

P a r a l l e l e s P l a n e s
P l a n e s p a r a l l e l o s

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INTRODUCTION

This publication was conceived within the framework of the artistic project Planos Paralelos / Parallel Planes, which consists of a series of sound installations, sculptures, videos, interactive works, graphics and photographs about the language in the border region of Tijuana - San Diego. In this project, the linguistic phenomenon of Spanglish, or Ingliñol, is addressed as an essential element in the identity of said community. For the realization of this publication, I asked various artists to write or share a text in any format, that uses, references or includes some facet of the linguistic complexity of the region. Each contribution includes a cultural perspective implicit in the way of writing, be it in Spanish, English or Spanglish, and is integrated into the melting pot of possibilities of this region which I call my home.

INTRODUCCIÓN

Esta publicación fue concebida dentro del marco del proyecto artístico Planos Paralelos / Parallel Planes, el cual consiste en una serie instalaciones sonoras, esculturas, videos, obras interactivas, gráficos y fotografías en torno al lenguaje en la región fronteriza de Tijuana - San Diego. En dicho proyecto, se aborda el fenómeno lingüístico del Spanglish, o Ingliñol como un elemento esencial en la identidad de la comunidad. Para la realización de esta publicación, le pedí a diversos artistas que escribieran o compartieran un texto en cualquier formato, que usara, refiriera o incluyera alguna faceta de la complejidad lingüística de la región. Cada aportación incluye una perspectiva cultural implícita en la manera de escribir, ya sea en Español, inglés o Spanglish, y se integra al crisol de posibilidades de esta región la cual llamo mi hogar.

MY NAME IS TIJUANA LA LOCA

Cynthia Franco

My name is Tijuana la Loca
una morra with brown sugar skin
i have a blow en la lengua
mi lengua es de waterfall.

Me negaron la visa después de quitarme las perlas con las que me defiendo
aun así, firmé mi contrato como hija de nadie
and of course
me dediqué a la poetry life y al aullido
maybe soy ilegal de roots
de maíz tostado a la mexicana dub
maybe debí quedarme donde nace el mar
donde todas mis abuelas miraron al parir
al unísono i know, that morras say
-little woman, your gonna be hechizada
by del cerro gods and the sweet grass
so you can understand the word “frontera”.

Frontérame ésta compa que tu violencia me esquiva
frontera la orilla de mi cordillera mientras te apunto con mi canto
oro por esta fractura donde poemo y poemo porque no tengo otra forma
de hablar
and i need to mix me with inglés and español because i don't know
what's my original language
so, le escupí al gringo y ni me hizo nada su bala
ni me hizo falta ese dude
pero sí dudé un poco.

My name is Tijuana la Loca
he acomodado los cuerpos muertos uno a uno
apilados
one by one
como dios me da a entender
one by one
Maguana fue mi apodo
también kill un haitiano y me sacaron los ojos
my name is no name
not sorry, non stop the border life.

Tijuanié hasta que me fumaron y me quedé sin cordón umbilical
and yes i must be the lagrimita chola que dibujó un Moreno en el brazo
izquierdo de la migra
very junt a la Virgen Lupe.

Tijuanié hasta que subieron de precio los fish taco
y fracasé en mi intento por no tatuarme
but i did it en la espalda para identificarme
luego anduve de buena gente dando croquetas
a mujeres y hombres con el fire y el himno en el pubis
yes, comencé a autoexiliarme so i can touch la Coahuila again
but never stay in one place me digo
i put some salvia in my bones after perder mi acento
my last name was 664
and my address es el mundo, la munda, la calle, la street, que no calle la calle
que mis casas son de cowgirl in the wild side
my name is Tijuana, Tiyei, Tijuanitlán de los albores
pega'o, pega'o, pega'o el tumba'o
simón con ese flow y todo fine hommie que esta franja la traigo de la'o.

My name is Tijuana
put your head on my shoulder
in this woman que solo sabe transgredir orígenes
verás cómo crece el cactus en medio del temblor, welcome to my side,
tierra de nobody.

ROMPECABEZAS

Karla Centeno

The memory of our first kiss reawakened one summer evening when I was 24.

