig the hole,

throwing sand over his shoulder, hunkering down to his work, and suddenly she was shaken again. "Daddy didn't tell you those things, did he? Did Daddy tell you those things?" "No." He looked up from his digging, a little wary of her. "Oh." "Daddy says I probably dreamed it." They were both quiet then. He finished his hole and sat back on his heels to admire it. It was deep, the deepest he'd dug, and he fingered his new shovel

lightly. Then he crawled into the hole, tucking his legs up to his chest and folding his arms around them. "Cover me up, Mom," he said, smiling then. She slid the warm sand over him as he watched her. When the sand covered the tops of his knees, she smoothed it around his chest. He looked up at her. "I did see it," he said. She took her hands away from him and sat back. "I know," she said. "I know you did." Now, in the car, she looked at him. "How about it?" she asked. "No, thanks. I don't feel like the beach."

"We could try the library." "No," he said. "Thanks." "Well, I need a milk shake. I'm going to pull into that hot dog stand under the train tracks and have a chocolate shake." He didn't answer, but Ellie pulled in anyway and settled him outside under a striped umbrella, where she brought his milk shake out to him. He drank it quickly, tipping his head back, while Ellie looked up at the train platform where a few late commuters stood next to their briefcases. She was glad now she and Cody were not going anywhere, glad she had taken the rest of the day off when she got the call at the office, glad they could sit here half the morning and then stop at the park if they felt like it. The gift of her child was that in his presence life lengthened and uncoiled. Though it was nearly eleven o'clock, this day spread out before them as sweetly as at dawn. "I like ice cream in the morning," Cody said. "This is the first time I've had ice cream this early." "It's a quiet pleasure," Ellie said. "That and the weather. This is the warmest January we've ever had, I think."

"I remembered it was your day," Cody said. "So I told her to call you and not Dad." Ellie touched his wrist. "You were right. Exactly right. You're getting very good at this. You're becoming a big boy." Cody looked out over the parking lot. The umbrellas rippled in the breeze like sails, and above them late commuters swayed lightly like distant buoys. "I would kick a bad guy in the stomach if he came near our table." "That would do it," Ellie said.

"I'd karate kick him in the stomach and then in the knee." "He'd go limping off to the other side of the world," Ellie said. This was something new for them that had started with school—this imagined violence, her child's sense of himself as a warrior and her quiet affirmation. School had forced Ellie to see how divorce had changed her—that she had become a cautious person, a person who lived as if she were allowed only one mistake in life and had already made it—and school had forced her to see that she was sending her son off into the world with the rigid moral sense of a saint.

He'd see a child steal another child's hat in the play yard, and he'd suffer it all day. When he came home, he'd tell her the story of the theft and then lie on the rug, exhausted, looking up at her to say, "That was a terrible thing, don't you think, Mom? Don't you think that was an awful thing to do?"—as if he'd witnessed a murder. So now she let Cody talk this way, imagining his own power, and lately she had begun to surprise him with figures from a set

of fierce dinosaurs and cavemen as a way of making up for all the early years she'd encouraged a pristine sensibility.

"Cody, did anything happen today, I mean before you went to the nurse with a stomachache?" "No." "Nothing?" "Well, the playground lady made me take a timeout." "Why was that?" "I was swinging on my belly." "Uh-huh."

"And that's all." He rolled the edge of his cup around one finger. "There's a rule against swinging on your belly." "I didn't know that." "I didn't know that either, but the lady said that now I would know and now I would remember." "Oh. Well, I guess she's the boss." "She is." Ellie ran her hand along the rough close-cropped hair at the nape of his neck.

He looked away from her when she did it. "So then what happened?" "I had to sit on the ground by her feet for a while and then I had to say I was sorry." "Did you?" "Yes." "And then what?" "Then she called me Cory and told me I could go." "She called you by the wrong name."

"Uh-huh. Yes." "Did you tell her?" "No." He leaned against her then and tilted his head back to look into her face. "I didn't want her to know me by my right name, Mom." She put one arm lightly around his shoulders and rested her chin on the top of his head. "What should we do now?" she said softly. "Go home." At home, Frank was on the couch, an afghan pulled over his legs, watching

the noon news. "You're awake early," Cody said. Frank looked up. "You're home early." Cody quieted when he said it. He dropped his knapsack under the hat rack, pulled out his box of dinosaurs and cavemen and began to arrange them delicately, as though he were being watched. Frank raised his eyebrows at Ellie. She shook her head. "I guess I'll make soup or something," she said.

A few minutes later, Frank joined her in the kitchen. He moved stiffly to the sink, leaned there a moment, then drew a glass of water from the tap and sat down at the table. "It's vegetable soup." Ellie turned from the pot on the stove. "Can you tolerate it?" "Not today." He raised his glass. "Today I'm drinking water." Frank suffered from colitis—at least that's what he said it was. He'd been a medic in the army and learned just enough about medicine to believe he could treat himself. Last

week, though, he'd been so sick that Ellie had convinced him to let her drive him to the VA hospital for some tests. Nudged into a pocket of darkness between two high-rise office buildings, the hospital was a spooky place—cavernous and forbidding and full of old and middle-aged men shuffling the hallways in paper slippers. "This is awful," Ellie whispered to Frank as they stood in some line. "Why don't you get real health insurance?" "Forget it," Frank said. "I spent three years of my life defending the Golden

Gate Bridge to earn this." She noticed as he walked away from her that day, and again this morning as he came into the kitchen, that he had begun to look like those men at the VA. He'd begun to look like a damaged man. Though he was tall and thick with muscle, he carried himself lightly, his arms held away from his body, as though he were hollow. Today his rumpled hair stood up from his head. Under each eye was a white translucent spot of pain. "You look pale, Frank." "I feel pale."

