

Exilio-Globo-Ejercito (a grito)
Globo-Exhilio-Army (to yawp for)

by Rodrigo Toscano
Slack Buddha Press
Oxford—2009

Translation is global language. Global language is translation. All etymologies; a fractal of babel. Language: a traitor translator. Language; an out of reach fruit. Literate intimacy; an embrace of translator; touch & go field wherein transformation exhumes pinned root. Erupts. Interrupts. Inter-erupts. Is there a source to target economic transfer or transformation from signifier to signified? How could one language be either source or target? IT is &/or/both/both/asi/asi/mas/menos. Other.

Our desire for the Other brings us into close proximity to the perpetual evasive. A proximity that threatens dominance, mastery or openness. To be open to one an-Other oneanother, unos en Otros, is to desire ourselves as Other. An erotic disembodied embodiment.

To write is to abstract, to move away from in the literal &/or figurative. We withdraw to see, but we don't see, we squint. Simple words are deceptively abstract.

Observer effect affects information technology/physics/psychology/words/language. How to isolate the bug? Control the virus? Electron evades photon. Thermal energy immerses glass-in-mercury. Spectacular reactivity. If impossible to remove yourself from interference with IT, why not translate language dual tongues? Subvert the trajectory's privacy to this or that etymology? &/or Other global language. As in "Ocho Vistas Desde Un Rincon del Nuevo Mundo Abierto" I:

Todo lo humano, tachado en raya "x"--logica perjuradora
Aunque lo mas concreto asi es—vano

All that's human, sketched out in "x"--perjuring logic
Although what's most concrete is like that—vain

We swear a false oath when we delineate "human." Our ignorance is misconstrued as conceit.

Cualquier mierda in clauquier direccion.
Pero no incompresible
Cerca y al mismo tiempo lejano
El eje "y" delineando, pues, la curva del deseo
No siempre se encuentra precision political estando solo
Toda la historia de este o ese pueblo

Whatever crap in whatever direction
But not incomprehensible
Close, and at the same time, far
The “y” axis delineating, well, the curve of desire
You can't always find political precision being alone
All the history of this city or that one

The meaning of “right” or for that matter write/rite/word/photon isn't fixed IT is fictive/fricative. Context-sensual. The entire mythos of a trajectory revealed in particular/particle placement adjacent to circuitry's preceding afterward. Note the sound inherent to each code. Mindful of the resistance that's not entirely surface as is exhibited via the complex musicality of respective syntactical semantics. From II:

Es lo que mas duele, la espera
Por todo lo ajeno—descifrado
Pero eso es una dilucion juridica
Bueno, se supone, se ha dicho, se despolva, agarra camino

It's what hurts the most, the waiting
For all that's foreign decoded
But that's a juridical delusion
Well, supposedly—it's been said, it dusts itself of, hits the road

How can we get at the Other when it can't be caught static? Poem as kinesthetic gyroscope? Once IT is pinned as signified or signifier, sign no longer spins. For example, what is adjudicated as “human rights” when shoved into a particularity such as “Americanism” and therefore “natural” and by definition above reproach encourages decisions that require no law to create “laws.” As in V:

Caluroso, y la pura verdad, peligroso
A este lado del “abismo” (todos derechos de propiedad aplican)
Pero todo abajo de la ley *resbala*

Warm, and truth be told, dangerous
On this side of the “abyss” (all property rights herein apply)
But everything under the law *slides*

Definition as fixed or denied the gyroscopic circuitry of time's shock resistance is a falsification precisely because IT is held as absolute. Justice is context-sensual. Con(with)-sense-you-all.

Global language is translation; there is no singular mother tongue. Why adhere to one as primary or source as pure derivative? As a speaker of more than one idiom, one is necessarily a thinker of more than one ideology. One language may more comfortably fit

the slip of a word's footprint emotively/intuitively. That is, when I think about ____, IT comes out in Spanish. (&/or whatever language have you). So, write in Spanish and then translate IT. Why aren't we hesitant to imagine that we are giving up one language when writing/thinking in another? Negations don't occur in English? The potentiality of self-translative praxis is negated as an imaginative impossibility better left to mother tongue speaker's Other. Their Other is not my Other. This faulty logic denies self the ability to both/both; simultaneously wrestle with penetrative receptivity. Oh wait, that is it is all Other, isn't IT? Who better to trans-gender than the hermaphroditic? Self translate as generative of self elasticity; this simple strategy is not simplistic and doesn't readily present itself as an available viability to dualistic thought patterning.

