

Jim got up early. He ran some morning chores. He caught the Number 7 train crosstown at around mid-lunch hour, thereby delivering him to the *Barrio de la Concepción*, a quite faceless conundrum of medium-sized apartment buildings and office blocks.

Señorita washing her sidewalk of unwanted debris as the little ones trot on home for lunch. *Comida mediterranea*.

Jim himself was feeling a bit peckish and hoped to get a bite before having to begin his afternoon classes. Strolling into one of those plentiful bars lining the pavement, by now and luckily unable to be dissuaded from his usual repast by some unpleasant smell of week-old cooking fat.

While always asking for the same, he inevitably imagined much more -- two pieces of bread between which some delicate completeness had always to be recalled from some era long gone. Whether it had been at John's Diner, offering some flagrant view of the Metropolitan Opera House or that less flamboyant locale on Grand Ave., Jim would always come away with some latent satisfaction and expectantly of the next.

Delicate completeness.

Some hint of the sublime together with just the right dash of mayonnaise and dijón, over which the gardenest fresh leaf of lettuce were carefully set.

He would delight not only in the variety which had been afforded, but also at the reverence with which the cook had set that top slice of day-fresh pumpernickel over the regal offering, not daring to apply excess pressure to the tender slab for fear of destroying its elegant appeal.

Jim quickly learned to go without such fare at the *cervecería* but could never get used to the so-called *bocadillo*, some loaf of bread offering the barest minimum within, as if it were some understatement of our own lack of resourcefulness or ineptitude of spirit.

Upon finishing his lunch, Jim made his way to the offices of A.C. Nielsen Marketing Inc.

He would never be too keen on entering the building. Its facade was stark and forbidding, some black marble set against square meters of concrete and gratuitous vegetation.

Once inside the revolving doors, one was immediately desensitized by yet more marble, rising in great columns on either side and framing great panes of glass

which seemed to either inspire envy or intimidate the substantial piece of corporate humanity that happened to face it every day.

But places and situations did not always demand as much sacrifice as Jim might have originally expected, and he would often enjoy the short lift to the eighth floor.

He normally arrived just upon most re-entering after lunch hour, so the elevators were usually crowded and Jim would be taken upon to eavesdrop on the immoral tales which presented themselves.

At times he would be thrown into some temporary state of translucent stupor, as if transformed into that poet who spent some considerable time transfixedly upon his own grey sock and under the influence of some strange narcotic taken daily in staunch dose.

Scent of stale tobacco and iridescent shades of the scantily perfumed yawned at him encouragingly, animating him on to the next second, and the next until his upward journey was complete. With brow furrowed as he strained to make sense of that which was not his mother tongue, after all.

Then at once caught up in some disorienting vacuum of fading conversation, some space suddenly gained as the lift emptied. Jim would find new breadth in his role as disinterested observer, and feel having had been completely served by some lukewarm stream of petty revelation which had accompanied him to the eighth floor.

There he would confront some unrelenting daily routine of malaise and malevolence set amid some faceless grid of pre-fabricated office spaces and welded cubicles so opposed to the stone tradition of Castilla.

Alas, ending up here at the Madrid branch of A.C. Nielson Marketing Inc., specializing in the study of habitual processes – soap powder, appliances, silk stockings – all bound together by some public thirst for consumer rendition.

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Jim glanced at the digital screen. It read seven minutes to arrival. He'd awoken with some nagging headache. He'd missed the first train and sat staring at the platform for some length of time. All the while clinging to a tattered paperback in his

right hand. A worn brown leather bag leaning precariously against his leg -- notebooks, devices, assorted cables.

It would still be some minutes before the next train arrived and he raised the paperback to just eye level. A train approached in the opposite direction and rattled what was by now a growing number of anxious riders. Some while checking on telephones for messages or photos missed or ignored. Others staring ahead to a kaleidoscopic still-life being produced by the slowing carriages.

He glanced at his wristwatch.

He became distracted by a faraway sound. Some waves in compression approaching at second per second. Creeping recollections of a boarding school in his earliest days of adolescence, one towering Ecclesiastical Figure draped over a dusty chalkboard, arms flailing and bellowing out rules and formulas regarding times and spaces, velocities misconceived. Witness to the yet lingering notion of a saving Christ, eventual apostates to the Holy Order.

The train did finally move into the station and Jim squeezed into the nearest car.

Then settling in opposite some untidier fellow staring blankly at a telephone held barely two inches from his face. And a taller young man surveying this sprawling mass from above.

Some tired-looking women leaning into this man's embarrassingly jilted frame. The man's coat now rumpled had begun to play tricks on Jim and he imagined some ancient cluster of Roman brides offering themselves in wanton delight to a somewhat lurid but nonetheless abiding Caesar.

The throng listed from side to side in comedic unison as the train proceeded in its course. Then lurching backwards and forwards and threatening to come to some blinding halt.

Stopping. Stopping. Stopped.

This would have been at stations under normal circumstances. Unsuspecting riders were commonly taken advantage of at this time of the day and poor stewardship of the train often resulted in an inordinate number of delays.

The chatter of bewildered voices grew to an annoying din. Some noxious void being created within Jim and slowly replenished with thoughts of confusion and indecision which were more akin to those of his days as a student.

At that time, the Harlem line's regular morning pause would always be expected as it awaited the motorman's mandatory green signal to begin its cautious crawl over the 125th Street overpass. Eventually making its way to the City College station, he then climbing north on Amsterdam and arriving to the Gothic arches of

Higher Learning did see Jim as a willing participant in the forging of his own future path.

He would eventually come to bemoan some overabundance of musical formation in his days there, realizing that years in passing were not always true to one's original intent. But language learning also seemed to require some more humanistic skill and this provided some consolation, after all.

The College had long been known for its churning out scientists and engineers, doctors and theoreticians and the musical arts had rather lent some added appendage to the somewhat staid curriculum. Sitting and staring at the clock on the library wall just above the librarian's mantel, stark and unforgiving as its second hand ticked off the spending moments of his youth.

He would sit for hours listening to the dearest voices. Such was the moment to be taken hold of, to listen to the maestros and make them his. Sounds and tones inspiringly of some age long gone -- but still being -- nevertheless encouraging him to overly extend this purely academic exercise. Flutes and rapturous melody rising slowly would endure until the stylus reached the end of that infinite spiral. Then returning it to its outermost edge. Minutes turned into hours and usually rendering it impossible to arrive for the start of his afternoon lecture.

Some garbled loudspeaker reverberated throughout the car. Perplexed stares of riders betraying some inability to discern what was being said and a growing preoccupation with whether they could arrive to their own destinations on time.

The stout gentleman to Jim's back began to fidget with a folder full of documents. A not-so-well-thought-out distraction, as some metallic rumble of the train's motor prefaced a sudden jolt onwards.

It eventually rolled into the next station. The doors slid open and Jim became at once caught up in the vacuum which would have turned out to be his saving grace if not for the destination which awaited him further on. He stepped out onto the platform and moved unthinkingly to his next point of departure.

He began to negotiate his usual path from the underground stop to the bus platform. Frantic commuters still darting all about. Someone's seeing-eye dog momentarily blocked his path as he rounded the turn into the main corridor and towards the coffee stall. The poor animal looked up at him as if begging to at last be rid of the lot with which it had been sacked.

