

Mga Tala ng Pagsasalin sa Panahon ng Pandemya (Tales of Translations during the Time of Pandemic)

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Ibinabanghay natin ang ating mga buhay sa mga nakalaang espasyo ng ating mga gawain. Sa bahay, pinaglalaanan natin ng espasyo ang pagtulog, ang pagkain, ang panonood ng telenovela, pati na ang pagdumi. May mga espasyong pwedeng pagpalit-palitin ang gawain: maaari akong kumain sa sala o matulog sandali sa hapag-kainan. Pero hindi sa lahat ng pagkakataon ay may palitang mangyayari. Hindi naman siguro tayo naliligo sa kusina o kaya'y dumudumi sa sala.

Ganito rin natin ibinabanghay ang ating mga siyudad. Sa espasyong iyon tayo nagdadasal. Katapat noon ay espasyo kung saan nakalagak ang tagapangasiwa ng siyudad. Sa gitna ng dalawang ito ang espasyo ng pagtitipon, espasyo ng komunidad, ng ingay at tawanan tuwing may espesyal na okasyon.

But this pandemic robbed us of dedicated spaces. My bedroom is now my study room, my gym, and my classroom. Before this pandemic happened, I often wondered why we had to go to an office during the day and go home at night. It seems like a waste of space and time. There's a space that can only be used during the day, which cannot be used at night, and there's a space that can only be used at night, or during holidays, but you have to leave it during the day. But dedicated spaces are healthy. You

understand what they are for, how to use that space, what to do with that space, and the particular people associated to that space.

I have longed for spaces I can call my own. Spaces I can use for myself, change and modify according to my whim. My family's house in Quezon City is my mom's house. This is her place because she gets to call the shots on what our house can be, and she has decided that she wants all her children to sleep in one bedroom because we have to be together. So, when I got a house in UPLB, I was excited. I can modify that place according to my taste. I can be responsible for that space and I can say that this looks good, and this doesn't. However, after spending a month alone in my apartment, I realized that a dedicated, private space can only do so much. During that month-long solitude, I kept having nightmares. I had to keep my lights on at night because I am alone, and I am a woman. I had to be on my guard. When I went back to our house in Quezon City, I saw how healthy and important a human's presence can be. My brother cannot comfort me like a normal human being, but I realized that his presence is enough.

A friend's mom tested positive of COVID-19 recently and she told me how difficult it was to contain the spread of the disease because they have very limited space in their house. They only have one room and there are five of them in the house. How will you isolate the patient in that situation? A friend's student answered in one of our surveys that he does not have a place in their house where he can study. They live in a very small room. Another friend lives in a small apartment with her family and she shares the whole space with them. She finds it hard to work because the shared space is not conducive for working. I live in a private subdivision and the people who own houses here can control access to this space, this particular plot of land, but the communities surrounding us do not have that privilege. They do not have control over their spaces.

Ang salin ng translation sa Filipino ay pagsasalin. Sinabi ng dati kong propesor na ang ibig sabihin nito ay paglilipat ng kahulugan mula sa isang lalagyan papunta sa kabila. Minsan may natatapon, minsan may natitira sa kabilang lalagyan. Maaari rin bang tawaging pagsasalin ang pagpapahayag ng mga kahulugan kung mediated na ang pag-uusap?

May kaibigan akong nagteleconsult at sa isang online messaging app sila nag-usap ng kanyang doktor. Tinanong niya kung anong gamot ang magandang inumin at kung pwede niya bang palitan ang isang gamot dahil lumabas na negative ang result ng kanyang test. Ngunit hindi naisasalin ang mga emosyon at hindi naipahahayag ang mga nararamdaman sa text o online messages. Walang espasyong huhuli sa kanyang mga pangamba, walang panandang makapagpapakita ng kanyang agam-agam na kaya sanang mahuli ng hukot na balikat o kunot na noo. Hindi nalilinaw nang mas marami pang salita ang pagkakaintindihang maiaabot kapag nakikita mo ang mukha, nararamdaman mo ang alala sa tono and boses ng kausap mo.

Nagreply ang kanyang doktor at sinabihan siyang maaari namang palitan o huwag inumin ang gamot pero sa puntong ito ang nababasa na lamang ng kaibigan ko ay ang inis ng doktor niya. Ang nababasa na lamang ng kaibigan ko na malabo ang lahat. Malabo ang sagot, malabo ang sitwasyon, malabo ang lahat ng nangyayari.

