

## ⇒ [Reading] ↗ La comemadre By Roque Larraquy ⇨ – Soccerjerseys-wholesale.co

Posted on 10 February 2019 By Roque Larraquy

A Roque Larraquy lo le ste Es uno de los pocos autores que conozco que tambi n est trazando un di logo con la ciencia ficci n en su caso, de la fantas a cient fica del siglo XIX Tiene un libro que le fue muy bien y le tradujeron al ingl s, se llama la comemadre, lo le ste , me escribi Michel por Messenger. Antes de responder, tom la Kindle y busqu qu hab a de este autor que jam s hab a escuchado Adem s, la sonoridad del nombre me atrajo, y ah estaba, La comemadre, editada por Turner, ignoraba adem s esta colecci n, otra raz n m s para leerlo Aunque con la pura recomendaci n del Nieva era suficiente Y si lo ped a ya, llegaba ma ana Comprar ya en 1 Clic. Nada m s lleg al d a siguiente y me met de lleno entre sus p ginas, la edici n trae un cintillo en vertical en la portada donde vienen los datos del t tulo y el autor y un blurb de mi admirad simo Ignacio Echeverr a esta novela, verdaderamente portentosa, rezuma inteligencia, humor, cinismo, crueldad , leemos. Una edici n impecable, recomendaciones de peso La expectativa era enorme. Y Larraquy la sobrepas. La comemadre es sin duda la novela m s interesante que he le do en todo este a o, quiz en muchos a os Y vaya que para m decir esto, con todo y mi car cter hiperb lico, al menos para m , es decir demasiado No, no es cierto, no es demasiado, es lo justo. La novela inicia con un par de ep grafes, una de Saussure, y otra de un tan Benjam n Solari Parravicini, Psicograf a prof tica , 1971 Los apuntes del ling ista los conoc en la carrera, as que una idea tengo de tipo, pero al BSP ni idea So, primera pausa para investigar un poco sobre I.Y, kabum. Esa primera pausa dur bastante m s de lo esperado Resulta que el BSP fue una

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especie de Nostradamus argentino un tipo que realiz dibujos con textos, que resultaron ser prof ticos Asombroso Y con esas dos citas, se carga el tono de la lectura de La comemadre Todav a no comienza uno a leer y el esplendor ya lo rodea a uno.La novela se divide en dos partes 1907 y 2009 Y una especie de atm sfera dual permea la lectura, dualidad que permite leer entrel neas con tranquilidad, pues, Larraqy propone un estilo lmpido y claro, bien iluminado, aparentemente sin nada de giros posmodernos o artilugios artificiosos, hay una especie de relato tradicional y, hasta podr amos pensar, plano que permanece durante todo el libro.Y eso lo va volviendo m s magn fico a n Porque permite que la fuerza que tiene la historia, llegue a nosotros sin cortapisas La trama de la primera parte es perturbadora y oscura, y un tanto disparatada, como solo podr a serlo la ciencia de principios del siglo XX, a n con el tufo residual del positivismo, pero el estilo narrativo de Larraqy permite que nos vayamos adentrando en la psique de los personajes con el pulso de un cirujano, esa firmeza necesaria, pero carente de rigidez, haciendo solo la presi n necesaria para que la piel ceda, finalmente, el cirujano conoce perfectamente el filo de su bistur.En la segunda parte, despu s de una pausa de varios a os, entramos en una contemporaneidad no menos violenta y brutal que la que conocimos en la primera parte, solo que ac caemos de lleno en el mundo del arte contempor neo, un mundo feroz y extraordinario, en donde la ciencia se mezcla con una dosis distinta de creaci n, de exploraci n de medios alternativos de la composici n est tica de lo sublime o de lo prosaico aderezado con cuestiones m s mundanas como los ni os genios que terminan perdidos en ciudades de provincia o en suburbios clasemedieros, solo que en este caso, terminan convertidos en los Hirst regi n 4.Insisto, el estilo sencillo en que est escrito La comemadre, permite que el peso recaiga hasta cierto punto en la trama, sin embargo, no hay nada de fuego artificial, no se busca sorprender al lector con nada excesivo, y sin embargo, ese estilo est finamente tejido en cada p rrafo nada est de m s Nada sobra No hay una sola p gina innecesaria, todo est en su justa medida Los di logos de los personajes son soberbios, y el narrador no estorba nunca, la lectura fluye como solo puede fluir la buena literatura.Larraqy consigue un perfecto equilibrio entre una historia que busca ser contada y una forma de