Then finding some corner in which to have his customary coffee beverage-- in a glass and with none of the foamy veneer which tended to accord it some rather depressing air -- at the stall before heading to the passenger lounge.

Entering had increasingly been becoming more unbearable. Poorly polished wooden benches lined the perimeter. Steel knee-high waste bins were strewn intermittently throughout. He nevertheless managed to navigate the tenuous path

amongst legs, packages and briefcases. He often felt like some marionette being dangled across the art-stage floor, some hollowed-out being pathetically divorced from his own.

“Pardon me, would you know what time the 161 bus leaves?” he was asked in a moment.

The woman had crept up behind Jim. It seemed as if he already knew her from somewhere. She was tall with distinctly gaunt features. Her brown austere shoulder-length hair seemed to be at odds with the light-hearted manner in which she spoke. She wore a long grey shawl tapered at the back of the knee, giving her an air of the dramatic.

“Just in 10 minutes” he replied.

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Some sun reflecting off the billboards on lower Broadway went beholding those jagged levels of ne’er weathered brownstone structure which does so adorn these environs, those which Nick’s casual glance seemed to at once consume and ridicule. Some earlier twentieth-century art-deco pastel having placed itself squarely and re- thinking as to whether any of this could have been some other city, some other place thought of improperly.

He had rarely ever ventured out from the confines of his Brooklyn neighborhood let alone toward that which might have been considered some portlier piece of urban center.

Some sun reflecting off the billboards which were to re- define a blatanter contrast amongst those dwarfed miniatures poking barely above his family’s restaurant and tellingly of some lesser-than-satisfactory remunerative path which his family had been obliged to pursue.

Only fresh dumpling he say.

The wholesale house to which he had been directed could have seemed unattainable to Nick if not for some crumpled piece of paper to which he clung so desperately – not for any pre-determined trepidation consideringly of his journey but rather as indication of the excitement which was his upon finally finding the means to venture into what had in fact represented some promised land inexplicably mirrored within the lakes and riverbeds of Fujian Province.

No-one could have possibly ended up here, within these rising edifices of some bustling island enterprise. And yet some had apparently had, some more tightly

condensed refrain of immigrant anxiety from another era and perhaps prior to any other possibility of abandoning respectably those banks of the Xi Jiang.

Now some crumpled piece of paper had been intended to coddle Nick towards the wholesale venue to which his father had alluded. How much longer would it be before they could afford to buy their own dumpling press so that they might relinquish the need for this weekly trek?

Only out of concern for his ailing uncle had his father agreed to permit Nick to cross over on this occasion, and the ridicule which Nick heaped upon himself when emerging from the Houston Street station erroneously would have referred at least obtusely to the disappointment which he and his family had initially professed toward their new found lot.

Only fresh dumpling he say.

Some larger-than-life billboard looming, some staring down onto tangles of traffic and human flesh being subdued gently into some mesh of rising subway steam and tried grease which some passing vehicle had been spewing inadvertently.

Nick should have gotten off at Canal Street, and he would have too if not for the sight of some slightlier young bird preening gracefully within the corner space. Some kindlier face reminding him of Xiaoling and with features seeing well into the capability which he knew he possessed for winning her over some day. Some stealing Xiaoling away from her textbooks and tests and afterschool study sessions with the Cambodian girls and crossing over with her too on one finer day.

What could she really have understood regarding the motives which her own father had harbored? Some purely remunerative twist of fate cannot have been the only reason for such a harried exodus and this Xiaoling would never be able to determine as clearly as had Nick. Some billboard looming and pressing some newer life into one's own plight did seem a more fitting remedy for the indignities which they had been obliged to endure. Neither textbooks nor those kindlier entreaties so often espoused by the likes of Miss McGrath could change any of that. Miss McGrath say Nick speak good English now - - *shuō jiā Yīng wén.*

He considered heading back down on a southbound train -- but no. Something newer on his plate, with now some higher sunlight etching out shadowed angles in close relief and deliveringly of one more block-upon-block. Some step-upon-step and one more block upon another and Nick still fondling the crumpled piece of paper which continued taking pains to appear then re-appear in his increasingly moistened palm:

Hop Kee Wholesale Dumplings

21 Mott Street

Some sun reflecting off the billboards on lower Broadway went beholding of some step-upon-step and earlier twentieth century art-deco pastel endearing Nick as he glanced upward at the ornate structures adorning the overhangs of the flattened rooftops along this lower length of Broadway. Some vaguely perceived Baroque, a sunbeam catching his eye barely and dangling upon his forehead as it pointed its way downtown and weaving a path along some steadfast umbra edging earnestly back down toward Canal Street.

¿Èr hòu shén me? Then what? No directions to dumpling house from there.

Some larger crosstown thoroughfare had already begun coming into view and he glanced at the piece of paper once more in hope of concocting some clue or semblance of the whereabouts of his final destination.

Nick's eventual entry into Canal Street felt as if he had been royally received, some expanse of terrain stretching up to the Manhattan Bridge and back down toward the snarl of traffic which funneled through to one of the Hudson River tunnels and beyond. Some sun only promising as he made his way down Broadway now bathed him completely and he tended to savor the orange glow which warmed his adolescent features.

—¿Nǎ yī ge tú Mott?

But he asked no-one in particular. Nick was in fact taken in entirely by the experience which presented, some oriental feast all about. Women pushing carts full of lychees nearly knocked him to the ground. The smell of Sichuan pepper salt tantalized his nostrils as Nick started moving eastward but only for some still greater concentration of people and food stalls. Some greater concentration of people and fishmongers pulling him onwards. Sounds and smells of fresh fish bedecking the sidewalk and attempting to avoid the now rancid puddles left by the flailing carps languishing in unsold bins. Bouquets of mandarin orange within some more elegant pose did hum their gentler melody toward anyone who might bother to listen and Jim tried once more to make good on the crumpled piece of paper which he continued to cradle in his palm.

¿Nǎ yī ge tú Mott? he repeated but some elderly woman took no notice and he began to doubt as to whether their language was indeed his own.

He caught sight of some grandiose pagoda, upon closer view seeming to be nothing more than a cheap façade decorating some lesser-than-noble lending institution. Some towering structure whose childhood memory had faded fondly and his grandfather warning him and his friends to desist from playing within for fear of infuriating the spirits for whom it served.

The sight seemed to endear or confuse Nick so that he hardly became aware of having finally arrived to the unassuming byway known as Mott Street. He instinctively set himself upon some newer course, now newly confident, some turning gaily and dodging some resigned old man hawking kaleidoscopes on a lower stoop as Nick set his sights squarely on some smaller cluster of children chasing dragons along the side. He was almost completely certain he had found the street but inquired in any case.

—¿*Cǐ Mott?* and a small boy looked puzzled until Nick grew somewhat more adamant.

