

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 in the tongue you were born in, 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.

can you ever learn a language without considering its linguistic philosophy? you can talk the talk but not walk the walk, but... who, really, Can walk that particular walk, that particular path down the dark, unfeeling, but mesmerizing labyrinth?

you don't need to know the way power works in another language if you don't need to know power.

this is true even among those of your native tongue.

I wonder if anyone who's learning "for fun" can ever achieve fluency "for fun" unless they, too, find in themselves with the self-drive that happens when you must take measures to save your own life by providing an alternate path of existence.

you don't undergo a cataclysm unless u Must.

who *wants* to see the world end unless they've been forsaken by it?

there is no reason for to learn another language if you are safe and secure in your own.

many people "want to learn another language," but if the depth of that desire is too shallow, it is too flimsy to survive the cataclysm of learning another language.

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 cataclysm 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.

and it's not for everyone.

I wonder, can you even learn a language, truly and fully, if you still have a "home" in ur native tongue? can u learn a language, truly and fully, without undergoing a cataclysm, and entering another world, and immersing yourself in it, when you've never had to touch the glass walls, the unsacred boundaries, the unsacred and the unknowable boundaries, of your native tongue?

you aren't ever supposed to touch the outer edges of your native language. you aren't supposed to realize that the world you live in, linguistically and culturally, isn't the only one. you're supposed to be safe in your homeland. 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 in your mother tongue. 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 there is still sanctuary in your native tongue, is it even possible for you to have what it takes, that fervent desperation, to dedicate your life to learning another tongue?

if you are still safe at home, 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?