

Unlearn / Desaprender

Georgina Cerda Salvarrey

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Recommended Citation

Salvarrey, Georgina Cerda () "Unlearn / Desaprender," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 6, Article 23.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol6/iss1/23>



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Unlearn

Georgina Cerda Salvarrey

Since I was a child, I was filled with stereotypes, with concepts, with self-hatred. Hating myself was the motto, this world told me: you are not thin enough, you are not good enough, nobody will love you if you are not pretty, beauty hurts.. Unlearning is a term that touches everyone, but mainly women. What men learn is that their position within this social hierarchy is higher, and it is true, this position benefits them so much that in some way, on many occasions, it makes them immune to social, cultural and even legal justice.

I had to **Unlearn** fear, turn inside me and see what I was full of and why I was full of exactly those things. **Unlearning** is a process that never ends, little by little I am doing it, and at the same time I wonder **why** I have to unlearn this, why remove it, and why was it inoculated from the beginning. **Unlearn** hatred and fear of what is different, that there is no right way to live life, that I am not always right and that to be right is NOT what matters. **Unlearn** that my judgment is NOT free of bias or discrimination that my privileges give me, **unlearn** that I do not have to be my worst enemy and that I do NOT have to make merits to be deserving.

Understand that I am not alone, and **learn** that the context in which I am allows me to see things from another perspective, a context that I chose precisely because of the pain that I have experienced in my life, the same pain that brings me closer to some of my passions and that thanks to this: I unlearn. In this context, my feminism, is where I mirror myself and echo my stories with the stories of other women. **Unlearn** that my VALUE is NOT in the hands of someone else, and learn that my value is inherent to my essence, and to what I have worked for and lived in my life. Unlearn that I do not ONLY have myself, but that I HAVE MYSELF. There is so much to unlearn yet.

Desaprender

Georgina Cerda Salvarrey

Desde niña fui llenada de estereotipos, de conceptos, de odio a mí misma. Odiarme a mí misma era la consigna, este mundo me decía: no eres lo suficientemente delgada, no eres lo suficientemente buena, nadie te va a querer si no eres bonita, la belleza duele, etc.. Desaprender es un término que nos toca a todos, pero principalmente a las mujeres. Lo que aprenden los hombres es que su puesto dentro de esta jerarquía social es más alto, y es cierto, este puesto los beneficia tanto que de alguna manera, en muchas ocasiones, los hace inmunes a algunas adversidades e impunes a la justicia social, cultural y hasta legal.

Desaprender el miedo, voltear hacia dentro y ver de que estaba llena y porqué estaba llena de lo que estaba llena. Desaprender es un proceso que no termina nunca, poco a poco lo voy haciendo, y a la vez que me pregunto porqué lo tengo que desaprender, porqué extirparlo, y porqué se me inculcó desde un principio. Desaprender el odio y el miedo a lo diferente, que no hay forma correcta de vivir la vida, que no siempre se tiene razón y que eso NO es lo importante. Desaprender que mi juicio NO está libre de sesgos o discriminaciones que me otorgan mis privilegios, desaprender que no tengo que ser un verdugo conmigo misma y que NO tengo que hacer méritos para ser merecedora.

Entender que no estoy sola, y aprender que el contexto en el que estoy me permite ver las cosas desde otra perspectiva, un contexto que yo elegí precisamente por el dolor que he experimentado en mi vida, el mismo que me acerca a algunas de mis pasiones y que gracias a esto: desaprendo. Es ahí, en el contexto de mi feminismo donde me espejo y hago eco de mis historias con las historias de otras morras. Desaprender que mi valía NO está en manos de alguien más, y aprender que mi valor es inherente a mi esencia, lo que he trabajado y vivido en mi vida. Desaprender que no SÓLO me tengo a mí misma, sino que me TENGO A MÍ MISMA. Hay tanto que desaprender aún.