— *Mott? Mott?*

The boy nodded -- but rather equivocally -- and Nick continued to wonder whether some idiom had indeed been vanquished to the pinyin muck which his father had warned him about on so many occasions – *all speak English now* his father would say. *All speak English.*

Finally arriving to entrance of 21 Mott left him a bit bewildered -- one staircase up, one staircase down. *How I know where to get dumpling, anyway?*

The lower storey seemed to be an eatery and, judging from the queue of hungry diners waiting to enter, quite a popular one at that. Then spying some succulent-looking fowl behind a steamed glass persuaded Nick to begin his descent, for the bird which presented, glazed honey and stiffened at the neck in gentle swirl convinced him that this was undoubtedly superior to the roasted chicken which his father had for so long been trying to teach Nick to prepare for their own neighborhood clientele.

Some Chinese marinated chicken properly roasted had always been his own family specialty, yes seemingly quite inferior to the roasted duck he'd now been observing. Some roasted chicken delicacy had been theirs to rely upon since arriving here some years ago, and it was to their good fortune that the locale in which they presently presided had gone for the asking and at such a reasonable offer. *Shi xīng cān guǎn* and yes it did turn out to have been a familiar spot amongst the locals.

But the marinade to which his father long dedicated his early mornings had begun to take its own toll on Nick. Some day-to-day monotony of rising at dawn and trying to follow instructions being bellowed out regarding ingredients and measures and spices signaled to Nick a lifetime of wasted initiative and he bristled at the thought that this should be his lot. Some life passing through at a snail's pace and Nick would often try to speed up the process in defiance of his father's wishes.

-- *Yóu tài lěng! Oil too cold!* admonished his father.

Who cares oil cold? Nick would think. *So many chickens, anyway.*

-- ¿*Zěn me yùn zhuǎn rèn xú xú zhè tiān?* *Too slow!*

What he means work slow today? thought Nick. *He think I'm a machine or somethin'?*

But he would at times summon the courage to verbalize his own disapproval.

– *¡Tiáo wèi zhī tài duō nián nián!* *Marinade too sticky. Keep my fingers together. ¡Nián, nián!*

– *Tóng yī rú tong měi tiān.* *Same as every day,* insisted his father.

Not same as everyday, thought Nick.

– *¡Nián nián!* he would shout. *¡Nián nián!* *¡ Nián nián!*

And so it went on every day, day in and day out and Nick's now spying this honey glaze delight easily persuaded him to continue his climb down into the eatery, for years of exasperation had surely given merit to such reward and it had been nearly seven hours since the sesame cake he had heartily devoured at the Meng Ling Bakery on 49th street and the dumplings could wait for one more hour after all, he thought.

As he descended, some sudden scarcity of traffic and pedestrians to his back only seemed to reinforce the elegance of his journey. Some sudden scarcity of traffic and pedestrians now being replaced with customers happily moving in and out of the swinging glass doors which gave way to a cramped vestibule filled with hungry diners awaiting an opportunity to enter.

There were no tables to be had and he wondered if such an early evening's rush would frustrate his dinner plans. Having a studied gaze through a second set of glass doors, he noticed a smaller table just off to one side of a rather portly man putting the finishing touches on various utensils, burnishing each methodically – almost religiously -- with a woven white cloth and which seemed to Nick an exercise meant more to appease the customers than any real attempt at added cleanliness. The table in any case was cluttered with assorted accessories – salt and pepper shakers, vials of soy sauce and the like, and which now seemed to Nick a not-so-well-thought-out waste of space for paying customers such as he, unaccompanied and more-than-willing to endure any inconvenience which such a small space might predispose.

Nick inched his way past three or four persons engaged in animated conversation and managed to open the second set of glass doors just enough to squeeze through and into the main room. The noise level seemed to increase to a deafening pitch. Waiters darted back and forth, some piping hot tray of black bean aubergine barely beneath his chin and Nick quickly approached the rather portly man.

– Can I sit here? he asked.

The man smiled sheepishly and replied with a slow lilting drawl reminiscent of some of those less educated who tended to reside in some of the more remote regions back along the Xi Jiang.

– *Nà jī shì zhě zhi*, the man replied.

– No-one sit here! Why no! asked Nick annoyedly.

-- *Zhǐ shìyìngshēng*.

Why just for waiters? he thought. And more empty tables over there. No-one using this one. Maybe big dummy don't understand English. Miss McGrath say my English good now. Maybe I say to this big dummy in

But much to his surprise, the man began clearing the table of the condiments and Nick was invited to sit, albeit in a somewhat precarious-looking wooden chair unlike any other in the place.

– *Xing. Yòng bǐ yǐ*, said the man in a more welcoming tone.

Nick was unsure of why the man changed his mind but readily accepted the offer. Perhaps it was due to Nick's unexpected impertinence. Or Nick's speaking in a stillpoorly-understood foreign tongue which continued to intimidate when encountered in a native son. In any case, he indeed readily accepted and prepared for what was pretending to become some urban feast in his mind. Some honey-glaze aroma managing to still find its way even through the conundrum of other scents and flavors inundating the room.

– I'll have

– *No take order*, replied the man tersely.

– *Why no take order?* Nick asked impatiently.

– *No take order now*, the man insisted. *He take order.*

The man nodded to one of the other waiters, some thinnish looking man quite at odds with the portlier appearance of his colleague.

– *What you do all day...shining spoons?* Nick asked the portly man.

– *Change jobs. Sometime fork, sometime spoon, sometime knife. All day change. Sometime take order. Always change job. All day change.*
All day change? considered Nick.

– *So what I supposed to do? Starve?.*

Big dummy think I got nothing else to do. What he think? Dumplings can't wait. Have to be back by six. What he think?

With that the man directed a comment to the second waiter.

– *Bǐ lù zhèr.*

This man did not take the comment with grace and it was only after a brief exchange – rather terse it seemed to Nick – did he finally and rather reluctantly address Nick.

– *ǐ Nǐ xū cài dān?* asked the waiter.

– *Don't need no menu!* exclaimed Nick.

– ¿*Shén nǐ cān?* asked the waiter.

Why he talking like I some foreigner or something? thought Nick.

– *You don't speak English, man?*

– *Chinese with Chinese customer,* replied the waiter.

– *I'll have bird hanging in window and...*

– *SHUō zhōng wén mǎi zhǔ zhōng guó,* insisted the waiter.
Chinese with Chinese customer!

Nick could suddenly sense the man tending towards another table just to his left – a younger couple eager to place their order and without any consideration for interrupting Nick's increasingly unintelligible banter. Some leaning motion away and further away from Nick and he sensed once more that this evening repast might also be drifting out of his reach so he conceded quickly to the man's request.

– ¿*ǎn yuàn yì yǎn qián!* shouted Nick.

Okay ... kěn fù... happy now? Chinese with Chinese customer!

These people all dummies, he thought. Make me speak like foreigner or something, just to get bird hanging in window. Miss McGrath say I speak good English now. She say ...

– ¿*Shén nǐ cān?* asked the waiter.

– *Don't want nothing else ... I mean ... xū yào wú fēi.*

These people ALL dummies -- make me speak like a foreigner, thought Nick.

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Jim seemed puzzled. He had glanced upwards and peered at the digital screen. It read seven minutes to arrival but then someone oddly stealing his glance toward the right side, some character now faintly recognizable to Jim, distracted.

The woman wore a lengthy dark shawl which tapered as it reached the back of her knee. Jim thought she had been an acquaintance of his. Or maybe just one more ghost from his somewhat uneven past.