Nation is a notion that flattens multiplicity into a globule. An erotic interpretive interplay between languages sprouts unos en otros, one an-Other. From III:

Tu cara (...wow...)
Hacia posicionismos culturalistas
Tal vez todavia pueda escribir
Habla la historia de silicio y del magnesio
Simple, no seas *simple*—tu

Your face (...wow...)
Toward culturalist positionalities
Maybe he can still write
The history of silicon and magnesium speaks
Silly, *you* stop being silly

All bio-logical life maintains elements of star dust. An assertion of shared individualism other than star elements paradoxically maintains disembodied status. Toscano's elasticity catalyzes Spanish to inhabit English in such a way as to allow for new words, semantic expansion. Here, not only do the syntactical tactics of musicality/rhythm change the emphatic italicized, the semantic is further buoyed to surface. Does the *you* of English emphatically take on a greater sense of individuation, or call to receptivity as the verb attached to you intrinsically—*seas* does in Spanish? How are we to verb-alize the you in English? Does the adjective carry more weight, as the de-script-shun of individuation in Spanish than English?

How can a word's trajectory, or for that matter, a human's be limited to a finite set of parameters? No language is home, IT is the stranger, the Other we want to locate as etymologically categorized. IT is not IT and that is not not an affirmative. From VI:

Sera el contexto, sera el ramaje gramatico toxico hasta el copete
Lo que has *sido* no *tiene* direccion
Te desivio—hasta decir--”no soy”
Pero no sin consecuencia e *co* no *mi* ca

Maybe it's the context, maybe it's the toxic grammatical shrubbery up the caboodle

unaccounted for. Can we account for the unaccounted without touching IT?

Toscano is frank but not flat out. His languages gesture/jester through between within one an-Other. As in "Exaltado":

que cuando
maldeletrean
su
maldeletracion

de usos
no utiles

pues
pasmados quemados

that when they misspell their
misspellings

of uses
of no-uses

well,
be-stumped
we remain

Attention is brought to the intricacies of letter intimacy that when disordered/reordered incite alternate architectures. When a syllabic language is translated to one of stress, what happens? Line breaks disjoin the musicality, and the bluntness of English is brought forth to inscribe a syllabic ending. The "ed" of Spanish is resistant to a flattened "t". The rhythm of the original echoed by a strangeness, a stretch that encompasses Other tonal shifts.

A language practitioner's concern for the language's phonemic/graphic architecture is self-reflexive and perhaps the most difficult to translate. Precarious and precious in that such translation keeps vital all questions of global babel. Toscano takes on this work unabashedly as in "Inaguracion"

arri...nomonos...
arri...nenomos...
arri...monomos...

arri-
me-
mo-
nos

hinquemonos

let's
let's sidle
lets'sidle on
let's sidle on up

let's kneel
down

before the confusion

The Spanish metaplastic significance is difficult to translate into English. The syllabic/semantic interface doesn't break down in the same way. The Spanish play on monkey and nominee are not available to the English spellings, but the gist of action is. If we read between the versions a translative trajectory occurs wherein a consciousness of pronounced limitations are blurred. The reader is asked to question the decisive factors of each language's contact/contract with the Other. The poem is a flesh that questions our ability to pronounce a fixed "King & Queen / l i t e r a r i o s" as this is the question of global language—translation.

In "Exilio-Globo-Ejercito (a grito)/Globo-Exhilio-Army (to yawp for)" the author is the author of both/both worlds. Rodrigo Toscano balances a live wire between two language fields and is able to thread the electric scope of political/definitive valence throughout—as conduit. If we are to form a global army out of nothing, than it is necessary to question the notion of language as permanence. When it is most permanent it is most evacuated and this is the danger in deconsentextualized literary/literal citizenry. Can we create a language sprung from nothing? Language as emergence not evidence. Our bodies are more than the trajectory of proscribed names. What links one an-Other can be open to what is lost in transference/trans-reference as an erotic gift economy. Can we Other the self and grasp hold of the spark by letting it out—thread our tongues to bleed our minds out there, close and far from source?