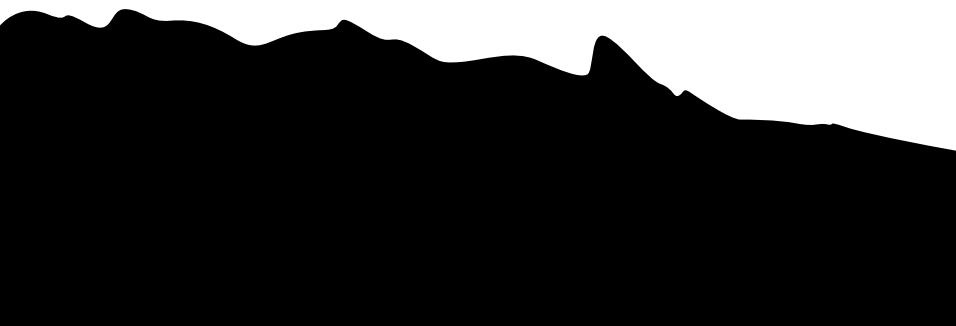
I was in Big Sur gem hunting when I bent down to grab a rock I mistook for Jade. Being color blind did not make me adept at the task. Luckily, my outsized confidence and tendency toward idleness yielded occasional rewards. The simple act of bending down evoked the memory of her kiss, descending upon me like tender rainfall.

“Vamos a jugar un juego. El que se enamora pierde” she whispered in my ear, emanating a honeysuckle breath. Not speaking Spanish, I did not understand her literally or otherwise. I resolved to challenge her look with an indifferent stare. The character of my stare may have been just the answer she was looking for yet I make no claim to understand witchcraft.

She stood and picked a bougainvillea that was growing on a vine behind her. She spun the flower on the tips of her fingers in different directions before eventually sitting on the chair I had brought for her. I seized the opportunity to grab my drawing pad and silver pencil to draw her eyes. I was carnal for her eyes. Her youth and virginity were earthly but her eyes were distant oracles.

I drew for a few minutes before she stood up, once again twisting the bougainvillea on her fingertips as she started to take slow steps toward me. She languidly said, “Uli-sis” phonetically in Spanish. I got up and walked toward her. Suddenly she bent down and pointed at a little zinc colored frog on the garden floor. I leaned down to quickly grab it when Isabel kissed me. The kiss could have lasted a second or for all eternity, it is all the same. Time is of no essence even for time itself.

She eventually turned, walked to the seat, and posed with a deafening stare. She sat quietly with stoicism and patience, a hard feat for the young and sulky.



WHAT'S THE WORD FOR MISCARRIAGE IN SPANISH

Itza Vilaboy

He calls at 5 pm instead of at 7 pm as is the routine on Fridays when he's scheduled to pick up the kids at the border. Her head dings: "What now?" This is to be ready, prepared. That question is a 240-lb curl bar and I've done many reps with it over the years.

"You're going to want to sit down for this," the voice said. He doesn't say "Hello, how are you? How was your day?" as we do whenever we attempt to dock over the phone.

"She's pregnant," I said.

"No, wait. How do you know? What"

"Look, dude. There's only two pieces of news--ok, maybe three--that you can give me from that direction. Either she's pregnant, or they're moving to the U.S., or she's dead. I'm pretty sure it's the first one out of the three based on your set-up to this joke."

"Jaja Well, close. She's ummm having a miscarriage...."

"What?"

"She called me earlier than usual to tell me that she's miscarrying and that I need to cross into Tijuana because she's too tired to cross into San Ysidro. I might be a little later than usual," he said.

She can hear the wheels of the kids' luggage on the sidewalk in advance of their voices. She decides that it's usually the other way around. What the fuck is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish? She wishes she had looked it up in advance. They arrived no later than usual (which was always late) and this was an uncanny comfort. Nothing had happened. Nothing at all. The kids, ages 10 and 13, greet her with warmth and they are still just small enough that they have to tilt their heads up for a kiss. This is a sensation akin to a splash of warm bathwater to her face and it is the one personal pleasure she allows herself in this entire extended arrangement. They show off their purchases. They get toys in exchange for good behavior on the road from Ensenada to San Diego. She leafs through through their faces, looking for the definition of "miscarriage." Wrong source. She greets them back; kisses them, and smushes their questions into her pocket for later. "Over dinner," she said. "Go wash your hands. Please put away your jackets. I need to talk to your father."