The swarm of commuters filling the platform tended to see the woman melt into the throng and thoughts of who she was and why she seemed to have piqued his curiosity ended up fading rather quickly.

His field of vision could now capture some rather large suitcase being led rather torturously along the platform by a somewhat stout gentleman. No doubt some useless exercise brought on by the perceived need to visit old friends or perhaps the promise of some new acquaintance, thought Jim.

An Asian kid, rucksack filled with books and papers, managed to find a space in front of him on the platform, perhaps seventeen or eighteen years of age, the same age as when Jim himself began to venture from his home each day towards those hallowed caverns of Manhattan and beyond in his attempt to make a life for himself in the musical arts. Ancient occurrences. Lost opportunities and telling of those recollections which his therapist had long warned him against. *Let sleeping dogs lie, young man, let sleeping dogs lie.*

He had awoken with some nagging headache. He had missed the first train and sat staring at the platform for some length of time. All the while holding on to some tattered paperback in his right hand. Some worn brown leather bag leaning precariously against his leg. Notebooks, devices, assorted cables.

The train rails seemed to converge. Some parallel play seeming to disappear into a darkened tunnel. It would still be five minutes before his train appeared. He raised the paperback to just eye level. A train approached in the opposite direction and seemed to rattle the growing number of commuters to his right and to his left. Meanwhile, the woman, now completely seeming to have disappeared into the crowd and prompting Jim to once again recollect some alarming encounter he had once had to endure, unspoken words but threatening nevertheless.

Jim and the others remained expectant as the opposite train pulled into the station. Staring straight ahead to some slowing motion of the retrograde carriages. Checking on telephones for messages or photos missed or ignored.

He glanced at his wristwatch. He became quickly distracted by some faraway sound seeming to reverberate from across the station. Some waves propagating at second per second. Some towering ecclesiastical figure bellowing out rules and formulas regarding times and spaces, velocities misconceived or unpredicted until pen and paper could allow one to abide them properly. Witness to some yet lingering notion of the saving Christ, eventual apostates to the Holy Order they all were. Jim was put into such an environment on the good faith of his beloved mother who assumed he would be educated in some more proper manner.

Jim attempted to mark the time it took for the echo produced by cold steel on steel to reach him but the exercise seemed futile, and moot in the end for the train he had been awaiting began to move into the station and Jim soon squeezed into the nearest car.

The stout gentleman managed to find some refuge in the corner of the car. Then noticing some untidier fellow staring blankly at a telephone. Held barely two inches from his face and a taller young man surveying this sprawling mass from above. Some tired-looking women leaning into this man's embarrassingly jilted frame. The young

man's coat now ruffled had begun to play tricks on Jim and he imagined some ancient cluster of Roman brides offering themselves in wanton delight to a somewhat lurid but nonetheless abiding Caesar.

Morning ladies tapping on their keyboards did not always reveal some finer intellect. Some played games and some read from tales cherished. Most simply moved a tepid gaze over the words and barely gave thought to the actual message in what was on the page.

The train car's to and fro caused many at times to search frantically for something to grasp on to. Others utilized some unexpected jolt to rouse their half-hearted spirits.

Early morning travel never wholly appealed to Jim. The Head of Studies had posted him to early morning classes at the Royal Guard. He had never asked for the assignment nor would he.

The throng – *la manada* is how they sometimes referred to it – wretched backwards every time the train stopped. Some kaleidoscope suddenly in arrest and in odd unison.

Stopping. Stopping. Stopped.

This would have been at stations under normal circumstances. Unsuspecting riders were commonly taken advantage of at this time of the day and poor stewardship of the train often resulted in some inordinate number of delays. Voices could be heard above the din. Notices of breakdowns and other assorted mishaps annoyed the daily clientele. Conveyance of ideas and scattered details, no matter how insignificant, became cumbersome and more so to Jim who would begin to grow weary of the need to relate in other than his own mother tongue.

Other sounds eventually made their way into Jim's "entorno", some of those higher pitched and recalling of his time at the City College of New York. Stepping off the Broadway Local at 135th Street he might be inundated with the shrills of schoolchildren as they made their way upwards towards a day of careful instruction. Others recalled those more highly tempered sounds encountered and dissected during his daily sessions of music theory. He had eventually come to bemoan some overabundance of musical formation in his days as a student at the City College. He did realize that years in passing were not always true to one's own original intent. But language learning also seemed to require some more humanistic skill and this tended to lend some consolation after all.

The City College had long been known for its churning out scientists and engineers, doctors and theoreticians and the musical arts had rather been some added appendage to the somewhat staid curriculum. Then riding the Lexington Avenue northbound and past one's destination to almost Amsterdam would come round full circle to the place of his supposed endowment. He often sat for hours listening to the dearest voices. It was a time gone by but still being. Flutes and rapturous voice rising slowly would endure until the stylus reached the end of that infinite spiral. Jim would return it to its outermost edge. Minutes turned to hours and he would usually arrive late to his next class. Sitting and staring at the clock on the library wall just above the librarian's mantel. Stark and unforgiving as its second hand ticked off the spending moments of his youth.

Such was the one to take hold of, to listen to the maestros and make them his, strings and voices beneath a thunderous ovation of quiet desperation.

It would take years and then more years and time to bring to fruition all that he had acquired. Jim's teachers had been amongst the finest and it seemed for a period that he may have finally found some proper path. Wary cliffs looking off from the Palisades might be telling of Jim's own dilemma as he approached the completion of that morning journey. Stepping out onto 136th St. and St. Nicholas Ave. would provide him one last chance for redemption. Climbing upwards on 136th St. and past some cheap urban hotel reminding of the opportunities which needed to be gotten hold of. Some scarcity of people and ideas, creativity disappearing and taunting Jim did tease one into the confines of what would become some lifelong embrace. Scholarship adored and universities seeking refuge within some past ideal would liken Jim to the very earthen stone from which Amsterdam had been built. Endless sun-filled cover binding some hardpressed curriculum would comfort Jim more than some young lady who might have complemented a warm spring day. Unable to convince Jim that his was some wayward turn, laying a gentle hand upon his would nonetheless render him speechless, and oblivious to all that the real world would eventually come to deliver. She too did eventually move on. And sounds and tones inspiringly of some other time but now long forgotten could not overly extend this purely academic exercise. The harmonies which Jim had intoned would soon vanish down the cauldrons of some silent abyss. Still he would remain faithful to the proper calling, sound formation providing comfort to the weary.

Jim negotiated his usual path from the underground stop to the bus platform. Frantic commuters darting from the right and left, head on and then some challenging his train of thought continually.

He sat for some minutes at the coffee stall before heading to his usual departure point. Then entering the passenger lounge had increasingly been becoming some more unbearable daily chore. Poorly polished wooden benches lined the perimeter. Steel knee-high waste bins were strewn intermittently throughout. He usually managed to navigate the tenuous path amongst legs, packages and briefcases. He often felt like some marionette being dangled across the art stage, some hollowed-out being terminally content to have and be had.

"Pardon me, would you know what time the 161 bus leaves?" he was asked in a moment.

"Just in 10 minutes" he replied.

