

umisuzume

2. what does it take (it takes for heaven to forsake you)

learning another language almost necessitates an element of emergency and vital desperation in the sense that there's a reason why your native tongue isn't enough. why would you learn another language, and well and truly be transformed by the learning, if you felt safe in your mother tongue?

learning another language and being transformed by the learning... it's cataclysmic. it is world shattering. and if you don't need to undergo the cataclysm of ending the world as you know it, then... why would you?

if the world feels safe to you, if that mother tongue's methodology of thinking feels safe to you, then what reason, what motivation, could you possibly have to spend the lifelong journey of transformation that acquiring another language necessitates?

for me, there was and is a sheer alienation and abandonment in my native english that forced me to find a way out by immersing myself in another language and linguistic philosophy.

many people "want to learn another language," but if the depth of that desire is too shallow, it is too flimsy to survive the linguistic / sociocultural / philosophical revolution (and apocalypse).

a lot of white anime fans (and oriental fetishists) learn japanese only on a language level, and they speak it like westerners because they simply never underwent that transformation that requires immersion and reimagining of how another "world" works. they speak japanese wholeheartedly believing in their white superiority and the orientalist mindset of //exotic and inferior//.

i've met countless people who want to learn japanese because they like anime and manga and jrpgs, but they wash out once they realize that the commitment isn't a matter of weeks or even months, but spanning years without concrete reward. it's a lifelong commitment.

when you learn another language, it grows with you. and you grow with it. for the rest of your life.

it's not for everyone.

can you learn a language without ever having to touch the glass walls, the unsacred boundaries, the unsacred and the unknowable boundaries, of your native tongue?

you aren't supposed to realize that the world you live in, linguistically and culturally, isn't the only one. the linguistic methodology of thought that you were born into is supposed to be enough. it's supposed to be home. a sanctuary. you're supposed to feel safe there.

can you even learn another language with any intimacy if you've never known the particular sensation of such alienation it becomes a linguistic abandonment?

if you are still safe in your homeland, why would you go anywhere else?

I think... I think the only time you can ever really know another language is if you have nowhere left to go.

and that is something I have known with such vicious and vital desperation to escape the confines of my linguistic and literary landscape that...

I ask, can you ever learn another language if you wouldn't die without it?