He was wide-eyed but expressionless, like the time he told her the news that he was laid off from work. His eyes, already large, never do that. She was quiet for a second, and then--

"So what happened?" This is the question, the signal to release the gallop of horses.

"She said she had a miscarriage earlier this morning. She looked really

tired and like she hadn't showered in a few days," he said.

She dismissed the proverbial need to always comment on a woman's looks in advance of facts to get right to the--

"You mean she called you just before leaving Ensenada to tell you she had a miscarriage that morning for what reason, exactly?"

What is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish?

"No. When she called me this afternoon she told me that she was having a miscarriage but she was going to bring the kids to San Diego anyway. How long does a miscarriage last?"

She laughed. What is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish?

"I don't know, dude. All day. Weeks. Months. Years. Centuries. I don't know. She could've canceled. Does she expect you/me/us to think that was an act of heroism on some level? If she was having a medical emergency, she could have stayed home. She has canceled on you for flimsier reasons (she loved the one about the laundry getting locked in the laundromat) and she has shown up with the kids when she should not have traveled with them (the time they had wild fevers but oh she had a wedding to go to.) Why did she tell you this?"

"I don't know. It was weird--" "Wait. Do the kids know?"

"I don't think so. But they asked me if I knew why mamá went to see a doctor in the morning and you-can-guess said she heard a woman sitting next to them use the word "pregnant." They asked me if their mom was pregnant."

"And what did you say?" I said 'No.'

"She is something. She called you to give you cordial greetings and updates en vivo from her uterus? What exactly is she trying to extract from you? Oh, wait. Don't tell me. She wanted you to tell the kids she's not pregnant. You do the work. Jaja weird."

"Are you upset?"

"That makes no sense."

What is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish? What is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish? What is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish? What is the word for "miscarriage" in Spanish?

We meid guindo rac for yu
ay nou guindo rac lucs a bit big
but ay achur yu that is sequiur firme estrong

if yu don like-i wi teik-i bac
meik-i esmol bring-i fast tu or tri deis
instol-i sequiur firme estrong

we wruk
yu pei as
we go back
ol japy señor



MAGNETIC CURRENT

Lorena Mostajo

I want to measure the border with a very yellow thread tied to a very neon pink troca,
my compas and i will drive the pink troca across the desert and towns de la línea.
in the distance, drones, helicopters, border patrol cars will be measuring our movements, analyzing our intentions.
if they stop us, they will speak to us in english first, just to set straight the rules of power,
but every visible tongue around us will be murmuring in español, maya, mixteco, zapoteco, triqui, kumeyaay.

a visual transcription of that encounter would need bright, numbing colors and liquid forms.

i want to travel in the back of the truck holding the yellow thread spool all the way,
seeing how the thread matches the surface, centímetro a centímetro, how it matches the extension of the border: tres mil ciento sesenta y nueve kilómetros de vidas.

the lines that the migrants have invisibly drawn while crossing this border are longer
than the borderline itself, those lines have already contoured new territories and larger oceans
more real than the real ones.

once in el golfo, i will pull the thread so hard that it will move like a yellow wave
returning to the magnetic currents of the open sea,
it will fly from tijuana to matamoros in less than a day,
and then my compas and i, we will hold the mass of yellow thread in our hands,
we will hold the border in our hands,
we will try to recite all the words that have been threaded in this piece of land
in between languages,
words that are as porous as the air surrounding us.

HOW DO CITIES SOUND FROM THE INSIDE?