It was only after some seconds did he realize that it was indeed the woman in the black shawl who had inquired about the number 161 bus. The shawl itself was now a bit tousled about her shoulders and seemed to give her a somewhat more approachable appearance. He spoke with an assuredness which would have been unheard of some months earlier. Schedules and routines had never been a welcome commodity for Jim. She seemed to be satisfied with Jim's assistance in any case and proceeded to sit at the

corner of a rather large and mahogany table awkwardly placed in a far corner of the lounge. Jim took a place at the end of the opposite side but not far enough from the woman to be unable to observe her somewhat nervous demeanor.

Ten minutes passed. Jim sat and wondered whether the woman across the table had even bothered to glean that her bus was about to leave the platform. His first inclination was to divert some non-threatening remark her way. He ultimately decided that it would be too forward to do so and again buried his face in the novel that he had been reading.

The bus left as scheduled but the woman remained. She seemed to be unconcerned until Jim suddenly looked up and caught her glance unexpectedly. She reared her head back as if to rearrange some errant lock of hair which had crept over her forehead. Surely there was no need for concern nor any reason to feel perturbed by her continued presence. Yet Jim could not help but notice how she fumbled with her purse and shifted in her seat nervously.

Some large and imposing clock began to chime. Each recurring sound seemed to perpetuate itself sheepishly across the room. Loud and bellowing yet muted and turning downwards towards some more labored solfege. Some labored exercise not unlike those which he would have been called upon to deliver in his student days. Ten or perhaps fifteen other performers who certainly outdid Jim in all that was either studied or improvised then appraising his every note.

“Bravo”

“Bravo, yes, bravo”

The seemingly endless train of meaningless chores which Jim would now have to deal with on a daily basis would eventually turn the memory of such accolades – modest though they were – into his only means for tolerating such a merciless path, for while he had been of even modest value back home, he was made to feel somewhat of a nuisance here and quickly fell prey to many an unscrupulous character’s search for inexpensive employ.

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Jim sat staring at the pavement. He would have liked to go to that breakfast place on Serrano but was loathe to the idea of having to let on to those English boys that he, too, had been caught up in the language school scam. *Vergonzoso* is what the newspapers said – shameful.

He chose instead to go over to the head office in hope of recovering some of the back pay he was due. Upon arriving, he could notice a small angry mob gazing at a rather intimidating chain solidly fastened across the locked glass doors.

Now even more discouraged, he searched for the address of his former employer in a tattered leather bag. It gave him no pleasure to consider returning to either military teaching or

corporate classes but circumstances demanded otherwise. He inched a small piece of paper up from within the bag and on which was scrawled an address -- *219 Paseo de la Castellana, 10th floor.*

He had left some months ago under rather unpleasant circumstances --- *you'll receive no salary for the month.* And all for the dubious claim of not having fulfilled one of the companies' pettier regulations regarding hours rendered.

He considered calling first but feared that Sanchez would attempt to use the telephone in a particularly searing way. Some deliberate attempt to shame Jim into some sudden self-awareness, teasing some remorse over having to once again contact the woman and coaxing one more reminder that Jim were to again be in her total control. Strings of dependency might be more easily managed within some more face-to-face encounter and so he set off on his way.

Walking back along the main boulevard, Jim was soon able to nearly taste the smoke and petrol that seemed to provide him a bank along which to organize his thoughts, some thick aromatic track of blackened haze spewed by the stream of vehicles speeding north and south along this corporate thoroughfare —the Paseo de la Castellana -- home to the gilded imaginations of success spurring on some sporadic bands of cowards and thieves, with notions of seldom gracious acts of prostitution being realized every day in those welcoming heights high above.

Jim must have sat for another hour or more on some soiled bench opposite the entrance to Number 219. Peering down at his watch for the umpteenth time only seemed to have produced some recurring angst which he'd been finding increasingly difficult to appease. He was loathe to appear too early, for doing so might also place him in some desperate light.

Glancing downward and once again had only frustrated Jim until realization taking hold, time increasingly moribund. Time in arrest and slowly stopped. Time costingly and at the mercy of some gadgetry purchased offhand. Jim tapped on the watch in hope that something sluggish or misplaced might be revived, but it was useless. It had indeed stopped. And Jim began to feel the wage of his indecision threatening him once again in some puerile way, some headlong fantasy which might have been cherished in the past now winking back playfully at Jim in veiled disparagement.

Jim strained to hear the bell tolling out over Plaza de Castilla, shadows cast by the towering blocks of concrete and metal transforming each vibration into a death knell, kaleidoscopic images challenging his deepening gaze into the lobby of Number 219. One, two, three and more it sounded until Jim was confident that he had indeed waited for some proper time.

He rose from the bench and carefully navigated his way across the street. Having avoided a number of moving vehicles only presented him another obstacle as he neared the curb. Cars and utility vehicles piled randomly in some chaotic conglomeration. Dampened asphalt giving way to puddles of lately fallen rainwater challenged as he gazed downwards. Puddles of lately fallen water framing some tire stained with mud and excrement momentarily setting him on a course other than what he'd intended. Then having to double back towards his destination.

n and finally finding himself face to face with someone who appeared to be the building porter.

He inquired as to what Jim wanted, as both moved into the foyer. Jim replied that he would like to visit the Language Consulting on the 10th floor.

-- *¿Le espera la señora?* asked the porter.

— She's expecting me, yes, at five -- *a las cinco*.

He started to move away from the porter's station, slowly enough so as not to betray some mischievous intent yet confidently so and with the conviction that the porter himself would be no more inclined than any of the others to question the comings and goings of such early evening visitors.

Dimness seemed to persist. Dark gray shades along the floor seemed to diminish in relief as he neared the lift. The aroma of month-old humidity emanated from the paint-peeled walls as some tiny fluoresce showed the way and invited him into the shutting of some heavily sprung metal and engulfed Jim in a world at once upwards and unmoving. Slow motion, vertical illusion but for some briefest interlude.

Then stepping out of the lift on the tenth floor gave Jim some wry satisfaction. Facing a large plate glass, he could appreciate the vast visual feast which presented itself from high above the Castellana. Antennas jutting out against some quickly moving sky. Signals reaching out to some distant star while the earth spins its completely regular course of inanimate decision and mockingly of the earnestness with which the traffic seemed to rush from north to south and back again.

At last placing his finger over the doorbell of Beta Language Consultants S.L., he started to feel more confident that this should have been his just response. Gently laying his finger upon the yellowing plastic, then gazing at the wood-finished door until finally it opened and finding himself confronted by a young woman in her late twenties, pretty enough and with some tightly cropped short length of hair. She could have been any of those below, fashion-news devotees made up with the newest line of facial crème.

—*Buenas tardes*, she said.

—*Buenas tardes*. Would it be possible to speak with the director?

—Is she expecting you? she replied in a surprisingly fluent English.

She impressed Jim as having a particularly kind disposition and he wondered if Sanchez had again been recruiting abroad through one of those illicitly run agencies.

Jim told her that he had not in fact called ahead but used to teach there and had recently found himself in need of some classes.

-- I didn't think she'd mind a visit, he added

—What was your name, then? she asked.

—Jim...Jim Cantrell.

