

## Nu-Rosario 2

***The Space Journey***

the first thing Chito del Rosario notices  
about his journey into space  
is that his dreams become very intense

he often wakes from them disturbed

Chito spends most of his waking hours  
in the viewing lounge with Felipe

Felipe has taken to doing drawings  
and maps of what they see

Chito does not relate his awesome dreams  
to his friend

on earth in Nu Rosario  
things are changing  
Santiago returns from Cally  
to discuss plans for the new church

he then relinquishes most of his money  
to a fund for Syeno Dagos to handle

Santiago is leaving  
to return to Longbase  
and his son's space flight

Santiago is washing his hands of Nu Rosario  
and its backward ways

we come to Chito's madness

his waking hours  
offer vivid reveries

as they travel further from earth

Chito feels waves of joy and light-headedness

he seems to be entering new areas of ecstasy

he senses new beauty and happiness

his mind divides

he is able to think many things at once

he can be speaking to Felipe

and at the same time think of Chita

and of her pregnancy

he enjoys quite independent ideas

and can discuss them in his minds

he seems to possess many minds at once

all teeming with ideas and speculations

juggling all these thought processes at once

is no effort to him at all

he is so delighted with his new found power

that he wants to tell people about it

but he decides to keep it to himself

he has reached the end of science

he is an electronic impulse  
a cosmic vibration

he is the great giant sun  
it the source of light and life is his heartbeat  
it is the center of his brain  
it is his mother and father  
it is his true self

another mind explodes all this  
and reveals the sub-atomic

he is no longer Chito del Rosario

he is what he perceives  
his sight becomes heightened  
he sees more colors than seven  
he distinguishes unknown perspectives of light

but he hears more too  
his minds all talk to him at once  
his hearing is so acute that a disturbance anywhere becomes a  
giant rumble

his voices all chatter  
expressing new things to him  
he can cope with many voices at once  
he can discern their statements  
and he can discuss several arguments lucidly

He eats with the others.

He talks with them.

He relaxes with them, reading, listening to music and watching monitors, but always he is entertaining himself with his many minds.

He spends time with his fellow space travelers mainly to observe how they are responding to the space flight.

He notices little difference.

They concern themselves with worries.

They wonder how things are "back home".

Their main delight is in radio and video links with loved ones, concerning themselves with earth trivia.

Occasionally, they mention where they are and what they are doing but only in a superficial, surface way.

"Fine," thinks Chito somewhere, "but there does not seem to be much joy and thrill in their being here. Everything has to be made to seem important for this 'back home' they always refer to."

His thoughts swirl in delight.

Glory manifests itself through the window holes of his space chamber.

He travels everywhere telepathically.

He conceives cultures and civilisations.

His waking hours are crammed with manias.

He is careful not to neglect his colleagues.

He is attentive to them.

He does not want them to suspect there is anything wrong with him if he stays away from them too much.

He does not want to be thought too reclusive. He keeps an appearance of enjoying his holiday.

He refers to his family and engages in video links with them.

Chito is content to keep it all to himself.  
His joy his ecstasy is exceeding his expectations.  
He recalls his great artist friend from England.  
If only Cesar had lived to experience this  
the stars  
the propelled force out of gravity and the earth's constricting  
atmosphere  
How he would have relished such an experience as this  
these colors  
these sounds  
these extensions of the mind all would have developed his art  
to new heights  
What he would have made of it all  
He was no ordinary person and this is no ordinary experience  
Chito's thoughts drift on  
and then it hits him  
  
It strikes as a thunderbolt.

It is a cosmic fissure.

He registers it.

He ignores it immediately.

It is he has to go back.

He has to return.

But how, after this?

So cataclysmal, so ghastly is the crack he conceals it without thinking.

His minds protect him from the awful truth.

There is still more to do.

There is still more travelling.

There is still more to learn, to discover.

Chito is not to worry himself.

Not now as all is going so well.

He can fly on and on for ever and ever, can't he?

### Chito's Minds

I can't go back

I won't go back

I don't want to

I can't go back

It is too beautiful

It is too wonderful

Why spoil it  
Why return  
How can I abandon my new found self?

When in the glowing yellow light  
the form of his old friend appears  
clearly this is  
Cesar del Mundo  
smiling  
and stretching out his right arm

Come he called  
COME

beckoning Chito  
urging him to join Cesar

I don't know if you're in  
my mind or not  
you were my Uncle Cesar  
and I loved you  
but you now should go  
leave me

I have my wife and child to care for  
Thank you for everything

The vision of Cesar vanishes instantly  
But Chito is struck dumb  
Torn three ways  
Should he join Cesar  
Could he stay here in space  
Can he cope with going home  
I can stay here  
I can designate one of my minds as a permanent edifice  
a spacemark  
it can linger here  
and guard everything for me  
Ah, but the crew, and Felipe,  
they will try to take me back.  
What can I do?  
I will not speak to them.  
I will only say "I can't go back"  
I can't go back  
I won't go back  
I am not going back  
I am silent

Felipe knocks on Chito's door.

