Legua’s Gynecologist

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The Confession

(*Talking to a member of the audience.*)

I should tell you that this situation makes me just a little bit nervous, even though I’m Catholic, I didn’t get used to ventilating all the little stupidities that occur to one from your first communion on, like everyone surely, but we’re not going to talk about fools and madwomen, how charming their antics can be, are we? Pardon me, my breath is bothering you, no, no, don’t turn away, I’ll try to talk like this, more to one side, can you hear me? One can see that you’re a sensitive person. Ummm . . . what an odor. I’m sure that your stench is what attracted me. It’s really exquisite, you know, these days it isn’t usual for people to bathe, let alone go out perfumed . . . This is what assures me that you know how to keep quiet. Really. (*Coughs*) This cough is driving me crazy, bronchitis. The smog. (*Coughs*) Don’t worry-- it isn’t contagious. You live here. Or don’t you? The smog is appalling . . . Tell me (*Coughs*) No, don’t look at me; it’s just that I don’t dare, could I touch your shoulder? . . . It would give me a little more confidence, this way I’ll give myself the idea that we’re already acquainted, that you are this person in whom I wanted to confide. But, lamentably, he’s not here . . . I’ve lied, I’ve lied in such a terrible manner, that my lies have created realities, you understand, fictions that have become facts. They tell me about virtual reality! Nonsense. I created a world for them. Full of sadness and memory. Today you are giving me the opportunity to unburden myself; I’ll do it so well, that it will permit me to walk tranquilly, to say the least. And you will feel that you’ve carried out a humanitarian action, something positive and that is very comforting. . . . I’m a doctor; I bet you’d already guessed, since we recognize each other from Legua. Gynecologist, strange, have you noticed my hands are always damp? Curious . . . No, don’t think I’m going to tell you a tale about getting all excited and that now I feel guilty and all the rest. That’s too obvious. Besides, I’m a professional.

I pay attention to everything, I know their mucous membrane forward and back, I’m aware of who’s doing well and who’s not . . . In reality, as soon as they enter a world’s decided. But when they are girls, crippled, dark, heading towards black, with their complacent smiles filled with yellow teeth, with rolls of fat under the breast. Then . . . I really can’t stand them. They arrive early, then they have to go to work, frightened, with their inflated wombs, trying to be friendly, modulating. You know . . .

“Just so the kid pops out healthy, doctor” And a cheap cologne . . . . I can’t tell you. The fingernails, listen, atrocious, between black and violet, with skin full of bruises. And then they put on this face of cheap pride, asking “will it be a little man, dotor?” . . . They don’t understand a thing you tell them . . . then they repeat . . .

And then I feel like I’m fulfilling my obligation, I’m discovering my purpose in life, in this chain of human perfection. Imagine if all these fetuses generate more fat men and women, dark girls with yellow teeth and limited intellectual coefficients, people who will then vote for other badly dressed men, dark, stinking, and of low intellectual coefficient. And that’s when I reaffirm my purpose and I know that it wasn’t chance that made me a gynecologist . . .

I look at them tenderly, I make the nurse leave, I take them by the hands, I play with their knuckles and look at them like a priest, and then, in a soft voice, I tell them. “The child isn’t well, his little legs haven’t formed, and the pharynx is extended, this means, señora, that there is no mouth.” And I cry with them.

I console them, tell them they’re young, there will be other opportunities, I put them to sleep, carry out the therapeutic abortion and I tie their tubes.

Sometimes they want to bury them, the old story of the little angels, I tell them they were already incinerated. And that they were nothing more than matter; they hadn’t yet developed a soul. Sometimes they say they heard their cries. I say, yes, noises, the last agonies of the deformed. We embrace and leave the future in God’s hands.

I only do this Tuesdays and Fridays, as part of the medical school’s plan to help people in extreme poverty.

But today I had a small malaise, I doubted my actions, that’s why I came to you, I sensed you’d understand, I even feel that you are silently grateful for my labor. Now I feel much better, I don’t know how to thank you. Only people like you should have children . . .

THE END