Teaching online feels like living inside a screen. In Filipino, we say, “sana ang kaalaman ay hindi huminto sa apat na sulok ng classroom” but what do you say of knowledge if knowledge is now locked inside a screen? Where do learners and teachers go when the longing to belong, to be understood, and to understand, to be seen, and to be heard is trapped inside the screen? How do you cope and how will you survive?

Paano nga ba isasalin ng guro ang pagmamahal sa pagkatuto sa kanyang estudyante? Ang pagtuturo ay hindi isang mekanikal na bagay. Hindi natatapos sa pagbibigay ng isang lektura at takdang aralin. Hindi maikakahon sa numero: uno, 1.25, 1.50, singko. May mga intensyong nahuhulog sa pagsasalin ng kahulugan lalo na sa isang mediated na pag-uusap.

Sinubukan kong gumamit ng emoji para ipakita ang tono ng aking mga salita kapag nakikipag-usap o nagcoconsult ang aking mga estudyante:

Student 1: Magandang hapon po! Humihingi po ako ng pahintulot na isubmit nang late ang aktibidad para sa linggong ito. Taga-Albay po ako at dinaan

talaga kami ng bagyo kaya wala po kaming kuryente. Ipinapangako ko na man po na kahit wala pang kuryente ay isusulat ko na lang po ang mga sagot ko. Yun nga lang, kailangan ko pong konserbahin ang battery ng cellphone ko. Kapag natapos ko na man po agad kahit bago ang deadline ay ipapasa ko na man po.

Guro: Hi, [redacted]. Walang problema. Noted ito.
*problema

Student 2: Ma'am, my assignments are not graded yet.

Guro: [redacted], yes. I'm on it. Please do give me time to check them as I am juggling Bridge Program with attending meetings for next semester and some admin work.

Student 2: I'm sorry po ma'am.

Guro: Haha. It is okay. I'm not angry. I'm just pointing it out. Do not worry.

Student 2: alright po ma'am, thank you po.

Guro: =0P

Before the pandemic happened, student-teacher consultations were sacred temporal spaces. A faculty would set aside 10 hours per week for consultations and in these temporal spaces, students can discuss particulars with their teachers, especially if they are struggling to keep up with academic requirements. I have experienced a stretching of this temporal space during the first semester of the academic year 2020-2021. Some of my students live in places with scheduled brownouts so they have to spend their time wisely. Time for them becomes a currency, something they exchange for learning (which others trade and barter for a promised bright future). Even though

the scheduled synchronous session for the class is set in the afternoon, some students can only watch and hurry-scurry towards the completion of their academic requirements in the morning. They cannot afford to do anything in the afternoon. The teacher will, then, have to adjust to that.

Ang nakalaan na sampung oras kada linggong konsultasyon ay nagiging labindalawang oras, labing-tatlo, labing-apat, labing-lima, labing-anim hanggang sa hindi mo namamalayang minsan ay bente kwatro oras ka nang naglilingkod, nagtuturo, nangangausap ng mga estudyanteng kilala mo lamang sa litrato o sa maliliit na icons na nakikita mo minsan sa Zoom, minsan sa Google Classroom, minsan sa Discord, minsan sa e-mail, minsan sa text. Napakaraming platforms, napakaraming paraan para magpahayag pero hindi sumasapat, laging nagkukulang, laging may natatapon, nahuhulog, umaawas.

Sabi ni Irvin D. Yalom (1989), "Mind thinks in images but to communicate with another, must transform image into thought and then thought into language. That march, from image to thought to language, is treacherous. Casualties occur: the rich, fleecy texture of image, its extraordinary plasticity and flexibility, its private nostalgic emotional hues—all are lost when image is crammed into language." *Nag-iisip tayo gamit ang mga imahe ngunit kailangan nating isalin ang imahe papuntang dalumat at isawika ang dalumat para makapag-usap. Mapanlinlang ang pagsasaling ito. Maraming nawawala't naiipit: ang lambot o gaspang ng imahe, ang pagdapo ng kulay ng galimgim sa bawat danas, pwede mong baluktutin, banatin, inatin. Lahat ito ay nawawala kapag ipinapasak ang imahe sa wika [akin ang salin].*

WORK CITED

Yalom, I. D (1989). *Love's Executioner and Other Tales of Psychotherapy*. US: Basic Books