Francisco Eme

As part of a sound art class, we were talking about how cities in general have a similar sound environment. Mainly, the same types of cars are dominating the soundscape of cities, so you have to get a bit away from the motorist bustle to appreciate the unique sounds of each city. Normally the change between one city and another occurs after several hours of traveling. You get off the plane or bus, you walk out of the terminal, and find yourself in another city. However, there are some places in the world where you can go from one city to another just by walking a few meters. Such is the case of Tijuana and San Diego and it wasn't until I precisely did that, crossing from Tijuana to San Diego, that I realized cities and their cars do not always sound the same, although at first it is not so easy to notice. You have to listen carefully, it's a gradual change that happens in a few minutes while you sink deeper into each city.

Cars do not sound the same in Tijuana as they do in San Diego. I dare to say that in Tijuana they are a bit noisier, which is not unreasonable if we consider the increasingly heavier traffic of the city, and the general attitude and driving style of the motorists at the wheel. It is also easier to find cars in very bad shape in Tijuana. While in San Diego cars are quieter, there is clearer and more respected signage, more spacious streets, and a somewhat calmer driving culture. Overall San Diego compared to Tijuana, is a city with less vehicular noise, if we are talking about the streets. San Diego freeways are a different story however. Here, the endless flow of cars at speeds around 70 miles per hour (120 km/hr) generate a mass of uninterrupted sounds at a very high volume. It is like a river of steel, brass, oil and gasoline; an explosive river. But after passing that layer of engines, other gestures, timbres and sound phenomena begin to sprout. The music heard on the street is fascinating. As we walk through el Centro de Tijuana we find some corners where there are bars and clubs that offer 24 continuous hours of partying, something that they let the ordinary passerby know with their 120 decibels of Norteño music (traditional folk northern mexican music style) or a pop hit in English. In certain places you are surrounded by a cacophony of music from different venues all at a very high volume. Public transport also plays music and sometimes at full volume; from the distance you hear an unrecognizable boom that little by little becomes "Hotline Bling" by Canadian rapper Drake, only to lose tone when passing in front of you thanks to the Doppler Effect, and then disappearing into the traffic of Calle Tercera. In San Diego it is a little different. There is no music coming from public

transport and bars. Clubes in downtown have much more limited volume, although when walking through Gaslamp or Sixth Avenue you will also find places playing music in Spanish of almost all genres, from salsa to pop, to reggaeton and 80's rock. Back to Tijuana, the street vendors outside the border crossing listen to a radio station from San Diego, with voiceovers in English.

The Radio is a total phenomenon here in the border region. There is a station: MORE FM 98.9, which is openly trying to create binational programming, playing rock in Spanish followed by rock in English, the speaker and DJ César González speaks with a mixture of Spanish and English and even Spanglish. Some radio in San Diego uses Tijuana antennas for the transmission of its stations, therefore, they are subject to Mexican regulations, where there is time and resources allocated to public service announcements from Mexico's federal government and the electoral institute. This means you can listen to a program entirely in English, with pop hits from the USA, which will have commercials in English on benefits of the Mexican government, and advertising campaigns in favor of López Obrador followed by another campaign against him by another political party, but spoken by the same announcer. (For some reason all these commercials have a kind of "dubbing" that is always performed by the same voices). You can also catch Mexican radio and television from San Diego, so it is not difficult to find Norteño music or Latin pop hits while you browse the stations when going to work in the morning on the 805 freeway, I have enjoyed in San Diego the programming of the Grupo IMER , from Mexico City,

Street music is even more fascinating. On one of my first visits to San Diego, while I was sitting in Balboa Park, I had the fortune to find a band of youth (I would say between 15 and 17 years old) who were getting ready to play in the middle of the park. It was a trio of acoustic guitars that looked more like a grunge band: medium-long blonde hair, loose and washed-out shirts. To my surprise, this band began to play a bolero called "Que nadie sepa mi sufrir" which is originally a Peruvian waltz by Angel Cabral, better known as "Amor de mis Amores" popularized by Edith Piaf, Julio Jaramillo and then the Sonora Dinamita who made a version in Cumbia. One of the boys began to sing in Spanish with a considerable gringo accent and he continued until he reached the guitar solo and then returned to the verse and chorus to finish the song. How does a band of youth decide to get together to play a bolero in Spanish? At his age I was only thinking about rock and other music that was in fashion. Meters ahead I found a band of African-Americans playing "Cielito Lindo" in

a version for steel drum. I once heard a band in an exhibition in San Ysidro playing Norteño music, and the band was formed by 15-year-olds born in the U.S.A. The list can go on and on with more examples of this tossed salad of cultures, rhythms, accents and musical genres.