In the Night Garden

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Little, Big

Graceling

Bridge of Birds

The Curse of Chalion

The Crystal Cave

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Dark Lord of Derkholm

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The Wood Wife

The Golem and the Jinni

hacerlo que le va a la par, con mismas dosis de grotesquidad y caricatura, y un humor y cinismo precisos, con una lectura del mundo que podemos esperarnos a partir de nuestros antecedentes históricos, con una lectura del mundo conocido y traducido a una obra literaria, que si bien, no es profética, ahorita, bien podría serlo en 40, 60, o 100 años. La literatura que viene ya lleg, y lleg escrita en una novelita que es un monumento gigantesco. Gracias, Roque. Gracias, Michel. Que vengan más novelas como estas, más recomendaciones así. T mala, qué escritor tan brillante. Es algo frío, pero la historia y su manera de contarla son muy buenas. Se ve que va para largo. El Larraquy, es lo primero que leo suyo, pero seguro viene más, tiene una voz muy clara y contundente, y aunque me gusta más la primera parte que la segunda, me gusta mucho esta voz. La Comemadre Ofrece Dos Relatos Que Hundan Sus Raíces En La Misma Materia Y Abrevan En Las Mismas Obsesiones De Un Lado, Un M Dico Que Se Ve Envuelto En Una Iniciativa Científica Descabellada Y Cruel, En Un Sanatorio Suburbano Por Otra Parte, Un C Lebre Artista Plástico Que Lleva Al Extremo Su B Squeda Estética Y Se Transforma, L Mismo, En Objeto De Experimentación Por Ambos Hemisferios De Este Libro Rondan La Intervención Sobre El Cuerpo Y La B Squeda De La Trascendencia Primero, Presentadas Como Derivación De Una Contrahecha Esperanza Positivista, A Comienzos De Luego, Como Resultado De Una Apuesta Artística Radical, Exitosa Y, Finalmente, Banal En Los Inicios Del Siglo XXI En El Centro De Esta Novela, Puntuada Por El Humor Y La Velocidad De Su Cadencia Narrativa, Flota La Idea De Lo Monstruoso. Roque Larraquy lo presenta no ya de un modo ajeno o repudiable, sino como el motor de un químico progreso colectivo o personal, como una de las absurdas secuelas del amor elemental. Prve dve tre ine dakle recimo osamdeset strana Comemadrea tj Majko dera su briljantne Retro, crnohumorno, groteskno ozbiljno razvijanje sulude premise hajde da smrtno bolesnima odsecamo glave specijalnom giljotinom da bi nam opisali prvih devet sekundi ivota posle smrti uz mnogo detalja koji kao da su dignuti pravo iz one krasne bolesne fantastike s početka dvadesetog veka recimo opsesija jednog lika bidejma, gleda, lik se zove Papini, niko ne e mo i da ka e kako Laraki krije svoje uticaje A onda se desi slede e kompozicija knjige po ne da imitira upravo

Solstice Wood

Uprooted

Seventh Son

tu glavu razdvojenu od tela koja brblja ne to sasvim deseto nego malo as Tj pri a se naglo i u asno nezadovoljavaju e preki ne uz neki pseudorasplet, usledi vremenski skok od sto godina i jedna beskrajno manje zanimljiva ali sre om i znatno kra a pri a koja je navodno povezana s prethodnom I dok po tujem autorovu hrabrost, moram da ka em kako druga pri a niti oboga uje niti razre ava prvu niti, bogami, sama za sebe ima neke posebne vrednosti Jedino bih pomenula da marginalno koristi motiv koji je meni li no oduvek drag ifra Enkvistov Pali an eo ili, mnogo jednostavnije, Vejtsova pesma Poor Edward ali na alost i on zapne i ostane na simboli kom nivou. At night we come up with daring plans that would change us completely, were they to become a reality But these plans dissolve in the morning light, and we go back to being the same mediocrities as before, doggedly ruining our own livesComemadre by Roque Larraquy, translated from the Spanish by Heather Cleary, is one of the most bizarre, darkly comic and fascinating books that I ve read this year This very short book, that you could probably read in one sitting, actually contains two storylines the first part is set in 1907 in a sanatorium in Argentina, close to Buenos Aires, and follows a group of doctors that are conducting gruesome experiments in order to investigate the threshold between life and death, and the second part is set in 2007 and follows an avant garde artist, and former child prodigy, that is ready to go to extreme lengths to push the boundaries of art, and to leave his mark on the World.I hadn t heard much about this book and picked it up on a whim because I was drawn to the striking pink cover and the intriguing title, and this book did not disappoint Although, in retrospect, I don t think I was prepared to find out what the title was referring to shudders From the very first pages, it became clear that this was going to be a wild ride The author was very successful at creating a sense of dread and keeping me on the edge of my seat as I was reading the story The book essentially explores the lengths that people will go in pursuit of their goals, and to peek behind the curtain at something mysterious and metaphysical.While both of the sections were very interesting, I must admit that I was engrossed in the first storyline following the group of doctors at the sanatorium It was quite disturbing, yet morbidly fascinating, to read about their scientific methods, and the manipulative ways that some of the