His explanation had not seemed to bother or predispose her in one way or another. She seated him in one of those generic pieces of furniture usually found and telling of some less high-minded aesthetic. He started feeling strangely relaxed. Crossing one leg over the other in gentle recline he glanced uncaringly at the ceiling. He dabbled in some delicate play of tic-tac-toe upon some of its slightlier imperfections. Then the young lady back across the room arrivingly in full portrait, bathed in late afternoon light downwardly directed. Some forty-five degree against a face of rose-colored sensation. Leaning for some documents at arms length and Jim shifting slightly to better appreciate the display being presented. Some silk-screen muse it seemed to Jim and he dared one more inquiry.

—Do you know if she'll be very long?

The young woman replied that Ms Sanchez was on the telephone and might be some minutes more.

— Oh, I'm in no hurry. I'll wait, said Jim.

It was some ten minutes before Sanchez did finally appear, agitated or excited, likely due to some leverage which she had just managed to garner over some unsuspecting client. She invited Jim into her office, or at least what was meant to be an office, for it was nothing more than an extension of the same space set off by some inexpensive wooden dividers and rather inefficiently at that. She showed not the slightest surprise at his presence.

He sat down without waiting for an invitation to do so. He inquired as to the state of her enterprise and she told him of some impressive military contracts which had just come her way, as well as one potentially lucrative offer from the multinational firm of A.C. Nielsen Marketing Inc.

-- And how have you been, Jim?

Not all that well he remarked and began to recount the details of the school closure. She interrupted him almost immediately, surprising Jim with a recounting of her own and commenting that it had, after all, been in all the newspapers of late.

She showed no empathy toward Jim's plight, but nor did she seem to delight in Jim's misfortune, which in itself was unexpected, for Sanchez had always been a bit of an enigma. Scholarship achieved would present itself in some superficial way, walls covered

with certificates and diplomas at first impressingly but then in outright disrespect of one's better judgement. Cheaply framed photos of her shaking hands with the President of the Texas Association for the Betterment of Small Business International Alliance, she would present some stark cynicism against the discourse wall, smilingly and in fullest awareness of one well-thought-out scheme. Taking the microphone, some cheaper acoustics fed back through some regular course of turkey dinner and bland conversation, put together for the benefit of some long-buried social ideal whose time would never come.

And yet, at times Jim could sense some faintest glimmer of generosity toward her subject matter. Genuine joy in opening up to the seemingly latent formation to which she'd been called, licensing sincere in English philology, after all.

But alas, Sanchez had become a caricature of all she had ever intended to represent. Clawing into every wayward soul she might come upon, seeking some bit of easy gain pretendingly of sound service and intention. Proud of having helped to bridge the gap across to the Texas Association but never consideringly of some higher goal, some higher aim to achieve for achievement's sake.

—The closure can't've been much of a surprise, she continued, it seems to have been run by the *mafiosos*.

Sanchez's sudden comment was jarring to Jim, for his glance had been veering toward the reception area in hope of once again spying the young lady who had greeted him at the outset but she was nowhere to be found and he therefore decided to steer the conversation back to the issue at hand, although he could volunteer only a tepid response. □ Yes, it certainly seemed so – the *mafiosos*.

Sanchez seemed surprisingly receptive to the idea of Jim's return and commented that she certainly was in a bind and that -- if he were up to the task -- he could actually take on both employment opportunities which she had mentioned. *I am in a bind*, she repeated.

He certainly wasn't pleased about having to return to either military barracks or company work, but under the circumstances he saw no real alternative.

She told Jim that the military classes would start at the end of the month but the marketing firm was expecting a teacher – for the Director, no less – on the very next day in the early evening. Jim readily accepted and was told to wait a few more minutes while Sanchez looked for some materials that might be of interest. She went on to make one of those determined dashes across the room so in keeping with her guise of didactic fervor and toward a rather large bookcase at the far end of the room.

- Don't forget to see my receptionist about completing the usual paperwork before you leave, she half-shouted as she leafed through various notes and papers.

- I see you've found a new one, he replied.

- A new one, Jim?

- Receptionist.

- Oh yes, Carolina. Not a quick study, I'm afraid, but quite motivated.

Not a quick study, perhaps, but Jim had rarely seen one glide so sweetly over stage work floor unpretendingly of even the slightest show of malcontent which Sanchez might readily direct her way. Her profile seemed to conjure up thoughts of wild and glorious times – *la buena vida*. The grace with which she went about her mundane office chores might have been recognized as downright inspiring given the circumstances. Sleek and daring of anyone whom she might have occasion to greet. Nightly routine of regular time and place amongst friends in search of some slightly tainted adventure. *¿Otro cubata, por favor?* Festively and in full pleasure until having to enter at half-past-eight each morning, passing the porter in cheery ascent and expectant of even the smallest demand which Sanchez would quickly lay before her. Requiring employ from head to toe, much like Jim himself, they can't have been much different in their reluctant surrender to Sanchez and Jim thought that there might come a day when he might approach the young lady in some show of camaraderie or concern.

Sanchez returned with some materials. Jim placed them into his bag and with hardly a thought that they would ever be used at all. He rose quickly. As he began crossing over to the door, he realized that the receptionist was still no longer to be found and Sanchez, spotting his perplexity, immediately addressed his concern.

-- Give no mind to the paperwork, Jim. It can be done tomorrow if you'd drop by in the morning.

Nodding in some non-committal way, smilingly and with renewed intent he reached for the door. Having now stepped back out into the corridor, the lift seemed to be further away than ever. Some gentle reverie which had accompanied him up to the tenth floor had now become moot, and this would always be amongst the most worrisome of circumstances. Time simply casting about at Jim's expense. Time as nimble warrior unceasingly, and once again luring him into that trancelike state which he so despised.

Moving downwards and toward some supposed new beginning would nevertheless continue pretending to be Jim's sole saving grace, some downstairs light pulling him back out onto that path along which he'd come and without so much as a gesture toward the porter as he did so.

Jim got up early the following day, went to Sanchez's office to do the paperwork as she had suggested, ran some morning chores and finally caught the Number 7 train crosstown at around mid-lunch hour, thereby delivering him to the Barrio de la Concepción, a quite faceless conundrum of medium-sized apartment buildings and office blocks.

Señorita washing her sidewalk of unwanted debris as the little ones trot on home for lunch.

Comida mediterranea.

Jim himself was feeling a bit peckish and hoped to get a bite before having to begin. Strutting into one of those plentiful bars lining the pavement, impervious to some unpleasant smell of rancid oil which had luckily or unluckily not yet begun to dissuade him from the occasional repast.

While always asking for the same, he inevitably imagined much more -- two pieces of bread between which some delicate completeness had always to be recalled from his earlier days in another place. Whether it had been at John's Diner, a busy eatery offering a flagrant view of the Metropolitan Opera House or that less flamboyant one on Grand Ave., Jim would always come away with some latent satisfaction and expectantly of the next.

Delicate completeness.

Some hint of the sublime together with just the right dash of mayonnaise and *dijón*, over which the gardenest fresh leaf of lettuce were carefully set. He would delight not only in the variety which had been afforded, but also at the reverence with which the cook would set the top slice of day-fresh pumpernickel over the regal offering, not daring to apply excess pressure to the tender slab for fear of destroying its elegant appeal.