Language in the region is undoubtedly an object of study. The Spanglish or Ingliñol language has generated various academic studies around the world for its complexity, creativity, adaptability and many other qualities as well as a strong cultural background. When walking through the border cities of San Diego or Tijuana you cannot avoid reading the ads in two languages on the streets, sometimes only in English, sometimes only in Spanish, many others in both, and many others in Spanglish. "Delicioso in all languages" says an advertisement for apple juice seen in National City, San Diego. "Dental Care" and then a list of services in Spanish with English subtitles, said a poster in a store in Tijuana. Not to mention that all public transportation in San Diego is bilingual. When you get on the trolley you listen to a recording of a man saying the names of the stops and information about the service in English and then Spanish. However, to really experience the language from a deeper listening point, it is necessary to make contact with people, it is necessary to interact, to talk with them. Regarding accents and pronunciation, there are several ways to pronounce the words according to the language you are speaking, your nationality, your interlocutor and other factors. San Diegans have to pronounce many words in Spanish because much of the city, its neighborhoods, its streets, institutions and places have Spanish names. "La Jolla shores" "Cesar Chavez parkway" "Del Mar Fairground" even the name of the city itself "San Diego" is in Spanish. But there are many ways to pronounce those names, you can hear them pronounced with an American accent, a Mexican accent or with a mixture of both. It is not the same to pronounce "Diego" in Spanish than in English. Nor common words in English such as "freeway" or "street" are pronounced equally by a Mexican, an American, a Mexican who has lived in the U.S.A. for many years, or one that has just arrived. I must clarify, I am one of those who have just arrived. I've had just 4 years on the border, although from the beginning was very attracted by the sound phenomena of the region. Depending on who asks me now, I pronounce some names with an American or Mexican accent. Those of us who speak two languages begin to choose the language and the accent that we will use to express ourselves on each occasion, sometimes unconsciously. Code switching, is the moment in which your brain switches from one language to another, here is where it all gets very interesting, because if we stick to certain definitions or qualities of language, such as that language is culture, this would mean

that when we do code switching we are going from one culture to another. This sometimes happens several times in a single sentence: "No tenía tarjeta para el parking, así que pagué con cash" o "let's go for a walk, el día esta bonito" But it's not just about mixing words of two languages or accents. Hybrids are new words born in this region of the world and that over the years have been naturalized in the unofficial border language. "Pari" in Spanglish means "party" Then you can say: vámmonos de pari! And most people in Tijuana and Latino neighborhoods in San Diego will understand you. "Cora" that comes from "quarter". "Wacha" which comes from the English "watch", and so on. There is a big list and this list is in constant evolution and growth. The verbs in Spanglish, for example: Hackear, clickear, streamear, logear, are very present throughout the Spanish-speaking world, thanks to the internet. Locally, I have heard "hangear" that comes from "to hang out": "Vamos a hangear un rato?" "Mopear" that comes from "To mop", among many others. It is enough to pronounce the verb or word in English and then add the ending "ear" pronounced in Spanish, for example; telephone(ear), snack(ear), hike(ear), jam(ear), book(ear), park(ear), etc. Here we must clarify that not all the inhabitants of the border region speak Spanglish. Although it is very present, there are also many places where only Spanish or only English is spoken. Spanglish is still denied as a valid form of communication by many people, even some of those who speak it feel uncomfortable sometimes. Spanglish is still demonized and considered by many as an aberration of English and Spanish languages. Despite brilliant works of literature and academic studies, such as the Spanglish version of El Quijote de la Mancha, which the original version is considered a master work of Spanish literature and rewritten completely in Spanglish by Ilan Stavans, or Living in Spanglish by Ed Morales which is a beautiful study of identity and language in latino culture in the U.S.A. or all the Chicano and Chicana literature which is a whole new genre, just to mention a few examples. Many people in San Diego have never crossed into Tijuana, and many people in Tijuana have never visited San Diego. I have met many people who claim not to speak Spanish, but at a certain moment you realize that they actually do, and pretty well, but some insecurities prevent them from practicing it enough or feeling comfortable speaking it. Living in Mexico City, I met several people who had spent a season in the USA and returned with a "pochó" accent (when you mix mexican and american accents). It is inevitable I believe, because every community has its own language codes that include pronunciation, expressions, accents, etc., and it is normal to adapt. No crees?

