

My intellectual and artistic trajectories are untenable without her imprint on me. “Rafa, the finger pointing at the moon is not the moon!” My son’s whine of want fills his kitchen and one of the bathrobed women who feed and clothe and school him laughs at my use of Buddhist proverb as disciplining strategy. Of course, I receive the quote from Barbara’s “The Race for Theory” and use it with her in mind as she had already left us by then.

The news came to me in New York. I was visiting right before moving there and I call home, in this case the metaphorical one of Tisa and Vero’s. Tisa said, “Barbara Christian died,” and I said, “I know,” even though I hadn’t.

She comes to me in dreams. For Andrew she comes in meditation. In the last one I recall having I pass Barbara on a winter Soho street. It is night and empty and lovely with cold. Barbara wears a more tailored version of my vintage Dior trench and audible heels. We pass each other and then turn back and exchange jokes and pleasantries. Did she call me “Ri. Car. Doooo?” Did she end the discussion “You’ll come?” I do not recall but am happy at the visitation.

I am left with one of her many lessons. Once while sneaking smokes in her office after the campus ban we accidentally set her phone on fire. We then discuss Baldwin and speak of what it means when an elder dies and becomes an ancestor. She explains, “Death does not make the dead wiser. But it is our responsibility, that of the living, for our listening to deepen.”

RICARDO BRACHO

SEE

ANZALDÚA, GLORIA

## CHRONOPATHY

*n* (Gr khronos, time + Gr patheia, suffering)  
 ñ a temporality disorder, a deficiency of time sense; inability to manage time, to comply with schedules, etc.

Chronopathy is the undiagnosed cause of many social disorders and career failures.

Chronopathy can be compared to blindness or dyslexia. As a severe impairment of the time orientation ability, it should be treated as a psychological condition rather than a moral deficiency.

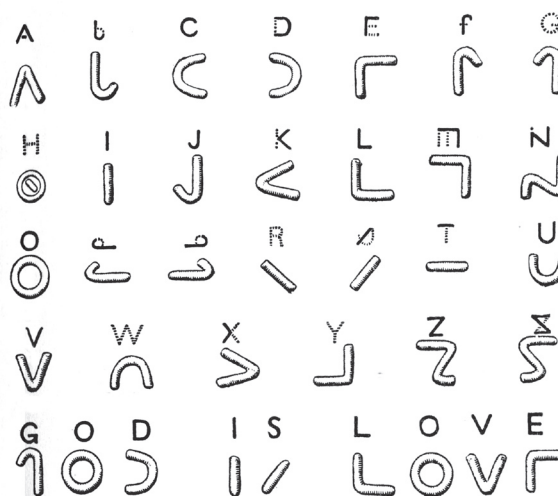
MIKHAIL EPSTEIN

## CIPHER

CODE

The mama dies and the pa leaves, or the pa dies and the mama leaves, or both of them leave, or both of them die, or all at once they leave and die. Then the children just end up little stories for someone to tell, for someone to finish. The children ain’t never quite people by themselves. So when they break down and grow up, they turn into the kind of grown ups people can understand. No talking, no feeling, no making any sense at all. Like me.

See, Cory was one of those people who believed the wind blows hard in the spring to help move the earth into the summer. I can’t argue with that. Or when he said the most and best babies get born in summer. There’s no way to really know. But the ice air has to get going



Dr. William Moon’s Alphabet for Blind Readers