"Did you call on your test results?" "They said they'd call me." "You should check." "They said they would call, Ellie." She turned back to the stove and then called, "Soup in twenty minutes, Cody." "And biscuits, please," he called back. "Okay, and biscuits." She peered into the refrigerator, looking for the plastic container of dough.

“That is not a sick child,” Frank said. “He was nervous. Something happened on the playground.” Ellie went about her work quietly, spreading flour on the countertop, rolling out the dough, but she felt like Cody had looked a moment ago in the other room. She felt like she was being watched. Frank sat at the table, the glass of water between his broad hands. Her brother was an odd man. There was such power to him, in his hands and legs and the set of his jaw, but around other people—even Ellie and Cody—he was always quiet and watchful, slightly ill at ease.

Ellie believed that life—real life, life in society, whatever it was she was living— was a confusion to Frank. She couldn’t settle on why. Sometimes she blamed the army. Frank had been one of the last men drafted into Vietnam. Though the war ended not long after he finished basic, the army changed him—perhaps in ways worse than a year fighting in the jungle might have changed him. She didn’t know. She wasn’t even sure exactly what he’d done during those years or what had been done to him. Occasionally, he’d written to Ellie of demotions, restrictions, extra duty, a few short stays in the brig. She had tried to imagine what

APENDICE E6

Helen Thope

just like us

PROM NIGHT Threequarters of the way through her final year of high school, Marisela Benavidez ran into a problem. Her father wanted to attend her senior prom. Marisela went to an inner-city public school in Denver, Colorado, that I will call Theodore Roosevelt High School. On Friday, April 23, 2004, twenty-four hours before the prom, she took a Theodore Roosevelt High School. On Friday, April 23, 2004, twenty-four hours before the prom, she took a break from arguing with her father to appear in the school's annual dance recital. Halfway through the performance, Marisela breezed into the auditorium looking like a Vegas showgirl. She wore tight black satin trousers, a seethrough white shirt, a revealing black camisole, copious amounts of makeup, and a liberal application of silver body glitter. Her hair was a froth of curls. It was intermission, and Marisela had come in search of her friends, still wearing her dance costume. As soon as she appeared in the audience, a group of peers moved into orbit around her—in their galaxy, she had the gravitational pull of a large star. One of the girls asked about Marisela's ongoing negotiations with her conservative Mexican father. "I don't know what to do!" cried Marisela. "He still says he's going to come!" For several years, Marisela and her parents had been warring over the pace at which she was growing up and the extent of her Americanization. Marisela was a straight-A student—AP chemistry, AP calculus, AP literature, Chicano studies, sociology, and dance—who also liked to party. She divided her time equally between boys and books. The question of whether she would be allowed to go to the prom without her father marked the latest in a series of battles over how much freedom she should be allowed. As usual, Marisela was using the conflict to entertain her peers. Her best friend stood beside her. Yadira Vargas and Marisela Benavidez were wearing exactly the same attire but remained a study in opposites. Marisela was darkskinned and had a round face and a full figure. She wore twice as much makeup as anybody else in her circle, and her shoulder-length hair changed color often. At the moment, it was auburn, but the month before it had been brown with gold streaks, which had highlighted the unusual gold tint of her eyes. This was not their natural color—she wore gold contact lenses to enhance her appearance. And yet, in spite of all this artifice, Marisela's features constantly betrayed her emotions. In contrast, Yadira was slender, had lighter skin, wore modest amounts of makeup, always kept her long black hair its natural color, and never gave away anything important with her facial expressions. While Marisela was loud and boisterous, Yadira made such a small emotional footprint that, were it not for her striking coltish figure, it might be possible to forget she was present at all. Right now she remained quiet as Marisela announced her woes with abandon. "I'm getting cramps—right before prom!" Marisela told us. Despite their

differences, the two girls had become close because they both faced the prospect of graduating from high school without legal status or a legitimate Social Security number, their main concern for months until they got distracted with the prom. Now all that mattered was what color dresses to wear, how to fix their hair, and what to say to Marisela's father. They settled on getting ready at Marisela's apartment. It would take about five hours, they calculated, and they were going out to dinner before the prom, so they planned to start primping at noon the next day. Recently Marisela and her family had moved to Lakewood, a suburb west of Denver where rents were cheaper. At twelve on Saturday—the day of the prom—I pulled up at their new apartment complex. It consisted of a vast warren of boxy cinder-block structures, all painted light green. The complex had the air of a place that had seen many tenants come and go, and the dilapidated cars in the parking lot suggested that their owners did not have a lot of money. A concrete walkway led to the ground-floor apartment where Marisela's family now lived. Outside, I found her father, Fabián, with her mother, Josefa, and their younger daughter, Rosalinda. Fabián worked for a janitorial company called National Maintenance, waxing the floors of commercial properties at night, and Josefa worked for a maid service, cleaning houses. Josefa was a pretty thirty-four-year-old woman with a round face and full figure like Marisela. While Josefa had a warm, jolly manner, Fabián looked more severe. He was forty-two, and had high cheekbones, a long nose framed by grooved lines, and a goatee. At the moment, his face wore a forbidding expression. Fabián was mercurial—he could be gregarious, but he could also fly into a fury without warning. Now he seemed preoccupied with thoughts of what Marisela might be up to this evening, as she had been behaving secretly. Fabián was almost as Mexican as he had been when he first came to the United States, but his daughter was a hybrid—someone he could not fully understand. Fabián explained in Spanish that Marisela wasn't at home; she had gone to pick up several friends. Then two roly-poly boys emerged from the apartment, and Fabián's mood lightened. He grabbed one of the boys and began tickling him furiously. "This is Rafael, my youngest son," he said proudly in Spanish. "He's the fattest in our family, too!" Fabián pointed to the older boy, Nestor. "He is just like Marisela— straight A's." "All of our children are good students," interjected Josefa, also in Spanish. "That's right," echoed Fabián. "They all get good grades." Fabián and Josefa spoke almost no English, and my Spanish was scant, but whenever we failed to understand each other, the boys would translate for us. We expressed wonder at the idea that Marisela and her friends planned to spend five hours getting dressed. What were they going to do for that copious amount of time? "¡Dad says that Marisela puts on so much makeup, she looks like a clown!" Nestor hooted. Josefa called Marisela to check on her progress. "Cinco minutos," she reported. "Quieres agua?" Fabián asked. I accepted a glass of water and Fabián joined me. He had recently stopped drinking alcohol and his body had started aching as a result. He had been much happier when he drank, but admitted that he could not do so in moderation and had sometimes consumed up to thirty beers a day. Drinking helped him sleep during the day, enabling him to work nights. But Fabián could no longer afford to court oblivion so assiduously—not when his older daughter was challenging his