*Listen to some sound samples mentioned in this text:
<http://franciscoeme.com/parallel-planes-field-recordings/>*

¿CÓMO SUENAN LAS CIUDADES DESDE ADENTRO?

Francisco Eme

Alguna vez en una clase de arte sonoro, platicábamos que las ciudades en general tienen un ambiente sonoro muy similar. Principalmente motores de automóviles de las mismas marcas se encuentran dominando el paisaje sonoro de las urbes, así que hay que alejarse un poco del bullicio motorista para poder apreciar los sonidos únicos de cada ciudad. Normalmente el cambio entre una ciudad y otra, ocurre tras varias horas de viaje en un avión o automóvil. Te bajas del avión o autobús, sales de la terminal, y ya estás en otra ciudad. Sin embargo hay algunos lugares en el mundo donde para pasar de una ciudad a otra basta caminar unos metros. Tal es el caso de Tijuana y San Diego, y no fue hasta que precisamente hice eso, cruzar de Tijuana a San Diego, que me di cuenta que no siempre las ciudades y sus automóviles suenan igual, aunque al principio no sea tan fácil notarlo pues hay que escuchar con atención, es un cambio gradual que ocurre en pocos minutos mientras más te internas en cada ciudad.

Los automóviles no suenan igual en Tijuana que en San Diego. Me atrevría a decir que en Tijuana son un poco más ruidosos, lo cual no es descabellado si consideramos, el cada vez más pesado tráfico de la ciudad, la actitud de los motoristas al volante y su estilo de manejo. Es más fácil encontrar automóviles muy viejos en Tijuana, Mientras que en San Diego son más silenciosos, con señalamientos más claros y más respetados, calles más espaciosas, y una cultura de manejo un poco más calmada. En general San Diego, en comparación con Tijuana, es una ciudad con menos ruido vehicular, especialmente si nos internamos en las calles porque los freeways (autopistas) de San Diego son otra historia, donde el flujo interminable de autos a velocidades alrededor de 70 millas por hora (unos 120 km por hora) genera una masa de sonidos ininterrumpidos a muy alto volumen. Es como un río de acero, latón, aceite y gasolina; un río explosivo. Pero entonces después de pasar esa capa de motores, empiezan a brotar otros gestos, otros timbres y otros fenómenos sonoros.

La música que se escucha en la calle es fascinante. Al caminar por el centro de Tijuana encontramos algunas esquinas donde hay bares y clubes que ofrecen 24 horas continuas de fiesta, algo que le dejan saber al transeúnte común con sus 120 decibelios de música norteña o el éxito pop en inglés. En ciertos lugares estás rodeado por una cacofonía de músicas de diversos locales y todas a muy alto volumen. El transporte público también toca música y a veces a todo volumen; desde lo lejos escuchas un boom irreconocible que poco a poco se convierte en "Ho-

tline Bling" del rapero canadiense Drake, solo para bajar de tono al pasar frente a ti gracias al Efecto Doppler, y después alejarse entre el tráfico de la calle tercera. En San Diego es algo diferente, no hay música proveniente del transporte público y los bares en downtown tienen mucho más medido su volumen, aunque al caminar por el Gaslamp o la Sixth Avenue también encontrarás lugares tocando los éxitos de música en español, de casi todos los géneros, desde salsa hasta pop, pasando por reggaetón y rock en español de los 80s. En Tijuana, los vendedores ambulantes que escuchan una estación de radio de San Diego, con locución en inglés.