doctors tried to establish some kind of dominance over their colleagues either to advance their career or to impress a woman. This book contains some excellent examples of toxic masculinity. What stuck out to me most in the book was its tone: the narrative is a rare mix between the macabre and the darkly funny, and often makes you, as the reader, nervously chuckle at some of the scenes that you probably wouldn't normally consider as funny. This fellow killed his wife because she wouldn't tell him what she was doing on the bidet. It's a metaphor, Quintana. This is definitely not a book for people who are easily offended, or sensitive to scenes of violence. For fans of weird fiction, like *Fever Dream* by Samanta Schweblin, this is a must read. Strange and off-beat novels interest me and this one is most definitely one of these. The doctors in a sanatorium just outside Buenos Aires in 1907 are a lively group. They chase after a young nurse, and joke with their patients many of whom are terminally ill and have their last hopes pinned on a supposed cure from Edinburgh. What appears at first to be a comedic tale soon takes a very dark turn as the doctors come up with an experiment to test a theory of theirs, Larraquy with an nod no pun intended to Poe's *M Valdemar*. For its last third the novella jumps to 2009 where a young artist who favours macabre displays teams up with a contemporary. Between them they conceive a gruesome installation. It's all very Hammer, a dark horror story some daring laughs. The link between the two timelines is tenuous, but nonetheless this is a short read and whole lot of fun. I'm not entirely sure what the fuck just happened, but, whatever you might say about Roque Larraquy's *Comemadre la Comemadre*, you sure as hell will have something to say. A dizzying, macabre, yet ultimately deliriously delicious tale of medical testing, decapitations, botanically born flesh eating larvae, unrequited love, deformities, and extreme art, *Comemadre* won't soon be easily forgotten if ever it is. Larraquy, an Argentinean director who has also penned two books, *Comemadre* being the first translated into English, is whirlwindishly creative and evidently possessed of a prodigious, if darkly tinged imagination. Two distinct narratives, ultimately linked yet set 102 years apart, combine to grotesque and lasting effect. Larraquy writes fantastically and, however unlikely it may seem given its obsessive subjects, with considerable humor the same unsettling, disquieting feeling

one might be left with after engaging, say, Georges Bataille's *The Story of the Eye* or fellow Argentinean author Samanta Schweblin's *Fever Dream* is present in Spades. *Comemadre* never flinches, however much its readers inevitably must. *Comemadre* lures, bedevils, and ultimately enraptures distending reality and decency in the process. *Feral Fiction* at its finest, Larraquy's *Comemadre* is beach reading if you inexplicably find yourself marooned with Piggy, Jack, Ralph, and the rest of Golding's *Deserted Island Boys*. He falls into a bug-eyed silence. He thanks us for casting off the shackles of good manners in the name of scientific audacity and calls for a round of applause. For me starting tomorrow, the entire sanatorium will dedicate itself to making my vision a reality. Translated from the Spanish by Heather Cleary. *Chejfec's The Dark and the Planets*, Gironde's *Poems to Read on a Streetcar*, former *BTBA* and *Pen Translation Award* jurist. 4.5 stars. Whoa. There's definitely a horror aspect to much of it, but odd, bizarre horror not scare you in a dark room horror. And amidst the horror, there are a few very, very darkly funny moments. I read strange books. I can definitely say this is one of the strangest, most intriguing ones I've read in quite awhile. Definitely recommended for those that can handle weird horror oddness in general. Kudos to the translator Heather Cleary to Coffee House Press, an indie publishing house I like for getting this to other audiences. No hay lirismo, todo es sequedad de telegrama. Un telegrama manchado de impiedad, de una frialdad de autopsia que recuerda más a un Di Benedetto que a un Cortázar, tan escueto, tan concentrado, y con esa maestría para decir mucho sin apenas decir nada. Momentos de una potente prosa, sobre todo en la inquietante y desasosegante primera parte que consigue tensar el hilo argumental hasta hacernos verosmil. Lo increíble, increíble del cruel experimento científico que centra su desarrollo. La segunda parte me gustó claramente menos. Larraquy me ha parecido un escritor que promete pero que aun no cumple del todo. Aunque también pudiera ser que me haya perdido algo entre el grupo de médicos nazis de la primera parte y los artistas descerebrados de la segunda. That's what we'll do, because we have the means, and because we were first to think of it. *Comemadre* translated by Heather Cleary, also translator of Sergio Chejfec from Roque Larraquy's original. Has been longlisted for the 2019 Best Translated Book.