authority. “El carro!” shouted Rafael, announcing the arrival of Marisela’s car. “They’re here!” We all stared as Marisela, Yadira, and two friends walked up the concrete walkway carrying gowns, shoe boxes, suitcases, and bags filled with makeup. Marisela and Yadira belonged to a close-knit foursome along with two other girls who had similar backgrounds, and one of them, Clara Luz, had opted to dress at Marisela’s house, too. The fourth girl, Elissa Ramírez, was going to meet them later at Cinzetti’s, the Italian restaurant where they were having dinner. Meanwhile, a friend named Annalisa had tagged along to get ready at Marisela’s, even though she was not part of the foursome. The girls marched into the apartment and through the living room to Marisela’s bedroom. Frilly curtains framed the windows and a shag carpet covered the floor. On the walls were two portraits of Marisela: the first showed her in a vampy pose, wearing a red strapless dress, while the second caught her looking pensive, holding her chin in her hand—the sexpot and the thinker. Her sister Rosalinda pointed to the photographs and said breathlessly, “Everybody thinks she should be a model!” Eight of us crowded into the bedroom: the four high school seniors, Marisela’s mother, Rosalinda, me, and a teenager wearing a pair of striped flannel pajamas who had shown up unexpectedly. She turned out to live next door. Marisela turned on the TV to a Spanish-language game show, which everyone ignored, and Yadira carefully unpacked her suitcase. It contained silver jewelry, three different curling irons, her gown, which was navy blue with swirly silver lines on it, and a black sweater with a faux fur collar. Yadira carefully hung up her clothes to make sure they didn’t get wrinkled. The other girls unpacked in a more helter-skelter fashion, and within minutes, Marisela’s bed was covered in hair ties, bobby pins, body glitter, cosmetics, bags of cotton balls, shoes, purses, and brand-new costume jewelry still pinned to white cardboard backing.

On the following Monday, Marisela slipped into Social Inequality five minutes late, wearing a DU sweatshirt. The girls were clothing themselves in their identity as college students more and more frequently these days. Lisa Martínez analyzed poverty rates in different countries, then handed back their midterms. After class, Marisela and Zahra decided to have lunch at the Pub. The girls often ate meals there, as it was located on campus and they could pay for food using

their student accounts. Clara was on her way to meet a prospective student who was hoping to win a scholarship from the Daniels Fund. “At the Daniels Fund meeting, I said, ‘Anybody who wants a tour of DU, contact me.’ Stupid me! I’ll never say that again.” “You can bring her to see us,” Marisela offered. “Our room is clean.” “Yeah, we just had a cleaning session,” Zahra confirmed. “Okay, I’ll call you if I need to deposit her with you,” said Clara. Only a year had passed since the girls had crawled into the shrubs outside of Johnson-McFarlane, and already they were showing the new kids around. At the Pub, Zahra said that during the forum Marisela had alarmed the other girls by vociferously heckling the speakers. “You guys need to get educated!” she had yelled at Frosty Wooldridge. “Your figures aren’t right!” People sitting nearby had turned around to stare in a threatening manner, frightening the other

girls. “*Cálmate!*” Clara had hissed at Marisela, urging her to calm down. “Don’t draw attention to yourself!” Afterward, they had stayed up late surfing the websites of anti-immigration groups and dissecting the experience. “We were talking afterward and saying