La radio es todo un fenómeno aquí en tierras fronterizas. Existe una estación : MORE FM 98.9, que abiertamente está intentando crear una estación binacional, tocando rock en español seguido de rock en inglés, el locutor y DJ César González habla con una mezcla de Español e Inglés e incluso Spanglish. La radio en San Diego utiliza algunas antenas tijuanenses para la transmisión de sus estaciones, por lo tanto, están sujetas a regulaciones mexicanas, donde en tiempo electoral hay tiempo y recursos destinados a publicidad, así que puedes escuchar un programa totalmente en inglés, con éxitos de U.S.A., que tendrá comerciales en inglés sobre beneficios del gobierno mexicano y campañas publicitarias a favor de López Obrador seguida de otra campaña en su contra por otro partido político, pero hablada por el mismo locutor. (Por alguna razón todos esos comerciales tienen una especie de "doblaje" que siempre es interpretado por las mismas voces). También desde San Diego puedes captar el radio y la televisión de México, entonces no es difícil encontrar música norteña o el éxito de pop latino mientras navegas por las estaciones al ir a trabajar en la mañana por el freeway 805, yo he disfrutado desde San Diego la programación del Grupo IMER, con gusto.

La música callejera es aún más fascinante. En una de mis primeras visitas a San Diego tuve la fortuna, mientras estaba sentado en Balboa Park de encontrar a un grupo de jóvenes (yo diría entre unos 15-17 años de edad) que se alistaban para tocar en medio del parque, un trío de guitarras acústicas que parecían más bien una agrupación de grunge: cabello rubio medio largo, camisas flojas y deslavadas. Para mi sorpresa este grupo de jóvenes empezó a tocar un bolero llamado "Que nadie sepa mi sufrir" que originalmente es un vals peruano de Angel Cabral, mejor conocida como "Amor de mis amores" popularizado por la Edith Piaf y Julio Jaramillo y luego la Sonora Dinamita que hizo una versión en Cumbia. Uno de los chicos empezó a cantar en español con un considerable acento gringo y así siguió hasta llegar al solo de guitarra y después volver a la estrofa y coro para así terminar la canción. ¿Cómo es que un grupo de jóvenes estadounidenses deciden juntarse para tocar un bolero en español? Yo a su edad

solo pensaba en rock y otras músicas que estaban de moda. Metros mas adelante encontré a una agrupación de afroamericanos tocando “Cielito Lindo” en una versión para steel drum. O aquella banda que alguna vez escuché en una exhibición en San Ysidro tocando música norteña mexicana, la banda estaba formada por jóvenes de 15 años nacidos en U.S.A. La lista puede seguir con más ejemplos de esta ensalada de culturas, ritmos, acentos y géneros musicales.

El lenguaje en la región es sin duda todo un objeto de estudio. El Spanglish o Inglíñol ha generando diversos estudios académicos en todo el mundo por su complejidad, su creatividad, adaptabilidad y otras tantas cualidades. Al caminar por las ciudades fronterizas San Diego o Tijuana no puedes evitar leer los anuncios en las calles en dos idiomas, a veces solamente en Inglés, otras solo en Español, muchas otras en ambos, y otras tantas en Spanglish. “Delicioso in all languages” dice un anuncio de jugo de manzana visto en National City, en San Diego. “Dental Care” y luego una lista de servicios en español con subtítulos en inglés, decía un póster en un local en Tijuana. Sin mencionar que todo el transporte público en San Diego es bilingüe. Al subirte al trolley escuchas una grabación de un hombre diciendo los nombres de las paradas e información sobre el servicio en Inglés y Español. Sin embargo, para de verdad experimentar el lenguaje desde un punto de escucha más profunda, es necesario hacer contacto con personas, es necesario interactuar, hablar con la gente. Respecto a los acentos y la pronunciación, hay varias maneras de pronunciar las palabras de acuerdo al idioma que estás hablando, tu nacionalidad, tu interlocutor y otros factores. Los San Dieguinos tienen que pronunciar muchas palabras en español ya que la ciudad, sus barrios, sus calles, instituciones y lugares, tienen, muchos de ellos nombre en Español. “La Jolla shores” “Cesar Chávez parkway” “Del Mar Fairground” incluso el mismo nombre de la ciudad “San Diego” está en Español. Pero hay muchas maneras de pronunciar esos nombres, se pueden escuchar pronunciados con acento estadounidense, con acento mexicano o con una mezcla de ambos. No es lo mismo pronunciar “Diego” en Español que en Inglés. Tampoco palabras comunes en inglés como “freeway” o “street” son pronunciadas igual por un mexicano, un estadounidense, un mexicano que ha vivido en U.S.A. muchos años o uno que acaba de llegar. Yo, debo aclarar soy de esos que acaban de llegar. Apenas 4 años en la frontera, aunque desde un principio muy atraído por el fenómeno sonoro de la región. Dependiendo quien me pregunta ahora pronuncio mi nombre Francisco con acento estadounidense o mexicano. Los que hablamos dos lenguas empezamos a escoger el idioma y el acento que usaremos para expresarnos en cada ocasión, a veces inconscientemente. Code switching, es el momento en que tu cerebro pasa

