Modulo 3

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Translation Theory and Practice I

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| **de la objetividad y los recuerdos** | **of objectivity and memories** |
| *La resignación es el sendero gris que me alejará de ti.* Esta es una de las frases que Vanesa más aborrecía. Según ella, la expresión (concebida por la controversial Erika Lekker) era un signo inequívoco de la cursilería que dominaba el discurso actual. No me excedo al afirmar que, a sus 28 años, Vanesa encantaba como pocas. De cuerpo macizo y caminar sereno, de conversación ágil y docta en los temas más diversos, Vanesa se hacía notar por donde iba. Y yo, timorata de formación y libertina con esfuerzo, siempre la seguía.  Ahora, algunos años después, encinta por segunda vez a mis 39 años, me dejo cercar por la nostalgia y rememoro épocas y circunstancias que ya no pueden (ni deben) ser. Vanesa, te recuerdo escuchando a Marisa Monte. Si no era eso, eran los dos libros que leías a la vez. Siempre preocupada por la perfección en todo lo que hacías, te esforzabas incluso en ser una persona amena y espontánea. Esfuerzo que a veces le era obvio a los demás y así, cuando bajabas la guardia, te revelabas tensa en tu perfeccionismo, justo como el protagonista de aquel cuento que leímos juntas hace algunos años en nuestro primer viaje a Bolivia.  Al seguir ahondando en todos esos recuerdos surgen nuestros juegos lingüísticos. *El inicio que no empieza hasta que termina* o también *Gritos incoloros mueren enfurecidos dentro de mí*; esas eran frases que yo ensayaba contigo. *Ay Ximena, qué cursi que sos,* solías decir fingiendo estar molesta. También nos divertíamos con la etimología de las palabras (¡envergadura!, ¿recuerdas?) y nos obsesionábamos con el origen de ciertas expresiones. *Mi más sentido pésame*, por ejemplo, nos parecía una fórmula tan rara. ¿Recuerdas la vez en que fuimos por la calle preguntando a la gente que definiese la palabra pésame y nadie supo hacerlo?  Después de varios meses haciendo cosas juntas, terminamos confundiéndonos y nos volvimos pareja. Y así iniciamos ese ciclo de charlas sin fin sobre ecofeminismo, el aimara (ella lo hablaba con fluidez) y la música y poesía de gente como Marisa Monte, Rita Lee, Clarice Lispector, Erika Lekker o Blanca Varela. Era en estas charlas cuando me era más obvio cuanto se esforzaba Vanesa en *ser*. Y es que el esfuerzo que ponía en decir las cosas como si siempre las hubiese sabido invariablemente resultaba en una Vanesa emocionalmente distante que *estaba*, pero no podía *ser* conmigo. La lucha mía, en cambio, tenía que ver con mis esfuerzos en que los demás no notaran cuan obsesionada estaba con ella.  Recuerdo también, querida Vanesa, que en esa época me gustaba pensar que ambas coincidíamos en nuestro desenfado sexual. La gente nos celebraba por la libertad que teníamos para cada una y para con otrxs. Ahora, después de otras relaciones y un matrimonio, ya no estoy tan segura de cuan francas fuimos y, menos aún, de cuan bien libradas salimos de tanto desenfado.  Ahora que decido concluir con esto –me es evidente que no estoy lista para abordar el tema en toda su dimensión– me doy cuenta de cuán poco recuerdo de la relación con Vanesa. ¿Qué será de su vida? Hace tantas lunas –sé que me lees Vanesa por ello recurro al cliché– desde la última vez que nos vimos. A falta de un mejor recuerdo (*a falta de objetividad, querida,* diría Erika Lekker) pues debo decir que la última habitación que nos vio juntas fue la mía y que aquella vez, en un arranque de furia inclemente en el que quizá ella finalmente pudo ser, Vanesa rompió un grupo de fotos que yo conservaba de una relación heterosexual anterior. | *Resignation is the gray path that will distance me from you.* This is one of the phrases that Vanesa hated the most. According to her, the expression (conceived by the controversial Erika Lekker) was a clear sign of the tackiness that dominated contemporary speech. I’m not overstepping in saying that, at 28 years old, Vanesa charmed like few others. With her curvaceous body and her serene gait, with swift and well-versed conversation in the most diverse themes, Vanesa made herself noticed wherever she went. And I, timid by nature and strongly amoral, always chased after her.  