it reminded us of Hitler,” Marisela said. “All that data they gave? It’s wrong. All their arguments were way off—and people believed it!” upper-class,” observed Marisela. “So they will clean the sink, but they won’t touch the toilet or the floor. Us working-class people, we know how to clean. I cleaned the toilet yesterday. They were like ‘Wow! It’s really clean!’” Marisela’s mind drifted. “Oh, no!” she cried. “I’ve had my laundry in the basement of Nelson since yesterday morning!” I went with her to retrieve her clothing. A dozen brand-new washing machines and dryers filled the laundry room at Nelson Hall. I remarked that I had vivid memories of the rundown facility where I had washed my clothes during college and there was no comparison. “It is really nice, isn’t it,” Marisela acknowledged. “Look at all these machines!” Glumly, she said she had received a 79 on the Social Inequality midterm—she had bombed the essay question. Martínez expected college students to demonstrate sophisticated writing skills, which Marisela still did not possess. “I’m not going to be a straight-A student anymore!” she griped. To cheer herself up, Marisela pulled out a picture of Ramiro, the boyfriend who had invited her to the party at Salon Ocampo. He was holding his little sister in his arms and wearing the same kind of clothing favored by Marisela father—Wrangler jeans, a Western shirt, *vaquero* boots, and a *Tejana* hat. They had broken up but were still seeing each other on again off again. Marisela said Ramiro was having a hard time: His father had been pulled over for driving without a seat belt, and when he was unable to produce the right type of identification, he had been taken into custody and deported. Meanwhile, Ramiro’s mother had developed chronic kidney failure and required dialysis two or three times a week, which she obtained at no cost from various public hospitals in the metro area. Given that his mother was seriously ill and his father was missing, seventeen-year-old Ramiro had now become the sole breadwinner and caregiver for his three younger siblings. Marisela was helping out on the weekends. “It’s really sad over there,” she said. “They’re all so sad.” Marisela never had enough time for Ramiro, never had enough time for her parents, never had enough time for her classes. She whirled from school to work, always in a hurry. On the weekends, she tried to find time to call her cousin Román. He was handling his prison time like a man, she said; he didn’t whine about it. He told her little brothers to look at him, and make sure they never wound up in a jail cell. On top of everything else, Marisela had just agreed to help start a new chapter of a Latina sorority, Theta Theta Nu. A couple of seniors at DU had approached the girls to ask for help in bringing the sorority to campus—it had active chapters at several other colleges in the West, but nothing like it existed at the University of Denver—and the girls had just agreed to join an official interest group. Members had to attend study groups together, dine together, and perform volunteer work in the Latino community. One week later, I found Clara and Yadira in Nelson Hall, getting ready to go to their first sorority study group. Yadira had just returned from delivering some money to her sisters. Down in Mexico, Alma had developed high blood pressure, forcing her to give up on the idea of returning before the baby’s birth. Meanwhile, Jesús had announced he would no longer buy Zulema or Laura any new clothes, makeup, or hair products. He would pay for their rent and food, but no extraneous items. Consequently, Alma had asked Yadira to get a job so that she could supply her sisters with spending money. Yadira did not want to relinquish the work she had begun to enliven the campus, nor was she willing to miss out on the Latina sorority, so instead she was simply doling out some of her savings. She hoped to make her summer earnings stretch until the end of the fall quarter, and planned to work full-time over the winter break. She exhibited no resentment at her mother’s request. “I wasn’t surprised,” Yadira said. “I would have felt that it was my responsibility anyway, even if nobody actually told

me.” Outside of Nelson Hall, the two girls bumped into Jacinda, a pixie-faced freshman who had graduated from Roosevelt one year after they had. Recently she had dyed her hair an artificial shade of blond and now bore a striking resemblance to Madonna. The three girls set off together for Marcus Commons, a library over at the business school. “Geez, I am so hungry!” announced Jacinda. “They should have pizza at these things!” “They’re taking attendance; did you see that in the e-mail?” said Clara. “I don’t read my e-mails,” replied Jacinda. “I just skim them.”

Scores of students filled the polished wood tables of Marcus Commons. The girls slowed to a halt; nowhere could they see a concentration of young Latinas. Then Inés, one of the seniors, pointed them to a small study room nearby. As the girls headed in that direction, they spotted Luke. He waved to the girls and they waved back. “This is his building,” Yadira observed. She meant that he was a business major, and often had classes here. Unfortunately, the appointed study room was already filled with other Latinas interested in the sorority, and Yadira, Clara, and Jacinda wheeled around to look for another place to sit. Back in the large common area, they finally found a vacant table. Clara pulled out her laptop and began doing calculations. “Oh my God!” she exclaimed. “My parents make so little money!” “What?” queried Jacinda. “Oh, it’s for my Social Inequality class,” Clara answered. Inés and Petra, another senior, came over to brief the group. “Okay, you guys, sorry, I know you are studying, but I just need a few minutes,” said Inés. “I talked with some of the sorority leaders, and they said we could become a colony, starting in spring, and be sisters. I don’t envision remaining a colony for long—I think we’ll become a full chapter before the year is over.” Yadira wanted to know how much members had to pay in dues. “Well, dues don’t begin until the pledge process starts,” answered Petra. “If just five of us pledge, it could be, like, \$100 apiece. If fifteen of us pledge, it could be under \$50.” Yadira said nothing. I knew that she would have a hard time parting with even \$50; it would be money she could not give to her sisters. A young woman with a round face and straight dark hair walked up. “Is this the sorority study group?” she asked in a near whisper. “Yes,” replied Inés firmly. “What’s your name?” “Catarina.”

“Here, take my seat,” Inés offered. Catarina joined the interest group, and so did every other Latina that the girls knew. Zahra joined as well, even though she was originally African, because

she identified closely with *mexicanas* who shared her immigrant experience. For the rest of the fall, the two pairs of roommates assiduously followed the sorority’s rigorous schedule, logging the required number of dinners, study groups, and volunteer hours. In the process, the sorority enlarged their social circle. As the girls became absorbed by the sorority, Elissa faded out of their lives completely. When I asked Elissa why she no longer saw her old friends from Roosevelt, she