de un lenguaje a otro, aquí se pone todo muy interesante, por que si nos apegamos a ciertas definiciones o cualidades del lenguaje, como por ejemplo que el lenguaje es cultura, esto significaría que al hacer code switching estamos pasando de una cultura a otra. Lo cual algunas veces ocurre varias veces en una sola frase: “No tenía tarjeta para el parking, así que pagué con cash” o “let’s go for a walk, el día esta bonito”. Pero no se trata solamente de mezclar palabras de dos idiomas o los acentos. Los híbridos son palabras nuevas nacidas en esta región del mundo y que a través de los años se han naturalizado en el idioma fronterizo no oficial. “Pari” en Spanglish significa fiesta y viene del inglés “party”. Entonces puedes decir: ¡vámonos de pari! Y la mayoría de personas en Tijuana y barrios latinos en San Diego, te entenderán. “Cora” que viene de “quarter” significa 25 centavos. “Wacha” que significa mirar, vienen del inglés “watch”, y así hay una lista grande y en constante evolución y crecimiento. Los verbos en Spanglish, por ejemplo: Hackear, clickear, streamear, loguear, son muy presentes en todo el mundo de habla hispana, gracias al internet. Localmente he escuchado “hanguear” que viene de “to hang out” y significa pasar el rato.: “Vamos a hanguear un rato?” “Mopear” que vienen de “To mop”, entre otros tantos más. Basta con pronunciar el verbo o palabra en inglés y luego agregar la terminación “ear” pronunciada en español, por ejemplo; telephone(ear), snack(ear), hike(ear), jam(ear), book(ear), park(ear), etc.

Aquí cabe aclarar que no todos los habitantes de la región fronteriza hablan Spanglish. Aunque está muy presente, también hay muchos lugares donde se habla solamente español o solamente inglés.

El Spanglish sigue siendo demonizado y considerado por muchos como una aberración de los idiomas Inglés y Español, a pesar de brillantes obras literarias y académicas como la versión en Spanglish del El Quijote de la Mancha, cuya versión original es una obra maestra de la literatura española, esta vez reescrito en su totalidad en Spanglish por Ilan Stavans, o Living in Spanglish escrito por Ed Morales que es un bello estudio sobre la identidad y el lenguaje latino en USA, o toda la literatura Chicana que ya es todo un nuevo género, sólo por mencionar algunos ejemplos. Muchas personas en San Diego jamás han cruzado a Tijuana, y muchas personas en Tijuana jamás han visitado San Diego. He conocido muchas personas que afirman no hablar español, pero en cierto momento te das cuenta que si lo hablan pero alguna inseguridad les impide practicarlo lo suficiente. Viviendo en la Ciudad de México, conoci varias personas que habían pasado una temporada en USA y regresaban con un acento “pocho”, es inevitable creo yo, cualquier comunidad tiene sus propios códigos de lenguaje que incluye pronunciación, expresiones, acentos, etc. Es normal adaptarnos. Don’t you think?

*Escuchar algunos ejemplos mencionados en este texto:
<http://franciscoeme.com/parallel-planes-field-recordings/>*

Wawcha

watch

parkwear

party

parqueadero

est

los biles

pari





P a r a l e l o s



P i l a n o s