Jim would quickly learn to go without such fare at the *cerveceria* but could never get used to the s o - c a l l e d *bocadillo*, some loaf of bread offering the barest minimum within, as if it were some understatement of our own lack of resourcefulness or ineptitude of spirit.

Jim finished his meager lunch at any rate and made the brief walk to the offices of A,C, Nielsen Marketing Inc.

Jim would never be too keen on entering the building. Its facade was stark and forbidding, some black marble set against square meters of concrete and gratuitous vegetation.

Once inside the revolving doors, one was immediately desensitized by yet more marble, rising in great columns on either side and framing great panes of glass which seemed to either inspire envy or intimidate the substantial piece of corporate humanity that happened to face it every day.

But places and situations did not always demand as much sacrifice as Jim might have originally expected, and he would often enjoy the short lift to the eighth floor. He normally arrived just upon most re-entering after lunch hour, so the elevators were usually crowded and Jim would be taken upon to eavesdrop on the moral tales which presented themselves. At times he would be thrown into some temporary state of translucent stupor, as if transformed into that poet who spent some considerable time transfixedly upon his own grey sock and under the influence of some strange narcotic taken daily in staunch dose. Scent of stale tobacco and iridescent shades of the scantily perfumed yawned at him encouragingly, animating him on to the next second, and the next until his upward journey was complete. With brow furrowed as he strained to make sense of that which was not his mother tongue, after all.

Then at once caught up in some disorienting vacuum of fading conversation, some space suddenly gained as the lift emptied. Jim would find new breadth in his role as disinterested observer, and feel having had been completely served by some lukewarm stream of petty revelation which had accompanied him to the eighth floor. There he would confront some unrelenting daily routine of malaise and malevolence set amid some faceless grid of pre-fabricated offices and welded cubicles so opposed to the stone tradition of Castilla. Ending up here at the Madrid branch of Neilson Marketing Inc., specializing in the study of habitual processes – soap powder, appliances, silk stockings– all bound together by some public thirst for consumer rendition.

His only student would be Dolores. She took great pride in being department chief. She would never let him into her office too quickly. There were usually a number of items to be addressed before class could begin, and which would be fine with Jim since he was paid strictly by the hour. Waiting outside her office door was nevertheless instructive. Puzzled glances and non-considered, idle office space whom no one might ever think too much of having to be wary of. He would often lose himself momentarily in the eighth-floor essence of his present predicament, looking down against some fulllength window pane, playlike structures on a busy street dedicated to some most rapid transport within the circulatory confines. These were the daily attempts at transcontinental competition moving swiftly north and then back down again. Pale imitation as far as Jim was concerned, reflections of another place trying to apologise for some inescapable thrust into modernity. Awe-inspiring monuments towering out over Rector Street and Wall, showering their worthy inhabitants with some timeless reward cried out for one's just recognition. All the while calming the smoking ruins whose sometime pitying reminder of meaningless squander, nonetheless testament to the noblest ongoing endeavor, choked us to thoughts and tears harking back to that of the hungry masses entering a harbor full of light and sound adamantly. Al-Andalus as civilization committed

once and always to some reasoned consideration of life and love for all who would care to have it, and staring in consternation at some carnage brought about in its name, destructors of tarnished vision and dubious character probably revelling through the holy place onto which Jim would be staring down at that very moment.. Perfectly peaked arches and gently swaying rhythms, kneeling modestly toward Mecca, naked humility converted into blasphemy by those naysayers who would use the corporate misdeed not as signpost, but as some means for bludgeoning the innocent. Jim had probably seen that structure dozens of times, but only in seeing it from above could he appreciate the vivid contrast it forged against some jet black asphalt, and marking off neatly from its surroundings. The irony of its being next to the city morgue was inescapable as far as Jim could see, tyranny of the old wallowing in some splendid homogeneity while writing off all that refused to conform. Some storefront gateway of Moslem engender lining the walkways of Bushwick Avenue had always belied an easy, if not sometimes turbulent, reside. Welcome your tired masses and poor in spirit while with the steeple and the bell calling out to anyone wishing to carve out some place of their own, advancing to beyond the meeting point from which Jim had been unable to proceed.
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Greenwood pulled into the parking lot and inched up to the 20-foot-high chain link fence. *Looks like a prison*, he thought. He took a deep breath, switched off the engine and remembered the stack of papers and folders he needed to haul into his first class. He swung around to back of the car, opened the trunk and heaved the stack up under his arm. *Better they should give me a bulletproof vest.*

Leaving the bright early morning sun as he walked through the front door – foreboding as it was with its iron façade and sturdy push-bar --was always depressing. Greenwood greeted the principal on his way to the first-floor classroom. Lester Mann – Les Mann they called him -- except the gym teacher, who seemed to specialize in caricature and thus fancied exploiting the principal’s more effeminate manner. *Les Mann* became *More Woman*.

More Woman is makin’ the rounds today, he’d tell Greenwood.

What the fuck you talkin’ about? would be his reply, until a wry smile would appear on Greenwood’s face as he deciphered the gym teacher’s joke.

He continued along the hallway, forging a path amongst students, book bags and boom boxes. The metal clamor of lockers opening and closing on either side. The stench of moldy towels and sports clothes sickening Greenwood to the point of having to mutter one of his customary catch phrases in his customary Brooklynese accent.

Fuck it all, he would bellow and one startled Haitian girl glancing at this broken middle-aged man as if observing some primordial beast from another time or distant planet. Some aging git whose heyday celebrated the likes of Elvis and James Dean, Marilyn and Bob Hope.

Greenwood had gone whole hog into the education sweepstakes. After-school tutoring at 20 bucks an hour, night school for over-the-hillers -- 30 bucks -- ppl ppland even a month or two of braving the Yeshiva. Those Talmud boys, aspiring scholars of the Jewish faith always had it in for those *goyim* teachers.

I'm a Jew just like you, he'd shout as he begged for mercy, striving to stave off the insults and sputum directed his way from the little shits. He'd been warned that one needed to wear a goddamn raincoat at the Yeshiva. He surrendered after just two months.

Greenwood had become physically compromised by the time he took the Maths job at Eastern District High School. He'd already been worn down by years of slogging through the daily lessons in Far Rockaway, more than once tempted to challenge the treacherous undertow on the beach leading up to the High School. *Fuck it all* had become his mantra from way back and yet he persevered. Now a scrawny figure, grey-haired and disheveled. A hacking cough from years of smoking cigarettes and god-knows-what-else. A pitiful shadow.

When he finally got to his classroom it was bedlam. Some Chinese kid newly arrived from the bilingual program was holding court in the far corner -- Nick. *How does a kid from the Fujian Province get a name like Nick*, thought Greenwood.

The Vietnamese girls sat patiently and struggling to be tasteful in filing their nails and applying some cheap mascara that they'd picked up at the corner drugstore.

Greenwood nearly collided with a melee taking place at the front of the room.

Fuck, Ramos, what 'r you doin'?

You cursin' now, cracker? I'll report ya' to the Board of Ed.

I'll call your mother, Ramos!