APENDICE E7

Helen Maria Merriments

Their dog came with them

The Zumaya child had walked to Chavela's house barefooted, and the soles of her feet were blackened from the soot of the new pavement. She swung her tar feet under the vinyl chair as she stacked large, empty Ohio Blue Tip matchboxes the old woman had saved for her into a pyramid on the kitchen table. Throughout the house, scraps of paper, Scotch-taped reminders, littered the walls. Cardboard boxes sat nestled like hungry mouths of birds wide open for wrapped tumblers, cutlery, souvenir ashtrays. Bulkfilled pillowcases leaned against the coffee table, tagged by the old woman with words so scratchy they could have been written by the same needle used to pin the notes to the pillowcases: cobijas, one note said; Cosa del baño, said another. No good dresses. Josie's typewriter. Fotos. The child swung her feet as she stacked sixteen then eight then four then two then one hollow matchbox until the shadows lengthened in the kitchen. Before the lightbulb had to be switched on, before the old woman Chavela ordered, Go home now, listen to me, it's getting late. Chavela continued packing tin cans from the pantry into a box on a chair opposite the child. The old woman was toothpick-splintery like her writing. Her hands trembled from the onset of Parkinson's. Rhubarbs faded from the print of her housedress. She padded across the kitchen wearing neatly folded-down cotton socks and a pair of terry cloth slippers. She barely whooshed the air whenever she passed the child. ¿Are you deaf? It's getting late. Chavela's croaky words floated from a distant place to the child's ears like yanked strands of seaweed beached scanning around the kitchen in search of matchsticks and finally the old woman said, It's not right, I'm telling you. Chavela raised the flame on the stove and hunched over the spurting fire under the comal. The heat splashed on her face and then she lowered the gas, inhaled and coughed and returned her gold bunched package to the pocket of her rhubarb dress. The child had dreamt of lizards, and it was because of the dream that she had listened to the smaller Gamboa boy, who had caught a tiny lizard from a mound of bulldozed earth. The earthmovers, Grandmother Zumaya had called them; the bulldozers had started from very far away and slowly arrived on First Street, their muzzles like sharpened metal teeth making way for the freeway. The Gamboa boy had hidden behind her grandfather's toolshed, and psssted at the child to join him. His face tar-smudged, he held it and at first the lizard clawed the thin air. In his other hand, the Gamboa boy held a pair of rusty scissors. He reassured her that the tail would grow back. It's not right, she knew, even if they witnessed a miracle. The lizard turned to stone, stiff and silent. They both waited. He made her touch it and then he made her touch the rings of wrinkled skin. The cold sensation never left her fingers, his clamp around her wrist as he pulled her behind the toolshed never left her, his dirty rough clasp where the lizard's head poked in and out never left her. That feeling—it's not right—never left her. The old woman had taped scribbled instructions all over the walls

of the house. Leve massage for Josie. Basura on Wetsday. J work # AN 54389.

I need to remember, Chavela had told the child when the child pointed a matchbox at the torn pieces of papers clinging on th walls. Water flours. Pepto Bismo. Chek gas off. It's impoant to remember my n ame, my address, where I put my cigarillo down Call Josie. Chavela Luz Ybarra de Cortez. SS#010-56-8336. 4356 East 1st or how the earthquake cracked mi tierra firme, mi país, now as far away as my youth, a big boom-crack. The dogs and gente went crazy from having the earth pulled out right from under them. Cal Mr. . . Lencho's tio sobre apartment. Shut off luz. The earthquake's rubble of wood and clay and water yielded only what was missing; shoes without shoelaces, flowered curtains without windows, a baby rattle without seeds in its hollow belly, an arm without a body; and how the white smell of burnt flesh choked. J work # AN 54389. Smoke outside. That's why I began to smoke cigarettes, to hide the white smell even over here in El Norte, even after seventy-seven years, so don't complain about my cigarillos. But Chavela forgot to smoke her cigarettes outside and the tobacco made the child's nose itch. She smoked in front of the kitchen sink where the linoleum floor was scuffed with so many years of standing to scrub metal pots or pour a glass of tap water. The old woman inhaled quietly, and stared out the window at the lawn of her small yard to see the lemon tree that yielded lemons every other year, to memorize the potted ferns hanging from the shanty arbor built by a married man she had once loved. As she exhaled, the cigarette smoke resembled coiled earthworms without the earth, and she studied the shrubs of bursting red hibiscus bushes that bloomed lush and rich as only ancient deeprooted hibiscus shrubs can do. Chavela squinted to keep the fumes away from her eyes and then rested the cigarette on the cigaretteburnt windowsill where she had rested hundreds of cigarettes or saved little discoveries such as safety pins or loose Blue-Chip Stamps or buttons. The old woman returned to her task at hand and placed another cardboard box next to the child. Chavela's shaky fingernails ticked against the cardboard lid like the rooster clock on the wall. I'm trying to tell you how it feels to have no solid tierra under you. ¡Listen to me! Where could you run? The sound of walls cracking, the ceiling pushed up into a mushroom cloud. ¿Do you need Drãno to clean out those ears of yours? But the child heard it, a long rip of paper. It just wasn't right. Nothing was left, I tell you. Nada. I cried for so long that if my grief had been a volcano, it would have torn the earth in two. The child gazed at her, imagining an egg cracking into two jagged halves. My tears could wash away mounds of clay, a flood as dark as blind- ness pouring from my eyes. The child imagined a river of molasses. And under all the rubble, under all that swallowed earth, the ruins of the pyramid waited.

She yawned almost as earnest as the lion, and then swallowed a few times to clear the ocean waves in her head. Her hearing sometimes reached and sometimes connected or sometimes didn't connect to the waves of sea. Feversweaty, she wrestled one leg then the other from beneath the tight hot compress of the blanket until she was free to jump on the lion's incisors. The springs of the mattress squeaked and the headboard bounced and the pillows

spilled to the floor and then Grandfather's thundering threat, Renata will get you! followed from the next room and she froze.

For weeks he had engaged the child's attention with the story of Renata Valenzuela, a local schoolgirl who had vanished, abducted one afternoon. Grandfather once pointed to a derelict house claiming it belonged to Renata's parents to show the child what could happen if she was bad. The neglected grass burnt to coarse pricks under the carnage of dead leaves heaped everywhere. The windows were draped in straggly black curtains. Tongues of paint curled from the rotted wooden door and whispered to the child of horrific grief. At night the child refused to succumb to the long harrowing

blankness and fought sleep in order to keep at bay the menacing Renata. Finally, the morning light arrived entirely, inviting. Her feet itched to walk against the cold hardwood floor and she slid off the bed and began to tiptoe to the window. She kicked aside a pillow and stubbed a toe on the doll that Mrs. M. of the Child Services gave her last Christmas. At the window, the child putted her hot cheek against the raincooled glass. On the other side of First Street, Chavela's blue house looked as empty as a toothless mouth.

