About " Io Sono At Swoons "

by Loss Pequeño Glazier

Regaining new stable equilibrium he rose uninjured though concussed by the impact (<u>Ulysses</u>)

Crustaceous / wedge / of sweaty kitchens / on rock /
overtopping / thrusts of the sea
(William Carlos Williams, (<u>Imaginations</u>)

Ah ... chub oo language to me ("Io Sono At Swoons")

    A noted psychotherapist was telling me about how language has the ability to effect a potent physical process. In her practice, language even has the power to heal in situations where the trauma patient, with careful direction, can be guided to use language to relive and hence move beyond the site of mental gridlock of such past experience. A traumatic memory encoded in the right side of the brain -- in the nervous system itself (where it triggers erratic recurrences of fear and panic) -- can, through the instrument of language, literally and physically be moved to the other side of the brain.

    This power of the processes of language seems to also be related to computer language. A computer language is language that effects a process of change (a fertile site of activity for the language artist). Through a computer language a poet can make art. The project of "Io Sono At Swoons" is to explore how through language that makes art, that art can itself make new language. This is not AI or cognitive science. It is more whimsical, exploring the poetics of language, the slip of the tongue, with glee.

    The process active in "Io Sono At Swoons" is not dissimilar to the development of natural language. How sound crosses over, how words migrate, form new conjunctions. How phrases linger, last forever. How some languages are particularly spiritual and others have other equally impressionable qualities. How words, as verbal yoga, evidence union.

    The ecstatic union of stems, phonemes, roots, the tar of lexical exuberance.

    How being unilingual is always being polylingual, if you just open your ears.

    As any language is an ecosystem of other previous and adjacent languages.

    How if you have studied languages all your life, a concussion might slur them together a bit.

    A materiality that might have interested James Joyce. (I wonder if the biographical record shows he ever had a concussion?)

    The bilingual nature of this piece extends to its code. "Io Sono At Swoons" grew from a dialog between the visual structure of its code and how the resultant text looked and sounded when rendered. It was a back and forth process: seeing how the text sounded and adding to it, seeing how the code looked and adding to it. Incrementally, the code was adjusted to mould and shape the sound and image. Then more code was added. Then the sound and visual was shaped further, and so on. This continued until a balance was reached, the code and the sound/on screen visuality achieving a balance or harmonic.

This work borrows from Mexican, Nahuatl, Quechua, English, French, German, Italian, Hindi, Sanskrit, Arabic, and a Tibetan dedicatory prayer, with further soundings from China, Chad, and Dubai. Some influence came from correspondence with a Mexican woman poet and some of my expository essays on the subject of code and language.

Another note about this piece is that, as programmable literature, it is nearly impossible to read the same way twice. (Though many of you may think that reading it once is enough. There's a reason they call it conCUSSed!)

The output of "Io Sono At Swoons" may seem meaningless at first but it is meant to be similar in experience to the way that, after you have been in a foreign country for a while, you begin to hear and recognize things in the unfamiliar language. It is like finding pieces of driftwood in familiar shapes on a foreign shore.

There is a bit of the trickster to this program, the way it likes to invent through nesting sound and image. This can be expressed by two words used in the piece. The first of these is the Nahuatl "chöka" which means to cry, to moo or bleat (a cow or goat), or to make rumbling or grinding sound (a motor vehicle). Note how evocatively this word fits (sound, visually, and sense-wise) into related Nahuatl words such as "chökani" (cry-baby, someone who cries a lot), ïxtënchochöka (for one's eyes to burn or become irritated), and "kökochöka" (to make gulping sounds in one's throat). But the fit is perhaps most cunning with the second of the words used in this piece, "koyöchöka", to howl like a coyote (coyote is "coyotl"), as if the "chöka" gurgles in the throat of the "Coyotl", a cunning union of sound and sense on several levels!

Williamsville, NY
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Alternative Titles for "Io Sono At Swoons"

Papel seco of koyöchöka	Eek surrounding the brain
Atoms, objects, and Anatman	The brainswoons
Coy though concussed by the impact	.htmlskulllance
Did he rise uninjured by concussion?	.htmlelPequeño
Oh moon, wet Opti-teeth	Poetica, the brainGlazier
A one-liner je ne tongue	Losshardtrickster
He rose unijured oasis	Je suis by concussion, pero sleek
The Sanskrit form of the Pali Word	The cerebellum, ex tanto jeweled glowgrayio
Coy as in the Sanskrit	Langue armies disbanded & became monks
Lei, Professore, l'ho sempre ascoltata	Lexicon surrounding the brain
El Qatlanguage	As Java guru the luster opening
Kunstbakshish	Ama me io sono at swoons
Caress Marrakech	Las Palmas delip