OOOhhh -- the glint off Ramos's gold-plated tooth cap seeming to mock Greenwood's half-assed reply.

But the fix had been in for some time. Greenwood had lost all ability for self-assertion in such situations. Self-deprecation, dizzying confusion within this multiethnic EDHS would eventually have their way with him. R. I. P. Bob Greenwood. R. I. P.

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Hongfan Wang always sat in the last seat in the last row. Hongfan had arrived from the shores of Fujian to this Sunset Park, Brooklyn. Like so many immigrants at the time his English was poor – but improving under the tutelage of the grey-haired teacher called Mrs. MacGrath. The latter was of Scottish heritage. This fact made no impression whatsoever on young Hongfan – *why I should give a shit* he'd mutter to himself -- even after Mrs. MacGrath's generous attempt at trying something to alleviate the boredom which she felt she was inflicting daily -- some investigatory ethnic exercise meant to make them proud of from where they came. Some getting away from the *I am you are he she it is* bullshit that Hongfan and the rest of the class had begun to deplore. Day in and day out – *I am you are he she it is*.

Monotony on top of the added monotony that was his every morning atop his father's restaurant. Fujian roasted chicken culinary delight. Gastronomic traditions handed down through generations of the Wang family and his father determined to bring to the tastebuds of those here in the New World. Matinal routine of preparing the marinade necessary for getting on with the day's offering. Being bombarded with commands regarding ingredients and measures and generally trying to fend off his father's barbs regarding one mishap or another. Then finally off to the High School at around nine for what always seemed to Hongfan to simply be more of the same.

Walking into the schoolyard he'd greet and observe his compatriot Renhan Lin eyeing a circle of ninth-grade girls across the patio. Then trying hard to avoid the sight of those Mexican boys who to Hongfan seemed like a gaze into some broken mirror, some perverse reflection of his own plight -- being commandeered from one's own birthplace, after all, and thrown into this cauldron which was Brooklyn, New York. *Que tal chino* they would shout, and Hongfan at a loss to respond until one day figuring it all needs to start with a name -- *Hongfan* just wouldn't cut it with those *mexicanos*. He considered something with a Spanish flavor – *Pepe* or *Chico* – but the stark visual discord didn't seem to work and he settled on one that he saw one day as it dangled off some torn billboard advertisement on 49th Street. He'd be *Nick* from now on – *Nick* -- though he would never be able to convince the likes of Mrs. MacGrath and those other squares in the Bilingual Department of his intent.

Hongfan Wang – or Nick -- always sat in the last seat in the last row. Here he could scope those Vietnamese babes – that’s how Nick would put it in now beginning to hone the vulgarities which he would need to survive amidst the *toughs* here in the barrio – scope those Vietnamese babes who dutifully attended to Mrs. MacGrath’s lessons. Here he could make deals with his new friend Mohammed – some good-natured wise-guy it appeared to Nick and who was working hard to specialize in the art of breaking teachers’ balls at every turn. *Word up bro* he would seek to adorn Mohammed’s streetspeak and Nick would pick up a few choice words in Farsi along the way. Most of all he could be nearly out of earshot of Mrs. MacGrath’s annoying rant. Some high-pitched drone recalling of the tin-whistle which signaled the beginning of the daily harvest back in the rice fields of Fujian. Investigatory ethnic exercise indeed. Some attempt to instill that ethnic pride which might tease out the necessary incentive for succeeding in this bustling melting pot.

One day, Nick decided not to go to the High School and instead stop on the corner of 46th and 4th Avenue. Here he would meet Mohammed and some new Polish kid from the class who, despite having been born here in the neighborhood, only spoke Polish at home with his now ageing grandparents and whose English was thus severely compromised. *Zagrajmy w piłkę nożną* he’d say and Nick and Mohammed would smile politely at the Polish boy and the Polish boy would extend a hand in gratitude. Such an unexpected gesture might have brought the other two boys to tears downright if not for the teasing they would have had to endure from the Mexican boys if word ever got out that they were *a mariconados*. Nick and Mohammed would instead accept the Polish boy’s affection with a nod and the three would proceed on to their impending though poorly thought-out adventure for this day.

Nick began to climb the iron stairwell of the wholesale dumpling shop at 21 Mott St after having enjoyed a repast of Peking duck in the restaurant below -- some honey-glazed delight superior to the marinated chicken which was the common fare in his father's Brooklyn locale. He worried the bill had exhausted a good part of the money his father had given him and was concerned that he could only partly fulfill his father's wishes. *Four dozen pieces*, he was told. *Only fresh dumpling. Only fresh dumpling.*

He entered the shop a bit timidly. The place was poorly lit by a single metal lamp off to the side of an attendant carefully filling bags with the bread-battered gems. The smell of the place reminded him of the backstreet kitchens one used to find along the banks of the Jinjiang River -- the scent of

simmering pork jowl and searing scallions wafted through the room, then mixed with that of mildew poking its way through the paint peeling off the ceiling providing some earthier aroma.

A man wearing a stained apron suddenly appeared from behind a wall on which was hanging a cheesy calendar, one like those you might observe in gas stations and barber shops, along with chaotically pinned handwritten orders scrawled with telephone numbers and addresses. The man was thought by Nick to be the cook, who flung off his apron and spoke a few words in Chinese to the attendant before storming out of the locale and Nick thought he must've been glad to have completed one more day of drudgery of kneading and folding and making sure the oil was properly heated and wondering why he'd bothered to make the journey in the first place. Why he would forsake the mountains and rivers of Fujian for the tedium of toiling within some ghetto, some broken promise and languishing in this New World with few prospects for the future.

Nick became momentarily distracted by the buzz of a fly trapped in the space within the yellowed lampshade. The incessant noise it made as it buffeted the shade became jolts of awareness in Nick's mind as to why any of them had indeed felt the need to arrive. Attracted to the glow of something new perhaps, something better which ultimately resulted in little but harm and confusion and Nick suddenly felt a dizzying panic enveloping him but ultimately managed to inquire in his native Fujianese as to the price of four dozen pieces.

Nick's extravagant lunch had indeed left him unable to afford the amount cited by the attendant. He cocked his head slightly to the side in a mix of disgust and resignation. He attempted to convince the man – this rather pitiful caricature it seemed to Nick – that he could bill him for the difference and recoup the balance the following month but the attendant was adamant. The man's voice rose to a denigrating pitch and now Nick began to truly curse the cards he'd been dealt. The daily fending-off of barbs and insults at the High School heightened by the angst he felt at home, his father imposing on him at every turn and whose immigrant fervor had long ago relegated Nick to some sort of collateral damage.

Now the noise in the lampshade became louder as Nick was told that the shop was about to close. He glanced at the bags on the counter, sensed that the shop was deserted except for him and the attendant and the metal lamp within Nick's grasp seemed to be calling him to commit some glaring act of malfeasance. Nick would in years to come scarcely recall grasping the laden brass object and he watched calmly as the man collapsed under the force of the blow, then restrained himself from looking down at the barbarity he'd inflicted.

Four dozen pieces, was all he could consider now. Only fresh dumping. Nick stashed the bags into his backpack and made off down the iron stairwell into the once more soothing bustle of Mott St.