The rows of vacant houses were missing things. Without hinged doors, the doorframes invited games. Shattered windows had been used as targets. Chavela never would have allowed her yard to weed wild, never allowed cans of trash to be scattered by the street dogs or left to the crows who pecked at coffee grinds and cucumber peelings. The earthmovers, parked next to the row of empty houses, were covered in canvas tarps and roped with tight-fisted knots to protect the meters, ignitions and knobs on the dashboards from the weekend rainstorms. Already the child viewed the two Gamboa boys sawing a butcher knife through the thickness of hemp knot.

The child wasn't allowed out of her room until her grandparents had awakened, until Renata's story disappeared temporarily, but the wait seemed as endless as the coming of morning. The honey-yellow floor was biting cold and her toes sprang up in resistance. She peeked out of her room into the long hallway. Sharp white light escaped from between the venetian blinds and then escaped from between the palm tree drapes, and the light stenciled distinct angles on the plasterboard walls. The child waited until the shadow became a chair and the wall became itself and the light became one morning slicing through the quiet dark of the house. Her grandparents slept under thick handsewn quilts, the overhead fan chopping the still air. Their bedroom door was slightly opened, and the child remembered an aching floorboard that always groaned somewhere nearby. She breathed in as if she had sunk underwater, glided in and out of the shadows, around the chair, over the noisy floorboard and out of the hallway, and breathed out.

The name skittered. *Turrrtle*, someone screamed, wrenching the name out of thin light and hurling it into the street like the metal lid of a trash can. How could Lote M Homeboys know where she'd been hiding? She jerked back into the crevice between the warehouse wall and the Dumpster, her heart hurried and apprehensive. The Quarantine Authority helicopter gunfire had ended at dawn and she closed her eyes to a stillborn morning, until the hollow clang of her name spooked her awake.

It wasn't the name Antonia María, tenderly whispered into the ear of a Mexican movie actress Turtle's mother had admired from the balcony of the Million Dollar Theater and which came immediately to mind as soon as she filled out the birth certificate at the General Hospital. And it wasn't the nickname Tony Game, which had been given to her by a friendly Lucky Strikes-smoking gym instructor at Belvedere Junior High. The name was her *For Real* one. She had been christened Turtle—always and por vida till death do us part—when she joined the McBride Boys with Luis Lil Lizard hasta la muerte. The two were known as half-and-half of the cold-blooded Gamboas. Known as “them two.” Were them. Once upon a time. Turtle perspired and waited, feeling the warm air vent against her leather jacket. Daylight slowly whittled away a new morning. She stretched her cramped legs, one and then the other, and slugged her thighs to arouse her muscles, make her legs spark into a run if need be. Once she stood, she shook out her cramps hokey-pokey style and slipped the large Workman screwdriver into the back pocket of her khakis, all the while listening. Hunger became unbearable, and she ambled to the end of the alley. Turtle scouted both directions. The intersection of Hastings and First was just beginning to noise up. Above the volume of morning traffic, Turtle was sure she had heard her name, a wake-up call. A pickup truck carried a refrigerator harnessed with ropes. The weight stressed the muffler into an unusual rattle as it passed. Feeling secure, Turtle eased to the street corner, strutted an attitude to say, No worry in the world. She stood behind a mailbox, yawned and the sour of her mouth hung tight. A morning chill teased her exposed midriff. She hitched up her khakis and pulled down the waist of her leather jacket. The city roadblocks were racked up and trucked out for one more day but the barricades were the least of her worries. Curfew had landed her in the alley and she slept with her knees bunched to her chest, the screwdriver at arm's distance for protection. Patrol sirens and gunshot reports of the helicopters shot through her thin veil of sleep, and she had dreamt of Luis Lil Lizard crouching in the jungle somewhere in 'Nam, clinging to an army-issued rifle, his fingers trembling just as hers had been. To the left of the mailbox, a young pimply man read a brick of a paperback and didn't even look up to notice the woman who sat at the bus bench and rustled a grocery bag between them. Turtle guessed the scar-faced man was a Che Guevara wannabe, a brown beret flopped on his head like the mural on the wall of the Ramona Gardens housing projects. Who did he think he was fooling? Che crossed his knees. He seemed small against the large expanse of bench. Oblivious to the woman, to the morning and to Turtle, he continued to read. What a loser.

Potholes the size of hubcaps near the street junction made tires dip. Flecks of loosened gravel pinged the drain grates. Years ago, the city developers came in with plans for freeways and had erected bright traffic lights. First Street had been newly paved with hot tar as black as fire-treated cast iron. Turtle was five feet one inch by the time she was eight years old and she stood exactly on the same corner as now, tall and awkward, crunching on a pickled pig's foot while she watched the men shoveling the smothering asphalt to feed the steamroller. The dense stench of tar hung tight in the air. Turtle remembered how deflated and lanky she was at eight, wearing her father's T-shirt, a knotty kid sucking on the rubbery skin of a pig's foot while crossing the intersection. At eight or eighteen—it was just like her—never paying attention to the safe harbor of space between two painted fluorescent white lines on the pavement. Traffic lights changed and people crossed. The Black Cat TV Repair Shop remained closed but El Zócalo Fine Meats was opening and a sullen butcher who wore a