The door is not locked  
not allowed.

Felipe waits and knocks again.

He is calling on Chito

because Chito has not emerged from his room for some time.

Felipe is alarmed.

He opens the door quietly calling out Chito's name. He enters.

He finds Chito seated on his soft chair staring through his window motionless and silent.

"There's only a week left to our trip, Chito, and you had better join us in the ship," goads Felipe.

Felipe already guesses the problem of Chito.

He too has felt the ecstasy of the journey and has anticipated that Chito may be ill.

"I can't go back," insists Chito.

Felipe looks around Chito's room.

There is so little in it: no photos, no books, no video, quite the monastic cell.

"You are not well, Chito.

I'll have food and drink sent to you.

You may stay in your room until you are better," says Felipe.

But Felipe does not think Chito will recover his senses so soon.

He feels they are in for a long illness that might last until they return to earth, to Santiago and to Nu-Rosario.

The days pass and the crew complain about Chito's lack of appearance in the carrier.

They do not like the idea of someone becoming so disturbed. They sense potential danger to themselves.

But Felipe reassures them that Chito is totally harmless.

Chito sits and stares through his window, engrossed in his own world.

He is having difficulty with returning to the mundane after his extraordinary experience.

It would be surprising if his trip did not change him in some way, Felipe states, attempting to placate the men.

They accept what he says but they are not satisfied.

Shortly before re-entry, Felipe mails Santiago, advising him that Chito is unwell.

They land successfully.

Felipe wheels Chito in a chair from the space carrier.

Chito is maintaining his silence.

They enter the medical centre.

The doctors have been prepared for the situation.

They examine Chito thoroughly.

They find nothing wrong with him physically.

Santiago waits patiently for his son to be examined before going in to see him. Santiago is very calm as ever. After some negotiations with the medical staff, it is agreed that Santiago can take Chito to Santiago's living quarters and allow him to rest for a few days.

During those early days Santiago shows great patience.

Chito walks and sleeps well.

However, he rarely speaks.

When he does speak it is only to reiterate:

"I can't go back. I won't go back. I mustn't go back."

Santiago allows these expressions their way in the hope that his son will regain his sense and sanity.

But as time passes Chito does not improve.

After more medical consultations, and many discussions with Felipe, Santiago decides that the best thing to do is to take Chito home.

The return of Santiago, Felipe and Chito to Nu Rosario is a joyful one. Syeno Dagos has encouraged his son, Felipe, to play down Chito's condition. Little of it has been mentioned in the village. Syeno's wife, Marietta, their daughter, Conchita, and Chito's mother, Lupita, have all been given the news, but they have all agreed not to talk about it openly to the villagers.

What early glimpses there are of Chito are put down to tiredness and a wish to be quiet with his family.

Chito shows polite quietness to everyone but no interest.

Then a terrible thing happens in the night.

Chito wakes from his sleep in a high fever.

He mutters deliriously:

"I can't stay here. I have to go back.

I won't stay here. I have to return.

The lights are coloring me home."

Chita is awakened and appeals to Chito to be calm.

She feels she is trying to wake him from his madness.

"What are you doing?

Why have you brought me back?"

he is screaming more loudly now.

"Chito don't frighten me like this," cries Chita.

Chito continues: "I don't want to be here.

Take me away.

I am going back:

to the sounds of stillness so unfeeling,

to the colors and the lights so helpless.

I am going back!"

His body is writhing under the bed sheets.

His legs straighten and stiffen.

His back arches and his chest rises clear of the bed. His arms rise and reach out to the night sky above. His face is struck in terror,

his eyes protrude from his head,

his mouth opens dry baked

with an unsightly yellow crust coating his lips; and with one

heaving wrench he collapses

as Chita pleads with him

and holds his still shoulders.

He appears to be dead.

Chita withdraws in horror;

she tries to steady her breathing;

she moves backwards to the wall;

she presses her elbows into her sides,

opens her mouth,

inhales

and as she holds her breath her mind frets:

"What am I going to do?

What is going to happen to me now?

What will become of my baby?

I must not hurt my baby.

I must save my child.

Oh Chito, why did you go mad?"

Chita collapses in sobs.

"Chita help me,"

a soft voice sounds in the room.

Chita looks up,

her eyes wild

and says quietly:

"Oh no, a voice.

Chito, can you be a ghost?"

But the voice sounds again:

"I'm not a ghost, Chita.

It's me Chito.

It's really me, really it is."