Award, and was also longlisted for the 2018 National Book Award for translated literature. It consists of two macabre novella length connected stories, the first 85 pages long set in a sanatorium in near to Buenos Aires in 1097, the second, shorter at just 50 pages, also based around Buenos Aires but also internationally and set in 2009. The first is narrated by one of the Doctors, Quintana, his fellow medical staff as an odd bunch Doctor Papini trots toward me with his index finger to his lips in an appeal for silence He has freckles and a habit of fondling the breasts of unconscious old ladies He occasionally confides the details of his life to me, and I find his deliberate obscenity vaguely repulsive He guides me to a small room Do you know what s in the morgue right now, Quintana The red wine you hid there on Tuesday No, that s all gone We had to give a few bottles to the cleaning lady to keep her quiet Come with me Papini opens a drawer and takes out an anthropometric instrument he bought on the Paseo de Julio and was never allowed to use in the sanatorium, on Ledesma s orders He is sweating, exophthalmic, and smells like lemon This indicates that he is happy, or believes that he is happy His personality is defined by this sort of thing. and the contents of the morgue a man who apparently killed his wife because she wouldn t tell him what she was doing on the bidet there is a small sub plot about what women get up to there, or rather what their menfolk think they do and who Doctor Papini believes, based on his anthropometric measurements, is representative of a sub species of humanity. This first story was, per the author see below for source inspired by a real life advertisement for such a sanatorium from a 1907 copy of the then prestigious magazine Caras y Caretas The attentive reader might note an oddity in the advert Edinburgh, England and in this re telling, where the advert is reproduced, that is a deliberate error The diseased individual travels to Temperley Sanatorium and asks for the cancer serum developed by Dr Beard of the University of Edinburgh, in England Edinburgh, however, is in Scotland Mr Allomby inserted this error to ward off knowledgeable or detail oriented persons Ledesma says that working with uneducated subjects will keep the accounts of death from being tainted by the inanities of polite speech Those are his exact words. Because in this story, the director of the facility, Ledesma, wants to carry out an experiment

presumably inspired although this isn't explicitly mentioned by the infamous observations made in June 1905 by Beaurieux with the head of the guillotined criminal Henri Languille see e.g. In a secret known to Ledesma but also professional executioners It is a little known fact among those outside the profession that the head remains conscious with full use of its faculties for nine seconds after being severed from the torso Lifting the head, the executioner gives his victim one last, waning glimpse of the world As such, he not only contravenes the very idea of punishment, he also turns the crowd into the spectacle For the decapitated individual to remain lucid, certain rules must be observed a He or she must be awake at the moment of decapitation Observance of rule a is directly proportional to the individual's courage b He or she must face the blade that is, he or she must face the heavens This is not a metaphor for recovering one's faith, but rather a practical consideration Individuals who receive the blow on the backs of their necks are rendered unconscious by the impact c Placement of the cleft For men, below the Adam's apple For women, above the line of the rosary Avoid cutting at an angle d A boisterous crowd is preferred, to stimulate the decapitated individual. Ledesma's proposed experiment involves first convincing the terminal cancer patient that unfortunately, largely due to their own failings or biological disposition, Dr Beard's miracle serum has failed to work, their death is inevitable, but their life and death can be made meaningful by offering their body to medical science the rather gruesome and pre-death nature of what is involved largely concealed at first, although Quintana has a contrary view that honesty may improve the results of both consent and the experiment. And the aim of the experiment to stimulate the heads of their patients with questions as to what they are experienced in the 9 seconds post their decapitation, and to record their words, to which the scientists involved impute an oracular significance If faith demands that each answer be an epiphany, then the Whole is not unlike this time, this space Or perhaps our gaze has rested so intently on things that it's taken on their form, their weight, their duration immutably one single habit, one continuous hat wrapping around heads, even across worlds In either case, a cosmic disappointment If intellectual honesty indicates, on the other hand, that waiting for an epiphany