bloodstained apron wrapped around his bony hips dragged a soggy mop across the storefront entrance. Turtle knew to stay alert. The scent of pork rinds escaped from the opened doors and the leafy tops of carrots peeking out of the woman's grocery bag agitated Turtle's hunger. Turtle needed to eat before she could think and she jerked the jacket over her empty stomach and then studied the passing vehicles as if breakfast seemed just as fleeting. Every move had to be calculated to avoid the inevitable gang crossfire. Being half of the Gamboas meant holding her own, for Luis's sake. Turtle wondered where Luis Lil Lizard was on the day she munched on the pig's foot, transfixed by the newness of the asphalt, before the hot summer sun heated the pavement and it became painful to walk barefooted. A few Mexican laborers gathered on the steps of the Sacred Heart Church searching eagerly for possible employment. By their thrift-shop looks, their desperate pleading faces, Turtle knew they were migratory and their faces elicited contempt in her. Turtle became embarrassed for them, their low-casting eyes, their soiled shirts and dirty hands, their *begging* for a job. What losers. The church bells chimed seven times. Yesterday, Turtle had gulped her only meal, lukewarm broth at the Little Brothers of the Poor Rest Home. She sat next to a man wearing a raggedy army jacket and halfway through her third bowl his cauliflower smell became overwhelming. If Turtle hadn't been so hungry, she would have left her bowl and white bread right on the table. The day before, she had sought out Cross-eyes and banged under the apartment number 303 until her knuckles drained white. Cross-eyes was a junkie and whenever he plugged himself he was a shotgun type of guy, watching your back, helping you spend your money, ready to take action. But when he was clean and dry and straight as the dashes of the Interstate (as he was now, and he had raised the radio volume to deaden Turtle's rapping), Cross-eyes became a model of unreliability—his only offering to Turtle a cereal box from between the crack and chain of his door. Turtle smacked it out of his blue-veined hand and for that she had heard him slap the three bolts and hurl a hard Fuck off! She backed away, buying time, and waited at the end of the ante-room to see if Cross-eyes would retrieve the box. One of the tenants had burned chiles so bad the scent tattooed the air around her for hours. Fuckin' hell, Turtle had shouted, giving up and kneeling to scrape up some of the Kellogg's cereal flakes that spilled on the trampled carpet. Fuck you too. The Val U Mini Mart would be displaying the fruit bins outside just about now. Turtle considered the double risk of walking down the eight gang-disputed blocks to get to the market and then making a fast food break with some oranges or pears. The immediate moment provided the best opportunity. Would Lote M Boys be out for a jump this early in the morning? Turtle yawned and then leaned

APENDICE E8

Sandra Cisneros

Never Married a Mexican

Never marry a Mexican, my ma said once and always. She said this because of my father. She said this though she was Mexican too. But she was born here in the U.S., and he was born there, and it's not the same, you

know. I'll never marry. Not any man. I've known men too intimately. I've witnessed their infidelities, and I've helped them to it. Unzipped and unhooked and agreed to clandestine maneuvers. I've been accomplice, committed premeditated crimes. I'm guilty of having caused deliberate pain to other women. I'm vindictive and cruel, and I'm capable of anything. I admit, there was a time when all I wanted was to belong to a man. To wear that gold band on my left hand and be worn on his arm like an expensive jewel brilliant in the light of day. Not the sneaking around I did in different bars that all looked the same, red carpets with a black grillwork design, flocked wallpaper, wooden wagonwheel light fixtures with hurricane lampshades a sick amber color like the drinking glasses you get for free at gas stations. Dark bars, dark restaurants then. And if not—my apartment, with his toothbrush firmly planted in the toothbrush holder like a flag on the North Pole. The bed so big because he never stayed the whole night. Of course not.

Borrowed. That's how I've had my men. Just the cream skimmed off the top. Just the sweetest part of the fruit, without the bitter skin that daily living with a spouse can rend. They've come to me when they wanted the sweet meat then. So, no. I've never married and never will. Not because I couldn't, but because I'm too romantic for marriage. Marriage has failed me, you could say. Not a man exists who hasn't disappointed me, whom I could trust to love the way I've loved. It's because I believe too much in marriage that I don't. Better to not marry than live a lie.

Mexican men, forget it. For a long time the men clearing off the tables or chopping meat behind the butcher counter or driving the bus I rode to school every day, those weren't men. Not men I considered as potential lovers. Mexican, Puerto Rican, Cuban, Chilean, Colombian, Panamanian, Salvadorean, Bolivian, Honduran, Argentine, Dominican, Venezuelan, Guatemalan, Ecuadorean, Nicaraguan, Peruvian, Costa Rican, Paraguayan, Uruguayan, I don't care. I never saw them. My mother did this to me. I guess she did it to spare me and Ximena the pain she went through. Having married a Mexican man at seventeen. Having had to put up with all the grief a Mexican family can put on a girl because she was from el otro lado, the other side, and my father had married down by marrying her. If he had married a white woman from el otro lado, that would've been different. That would've been marrying up, even if the white girl was poor. But what could be more ridiculous than a Mexican girl who couldn't even speak Spanish, who didn't know enough to set a separate plate for each course at dinner, nor how to fold cloth napkins, nor how to set the silverware.

In my ma's house the plates were always stacked in the center of the table, the knives and forks and spoons standing in a jar, help yourself. All the dishes chipped or cracked and nothing matched. And no table-cloth, ever. And newspapers set on the table whenever my grandpa sliced watermelons, and how embarrassed she would be when her boyfriend, my father, would come over and there were newspapers all over the kitchen floor and table. And my grandpa, big hardworking Mexican man, saying Come, come and eat, and slicing a big wedge of those dark green watermelons, a big slice, he wasn't stingy with food.