Chita looks to her husband on the bed, sees he is lifting himself alive and well.

She runs to him and hugs him, letting her sobs continue now in joy.

"I thought you had gone, you silly," she cries.

"No, but I am frightened, my beloved.

Please.

Please, you have to help me," Chito sighs.

"Of course, what is it?" Chita asks.

"I am sinking; sinking into the oblivion."

"Oh no my dearest," she says.

"Yes the oblivion is calling me.

It is dragging me down.

I need help.

I didn't want to come back you see.

They made me."

"You are ill, my love.

You don't understand what is happening to you. But of course I will help you.

I am your wife."

"You will? The oblivion is all around me.

It is threatening to take me away from you. I don't want that."

"Then it will not happen.

Our baby is nearly here.

You will be saved."

"I want that," declares Chito firmly.

"Yes, I want to be with you and our baby.

We will be a family.

Yes, Chita, I want that."

"Then everything will be fine," laughs Chita. "You are silly.

We will make you well again."

Bill Manners is struggling to compromise with his rebuilding of Nu Rosario.

He wants Nu Rosario to be just that: new.

But all his ideas have to be clipped.

His futuristic visions are pinned back into the past by powerful members of the village.

He is doing his best but why, oh why?

He tells himself it will soon end and then he can leave.

But he is sorry to feel like that.

He does not feel it respects his friend Syeno Dagos, who does do so much for him.

He is thinking of abandoning everything.

Then the door to his office opens and Rodrigo Banderas enters.

But he does not enter in his usual powerful, striding way.

He creeps into the office, his back bent and his shoulders forward, his head hanging slightly.

He does not speak in his commanding tone. Instead he quietly asks:

"Excuse me, Bill, can I see you for a moment?"

Bill looks to Rodrigo and senses something very different about the hardy Mexican.

He plays it out though:

"Sure," he says, "come in, what can I do for you?"

"Ah, that's funny, you asking me that," says Rodrigo,

"because I have come to ask if I can do something for you."

"You for me?" comes the startled response from Bill.

"Yes," says Rodrigo. "May I sit down?"

"Of course."

"Well...I...want...first of all...oh...I'm sorry. I want to say I'm sorry for the things I've said...for my past attitudes....I want to change them...I want to be on your side....I've been stupid and a fool..." Rodrigo brings himself to a halt.

"I don't really know what you are talking about," pleads the architect.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm talking about the village.

I want to turn it around.

I want to agree with your original plans.

I want us to go ahead with your progressive ideas: you know, multiple purposes, pluralist uses, and open minds.

I want Nu Rosario to move into the future.

I don't want to hold it back."

"I don't follow you, Rodrigo.

You were always so against my plans.

Why? What has changed you?"

"Well to be honest: two things.

One is Chito del Rosario.

When I saw him return from space

looking so wretched and destroyed

I set about thinking and re-thinking.

I saw how I have been an old idiot,

unresponsive to anything around me.

I haven't understood anything.

Then I saw how Chito had been so moved

so changed

so wrecked by his experiences

I realised what a fool I have been.

I do not listen to others

do not realise things change

do not behave like a human being really.

I want to do that.

I want to help, not hinder.

And the other thing that changed my mind was you, and how you were willing to go ahead with El Rosario's rebuilding, even though it was against your wishes.

Even though you were being blocked by men like me, you still cared enough to do something, to create a compromise.

It all makes me feel very small and I am sorry.

I am truly sorry.  
I want to make amends: if it isn't too late.  
I will sink as much money as it takes,  
all my money if necessary into your schemes for a new  
village worthy of your courage and worthy of the courage of Chito.

He is a wonderful boy.

I've known him all his life.

He has always been a very sensitive lad.

You can be too sensitive.

You can be an old leather head like me too. That's worse I  
reckon now.

What do you say?

It isn't too late, is it?

We can still have a progressive village  
can't we?"

"My dear Rodrigo, you can have anything you like,"  
reassures Bill, who cannot stop smiling

he is so happy.

The rest of the day passes with a glow spreading all through  
the village

as news of Rodrigo's change of heart is carried from one  
person to the next.

Syeno Dagos is delighted to be told the news by Bill.

They have a party on the spot  
after they have telephoned and invited  
Santiago to join them.

Several months pass by  
and Chita gives birth  
to a healthy boy  
she and Chito  
are delighted  
and they name him  
Chito II  
both their families  
are thrilled  
and Chito is happy

He often remembers his space journey  
with pleasure.

He recalls it in his pockets of memory  
that he calls "remembroes".

A favourite is:

Wandering through great caves  
of dust and light

Sounds dripping on air  
water and the ear

Passion fell from nature

Drama in scaling walls

Fire in the close heart

Ecstasy in the mind

Burning White Loud