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The glass ceiling. Anne & Sylvia

de
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traducción de
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(fragmento en inglés)

You too, Linda — Live to the HILT! To the top. I love you, 40-year old Linda, and I love what you do, what you find, what you are! — Be your own woman. Belong to those you love. Talk to my poems, and talk to your heart — I'm in both: if you need me.

Letter from Anne Sexton to her daughter Linda Gray Sexton.

I. 4 October 1974.

ANNE SEXTON hanging up the phone in the kitchen of her house.

ANNE

Love, love I said

Always the same word, as if there were no other. And there are millions to choose from: peach, sugar, deliquescence. I say love and it fills my mouth up. I have to swallow it down with a swig of vodka.

With a glass in her hand and her coat on she goes towards the garage. She gets into the car, starts it, 'Love Me Do' by the Beatles starts to play on the car radio.

Here we are, alone at last. I swore I would give up smoking, but what does it matter if I go to hell, it won't be because I lied about that.

I'm still cold, a blue coloured cold, as if my blood were floating in the glass.

I'd have a triple dry Martini. I'd really love to.

Let's do it. Why not? Hurry up, Anne.

With Ringo, Lennon, Paul and the other one. What was the fourth one called? They've changed. We've all changed. Apart from you, you stay the same.

Just as young.

But taller. Taller and taller, huge like a sphinx.

Explain your secret to me, the hidden mysteries.

Were you afraid? Of course you were afraid.

I'm not afraid. I yearn for it to happen. Yes, I yearn for it, more than for my favourite lover, more than for the perfect poem.

Neither of us exists.

Tell me how to become immortal, I already know how to become famous. I have fame and it's truly shit. Do you remember how we craved it? We'd have sold our souls for headline after headline. We should sell something of ours, but we shouldn't still be talking about it 11 years later.

Oh, Sylvia, does it feel like that? I didn't know that it was going to kill you, I promise you. Words

become softer, the tongue becomes heavy. Light, air, happiness, blame. Love. I'll become immortal passing through my body and we'll be together without words. Naked.

Come on!

Quickly.

Be gentle with Anne, my friend.

The stage fills with smoke as ANNE is dying slowly.

II. 1959. Monday. The Ritz.

ANNE SEXTON and SYLVIA PLATH drinking dry martinis in the bar at the Ritz hotel in Boston, Massachusetts.

ANNE

Waiter.....another one!

SYLVIA

I can't drink another drop.

A

There's always space for one last martini. Get it out of your head, and fill it with alcohol!

S

I should go home.

A

Sylvia, don't be such a good student, or you'll make us all look ridiculous.

S

Lowell asked me for two pages. Two pages, not one, not three.

A

Me too. Do I look worried? I'll give him his two fucking pages tomorrow.

S

I don't know how you do it.

A

With a hangover.

S

I'm incapable of writing if I feel ill. I sit down in front of the typewriter and it's as if the letters keep

disappearing from the keyboard.

A

Any word, whatever it is. As soon as you write a word: ashtray, for example, the spell disappears.

S

I don't want to write about ashtrays.

A

According to Robert we can and should write about whatever we feel like.

S

Not about ashtrays.

A

Don't take yourself so seriously. Finish your drink, they're piling up on the bar. Look, not even the ashtray can fit in there, and I can't drink without smoking. *Oh ashtray, heart of dead people's ashes!*

S

Are you taking the mickey out of me?

A

No, please. I'm reciting one of my ditties.

S

Anne, what you write is so you.....

A

I'm nothing more than a 'house wife', writing to medicate myself. You're the graduate, with your metaphors, your play on words and your thousands of references to Latin poets I didn't even know.

S

I find it hard to write.

A

Like all of us.

S

I should be getting home.

A

Is your little husband waiting for you to cook dinner for him?

S

Ted's in London, they're going to publish him again.

A

A poet husband! Mine sells socks, like Willy Loman.

S

Yeah, I feel lucky that I can share my work with him.

A

Every time I read Alfred something I've written, he asks me to pass the butter.

S

And what do you say to him?

A

Don't forget to pick up your suit from the dry cleaners!

S

I couldn't live with someone who didn't understand my work.

A

You're still in love. Waiter, is that Martini coming or not? I'm thirsty! Don't make that face, Alfred's a good man and he makes me happy in bed.

S

Tell me that that won't happen to us.

A

Of course not. You're married to the great Hughes. What intelligent woman wouldn't want that! I settle for less. Have you noticed the waiter's ass? I hadn't checked it out until tonight. Hey, that ass deserves a poem. Write two pages about it for tomorrow!

S

I don't write about waiters, or ashtrays.

A

So, what do you write about princess?

S

I don't know!

A

Tell me what's burning in that blonde head

S

I'm burning.

A

A toast from me to you and from me to myself!

S
Seriously, I want to go home.

A
Go on then!

S
We came in your car.

A
Take the keys.

S
I don't know how to drive.