Never, even during the Depression. Come, come and eat, to whoever came knocking on the back door. Hobos sitting at the dinner table and the children staring and staring. Because my grandfather always made sure they never went without. Flour and rice, by the barrel and by the sack. Potatoes. Big bags of pinto beans. And watermelons, bought three or four at a time, rolled under his bed and brought out when you least expected. My grandpa had survived three wars, one Mexican, two American, and he knew what living without meant. He knew. My father, on the other hand, did not. True, when he first came to this country he had worked shelling clams, washing dishes, planting hedges, sat on the back of the bus in Little Rock and had the bus driver shout, You—sit up here, and my father had shrugged sheepishly and said, No speak English. But he was no economic refugee, no immigrant fleeing a war. My father ran away from home because he was afraid of facing his father after his first-year grades at the university proved he'd spent more time fooling around than studying. He left behind a house in Mexico City that was neither poor nor rich, but thought itself better than both. A boy who would get off a bus when he saw a girl he knew board if he didn't have the money to pay her fare. That was the world my father left behind. I imagine my father in his fanfarrón clothes, because that's what he was, a fanfarrón. That's what my mother thought the moment she turned around to the voice that was asking her to dance. A big showoff, she'd say years later. Nothing but a big showoff. But she never said why she married him. My father in his shark-blue suits with the starched handkerchief in the breast pocket, his felt fedora, his tweed topcoat with the big shoulders, and heavy British wing tips with the pinhole design on the heel and toe. Clothes that cost a lot. Expensive. That's what my father's things said. Calidad. Quality. My father must've found the U.S. Mexicans very strange, so foreign from what he knew at home in Mexico City where the servant served watermelon on a plate with silverware and a cloth napkin, or mangos with their own special prongs. Not like this, eating with your legs wide open in the yard, or in the kitchen hunkered over newspapers. Come, come and eat. No, never like this.

How I make my living depends. Sometimes I work as a translator. Sometimes I get paid by the word and sometimes by the hour, depending on the job. I do this in the day, and at night I paint. I'd do anything in the day just so I can keep on painting. I work as a substitute teacher, too, for the San Antonio Independent School District. And that's worse than translating those travel brochures with their tiny print, believe me. I can't stand kids. Not any age. But it pays the rent. Any way you look at it, what I do to make a living is a form of prostitution. People say, "A painter? How nice," and want to invite me to their

parties, have me decorate the lawn like an exotic orchid for hire. But do they buy art? I'm amphibious. I'm a person who doesn't belong to any class. The rich like to have me around because they envy my creativity; they know they can't buy that. The poor don't mind if I live in their neighborhood because they know I'm poor like they are, even if my education and the way I dress keeps us worlds apart. I don't belong to any class. Not to the poor, whose neighborhood I share. Not to the rich, who come to my exhibitions and buy my work. Not to the middle class from which my sister Ximena and I fled. When I was young, when I first left home and rented that apartment with my sister and her kids right after her husband left, I thought it would be glamorous to be an artist. I wanted to be like Frida or Tina. I was ready to suffer with my camera and my paint brushes in that awful apartment we rented for \$150 each because it had high ceilings and those wonderful glass skylights that convinced us we had to have it. Never mind there was no sink in the bathroom, and a tub that looked like a sarcophagus, and floorboards that didn't meet, and a hallway to scare away the dead. But fourteen-foot ceilings was enough for us to write a check for the deposit right then and there. We thought it all romantic. You know the place, the one on Zarzamora on top of the barber shop with the Casasola prints of the Mexican Revolution.

Neon BIRRIA TEPATILÁN sign round the corner, two goats knocking their heads together, and all those Mexican bakeries, Las Brisas for huevos ancheros and carnitas and barbacoa on Sundays, and fresh fruit milk shakes, and mango paletas, and more signs in Spanish than in English. We thought it was great, great. The barrio looked cute in the daytime, like Sesame Street. Kids hopscotching on the sidewalk, blessed little boogers. And hardware stores that still sold ostrich-feather dusters, and whole families marching out of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church on Sundays, girls in their swirly-whirly dresses and patent-leather shoes, boys in their dress Stacys and shiny shirts. But nights, that was nothing like what we knew up on the north side. Pistols going off like the Wild, Wild West, and me and Ximena and the kids huddled in one bed with the lights off listening to it all, saying, Go to sleep, babies, it's just firecrackers. But we knew better. Ximena would say, Clemencia, maybe we should go home. And I'd say, Shit! Because she knew as well as I did there was no home to go home to. Not with our mother. Not with that man she married. After Daddy died, it was like we didn't matter. Like Ma was so busy feeling sorry for herself, I don't know. I'm not like Ximena. I still haven't worked it out after all this time, even though our mother's dead now. My half

brothers living in that house that should've been ours, me and Ximena's. But that's—how do you say it? —water under the dam? I can't ever get the sayings right even though I was born in this country. We didn't say shit like that in our house. Once Daddy was gone, it was like my ma didn't exist, like if she died, too. I used to have a little finch, twisted one of its tiny red legs between the bars of the cage once, who knows how. The leg just dried up and fell off. My bird lived a long time without it, just a little red stump of a leg. He was fine, really. My mother's memory is like that, like if something already dead dried up and fell off, and I stopped missing where she used to be. Like if I never had a mother. And I'm not ashamed to say it either. When she married that white man, and he and his

boys moved into my father's house, it was as if she stopped being my mother. Like I never even had one. Ma always sick and too busy worrying about her own life, she would've sold us to the Devil if she could. "Because I married so young, mi'ja," she'd say. "Because your father, he was so much older than me, and I never had a chance to be young. Honey, try to understand. . ." Then I'd stop listening. That man she met at work, Owen Lambert, the foreman at the photo-finishing plant, who she was seeing even while my father was sick. Even then. That's what I can't forgive. When my father was coughing up blood and phlegm in the hospital, half his face frozen, and his tongue so fat he couldn't talk, he looked so small with all those tubes and plastic sacks dangling around him. But what I remember most is the smell, like death was already sitting on his chest. And I remember the doctor scraping the phlegm out of my father's mouth with a white washcloth, and my daddy gagging and I wanted to yell, Stop, you stop that, he's my daddy. Goddamn you. Make him live. Daddy, don't. Not yet, not yet, not yet. And how I couldn't hold myself up, I couldn't hold myself up. Like if they'd beaten me, or pulled my insides out through my nostrils, like if they'd stuffed me with cinnamon and cloves, and I just stood there dry-eyed next to Ximena and my mother, Ximena between us because I wouldn't let her stand next to me. Everyone repeating over and over the Ave Marías and Padre Nuestros. The priest sprinkling holy water, mundo sin fin, amén. (2014)

