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In the articles “How to Tame a Wild Tongue,” by Gloria Anzaldua and “Mother Tongue,” by Amy Tan, the identity and treatment of people with different ways of speaking are brought to surface. Both stories are similar in ways yet different in overall purpose. In Anzaldua’s article, she explains some of the indefinite struggles that Mexican-Americans, or in her words “Chicanos”, have to face due to their native language. Growing up as a Mexican, Spanish and English are learned; however, the mixture of the two creates a culture and new language called Tex-Mex, which is frowned upon by the native Latinos and Hispanics. Chicanos must deal with not only American stereotypes and treatment but pressure from their other culture as well: pressure from one side to preserve traditional Spanish and pressure from the new hometown of America to conform to English alone. In Tan’s “Mother Tongue,” she explains how her mother is judged and treated different based on her Asian accent. Her mother speaks English in a sort of “broken” way, as Tan describes it, and because of that she is not taken seriously. In addition, she explains how her mother’s speaking style limits not only her mother but herself as well. This particular story is different from Anzaldua’s only mostly in that Tan talks about the effects the mistreatment has on Asian Americans, whereas Anzaldua’s story defends a language as a way of life, not simply a means of communicating.

Having another language myself, I connect and share the mutual feelings with both these

authors. I agree with Anzaldua that a language cannot simply just be unlearned, or let go, because we are surrounded by it. It's in our food, our music, our friends and our family, it's everywhere. Tan's article brought up an interesting thought I that never thought of but now seems to make a lot of sense. Just because her mother spoke broken English, doesn't mean that her mind thought like that. When I speak incorrectly or mess up on my pronunciation, I am overlooked and not taken seriously. It's quite sad but true. It does give me hope, and builds a bit of pride and joy for me, that people can still be happy with who they are and their true language.