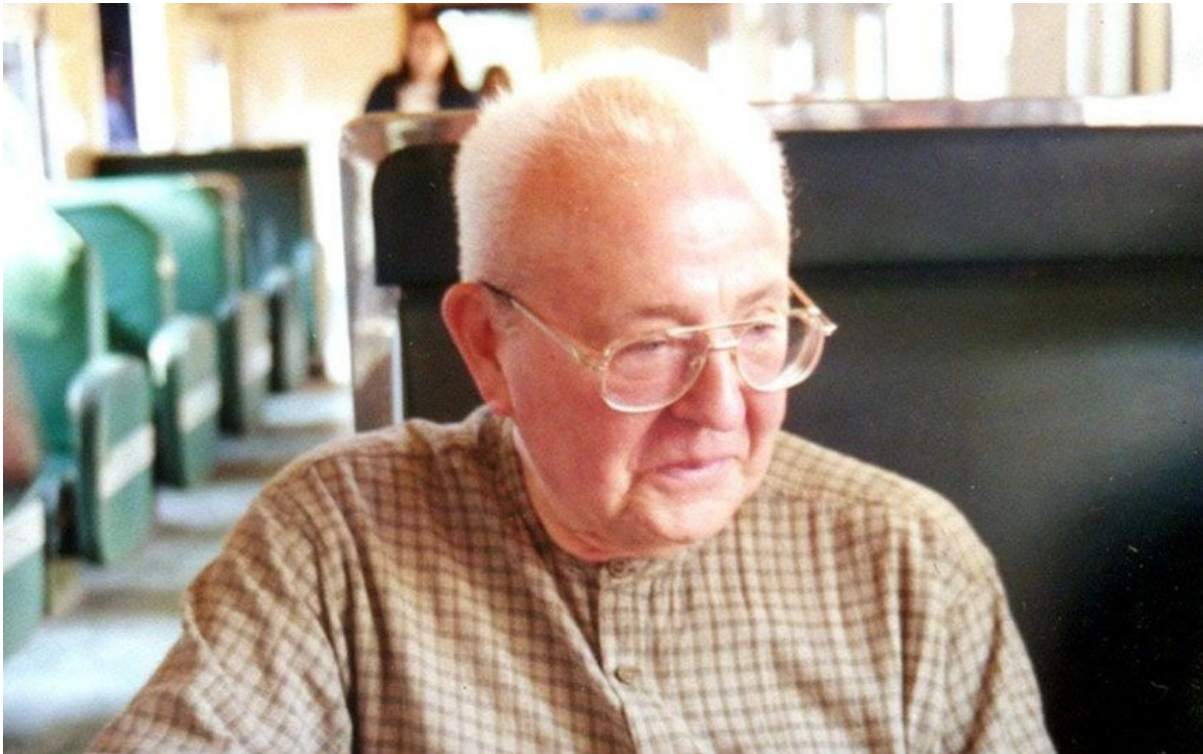


LEG ON THE EGG
(fragments)



LORENZO GARCÍA VEGA

Translated by Alejandro de Acosta

These fragments from Lorenzo García Vega's 2011-2012 diaries were featured in the blog of Ediciones Rialta:

<https://rialta.org/la-pata-sobre-el-huevo-fragmentos/>

I translated them in September and October of 2021 in Gainesville, Florida.

They are part of a larger blog of the same name:

<http://lapatasobrelhuevo.blogspot.com>

Which was one of several projects of blog writing that LGV undertook towards the end of his life.

2011

July 31

—Six-thirty a.m., I say to my dead friend Mario Parajón, that the Cuban intellectual Jorge Mañal has just died—he died many years ago.

Mañach's coffin, a little coffin, is descending a staircase.

Mario intends to offer a funeral oration in the manner of Bossuet. I am dressed like a baseball player.

Then Mario makes fun of my outfit.

We're not in a tunnel, but it's as if we were in a tunnel.

What second-rate building does the place we're in smell like?

(Two many years have passed for the dream to start with this absurd mini-story!)

I'm not the old man of 84 that I am, but a youth dressed up like a baseball player. But what is surprising is the little staircase down which Mañach's coffin descends. Though it's 6:30 a.m., the dream shifts to a cloudy noon. But how's that work. Nothing makes me think that it's raining outside my room. And I was never young, and I was never interested in baseball.

—At naptime, an absurd dream about a possible visit to Cuba. I have thought about going to Cuba, but it all goes poorly. It's all setbacks, misunderstandings.

Almost awake, poorly welcomed by some young people into literature. I am invited to a conference, but no one shows up. I wonder why I've been invited. No one minds me. It's as if I were struck speechless.

August 19

At 9 a.m., I dream of that María Zambrano that I would have wanted to be, but maybe was not. I bid her farewell, I embrace her very tenderly.

TV and dreaming

I was never able to be friends with María. I felt a distance, a sophistication (once I called her "the priestess of Orígenes")/I would have liked to be a friend of María. But who was María?/ María, in the Dream, shows me much

tenderness. / But..., in her physique, the Dream is revealed as a wax doll. A wax doll color! / I don't reject. It's strange, but I don't reject. That color—whitish—of the wax. That ambience of doll that I don't know how to express. / But despite all of it it's as if I felt nostalgia for a friend that was never my friend. / But why that wax doll ambience, is there an explanation for this? / All of this, I repeat, happens at 9 a.m.