Now, some years later, pregnant for the second time at 39 years old, I let myself be engulfed by nostalgia and I reminisce on the times and circumstances that can no longer (and should not) be. Vanesa, I remember you listening to Marisa Monte[[1]](#footnote-1). If it wasn’t that, it was the two books that you were reading at the time. You always worried about perfection in everything you did, you even tried to be a kind and spontaneous person. An attempt that sometimes was obvious to others and so, when you let your guard down, you revealed yourself straining to be perfect, just like the protagonist of that book that we read together some years ago on our first trip to Bolivia.  As we continue delving into all those memories, our linguistic games surge. *The beginning that does not begin until it ends,* or also *Colorless screams die enrage within me;* these were phrases that I rehearsed with you. *Oh Ximena, how corny you are,* you would say, pretending to be annoyed. We would also amuse ourselves with the etymology of words (Hard rock! (Rock hard!), remember?) and we obsessed over the origin of certain expressions. *My deepest condolences*, for example, seemed like such a weird expression to us. Remember the time that we went out to the street asking people to define the word “condolence” and no one could do it? After many months of doing things together, we ended up getting confused, and we became a couple. And so, we began this cycle of endless talks about ecofeminism[[2]](#footnote-2), Aymara[[3]](#footnote-3) (she spoke it fluently), and music and poetry by people like Marisa Monte, Rita Lee[[4]](#footnote-4), Clarice Lispector[[5]](#footnote-5), Erika Lekker or Blanca Varela[[6]](#footnote-6). It was in these conversations when it was most obvious to me how much Vanesa was trying *to be*. And it is that the effort that you put into saying things as if you had always known them invariably resulted in an emotionally distant Vanesa that *was*, but could not *be* with me. My struggle, by contrast, had to do with my efforts to keep others from noticing how obsessed I was with her.  I also remember, dear Vanesa, that at this time I liked to think that we both agreed on our sexual nonchalance. People applauded us for the freedom that we had for each other and with each other. Now, after other relationships and a marriage, I am no longer so sure of how open we were, and even less, of how we came out unscathed from so much carelessness.  Now that I have decided to conclude with this – it is evident to me that I am not ready to approach the topic in all its dimension – I realize how little I remember about the relationship with Vanesa. What might have become of your life? It’s been so many moons – I know that you read me Vanessa, that’s why I resort to cliché – since the last time we saw each other. For lack of a better memory (*for lack of objectivity, my love,* Erika Lekker would say) well I must say that the last room that saw us together was mine and that that time, in a fierce fit of rage in which perhaps she could finally be, Vanesa tore up a group of photos that I had kept from a previous heterosexual relationship. |

1. Marisa de Azevedo Monte is a Brazilian singer-songwriter and multiinstrumentalist. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Ecofeminism is a branch of feminism that sees environmentalism, and the relationship between women and the earth, as foundational to its analysis and practice. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Aymara is an Aymaran language spoken by the Aymara people of the Bolivian Andes. Along with Spanish, Aymara is an official language in Bolivia and Peru. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Rita Lee is a prominent Brazilian rock singer and songwriter, whose songs contain themes of acid irony and feminine independence. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Clarice Lispector was a Ukrainian-Brazilian journalist, reporter, translator and writer of novels, short stories, children's books, and poems of Jewish origin. Difficult to classify, she defined her writing as "non-style". [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Blanca Varela was a Peruvian poet. She was considered as one of the most important poetic voices of gender in Latin America. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)