inherently means accepting failure, well then, there's still time not to abort the experiment, but rather to assign it a new goal. The next donor will separate the wheat from the chaff; some will cling to faith, others will not. This part of the novel also contains a fictional botanical digression which gives the novel its title. We are told by Quintana Thompson Island, a small landmass in Tierra del Fuego, is the only natural habitat of *comemadre*, a plant with acicular leaves whose sap produces in a leap between taxonomic kingdoms that warrants further study: microscopic animal larvae. These larvae devour the plant, leaving only tiny particles behind; the remains then spread to take root in the soil, and the process begins again. If the larvae are extracted under laboratory conditions, the plant grows unchecked until it can no longer support its own weight and dies without reproducing. The larvae, meanwhile, can easily survive in a liquid medium or hibernate indefinitely in the form of a black powder. A few farmers in Tierra del Fuego have taken to planting *comemadre* as a measure against pests. It has been proven that rats love the taste of the plant and that they die within days of eating it, consumed from the inside out by the larvae. Quintana suggests to the Director the use of the larvae, sourced by him at a great cost including a healthy markup in his favour, to dispose of the waste products, i.e. headless bodies of the experiments. And the story plays out in a grisly, but morbidly intriguing fashion. My review, like almost all I've read, focuses on the first novella than the second, as the second, which was actually the original content of the novel, is rather less satisfying. It is narrated by a performance artist, in the form of his commentary on an unauthorised biography of himself. What follows is her synopsis of me: I have a hand with four fingers, I lost the fifth; I have a body, which is my own, and a nonstandard head that cost me a lot of money. A museum in Copenhagen offered double that sum to cover me with plastic and put me on display when I die. Two Danish human rights organizations are suing the museum for promoting a concept of the body as merchandise. A lesbian collective had a sit-in at the entrance to the museum in solidarity with my right to put a price on my body, as is done with any art object. *Aquí su síntesis sobre mí: tengo una mano de cuatro dedos, el quinto se me perdió. Tengo un cuerpo que es mío, y una cabeza de perfil anormal que me costó mucho dinero. Un museo de Copenhague*

ofrece el doble por plastificarme y exponerme al público cuando muera. Dos asociaciones de derechos humanos de Dinamarca demandan al museo por estimular una mirada del cuerpo como mercancía. Un colectivo de lesbianas organiza una sentada en la puerta del museo, en solidaridad con el derecho de ponerle precio a mi cuerpo. That the missing figure was severed as a performance art piece and the nonstandard head also another piece of art, rather sums up the again rather grisly nature of his art, which pushes boundaries in the same way as the experiments in the first half. The opening quote to my review features as a call to arms in both sections. The two stories are at first completely unconnected but the great grandson of Dr Quintana appears and one of his inheritances is the surviving specimens of *comemadre*, which prove to be easily able to be reanimated after 100 years with the addition of water, enabling the narrator to use their flesh-eating properties in another gruesome work of art. Another, almost Oulipian link, which at first I didn't pick up, is that in the words of the translator (see source below) the oracular utterances of the participants in the experiments are phrases taken from the text of the second part of the novel. Some of these are central to the narrative, others are incidental. The odd thing, though, is that this doesn't seem to be followed to the letter. I'm indebted to this review of the excellent novel for trying to trace the listed utterances of the 8th to 19th severed heads, which are numbered and listed in the book, in the 2009 section, but some don't seem to appear. My own list of the first 7 victims:

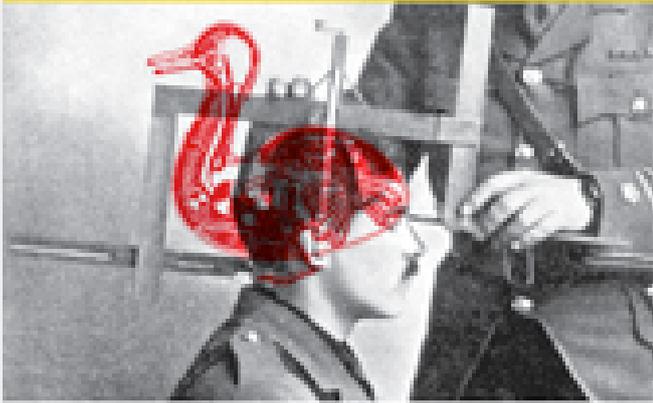
1. si not sure
2. no record
3. Been better, the ceiling is really low there is a reference in the 2009 section to high ceilings in the sanatorium
4. What did you do to my neck. I'm not sure could apply to the 2nd head of a deformed baby who also features in the art in 2009
5. screams
6. I'd like some water possibly a reference to the rehydration of the *comemadre* in 2009
7. There are people who don't exist not in 2009, but actually the opening words of novel. This link feels both key to the overall novel but oddly under-realised. Nevertheless a worthwhile novel probably just outside the shortlist for me on the BTBA but definitely worth its longlisting.

4 stars. Interview with author with the translator

**LA COMEMADRE**

**ROQUE LARRAQUY**

**\_novela**



**entropía**