September 7

I return, tonight, to the guest house (for university students) I frequented in my youth.

At night.

The landlady is the same one I met back then. So nothing's happened. There is, I think—do I

think so or is it that way?—a boring party.
Someone says: “Careful!”

Inside of the night’s black pitch, there’s a dark yellow. I don’t think I am feeling anything. I rather think that although I seem to myself to be writing, what’s happening to me is that I’m dreaming that I’m writing.

Can an old night hold a trunk? I don’t know, just as I don’t know why I feel there’s a trunk in an old night (maybe this is due to the antibiotic I’m taking).

Can there be a dead night?

What can a dead night be?

Today I receive a postcard, where Ida Vitale says: “And tomorrow will not be another day/Nor a new night/For the learners that don’t learn.”

September 29

Due to arthritis, I can't get to sleep. So I take some pills and fall asleep. But I don't reach peace. That is, sleeping, but without being asleep (?). It's the fear.

The house is full of fear. The house has become hexagonal. It has another dining room, different. I turn off the light because of the fear (as if I had to go through a crystal door). Suddenly, there are horrible cries. Cries of terror. A car's going by. A car full of horrible cries.

Someone—I don't know if they are inside or outside the car—is responsible for those cries.

I keep the light out. Until I grasp (not clearly) that I could be dreaming.

I wake up. I turn on the light. I feel the relief of not being in the dining room I thought I was in. I feel the relief of having woken up, since it's been as if I had climbed into a nightmare.

I'm not afraid anymore. But I feel like I got beat up, as if I had escaped from...

Noise from the air conditioner. I'm going to get rid of it. I'm going to get rid of the air conditioner since it's like a residue of the fear I've felt. The residue!

Can one have fallen into matter? Is that what the Gnostics felt?

And now—it's 4 a.m.—I think of the Jesuits, of the fear that I came to feel when I did the spiritual exercises. Did I feel fear, or is it that I'm making literature?

Am I placed in the same fate? As when I was with the Jesuits? Why, now, still half asleep, am I thinking of that?

I'm 84, I tell myself. This is like a *memento mori*.

2012

January 6

What is Juan Marinello doing here—onetime president of the Cuban Communist Party? It's 3 a.m.

I truly don't know what Juan Marinello is doing here. No idea who brought him.

I always saw Marinello in an impeccable denim suit, and one of Luisa's aunts, the librarian who ended up as a political prisoner, would always say when he went by on the sidewalk in front of her house: "There goes the Antichrist."

I guess, by now, Dream has brought me the Antichrist dressed in denim.

January 7

I am young, and I go to the Fair. It's a Fair in Caracas. But everything goes wrong, terribly wrong. I'm poorly dressed. I don't get back what I need to get back.

Is my mother there somewhere?

I get up, thinking about death.

I feel anxiety. I feel an unbearable fear. Venezuela is always, the place where everything goes wrong for me. I don't need to think about this again.

January 8

My mother. My mother. My mother.

Family. Family. Family.

Horror!

In the dream, all of this. Why say anything?

January 9

4 in the morning. It's as if in the Dream things "snuck in": bits of movies, denouncing the Cuban regime: beatings, humiliations, political prisoners, etc.

That is, film reels, in the dream.

I'm not political. I don't want to denounce anything. I don't want to say that there were beatings. But, for some minutes, there's a documentary full of denunciations.

Not much. Is it? Seems like some minutes have gone by. And it seems like, once some

minutes go by, I wake up. I wake up, I get up: I go to urinate. Above all, I hope to stop dreaming about politics. I don't want to think about that.

I repeat: film reels: documentaries that denounce the regime. There were some old guys running. There were policemen beating with sticks. Where was this coming from? What was this?

I go on repeating. When I got up, I went to drink cold water. Very cold water. I had some arthritis.

Ultimately, it's as if the Dream were a radio device. A radio device with a lot of static. Scenes, those too, where the police represses the people. But I don't have to dream about that.

No I don't have to dream about that at all. I don't like political stuff.

January 11

Anguish. I can't get out of the anguish. I can't get out of the dream.

This anguish is intolerable. This has no solution.

That horrible picnic area! I'm with Marta in a horrible picnic area.

What's with the bus? It's back? But—it doesn't arrive. I don't know.

And ugly music, ugly food, filth. Nothing that is server there serves any purpose.

I see Marta fall to the ground.

There's a crappy ambulance.

Marta's lost consciousness. Maybe she's had a heart attack.

Well, this place I'm in, is like a synthesis of all the ugly places, all the Cuban places, I've ever been in.

All filthy.

The place, I repeat, in that old Cuba, is the ugly and sordid tropic of once upon a time. Joined, now, with the panic I'm dealing with these days.

Backdrop, the ugly events before, joined to the terrible fear that frightens me now.

The ambulance as a dirty crock. A dirty crock that's falling.

But it's not a nightmare—no. No, this doesn't have the features of a nightmare. This is more like the distillation of a realism.

Before I had an oneiric flash. A flash emergent from a dissolution,

A flash, of course, joined to fear and anxiety.

All in the morning. I was able to wake up at 11 a.m.

I woke up, I fell asleep.

The backdrop that...

[mufa :: poema]

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